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invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantum sive confitentum.

S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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A GLANCE AT THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

NOT many years ago Dr. Draper, of the New York University, contributed to the International Series a volume entitled *The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*. In his strictures on the work, the late Dr. Brownson justly remarked that the author had, like the elder Disraeli, written a history of events that never happened, adding, in his own incisive way, that a "conflict between religion and science is something that has never occurred and never can occur."

It is true that between true religion and true science there can be no conflict; between true religion and what by a woful perversion of language is called science there not only can, but actually does, exist a conflict, and that conflict is "nigh even at our doors." On all sides are evidences of its proximity.

Nowadays every man that talks at all talks about matters of science, and because there is no law to prevent him from babbling scientific nonsense, he can see no reason why he should not also annihilate religion; nay, he fancies himself intrusted with a special mission, having for its end the total destruction of all religion. He may not always be quite sure about the truth of the science which he champions, but with a species of intuition which seems common to the *genus* scientist, he never has a doubt about the falsity of the religion which he is bent upon demolishing. From the scientist obscure to the scientist renowned, from the rural scientist whose novel theories are the wonder of his unenlightened neighborhood to

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the ponderous names in a New England coterie, all feel that the complement of their career as true followers of science consists in utterly eradicating all vestiges of religion from the face of society; and it is no more than justice to say that most of them ungrudgingly expend a vast amount of zeal and energy upon at least the complement of their mission. They economize the time and labor, zeal and earnestness, which should be devoted to the actual study of the science they pretend to adore, in order to lavish them in unstinted measure in their warfare upon the religion which they manifestly abhor. That a false science should be habitually arrayed in an attitude of hostility to the Church is not to be wondered at, for this hostility is its very essence; but that within the last few years every individual follower of science should break out in active aggression is a curious fact. It is a fact, however, for which there is an obvious reason. For the last few years positive thought has been very busy, exceedingly noisy, and dreadfully in earnest. It has filled the world with untranslatable terminology. It has swelled the size of our encyclopædias and dictionaries. It has inflated men's minds and puffed them up with false notions of their own greatness. It has thronged our platforms with vapid orators, who propound foolish theories in unknown terms to astounded audiences, and these on their part applaud the loudest and longest when the language is least intelligible, and then go home to carp at religion and boast of the advancement of science. It has stocked the literary-scientific world with books, anthropological, biological, ethical, etc.; and these books are purchased and devoured by men who can with difficulty spell the sesquipedal terms of which they are composed, but whose greatest ambition is to be able to prate in the language of modern thought.

In this way positive thought has wrought incalculable injury to faith, and the injury done to faith is slight compared with that done to morals. On every side the pressure of religious belief is relaxed, and a removal, even the slightest, of the pressure of faith is sure to be followed by a proportionate slackening of morals. Many men have long since flung aside their faith in the existence of God, and many who yet retain their belief in His existence have long since lost all practical faith in His providence. Now men are men, and no longer children. They are perfectly able to act for themselves. To be taken by the hand and led by a divine providence would imply that they are either children or imbeciles, and against this imputation their whole manhood rises in indignant and rebellious scorn. They are impatient to shake off the hand, divine though it be, that is offered unsolicited, and manifest a disposition to rebuke the implied insult and condignly avenge it upon the head of the Being who offers it. Men have nowadays acquired too sturdy an independence to yield submission even to a Being to whom they

owe everything. Some are willing enough to allow Him to retain heaven as His throne, but His title to earth as a footstool they are prepared to dispute, and the time seems not far distant when the idea, already common to many, will be held by most men, that the earth is man's throne and the heavens his footstool. There is a universal tendency to exclude God from the concerns of the world altogether. Men are making desperate efforts to shorten God's right arm, which they formerly believed omnipotent, and to wrest from Him half His empire, over which, ever since He created it, He has exercised undisputed sovereignty. The lines are drawn, and the limits set beyond which He must not pass. Religion is His sphere, and to this men would confine Him. Its limits He must not transgress. Its boundary line He must be careful not to overstep. Any interference on the part of God in the affairs of men would be resented as an unwarrantable intrusion. Outside of religion all is man's. There man is sovereign and supreme lord. There all is man's enterprise. The whole is his undisputed empire; or, if he is willing to share his dominion with a colleague, he retains the throne and crown, bestows the sceptre, and at the name of his adopted associate in power every knee must bend, for the colleague is *Science*.

And even in religion God's place is gradually narrowing, and He is hourly in danger of being supplanted by an impersonal god,—*Morality*. Men have made to themselves the image and likeness of everything that is in the heavens above and the earth beneath, raised them upon their altars, adored and worshipped them, and this too with an unerring regularity worthy the idolatrous lapsings of the ancient Israelites. All this, though much, is yet but a tithe of the injury done to faith. It is the disease in its mildest form, and where the vital principle of belief in God's existence is yet intact. Side by side with the question of faith, and shadowing it as closely as the shadow follows substance, runs the question of morals. Already we are left a shattered faith in the deep-meaning things of life; and when the deep-meaning questions of life lose all meaning, the grave questions of morality, whose existence hangs upon them, must of necessity lose their meaning also. Thus it is that the influence of "modern thought" is felt in houses where the language of modern science would be a "tongue unknown," and that the successful leaders of advanced thought are at least indirectly responsible for actions committed by men to whom their theories would be a meaningless jargon, and to whom the names of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Helmholtz, or Virchow might mean anything from a leader of advanced thought to a Choctaw or Cheyenne chief. The widespread evil of uprooted faith in God and conscience has filtered down from rank to rank, from class to class, until it has a certain bearing upon most actions

of daily life. The good ship Faith, once riding firmly and steadily amid the waves of human opinion, was freighted with a precious, sacred cargo,—Morality; but the tempest has lashed her sides, waves have rolled over her, a large portion of her precious freight has been hopelessly wrecked, and many men struggling in the surf, with honest purpose and noble endeavor, are buffeted, and all their efforts paralyzed by floating fragments from the wreck of ruined morality. There is no need of facts to verify this sad view of things. We have but to place a hand on the pulse, or lay an ear close to the abnormal beatings of the heart of the religious and moral feeling, and we shall find the symptoms to be such that the most skillless of charlatans cannot err in his diagnosis, or fail to ascribe the disease to its real cause. It would be strange if the Church should idly look on and witness the domain of faith and morals thus devastated, and raise not an arm to save them. It would be a betrayal of her trust should she with listless indifference behold an open foe make such sad havoc in the very province of which she is the divinely appointed guardian.

Already the first effects of the first movement are perceptible. The whole moral world is likely to be thrown into chaos and confusion unless the Church steps in and checks the threatening ruin. Not only is vice making daily encroachments upon the province of virtue, but virtue must be very prudent in its behavior or it will be decried and censured as vice. The line beyond which virtue becomes vice was never before chalked so far within the territory of virtue; the line beyond which vice ceases to be blameless was never drawn so near the fountain-head of vice. Never, in the opinions of men, did vice lean so closely to virtue's side; never had virtue so much to fear from a censorious world. Men's minds were never so divided about the point where purity ceases to be a virtue, and charity ceases to be praiseworthy. Up to a certain point impurity will be frowned upon, but there is a point, too, beyond which the world has learned to look upon purity as a virtue of doubtful merit. Charity, up to a certain point, will be extolled, but one step beyond, and it is apt to be hissed as folly or philanthropy run mad; and little danger is there at the present day that humility will be pressed into heroics or purity into celibacy. The higher and holier sanction of morality (the sanction of eternal reward and punishment) the present age has entirely eliminated; it has retained what it considers the manlier and more effectual one,—humanity. And thus we find the virtue of the present day precisely the same as the virtue of ancient Paganism. Virtue is no longer practiced for its own sake. People are virtuous not from a love of virtue, but because it is yet their interest. The rule of conduct has been appositely termed the "calculation of consequences." The cultivation of virtue for its own sake, or for any eternal reward

it brings, is a remnant of an obsolete religionism. The only things sought after for their own sake are money and pleasure. Virtue and morality are pursued merely to the bounds of advantage or convenience. Only their shadows remain; the substance has long since passed away. And that even the phantom of morality is allowed to remain is due to a very simple reason. The inevitable pressure of proof deduced from experience shows that morality is the only safeguard of order, and hence the necessity of its existence in the world; but come forward with a new entity which will preserve order and yet give free scope to licentiousness and immorality, or show that the world would be quite as well off without either morality or order, and this morality, which to-day is nominally sanctioned, will to-morrow be dethroned, degraded, and despised. Its imperative necessity in the world, as the only force competent to cope with anarchy and chaos, and capable of maintaining order in human affairs, is the only thread upon which hangs its existence, and hence it is not for its own sake, but for the sake of the order so helplessly dependent upon it, that it is, not indeed practiced, but countenanced in the world.

Indeed, from the necessity of their position, the *positivists*, to be consistent, should abolish morality. The code of Sinai retained when the Lawgiver of Sinai is abolished will, to say the least, be a strange anomaly. A code of ethics based upon a belief in God and the responsibility of creatures to Him, must be strangely out of place in a creed which makes merry over the absurdity of such a belief and treats it as an old wife's tale. Surely, to be consistent, they must demolish the structure when they have razed the foundations, and if they will not it is likely to topple of itself. A cloud has already cast its shadow over the old-time ethics. With radical changes in human beliefs, it would be strange if radical changes in ethics should not be introduced all around us. A new basis must be sought upon which to found ethical codes if the old one has been discovered to be resting on a foundation of sand. The positivists themselves seem to be fully aware of this, and already the first steps seem to have been taken to draw up a new code of morality. The revolution in morals seems to have already taken its soundings. Points which were always looked upon as irrevocably fixed begin to be questioned. The war has already attacked the outposts, and it seems but a question of time until every single point in the ancient order of ethics will have to fight for its existence. With Herbert Spencer and the whole ethical, medical, and philanthropic wings of positivism grandly questioning whether it were not charity to kill a person afflicted with an incurable disease—a work of corporal mercy, in certain cases, not indeed to feed the hungry, but to put them beyond reach of all hunger or the necessity

of food—a new code of ethics seems fast springing up, in which we may look for an entirely new set of cardinal virtues, in which suicide is likely to rank as an act of heroic valor, and homicide, in many cases, as an act of heaven-born charity. And thus we shall have the doors open to crimes which can strut in the guise of virtue, and more crimes committed in the name of charity than have ever been committed in the name of liberty.

Will this come? On all sides it is admitted that only one institution exists in the world sufficiently powerful to prevent it. This institution is the Catholic Church. Years ago Mr. Huxley told the world that the "Roman Catholic Church" was "the *one* great spiritual organization able to resist" what he was pleased to term "the progress of science and modern civilization." Now all the world admits the truth of Mr. Huxley's remark. The Church herself, too, fully realizes this fact; but in opposing "modern civilization" she is far from opposing the "progress of science."

Perhaps it might be said with truth, that for the third time in her history the Church finds herself called upon to confront an enemy which is not a rebel to her authority—an enemy which has come into existence, been reared, and attained its strength outside her dominions. Even Mr. Mallock from his stand-point will tell us that the Church is inclined to regard positivism "as a belligerent rather than a rebel." And, in point of fact, the movement of the present age can no more be said to be a revolt against the authority of the Church than was the Pagan element with which she found herself in conflict at her birth, or the enemy which she was subsequently called upon to combat in the followers of Mahomet. The attitude of positivism bears no shadow of resemblance to the outbreak of Arianism, Pelagianism, Protestantism, or Jansenism. Its apostles and disciples have never been in the ranks of the Catholic Church. In no sense can it be said to be a rebellion against her, unless in the sense that, like modern history, it is "a conspiracy against truth," whose claims upon mankind, like those of the Church, are universal. If there be a rebellion at all, it is a rebellion against Protestantism, not, indeed, in the sense that it is a rebellion against truth, but in the sense that the outbreak occurred in the ranks of Protestantism, and that its followers are drawn so largely from Protestant sects. Because it has pushed the pet principles of Protestantism to their most pernicious results it is none the less a rebel against it. A child is none the less a rebel to parental authority because he is heir to a stubborn disposition, and the example of rebellion has been set him by wilful parents. That he has bettered their instruction and profited by their example may be extenuating circumstances, but can hardly change the nature of the rebellious act. And that the leaders of modern thought have

but pursued to their utmost legitimate conclusions the favorite principles of private judgment and revolt against authority so dear to Protestantism, fails to lift them out of the rank of rebels to Protestant authority; if such a thing exist, positivism must then be looked upon as a rebel not to Catholicity but to Protestantism; but all the same it is Catholicity which must combat it.

On all sides it is freely admitted that the power in whose territory the revolt exists is utterly powerless to suppress it. At the present day there is no greater truism amongst the disciples of modern thought, than that Protestantism is entirely unable to resist its inroads. Indeed it is a commonplace which Protestantism does not take the trouble to gainsay. And within the last few years we even witnessed the phenomenon of the American world turning to Catholicity and holding out its hands to it for protection, when the worst terrors of communism—the legitimate offspring of modern thought—loomed up so ominously before us; so that the Church is called upon to fight not only her own battles against her internal and external enemies, but the battles of all mankind as well. She is called upon to conquer enemies found unconquerable by all others; and even those who centuries ago revolted against her authority must needs supplicate her assistance if they wish to subdue their own rebellious children. And thus we find the Church in the enlightened nineteenth century precisely what she was in the dark ages of the tenth,—the guardian of society and the benefactor of all mankind. Now she is called upon to marshal her forces against the serried ranks of what is pompously called “modern civilization,” and for many reasons “modern civilization” bids fair to be one of the most formidable antagonists which the Church has ever been called upon to encounter. Without provocation and without cause it proves to be the most bitter, the most malicious, and the most intemperate of enemies. The spirit which actuates it seems to be the spirit of heresy; the warfare it wages is the warfare of infidelity. It has something in common with every enemy which ever entered the arena against the Church; it displays an energy and a devotion which promises to labor “more than them all.” The materialism it advocates is the materialism of ancient Paganism. The barbarism it leads to is the barbarism of Attila and Genseric. The fierce and fiery fanaticism betrayed, at least, by those who might, perhaps, be called its lay disciples, is the fanaticism of the believers in the Koran. The vaunting boasts and the arrogant intemperance sound like the arrogance and intemperance of Martin Luther. The absurd and ridiculous guesses, the unfounded assumptions, are peculiarly its own. Mr. Mallock will tell us that it promises to revive the “buried lusts of Paganism.” We have only to take up the *Value of Life* or any of the effusions

of the female "scientists" to discover a more than Mohammedan fanaticism. Oliver Wendell Holmes would, perhaps, blame the science itself more than the followers of it for the propensity they manifest towards a braggart disposition; for he tells us that "absolute, peremptory facts are great bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get into a bullying habit of mind." And the same writer would probably assign the same reason for the intemperance with which the views of modern thought are obtruded upon us; for he says that "scientific knowledge" even in "modest men" partakes "of insolence;" and insolence we know is very nearly akin to intemperance. But while the present movement has so much in common with all its predecessors, it has an attraction and a charm peculiarly its own. There is no charge which a man, with any pretensions at all to knowledge, will repel with such spirit as a charge of ignorance. To be considered patrons, or at least abettors of science, seems to be one of the modern fashionable weaknesses. Perhaps this is the principal, if not the sole reason, why it is we find in the ranks of "science" in our day men of every hue of thought and every color of belief. We have scientists to whom science is their god, and philosophers who are ready to lay down their lives in the cause of truth; wild enthusiasts who draw rash conclusions from new discoveries; cool-headed reasoners for whom new discoveries are the confirmation of a life-long faith; men who are called credulous because they will not cease to believe in the existence of God; rash skeptics who doubt everything, even their own existence; morality-loving men whose irreproachable lives would be an ornament to Christianity; base libertines who make science their creed because it places no restraint upon their passions; earnest men in the pursuit of knowledge; frivolous men in search of novelty; good men in the best of faith, but who never possessed the gift of *faith*; bad men who possessed it but to abandon it, or clung to it only to outrage it; even strong-minded women who clamor for rights which most men seem inclined to deny them even as privileges; and weak-minded men who regard as privileges—and even then shrink from exercising them—what they might justly claim, and what all men would willingly accord them as rights;—all are to be met with enrolled under the banner of "modern progress."

The origin of Christianity has been compared with the origin of "modern thought" a hundred times. The noisy, pompous aggressions of the one and the humble beginnings of the other is an oft-told tale. The rapidity with which Catholicity gained the ascendancy over the world was a marvel, whose solution puzzled the minds of unbelievers in every after age; for neither its rapid growth nor the extraordinary ease with which it captivated men's minds

could be attributed to favoring circumstances. A metaphor of Lord Macaulay's on a different subject applies to it exactly. "The hardy plant" had but a "barren soil into which it struck deep its roots," and "an inclement sky" to which it "spread wide its branches." The famous words of Tertullian, "We are but of yesterday," etc. abundantly attest two things: the prolific growth of Christianity and the hostile elements against which that growth had to struggle. The sun of Catholicity rose indeed in the East, but to all the outer world the Eastern sky appeared overcast with the clouds of an unmeaning superstition. The nation from which sprang the strange being who claimed that He and the Father were one possessed no political prestige. The time was long past when the neighboring city of Tyre was the magnet which drew eastward the commerce of the world, when even Carthage was an emporium of Tyre, when the ships of Tyre were on every known sea, and the "ships of Tharsis" rode proudly into the Tyrian harbor. A time was when even Tyre herself might justly grow jealous of the commerce of Jerusalem; but now the nation itself was under a foreign yoke. The Jewish people were remarkable among neighboring nations only for their stubborn adherence, in spite of their former repeated lapsings, to the creed of their ancestors, for their manifold traditions concerning the human family, and their tedious, anxious longing for some one who was to come to them from Heaven as their king and deliverer. "Can anything good come from Israel," though not attaining the dignity of a proverbial formula, might express as much to those living out of Judea as "Can anything good come from Nazareth" did to those who lived outside the scorned hamlet. The founders of new creeds are not often visited with punishment, but the ignominy, the disgrace, the cruelty which the Founder of Christianity suffered at the hands of those He came to save is the most revolting in the annals of the world. The doctrine itself was a scandal to those for whom it was intended, and a stumbling-block to those to whom it was transferred. It was indeed "a banner with a strange device," for its *Excelsior* meant deeper in humility and mortification. Its greatest pride was to be possessed of the greatest humility; its greatest happiness to cut itself loose from the happiness of the world. Its greatest glory was to be buffeted to shame, and a death amid the most cruel tortures the most desirable end to a life which would be all the more enviable if chastened by a lifelong cross. The Evangelists of this creed were stranger if possible than the creed itself. Fishermen have never in any age been remarkable for eloquence, and the most notable school of logic is surely not a hut by the seashore for mending nets; whatever it might be at another time, it could hardly be so at a time when Rome was in the palmiest of its Augustan

days, and the Athenian Areopagus was the centre of all that was refined in art, in science, in literature, and in eloquence. Worldly influence or persuasive oratory can hardly be said to be the portion of the toilers on the waves, and to those who would not recognize the *digitus Dei*, but judged Christianity from a human point of view, it must have appeared the most supreme folly for illiterate fishermen from their boats and nets to arise and stay the world in its progress, to convince the inhabitants of Jerusalem that the *Man* over whom their cruelty triumphed was the God whom their piety should lead them to adore; to tell the world that its highest wisdom was the highest folly, and that the riches of poverty was not only the most desirable, but the only desirable kind of wealth. Strange that the logic and eloquence of the fishermen succeeded! Strange that it should to-day survive! But stranger still, and strangest of all, that it alone,—the folly and ignorance of the Galilean fishermen,—following, no doubt, the “advanced thinkers,” law of the “survival of the fittest,”—after encountering the shocks and surviving the ceaseless opposition of nineteen centuries,—should be deemed to-day the only combatant capable of confronting the boasts of a haughty, intolerant science, and that too at the very time when that science is at the summit of its power, when it has the sanction of names illustrious in literature, when it has surrounded itself with dignity and splendor, and when it has filled the world with the fame of great things achieved and mighty things accomplished in its name. To-day modern thought stands at the circumstantial antipodes of Catholicity at its birth. Never was doctrine preached or theory promulgated under more favorable auspices. It has all the prestige of great leaders, and all the sanction of important discoveries. It has all the *éclat* which science can give, and every new discovery is made to serve as a new proof of this new doctrine. To take the world captive seems to be its mission, and every new development of science, while it has the confirming force of a miracle, is a new fortress erected within its boundary and a solid breastwork behind which it can intrench itself. Protestantism has been the Baptist to prepare the way and make straight the paths of the new Evangelists. Protestantism as surely prepared the way for positivism as Tractarianism prepared the way in England for Catholicity, and more surely than Evangelicalism prepared the way for Tractarianism. The age in which it asks for a hearing has all the credit of being Christian and all the advantage of being Pagan. The lamented Dr. Marshall aptly styled it an age of “intellectual presumption in the few and intellectual servility in the many.” The strings of religious feeling, as well as of religious belief, seem to have run loose. The mechanism of the various sects has long since run down. Since John Wesley appeared on

the scene there has been no thorough winding up of religious sentiment, and the unstrung mechanism woos every breeze that blows. The trumpet is not only liable at any moment to give an uncertain sound, but has already frequently emitted sounds calculated to inspire anything but confidence or certainty. The pillars of ancient sanctuaries, long supposed to be the abiding home of the Holy of Holies, are tottering to their very foundations, and the edifices which they supported reel and stagger. The creeds of the various sects have shifted their principles from point to point, from basis to basis. Like the dove from Noah's ark, they fail to find a solid resting-place. They seem to have discovered the fact, which they are unwilling to admit even to themselves, that there is but one solid foundation upon which to build a religious faith; but this is preoccupied by the Catholic Church, and rather than make common cause with an enemy which they have for so long a time alternately tried to ridicule and affected to despise, they prefer to "perish in the flood."

The doctrine of positivism has, though old, all the charm of novelty, and all the attractiveness of liberty of action. There are no hateful penances or groaning mortifications in its creed, and no ugly conflicts with enemies, all the more to be dreaded because unseen. If it cuts off all hope of happiness in the next life, it also cuts off the chances of misery, and for the loss of future happiness it amply compensates by holding out to us a brimming cup of present pleasures, if we can command them. And surely the man must have his own peculiar views of the latitude requisite in a moral code who would find fault with the narrowness of the morality which tells him, in the language of one of Moleschott's disciples (quoted by Archbishop Vaughan), that "the moral rule for each man is given by his own nature only, and is, therefore, different for each individual;" and which makes excesses and passions "but a larger or smaller overflowing of a perfectly legitimate impulse." The apostles of positive thought, unlike those of early Catholicity, are men of refinement and learning, leaders of thought, and in many instances models of culture. They are for the most part men of unquestionable morals as well as of unquestionable talents. Their brows are already bound with the bays of victory, and their theories at one bound take the foremost place in the van of "progress." All who have no ambition to wear the brand of ignorance must follow in the ranks and march under their banners. They wave their ensigns, display their proudest triumphs, and point to science as the god in whose presence all those who wish to escape the stigma of superstition must bow. Enthusiastic with the wonderful result of their recent researches, and intoxicated with the success of recent discoveries, they have already grown insolent

with the confidence of ultimate as well as present success. Having wrested from nature so many of her secrets, and emboldened by the fact that all who have, hitherto opposed them have from open foes become warm allies, with a glow of anticipated triumph and a *nonchalant* air of certainty of the result; they shrink not from encountering the veteran Church of a thousand battlefields. She, on her side, is far from shrinking from the contest. She knows it is the old, old story, long since learned by rote from constant repetition. Every fledgling science, every new-born theory, every homespun novelty bids the spouse of Christ quake and tremble. They threaten to unmask her hypocrisy, or set her aside as a superannuated dotard, who has long since outlived her usefulness, if she ever had been of use. They make loud and jeering boasts about unravelling her superstitions, and threaten to hold her up as a laughing-stock to the gaze of the world upon which she so long imposed by claiming for herself a mission which she pretended was divine. They have again and again assembled around her to witness the positions she would assume in falling and dying; and often so certain were they that her end was at hand, that they only hoped that it might not be too sudden, but that they might have ample time to leisurely view the last moments of the expiring gladiator. But she knows she has always conquered her enemies, as Mr. Lecky tells us she conquered the world "in the very hour" in which they were "supreme," and that she has always had the solemn satisfaction of performing for all of them the last sad rites, which each in turn was only too courteously anxious to perform for her. Now, too, she does not fail to see that the self-assured confidence of positive thought is but a childish conceit. And indeed there is something provocative of a smile in the boyish glee with which every "victory" of science is hailed. Certain bodies are discovered to have certain properties, and to be possessed of those properties since their creation, and science becomes as great a braggart over the discovery as though it had imparted to these bodies the properties themselves. It has learned to classify, merely, certain minerals, or catalogue, say, certain diseases, and forthwith it expects mankind to look upon it with wondering awe as a power which can create and destroy at will, as a deity which must be propitiated and kept in countenance, lest in its anger it might inflict, and that in its clemency it may avert these diseases. The reason is discovered why an apple falls to the earth, and the world goes wild with delight, as though an apple had never fallen before, and could never fall again without the universal consent of all the scientists in solemn council assembled; as though man had not only discovered the existence but invented the law of gravitation; as though scientific men had calculated the equipoise of the world, and without

aid from any higher power lifted the poles of the earth lightly and easily into their resting-places. Science has achieved much, it is true, and we are far from depreciating the merits of *true* science; but in its intemperate zeal it forgets that in its various departments it can but be employed in discovering and classifying properties and objects which have been in existence since the very beginning, and that when it turns aside from its own peculiar domain to manufacture ethical codes of its own design and pattern, it must provoke the contempt as well as the censure of all truth-seeking men. But as Mr. Marshall has well said, "burrowing in the earth like moles, they (the scientists) persuade themselves they are soaring in the air like eagles," and thus as one of their own luminaries does not hesitate to say, "by invading a province of thought to which they have no claim, they not unreasonably provoke the hostility of those who ought to be their best friends" (quoted by Mr. Marshall from an address of Dr. Carpenter). It does not require, however, the penetrating glance of the Church to be able to see that the self-importance of modern science is the self-importance of the precocious youth, who has made the discovery that the object which he has hitherto looked upon as a single indivisible whole can be divided into many different parts. His conception of his own greatness knows no bounds, and he expects that others will regard him as a veritable Archimedes. This precocious self-sufficiency is really the greatness of its strength. The Church, however, holding in *her* possession the true secret of all the mechanism in the universe, is confident that in her hands is deposited the touchstone which will prove the infallible test of all their theories, and which, like the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, upon which the ancient Irish kings were crowned, and which was said to emit certain mysterious sounds when touched by the lawful heir to the crown, is sure to show them to be either true or false, legitimate or spurious, when brought into contact with it. She is confident for other reasons too; confident in the weakness of her enemies' position, confident with the courage of a veteran who has never known defeat, confident because she numbers by the thousand the battlefields on which the victory has always been hers, confident when she reviews the once powerful but vanquished names enrolled in her archives, confident because, although almost nineteen centuries have swept over her brow, she feels not the decay of age, but thrills with all the athletic vigor of youth; but confident above all in the infallible assurance that she can never fail. With the pledged assurance of victory it is doubtful whether the conflict is really more to be desired or deprecated. Besides the certainty of victory, however, there are other reasons why the Church should be inclined to welcome rather than shrink from the advent

of the struggle. It is sure to prove the deathblow of the various sects now clamoring for an existence. It is fairly certain that it will clear the field of all the different sects which now cover it as thickly as ants swarm on a hillock. When the din of battle ceases and the clash of arms no longer resounds, when the smoke and carnage will have been cleared away, it will be discovered that the "thousand sects battling within one Church" will be found lying dead upon the battlefield or swallowed up in the toil and turmoil of the strife, and that vanquished *modern* civilization and victorious Catholicity will be left the sole survivors, to prepare for further conflicts or concert an amicable truce. Scientific infidelity and Catholicity will be the two extremes between which there will no longer be a mean. At present the long plain which separates the two belligerent forces is swarming with myriads of clamoring sects. The intervening ground is covered with a network of religious camps, which serve only to confuse objects, obstruct the view, and bewilder the observer. There is so strange a commingling, of such endless variety, that the ordinary mind can meet with only perplexity. All the different religious sects have some characteristics of both Catholicity and infidelity. None have all of either. There is every shade of religious belief, there is every shadow of scientific error. In some sects the religious coloring is deep and striking, in others so faint as to be hardly perceptible. In some it is difficult to separate positivism from religion, so close is the blending; in others it is difficult to determine the point at which positivism begins and religion ends. In some there are Catholic truths to be met with in all their force and entirety. In some Catholic truth is strangely mingled with error. In some error has entirely displaced truth, while in "other some" the foulest caricatures are held up to the public gaze as truth. Ritualism so closely counterfeits Catholicity as "to deceive, if possible, even the elect." Unitarianism verges so closely on infidelity that a Unitarian may be an infidel with a very little stretch and without a very great scruple of conscience. And all other *isms* fall into line between Catholicity and atheism, at proper distances apart and in due proportions. It is said that from the shaft of a coal mine hundreds of feet below the earth's surface the stars at midday are plainly visible in the firmament. At the present day it would be difficult to take a position on what a European writer has called "the lowest degree of mental objection," and from it descry the beauties of the "city seated upon a mountain," and the light of the world "which shines before all men." And the difficulties arise not from the city or the light to be discovered, not entirely from the disadvantageous depths of the standing-point, but almost entirely from the maze of tangled errors which inter-

vene. There are few whose glance is so penetrating, or whose gaze is so searching, that, like Mr. Mallock or Mr. Lecky, they can take their stand upon the plane of positivism or rationalism, and, piercing through the intervening labyrinths, scan with a just appreciation of its strength the vantage-ground of Catholicity. At present it requires rare acuteness of vision and clearness of perception; but the morning after the struggle the sun will rise upon a world from which every misty exhalation of religious error will have vanished, and like good and evil, truth as represented by Catholicity and error as represented by a false science will alone survive. The religious horizon will grow clear. It will be easier to storm the citadels of error; it will be easier to discern the fair proportions, the beautiful symmetry, the graceful edifice of truth. The atmosphere will be purged of vapors which serve but to blind and confuse. The sincere seeker after truth will no longer be deceived by voices calling to him from the depths "of the fog," which he found led him to dwellings as cold and cheerless as the fog in which he had been wandering. That this will be one result of the conflict is but saying what will, perhaps, one day be, if not an axiom, at least a postulate in the philosophy of history, namely, that all minor issues are swallowed up in great struggles. The disgraceful brawls of the Saxon Heptarchy were drowned forever in the conflict between the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes. The feuds of the Irish chieftains and the faction fights of the septs did not survive the Anglo-Saxon invasion of Ireland. The quarrels of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were for four hundred years the scourge of Southern Germany and Northern Italy, and although reduced to the appearance of dying embers, they might easily have proved themselves but a slumbering volcano, did not the French invasion end them forever. The howl of the New England Puritan, the cry of the Know-Nothing, every discordant voice was hushed (never to be revived, it is to be hoped) in the thunders of Bull Run and the peace of Appomattox. What is true of profane is true also of ecclesiastical history. All Europe forgot its political and religious jealousies when the Saracens desecrated the shrines and slaughtered the pilgrims on the plains of Palestine; the revolution of the sixteenth century silenced forever the schism of the West.

Catholics can have little doubt about the result of the conflict. They have the Word of the Divine Founder that error can never prevail against the Church, and they have the confirmation of past history, which shows that error has never prevailed, and that the promise has never been made void. Already, too, are there human signs visible. In all the seeming strength of the enemy there is weakness—the weakness of division. There is division in the camp and disorder in the field. There are as many different sects in

positive philosophy and in the "scientist" movement as there are different elements in Protestantism. Like Protestantism, which is united only on the question of opposition to the Church, science in its various hypotheses has little in common, except the determined opposition to the idea of a God. Aside from this, the different shades of positivism are, like the sects, little more than a mass of jarring conventicles. "Schools of science are constantly springing up which, besides their rejection of God, have little in common unless they call themselves advanced." There are as many "variations" in the scientific movement as Bossuet could trace among the followers of the reformers, and there seem to be as many theories regarding the "origin of life" among the apostles of light as there are interpretations of the simple text, "This is my body." The utilitarianism of Bentham was moulded in the groove of John Stuart Mill, only to be derided by the disciples of Herbert Spencer. The data of ethics has driven the joint production of both from the field, probably to be ignominiously defeated by the coming volumes of the Rev. Joseph Cook.

The apostles of science seem also to be outstripped in zeal by their own disciples, and it would seem that this is because the zeal of the apostles has flagged through a loss of confidence in their position. Pet hypotheses are already spoken of with less confidence. The originators of the new theories are now less aggressive than their followers. The "uncertainty of these data" and the yielding of "only a provisional assent" are ominous words in the mouths of sturdy dogmatizers. The acknowledgment of their inability to prove that "life can be developed save from antecedent life," and that "against religious feeling the waves of science beat in vain," sounds like the prelude to a retreat. It is high time, as has been recently acknowledged by them, to warn the followers of a *will-o'-the-wisp* science that it is not admissible to represent conjecture as certainty nor "hypothesis as doctrine;" and it is more than time that they should "enter an energetic protest against the attempts made to proclaim the problems of research as actual facts and the *opinions* of scientists as established science." When they now attempt to do so their voices are drowned in a tumult. Their "energetic protest" is lost in the Babel of clattering tongues which their wild and fanciful theories have created; and when they wish to dismiss the weird spirits which they have summoned from the mighty deep, the evoked spirits show an unwillingness to depart. A lie travels faster than truth. The rabble will not be disillusioned. They have more faith in the new theories than in the scientists themselves; and when the same scientists, to whom they but lately listened so attentively, announce that "the failures have been lamentable, the doctrine utterly discredited," the disciples, lately

so credulous, shrug their shoulders in amazing incredulity. When Darwin cautions his followers against certain mistakes, and that one of the main principles of his doctrine does not work the desired result, such a renowned disciple as Stanley Jerome refuses to believe him, and confesses a readiness to swallow any amount of evolution physic. When Virchow announces to his German disciples that the theory of "evolution involves assumptions of which the proofs are still wanting," that "the descent of man from any ape whatever is as yet before the tribunal of scientific zoology not proven," Max Müller will tell us "he is howled down in Germany in a manner worthy of Ephesians and Galatians." And so it would seem that they have been at pains to needlessly raise a tumult which they now find themselves powerless to quell. The storm must spend its fury before the voice of even the magicians who created it can make themselves heard. Half-way they would try to arrest its course, but the current is broad and strong and deep, and there is nothing left for them but to wait "*dum defluat amnis.*"

Positive thought has labored hard and succeeded well in bringing discredit upon the beliefs of men. It has put forth the most gigantic efforts to upset the equilibrium of existing beliefs. It has taken from life all that men prized, and—no matter how much they may attempt to deny it—what they prized more than life itself. And what does it give in return? Nothing! Upon its own confession, mere guesses, mere assumptions, mere hypotheses. It is hardly just to trifle with a question where vital interests, nay, the *most vital* of all interests, are at stake. Others have refrained from preaching a new doctrine until, at least, they had found a substitute for the old. And no matter how distasteful these doctrines might have been, they always had the merit of being suited to their end and object. The worst excesses of Kniperdoling had a manifest aim, and the Girondists and Jacobins, even in the height of their maddened frenzy, never lost sight of their object,—liberty, equality, fraternity.

But here the very foundations upon which all men's hopes were built are levelled. The tree which sweetened the Marsh of human ills is destroyed, and while we raise to our lips the bitter waters, with the sweetening influence gone, no other is given as a substitute. Or, if a substitute is provided, are we not privileged to ask what it may be? Will it supply the place of the old? It would have been at least philanthropy to wait till the golden calf was fashioned, until the molten figure was near enough to completion to warrant them in saying, "These be thy gods, oh! Israel," before we were called upon to destroy the gods in whom we trusted. It would seem that there are, after all, questions of greater impor-

tance than to know that lizards are great lovers of music, or that the tail of a lizard or leg of a frog if cut off will grow again. They are questions of the soul, of a future life, of an immortality, and, as far as the scientists are concerned, questions of such grave and awful significance are no nearer a solution than when the centuries were yet in their units. There has been a rumbling of the earth, which has displaced the fastenings and shaken the objects of faith on their pedestals, but we have made no further advancement in these problems of deep solemnity than when men believed the earth was a plane and that the sun moved round it.

And when science will have been fathomed to its very depths, when nature will not have left a single secret which science has not discovered nor a tangle which philosophy will not have unravelled, when she will have unbosomed to man her unnumbered mysteries of which she is now so jealous, when she will have taken him by the hand and told him of all her now hidden powers, when there will be left not a single work into which science will not have pried nor a fold of nature's mantle under which it will not have peered, when the philosophers and scientists will have unearthed stratum after stratum of yet undiscovered knowledge, and will at last have stood upon the hard rock of the last layer, these same questions will yet remain; man will be nothing more nor less than man, one of God's creatures; his relations to parent, wife, sister, brother will remain the same; death will yet be his inevitable portion, and after death, eternity.

THE JOYOUS KNIGHTS, OR FRATI GAUDENTI.

L'Istoria dei Cavalieri Gaudenti. Federici. 2 vols., 4to. Venice, 1788.

Cronaca di Ronzano, e' Memorie di Loderingo d'Andalò, Frate Gaudente.
Count Senator Giovanni Gozzadini. Bologna, 1851.

IT may be a not unpleasant diversion to the readers of the REVIEW to follow the writer of the following pages while he lays briefly before them the story of one of the most wonderful religious organizations of the Middle Ages, and describes his visit to the ruined mountain sanctuary which was the retreat of the heroic founder of the Knights of the Glorious St. Mary.

All who have read Dante's *Inferno*, either in the original Italian or in the English versions of Carey and Longfellow, have also wondered who were the *Frati Gaudenti* placed by the revengeful Ghibelline poet among the Hypocrites of the Seventh Circle of Hell. His meeting with them there, the fearful tortures which his imagination devises for them, and the conversation which one of them, Catalano Catalani, holds with him, form one of the most memorable passages in that book of horrors. Now it so happens that both of these knight-monks were the two most illustrious members of the "Military Order of the Glorious Virgin Mary," Loderingo d'Andalò, Catalano's companion in the above passage, being no less a person than the founder of the order. We shall see, further on, what unworthy feeling prompted the great Florentine poet to calumniate the illustrious dead. Suffice it to say here, that to most readers of Dante, in consequence of this misrepresentation, and of the very name of *Frati Gaudenti* given to his victims, they and all their brother knights have been, are, and will continue to be taken for hypocrites by the majority of Longfellow's Catholic readers, as they naturally are by all Protestants.

The name *Frati* or *Cavalieri Gaudenti* is taken to mean "joyous" or "joyous" monks or knights, men, consequently, who led a life of sensuality, merriment, or worldly pleasure, while professing the austere self-renouncement of the cloister. The fact is, that the Order came into existence in the same century which gave birth to Dante, and that the poet was in his manhood when Loderingo d'Andalò died (1293), beloved and mourned by his native Bologna and by all that was purest and greatest in Italy.

The history of this great man, and of the political feuds which he sought to appease, is a most instructive, not to say a most romantic, one, affording to American students one of the noblest instances of disinterested and self-sacrificing patriotism to be found in the annals of our race. The life of Loderingo d'Andalò was

alike one of heroic love of country and heroic love of God. It is a bitter, but most truthful, censure on the political passions of the Italy of the thirteenth century to say that Italy's greatest poet could not be just to one of his country's purest patriots.

These reflections crowd upon me at this moment and after a visit to Ronzano, the beautiful spot in which both Loderingo and his brother knight Catalano spent the last years of their glorious life, sorrowing over the suicidal dissensions which ruined all the hopes of Italian freedom, and ready with their associates to give their time, their labor, their lives at any moment to stop the fearful civil wars that raged on every side.

We had been invited to Ronzano by Count Senator Gozzadini and his countess (Maria Teresa de Serego-Alighieri, of Verona), descended, both of them, from Dante Alighieri himself, and who purchased the desecrated ruins of Ronzano in 1848, devoting their united labors ever since to rescuing from oblivion the artistic relics of both church and convent, and to restoring the fair fame of the monk-knights buried there and so grievously calumniated by their own ancestor. Of the visit itself, and of the treasures laid before us by our noble hosts, I shall only speak when I have sketched the rise of the Cavalieri Gaudenti, and said who their founder was.

The D'Andalòs were a branch of the great Carbonesi family, one of the most ancient and powerful of the many patrician septs of Bologna,—of Upper Italy, indeed. They belonged, moreover, to the Imperialist or Ghibelline faction in the deplorable Italian politics of the epoch, the Lambertazzi, their own near relations, being foremost in the horrible strife with the Gieremei, which again and again, during weeks and months, made the streets of Bologna run with blood. A sister of Loderingo d'Andalò, the blessed Diana, much younger than himself, had, about 1220, been induced, by the preaching and examples of the great St. Dominick and his companion, the blessed Reginald of Orleans, to devote herself to a monastic life. Her story, like those of many Bolognese maidens of her time, was one of strange romance and heroism. She applied to Dominick for guidance, and he, convinced that she was truly called of God, gave her the religious habit, or permitted her to make a simple vow of chastity, with a promise to become as soon as possible a nun. This was done without the knowledge of her parents. Meanwhile Diana had busied herself in Bologna in forwarding some monastic establishments which St. Dominick had greatly at heart, and the noise she thus made soon reached her parents' ears. They had other plans for their daughter's future at a time when powerful family alliances were more than ever needful as a means of political influence. They were indignant and peremptorily forbade Diana's pursuing her project, or wearing

any badge of the monastic profession. But women, particularly in religious matters, are sure to have their own way sooner or later; so Diana set about devising a plan which might get her beyond her parents' reach. She induced several noble maidens of her acquaintance to go on a picnic with her to the Augustinian Convent of Ronzano, some three miles to the south of Bologna, and situated on the summit of one of the high foothills of the Apennines. No sooner had they reached the place than Diana quitted her companions' company, entered the precincts of the cloister, obtained and put on the habit of the Augustinian canonesses, and refused to return to the city.

There was a great sensation in Bologna thereupon, and a great commotion in the palace of the D'Andalò. Her father and mother, with a goodly band of retainers, went forthwith to Ronzano, and forced an entrance into the cloister itself. The paternal hands tore from the unyielding Diana the odious vesture which she had assumed, and, as she would not move one inch to accompany her father, he seized her and dragged her perforce to the door, while she clung with the energy of desperation to everything she could lay hands on. In the unseemly struggle, it is said, one of her ribs was broken, and she sustained other grievous injuries. During a whole year she lay sick in her father's palace. But no sooner had her strength returned than she once more fled to Ronzano. There, at length, her parents were prevailed on to leave her. After a lapse of some six months she returned to Bologna, and founded there the Convent of St. Agnes, the first establishment of Dominican nuns in that city.

She was a holy woman; brave-hearted, and true to her convictions. She lived a life of active charity, and, dying revered as a saint by the city and neighborhood, was, by them, honored as a saint. We were shown her remains, one of the many treasures recovered by the zeal of our noble hosts.

To this retreat of Ronzano, forsaken by the Augustinian nuns, in 1265, Loderingo d'Andalò and his little band of heroic companions came in 1267. He was drawn to the spot, not only by the memory of his saintly and beloved sister, but by the solitude and singular beauty of the situation.

"And now," you will ask, "who was Loderingo d'Andalò?" and "Who were these Cavalieri or Frati Gaudenti?"

The D'Andalòs were descended from the great Carbonesi family, one of the most ancient and illustrious in Bologna. So greatly was an alliance with them courted by the most powerful Italian families, that when Loderingo married India Forelli, niece to Salin-guerra, lord of Ferrara, he received with her a dowry of 9000 gold crowns, an unheard of sum in such cases in that remote age. So

greatly also was Loderingo distinguished for all the qualities of the warrior and the statesman, that, as soon as he had reached the requisite age of 36 he was chosen podestà, or chief executive, by many of the Free Cities of Upper and Central Italy; by Modena, in 1251; by Sienna, in 1253; by Pisa, in 1255; by Reggio, in 1258, and by Faënza, in 1262. To this last city, however, he did not go, as he had, after fulfilling his duty of chief magistrate in Reggio, publicly embraced his new profession of "Knight of the Glorious Virgin Mary," such being the formal title bestowed on the new military order.

Let me add here that, inasmuch as the avowed object of the founders of this society was to devote their influence and services to the pacification of Italy and the extinction everywhere of partisan passions and domestic strife, so Loderingo, even after his monastic profession, was called to exercise the supreme functions of chief magistrate in Bologna and elsewhere.

He belonged to one of the leading Ghibelline or Imperialist families, but, without foregoing his attachment to his own political predilections, he displayed, both in his private conduct and in his public administration, a temper so conciliatory and so earnest a desire of union and peace among Italians, that he succeeded wherever he went in appeasing the war of factions and in restoring concord and mutual good-will.

Indeed, the lofty patriotism of the man, his disinterestedness, his inflexible love of justice, his earnest piety, and the personal magnetism which he exercised on all who approached him, seems to have been shared by the members of his family. The fame of Loderingo's achievements as podestà in Modena, Sienna, and other republics, induced the Romans, in 1253, to elect for Senator, or chief magistrate, Brancaloneone d'Andalò, nephew to Loderingo. The terrible severity of his administration, the dauntless sense of duty which made him beat down all opposition to the laws, all enemies of the public good,—the proud nobles of the great city hanged at the windows of their own palaces, and their castles razed to the ground,—are still remembered as an era in the troublous annals of Roman anarchy.

Nowhere, however, was the heroic character of Loderingo better appreciated than by those who knew him best, his fellow-citizens of Bologna. And nowhere did he and his brother Knights of Blessed Mary give more practical proof of the patriotic and religious spirit which was the very soul of their organization. Just as Loderingo was laying the first foundations of his Order in Bologna, the city and its territory were given up to the most desolating anarchy. The strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, between the partisans of the Free Republics and the Pope, on the one hand, and

those of the German Emperor on the other, had armed in Bologna one-half of the citizens against the other half. The friends of the Italian Republican League, headed by the noble and powerful clan of the Gieremei, daily fought in pitched battle against the Ghibellines, headed by the Lambertazzi. Bologna in the thirteenth century was a city composed principally of palaces, or fortified castles rather, each with its lofty tower, from which the family could sally forth to attack their neighbors, or within which they could withstand all assaults.

After the victory which had left King Enzo a captive in Bologna, and the death of his father, the Emperor Frederick II., the mad passions of the Bolognese rival parties broke out into a long carnival of bloodshed and lawless violence. To find a remedy for this, Egidio Foscherari, one of the most illustrious jurists and magistrates of Bologna, advised his fellow-citizens to intrust the government to Loderingo d'Andalò, who was a Ghibelline, and to associate with him, in his supreme office, another "Knight of the Glorious Virgin," Catalano Catalani, who was a Guelph. Brothers as they were in their peculiar religious profession, they were still more so in that pure spirit of patriotism and Christian charity which considered the national life as dependent on unity of belief and union of hearts and hands in working out the nation's peace and prosperity.

The result of their united labor was marvellous. They pacified the city, restored the reign of law, reformed the administration of justice, establishing the perfect equality of all before the tribunals, abolishing the use of torture, and banishing from the penal code all the barbarous enactments which disgraced the legislation of that age. They also made the most salutary improvements in the civil code, providing for the careful registration of all contracts, and bestowing on the magistrates ample powers for the speedy administration of justice. To strengthen the hands of the city government, as well as to prevent the return of the anarchy which had so lately dishonored Bologna, they organized a guard of 1200 citizens, who were to be the soldiers of the Mother of God, ready at every hour to rally round the magistrates and extinguish the first fires of partisan violence.

They began their patriotic labors in Bologna in 1265. In 1266 the citizens of Florence elected the two illustrious Frati Gaudenti, or Knights of Our Lady, to fill conjointly the office of podestà in the sadly distracted Tuscan capital. Loderingo and his brother Knight declined the perilous honor, but were constrained to accept it by the positive commands of Pope Clement IV. They obeyed without a moment's hesitation or delay, and set out for Florence

with hearts burdened by misgivings and fears, which were to be but too sadly realized.

And now we come to the deep causes of Dante Alighieri's unrighteous and unreasonable wrath against the Frati Gaudenti. In 1258 the Florentine Imperialists had made a desperate effort to recover their lost supremacy in the republic, and being defeated in their purpose were banished the city. It was the stupid, short-sighted policy of parties in the Italian republics to punish with proscription their defeated rivals, and thus, as in the Spanish republics of North and South America, a political victory for one party meant exile, confiscation and death for their opponents. It became a debt of blood which was sure to be paid with interest as soon as fortune changed. So, in Italy, as in America, liberty meant license, political ascendancy meant cruel revenge, and the energies which should have been devoted to the development of the incomparable national resources were consecrated to the savage vindication of old wrongs. Of course, national decadence and the loss of independence itself must ever be the inevitable consequences of such unholy strife, as surely as shipwreck is the fate of a vessel whose captain and crew fight among themselves when surrounded by breakers.

The exiled Imperialists of Florence, aided by German troops, and the bands of Manfred, King of Sicily, soon regained possession of Florence, after having made an awful massacre of their opponents in the battle of Monte Aperto. The families of such as did not perish in arms were banished from the city,—men, women, and children being driven forth, and their dwellings levelled to the ground. The Imperialists (Ghibellines) assembled at Empoli, decreed the utter annihilation of Florence, which was only saved by the courageous opposition of the great Farinata degli Uberti, whom Dante places in a burning tomb in hell, in spite of his patriotism.

Charles of Anjou, who was called into Italy to oppose the power of Manfred, soon restored the balance in favor of the Guelphs. But their administration of the Florentine Republic was so impolitic and so ruinous, that the citizens besought Loderingo d'Andalò and Catalano Catalani to come and render them a service similar to that just conferred on Bologna.

They organized, as they had done in their native city, a council of government, composed of thirty-six of the best men of both factions, chosen from among the patricians and the people; they also formed the latter into trade guilds, with each its standard and consul, binding the members to march at a moment's warning to help the magistrates in repressing the first movements of sedition or riotousness. In every other respect they labored conscientiously to

bestow upon Florence the same benefits which made their administration in Bologna most memorable.

Unquestionably both factions listened in the beginning to men so renowned for wisdom, patriotism, and piety, and they consented to forget their feuds and work together harmoniously for the common good. Jealousy and suspicion, however, soon crept in, and alienated from the two soldier-monks the confidence and affection of the Florentines. Thereupon came a brief of the Pope commanding the republic to expel forthwith the German mercenaries in the pay of the Imperialist faction. The Germans, unfortunately, had not been paid, and would not stir till justice had been done them, and then they and the Ghibellines rose in arms, and the city was once more a prey to military violence. The firm attitude of the two podestàs and of the armed guilds alone prevented Florence from falling a prey to civil war.

The Germans were driven from the city half by stratagem, half by fear. Loderingo and his associate, deeming their further stay in Florence to be productive of no good results, demanded of the Pope, and obtained, after a few months, permission to lay down their charge and return to the quiet of their cloister. They had succeeded during the interval not only in reconciling with each other many of the patrician families, between whom a deadly feud had subsisted, but this reconciliation was cemented by numerous matrimonial alliances.

Dante and some of his brother Ghibellines accused the two knights of hypocrisy, because, while professing religious humility, they had consented to exercise the highest public offices, and because, while pretending to practice poverty, they had preferred their own private interests to the public good. To this accusation Count Gozzadini replies that the statutes of their order did not forbid the exercise of such functions, but, on the contrary, enjoined on the members to make every sacrifice and effort toward effecting union and pacification. Then, they only accepted the call of the Florentines when peremptorily commanded by the Pope to do so. As to the charge of peculation or interested motives, it is refuted by the known character and entire life of abnegation and self-sacrifice of the two great patriots.

At any rate, they had no sooner reappeared in Bologna, than "these most incorruptible, peace-loving, and righteous knights," as the old Bolognese historian designates them, were again called upon to save their native city from self-destruction. In their supreme functions they were aided by another of the *Frati Gaudenti*, Michele del Priore. Their authority once more prevailed with all parties. There was a general reconciliation and an exchange of friendly pledges; there was a solemn festival in which all met in

the Public Palace, and bound themselves to be thenceforward true brothers and true citizens. To be sure, it was only a patched-up peace; but it was a new triumph of patriotism and religion over selfish pride and its kindred passions.

One easily conceives that such men as these, saddened if not disheartened by the suicidal madness which possessed the Free Cities of Italy, should have yearned for the silence and solitude of such a retreat as Ronzano, where, in sweet communion with all that is beautiful, grand, and peace-giving in nature, the soul is so easily lifted up to nature's God.

And so, here in Ronzano, we can easily answer that other question: Who were the *Frati* or *Cavalieri Gaudenti*? Seven of his brother knights accompanied Loderingo to the deserted convent of the Augustinian canonesses. These were Loderingo's dear fellow-laborer, Catalano, Bonaventura da Savignano, an eminent professor of law, Fino dei Teusi, another famous jurist, Nicola Beccadelli, and Jacopino da Medicina. Some of these, like Loderingo himself, had wives and children. In most instances the ladies, after providing for their children, became themselves members of a religious community, thereby leaving their husbands free to devote themselves to what they considered to be the best interests of Italy and religion.

To say that during the first century at least of their existence this semi-military order was composed of noble men,—the very flower of Italian manhood,—is to state a fact vouched for by history; they all resembled Loderingo and Catalano, and gave their lives to the same patriotic aims. This alone goes far to tell us what these *Cavalieri Gaudenti* were not. They were not the joyous, rollicking lovers of good living whom the readers of Dante in the original, or in Carey and Longfellow's translations, conceive them to be. They were noble spirits who gave up worldly position, wealth, fame, family, and home, to put themselves in God's hand as His most devoted servants in binding up the bleeding wounds of their dear fatherland. We in America may think that they could have best served their distracted country by retaining their position in secular life. They thought otherwise; they were nearer to their own times, to the social evils they endeavored to remedy, and, being conscientious men, were better judges of the necessity and expediency of their conduct than we at this distance can possibly be.

But how came they by their denomination of *Frati Gaudenti* or "Joyous Brethren?" Most likely it arose in part from the official title bestowed on them by the Sovereign Pontiff in the documents approving or confirming the Order,—*Milites Ordinis Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Gloriosæ*, "Soldiers of the Order of the Glorious Virgin

Mary,"—partly from the many great immunities and privileges enjoyed by them, and partly from their white raiment, and the white ground of their shield, with its Maltese cross between two stars. They were either soldiers or men of eminent learning and authority, who gladly sacrificed domestic bliss to the happiness of Italy, and went joyously about their difficult and perilous labors. No one attached an evil meaning to the term *Gaudenti* during the age in which they lived. Historians have accused their members employed in high public office throughout the Italian republics of being unduly swayed by party passions and prejudices. This weakness, if proved, was a pardonable one in such an age. But no one seriously charged them with immorality or even laxity.

The order was divided into two classes,—the cloistered and uncloistered members. The former were those who led a life of strict monastic seclusion, unless when called on by the voice of their fellow-citizens to perform some great public service. This class numbered not only unmarried men, but married men also, whose wives had formally consented to their contracting monastic obligations. The second class comprised men who, while dwelling in the bosom of their families, held themselves always in readiness to act as peacemakers, protectors of the weak and defenceless, or to act in whatever capacity could most benefit any of the Free Cities of Italy. And these Free Cities profited largely by their devotion and disinterested services. It is a most instructive page in the history of Italy, although you must not expect such bitterly prejudiced writers as Sismondi to show either justice or candor in speaking of men whose motives and principles they are incapable of understanding.

In the eyes of the bitter and unreasoning Genevese writer it was an unpardonable sin to be even remotely connected with the Dominican Order. The atrocious character which he attributes to the holy founder of the Friars Preachers is admitted by the best Protestant scholars to be unsustained by any solid historical evidence. Moreover, the armed heresies which in Southern France and throughout all Italy threatened to upset the civil and religious order are very dear to Sismondi. The great mass of Protestants, misled by false statements, fancy that the pestilential and revolutionary errors of the Albigenses, Cathari, and Patarini are none other than the evangelical doctrines to which Protestantism attaches most importance.

The Christendom of the thirteenth century, however, knew it to be quite otherwise. The very fundamental doctrines on which the Christian faith and the society created by it reposed—those of the divinity of Christ and of Mary's divine maternity and perpetual virginity—were those assailed openly by the sectarians. They

wounded the Christian conscience and the Christian heart in what was dearest to both. For their persistency in upholding these heresies,—so solemnly condemned by the Church in her councils,—the Cathari and their connections had been proscribed throughout the Greek Empire. In Southern France and Northern Italy, where they had sought a refuge, these heretics had spread their doctrines, silently and secretly at first, till, emboldened by impunity and by their growing numbers, they openly denounced the existing ecclesiastical system, and called on the people to do away with both churches and churchmen.

We know how the masses soon learn to translate opinions into action. Calvinism boasts that the Cathari and Patarini of France and Piedmont were its own legitimate ancestors, who could not hide their light beneath a bushel. Certain it is that the subversive spirit of Knox walked abroad in both countries in the days of St. Dominick. The freedom which it asserted was that of subverting the whole established order. Was it wonderful that all those to whom that order was dear should resist by force what its enemies professed and endeavored to achieve by force?

In Italy, where the Free Republics formed a mighty league, mostly under the leadership of the Popes, to withstand the foreign domination of the German emperors, and to vindicate the right of self-government, the secret propagandism of the Cathari, Patarini, Albigenses, and Waldenses, or the open aid they gave to the Imperialist factions, inspired the party of freedom and religion with equal alarm and hatred.

"The Patarini or Paulicians," says Sismondi, "were very numerous in all the cities of Italy; this country was in all Christendom the least dominated by superstition, and there the spirit of free popular government had always discountenanced any one's being persecuted for private opinions. The Theodosian code had indeed decreed the death penalty against the professors of certain heresies, regarded as more heinous than others; but, even while these laws were in vigor, the bishops had constantly opposed their application."¹

The pacification of Italy, therefore, the uniting of all its cities and all its children in the pursuit of the same national independence, and the cherishing of the same national faith, became with such men as Loderingo d'Andalò the highest and most heroic of all purposes. Ghibelline as he was in politics, like all his powerful family and connections, and devoted as he was to the Imperialist party in Italy, yet what he had seen in his own native Bologna,

¹ *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii., p. 71.

what he had witnessed in the various republics he was successively called upon to rule as chief magistrate, filled him with the conviction that the salvation of Italy could only be secured by quelling armed strife in the Free Cities, and by preventing the spread of the rampant heresies which ever tended to add the horrors of religious warfare to the inveterate evils of political dissension. He conceived that it was worthy of Italy's noblest sons and daughters to band themselves together in honor and under the name of Christ and His Mother, the august Parents of the great Christian family, and the Parents indeed of the new life for the entire race, in order to preach and inculcate brotherly love as the soul of liberty, and to spread the reign of Christian truth as the principle of permanent union of minds and hearts. Hence he wished to combine in one powerful society, extending its ramifications to all the cities of the peninsula, men and women of the world of the highest station and widest influence, priests and laymen eminent for learning, eloquence, and virtue; the lay element to serve as a mighty force in quelling civil discord and settling all disputes between citizens,—the clerical element to help, by preaching and persuasion, to withstand the progress of error and forward the reign of Gospel enlightenment. It was an organization destined to meet the urgent exigencies of the country and the age,—one of those creations of Christian piety serving a great providential purpose, and disappearing with the necessity which called it into being.

Considering the objects for which these knights were called into existence, it was a wise disposition to allow such of the members as could not well live permanently away from their homes, or could not lay down the burden of family cares, to live in the midst of their own household. They wore, nevertheless, the habit and insignia of the Order both in private and in public, fulfilled all the duties imposed on the cloistered knights, and by the very fact of their wearing thus everywhere the badges of their profession, they felt themselves bound to honor in all places both the one and the other. There is not on record a single instance of a Knight of the Glorious Virgin who disgraced his Order or himself by proving false to his vows, or faithless in the discharge of the high and holy duties assigned to himself and his fellows.

What is singular in the history of this noble association is, that they allowed ladies to work with them in the twofold labor of defending the glorious prerogatives of the Virgin Mary—her perpetual maidenhood and her divine maternity—as well as the quelling of all violence and dissension among Italians. It is known that many of the great-hearted women, who were the wives and near relatives of the first generation of Knights of St. Mary, followed their husbands, parents, and brothers into the cloister. India, the

noble wife of Loderingo d'Andalò, was so thoroughly penetrated with the religious and patriotic spirit of her husband, that, not satisfied with giving her full permission toward his becoming a cloistered knight bound by the solemn monastic vows, she became herself, as it were, the foundress of the female branch of the order. On the morning of the 25th of March, 1261, when Loderingo and his seven first companions made their solemn profession in the then new and beautiful church of San Domenico in Bologna, India, with other noble ladies, the relatives and friends of these soldier-monks, also assumed the religious habit, and took up their abode in a cloistered dwelling of their own, near the Church and Monastery of Santa Maria in Borgo Arrienti. In 1265 she made her last will and testament in the female convent of the order at Casteldebritti, near Bologna, which was then the residence of the superior-general of the knights.

It will not be without its proper interest to state here, that for upwards of two hundred years the great cities of Northern and Central Italy gloried in possessing branch-houses of both the male and female members,—all belonging to the foremost ranks of Italian society. They must have been not only blameless in their lives, but most useful and acceptable to the quarrelsome, passionate, and censorious populations surrounding them, to have won the admiration of all and aroused the ready censure of none.

Nor did they limit their efforts and their influence to the vindication of the great fundamental doctrines of the Incarnation—the very corner-stone of the European society of those ages—or to cultivation of brotherly feelings among fellow-citizens and neighboring republics; they were also patrons, and most generous patrons of art from the very beginning. All students and lovers of art in Italy have made a pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Arena in Padua,—the gem of Giotto's pencil, the beautiful creation of his Catholic genius and piety. He was called to paint it in 1304, just when it had been completed by its generous founder, Fra Enrico Scrovegno, a Knight of St. Mary. While at work on it Giotto was visited by his friend, Dante Alighieri, then an exile from his native city, and a warm personal friend of the painter.

What perversity of head or heart induced the poet to place Enrico Scrovegno's father among the avaricious in hell? If he had made of his wealth no less noble a use than his son was making when Dante received hospitality in the Knights' monastery at Padua, or when he could watch the progress of Giotto's inspired labor,—assuredly there was as little reason for calumniating his memory as there was for defaming Loderingo d'Andalò and Catalano Catalani. But I am anticipating.

Of the spirit of chivalrous magnanimity which prompted the

self-devotion of all these high-born men and women, who tried with their whole soul to glorify God and save their country under the banner of Our Lady, we may say what Lord Lindsay says of the great painter of Santa Maria dell' Arena, "The works of Giotto speak most feelingly to the heart in his own peculiar language of dramatic composition. He glances over creation with the eyes of love; all the charities of life follow in his steps, and his thoughts are as the breath of the morning. A man of the world, living in it and loving it, yet with a heart that it could not spoil, . . . his religion breathes of the free air of heaven rather than the cloister, neither enthusiastic nor superstitious, but practical, manly, healthy."

It was such cordial esteem of their private life and their public services which led one of the fathers of Italian literature—the very first who ever wrote in prose and verse in the language used by Dante—to exalt Loderingo and his followers by pen and word of mouth, then to become himself one of their number, and one of the most zealous propagators throughout Tuscany of the Knights of St. Mary. Guittone d'Arezzo died in 1294; he was, therefore, a contemporary of Dante's, though older. Besides contributing greatly to the increase of the Frati Gaudenti, he also built in Florence the Monastery of the Angels for the Camaldulense. We can say of him, as of Loderingo and his first associates, that his religion was enthusiastic without being superstitious or fanatical; that it was "practical, manly, healthy;" that he, as well as they, "glanced over creation with the eyes of love," and that "all the charities of life follow in his steps." Would not such men be worshipped and followed in the nineteenth as in the thirteenth century? Is not such religion that which our age needs so sadly?—"the religion of men of the world, living in it and loving it, yet with a heart that it could not spoil?" Heaven grant us plenty of them, not in Italy only, but in our own young and "practical" America!

We should, therefore, be far wide of the truth were we to picture to ourselves the Priory of Ronzano as a rendezvous for bands of doughty knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, now sallying forth with a long train of retainers, and descending to settle disputes in the troublous city of Bologna, or anon returning joyously with the sound of trumpet to their mountain home. In every priory there dwelt but a select few,—men chosen each from among ten thousand, and who dwelt among their chestnut woods and olive groves, singing God's praises together, and living a life of retirement, study, and prayer, until summoned forth to fulfil some great and urgent mission relating to the peace and liberties of their countrymen.

In such retirement, poverty, simplicity, and sweet brotherly union of minds and hearts did Loderingo, Catalano, and their associate

knights live, till, one by one, full of years, revered and blessed far and wide, they went to their rest.

It was with no small emotion, therefore, that I stood beneath the hospitable roof of Count Senator Gozzadini, surrounded by so many memorials of the heroic ages of Italy. The order founded by Loderingo d'Andalò could no longer render to the Italian communes the services for which it had been instituted when the Free Cities lost their independence irrecoverably, and became the heirlooms of the bold and powerful. The Frati Gaudenti died out without ever having been formally suppressed.

In 1429, during the war for the subjection of the Romagna to the Holy See, the army under Gattamelata devastated all the country round Bologna. Not one of its most revered sanctuaries was spared by the ferocious chieftains who were in the Pope's service, but who cared nothing for Pope, prince, or people. The Church and Monastery of Santa Maria in Monte, near the ruins of which I am writing these pages, the venerated shrine of the Madonna di San Luca, on the Monte della Guardia, the Benedictine Monastery and Church of San Michele in Bosco, were all spoiled and ruined by the mercenary soldiery. So complete was the destruction effected at Ronzano that nothing remained but the half roofless church. "The place," says the Dominican chronicler, "became a total solitude, the woods and undergrowth covering the entire hill, so that when we took possession of it there was nothing there but a wretched hut, fitter to be the refuge of wild beasts than the habitation of man."

It passed into the hands of the Friars Preachers in 1480. Instead of respecting the ruins which remained, with the tombs of such men as Loderingo and Catalano and the fragments of painting and sculpture spared by the hordes of Gattamelata, the architect to whom the Dominicans intrusted the construction of a new monastery levelled what remained, and rebuilt all from the foundations. Not only that, but Gaspar Nadi, the architect, had the entire summit of the mountain levelled, so as to make a vast platform. In so doing, most likely, even the resting-place of the venerated dead was not respected. A church, dedicated to St. Vincent Ferrer, occupied the northern side of the square formed by the monastic buildings, the portal facing to the east. A Corinthian peristyle ran round the three other sides. There was a spacious corridor from east to west, so disposed that from the middle one saw, across the deep valley separating Ronzano from the Monte della Guardia, the monastery and sanctuary of the Madonna di San Luca, and beheld on the opposite side, across another valley, the ancient Church of San Vittore. In due time artists came to cover the walls of both church and convent with the best works of their

genius, among them the blessed Jacopo da Ulma, a Dominican, the successor of Fra Angelico, who left behind him there two precious paintings. Indeed the entire church was covered with frescoes.

When, during the French rule, Ronzano became a casino, the Corinthian peristyle disappeared, the church was mutilated, a floor being laid midway throughout the entire length; the eastern end was alone reserved for a sort of chapel, and whatever paintings escaped the contemptuous neglect of the centuries following the *cinque-cento* were covered with liberal coats of whitewash. This work of whitewashing was done most artistically and thoroughly, "defying," Count Gozzadini says, "the acids and iron" used in the persistent labor of restoration.

To no more intelligent and loving hand could this labor have been intrusted than to this indefatigable scholar and his accomplished countess. For she has been, as in all else through life, so in his intellectual pursuits, her noble husband's inseparable and devoted companion.

We were not allowed long to remain in the waiting-room, but were ushered into the cosy study, where everything told of the refined tastes of the occupants: tables covered with books, manuscripts, and objects of *virtu*; beautiful flowers, fresh from the garden,—for the Countess worships flowers,—and other evidences of woman's industry and taste. The chairs, as well as the tables, had embroidered covers, the colors harmonizing with all inside and outside this laboratory.

A man of courtly grace, with a fresh, handsome face, on which old age has left no wrinkles, and as simple in manner and modest as a maiden, he was soon seated between us chatting pleasantly in French about the objects which had brought us to Italy, and answering my questions about local history and art with a directness and clearness which forced me to admire the well-cultivated and richly stored mind. Soon the Countess entered, quietly, her face all beaming with intelligence, and welcoming us to her mountain villa.

After an hour's conversation on various topics—a conversation to me full of interest and instruction—we were shown a portion of the building, and the church, as it has been restored, with incredible toil and patience, by Count Gozzadini. The room next to the study is a treasury of mediæval relics. All around the walls are emblazoned the shields of Loderingo d'Andalò and the most illustrious of his brother knights. The furniture, all mediæval and belonging to the ancestral homes of the Gozzadini and Alighieri, is in itself most interesting; the very cover of the great table in the centre, having a deep fringe of heavy lace with exquisite embroidery in colors, and claiming an antiquity I should fear to mention. There were watches four and five hundred years old, and pieces

of plate and jewelry which would have gladdened the eyes and heart of an antiquarian. I was, however, more anxious to see what remained of the church and its eight lateral chapels; and so, doubtless, the Count read in my telltale countenance.

He then took us into what was once the great central corridor. Count Gozzadini has managed to restore or to preserve the glorious double prospect, so that, standing in the centre, we saw toward the west the majestic pile of our Lady of San Luca, towering above the steep vine-covered gray slopes, and toward the east the villa marking the site of San Vittore. I was not prepared for this magnificent perspective, and the glimpse of the gulfs of bluish-green, which seemed to yawn before us at either end of the corridor, with the massive dome of the celebrated church looming up as the central point, filled me with an impression of beauty and solemnity I shall not soon forget.

Passing into the church we found ourselves in what may well be called a sanctuary of the relics of Christian art, so industrious and lavish has been the Count in discovering and purchasing, at any cost, the scattered remains of Ronzano's former artistic wealth, as well as other treasures which throw a wonderful light on mediæval painting and sculpture.

The Countess at once showed me the relics of the Blessed Diana d'Andalò, while relating the principal incidents of her heroic life. And then I looked around and saw the wonderful results of the patient investigations of our noble hosts.

What remains entire of the walls of the church shows that they had been frescoed in large compartments corresponding with the side chapels. Beneath the open roof ran a large frescoed frieze on a blue ground, with a beautiful scroll in chiaroscuro, inclosing fourteen medallions with heads of the canonized Dominicans, whose history was painted on the walls beneath. Everything which skill and indefatigable patience and perseverance could do to remove the overlying whitewash has been done, year after year, and week after week, by Count Gozzadini. Thanks to him, some of the compositions have been almost entirely restored, and precious fragments of the others have become visible, enabling the art student to trace with great probability the authorship and date of the work. As I intend to describe fully in a separate volume these precious remains of fifteenth and sixteenth century art, I must not weary the readers of the REVIEW by a further mention of them at present.

Let me add, however, that the painting by Filippo Gargalli of St. Vincent Ferrer miraculously curing a sick man, which adorned the high altar, and was sold at the time of the suppression of the monastery, has been recovered and restored to its place by Count Gozzadini. Every part of the present chapel is covered with rare

works of Byzantine and mediæval painting. The early Bolognese school of the thirteenth century is represented by three beautiful paintings of the illustrious Simone dei Crocifissi, so called because he infused into his crucifixions a novel grace, life, and piety never seen till then in similar representations of the Passion. Other paintings of the same and the two next centuries, by Bolognese and Tuscan artists, enable one to follow, step by step, the progress of the schools down to the age of Perugino and Raphael.

Two most exquisite works in *intarsia*, or inlaid wood, challenged our admiration in the midst of all this artistic wealth. They were the great abbatial chair and the bookcase which once stood near the lectern in the monks' choir. They are both the work of Biagio, or Blasius dei Marchi, who left more than one of his masterpieces in Bologna about 1539. The chair must be some ten feet high, with a canopy of inconceivable beauty of design and execution. Beneath the canopy is represented San Petronio, the Protector of Bologna, seated and holding on his lap a plan of the city. The Blessed Nicholas Alberghi, one of his most illustrious successors in that see, is kneeling at his feet with hands joined in prayer. The relief is perfect and the whole work in an admirable state of preservation. The bookcase closely resembles, both in style, ornament, and design, this beautiful work. There are four inlaid compartments. In one—the furthest from the spectator—an angel with outstretched wings holds out a scroll with the words, *Beatus qui venit in nomine Domini*; above this is a cartel with these other words, *Te decet laus*, and the musical notes belonging to each of these anthems. In the lower compartment is St. John, writing his Gospel, with an eagle near him. The side compartments are landscapes with pretty houses.

These two exquisite works of the inlayer's art were alone worthy of a long pilgrimage, and would have riveted our attention for hours had we not been mindful of our kind hosts' precious time. In leaving this once beautiful Church and Monastery of St. Vincent Ferrer, we could not forget the many vicissitudes which had befallen the place and its successive inhabitants. The Augustinian Canonesses of St. John Lateran, its first occupiers, dedicated church and convent to the Holy Trinity; the Frati Gaudenti, or Knights of our Glorious Lady, dedicated it to Her; and the Dominicans who succeeded these named it after the great Spanish friar preacher. Vincent Ferrer was one who, in the century after the death of Lodovico d'Andalò, took up, with no little success, the life-work of the great Knight of our Lady. He, too, labored strenuously to reconcile Guelph with Ghibelline, and left peace behind him in the cities of Lombardy. On his deathbed at Vannes, in Brittany, he said to the magistrates who besought him to state his

last wishes: "The only favor I beg of you is, that you preserve after my death the peace I preached to you while living."

Who will raise up in Italy a new order of knighthood, enlisting, like the "Soldiers of the Glorious Virgin Mary," the very flower of Italian manhood and womanhood, whose examples and irresistible influence could reconcile their countrymen with the religion and virtues of their forefathers? Who will raise up a Vincent Ferrer, to thrill the entire peninsula with heavenly eloquence and the miracles of a heavenly life? God alone. May He save Italy.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC ISSUE IN THE LATE ELECTION.

THE RELATION OF CATHOLICS TO THE POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE part taken by Catholics in the politics of the country is a topic more frequently and elaborately discussed by their enemies, than debated among themselves. Catholics lack entirely all general organization in this country, whether for purely church matters, or for education, whether parochial or higher. They have no missionary societies for home or foreign work. They have no general association for the relief of the poor, except that of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and this is an institution entirely different from the usual type in this country.

Politically we have no organization whatever. By a sort of natural law, Catholics with a sound system of ethics and a theology that recognizes man's natural rights, are essentially conservative. What the Declaration of Independence says of mankind at large, that "men are disposed to suffer while evils are tolerable, rather than right themselves by changing the forms to which they are accustomed," is essentially true of Catholics. Wherever Catholics are found co-operating even indirectly with radicals, it is a sure sign that there is something extremely vicious in the form or administration of government, something aimed directly at the most sacred rights of the individual or the family.

From this instinct the Catholics in the United States have been from the first strong adherents to the Constitution of the United States, and all the balances and compromises it contains, as the surest safeguards of the well-being of the country.

Without the Catholic vote in its favor that Constitution could never have been adopted. That Constitution has in many respects become a dead letter since 1861. Under the pretenses of saving the Union and war necessity, provision after provision has been violated by Congress and the courts. Under the cry of *salus reipublice suprema lex*, they have made party continuance in power the supreme law of the land. A strange example of this wanton disregard of the Constitution was seen in the action of a United States judge at the recent election, who issued a mandamus to compel election officers to receive the votes of non-residents of a State, although the whole subject of the qualification of voters is by the Constitution reserved in express terms to the States.

The mass of Catholics cannot, with their conservative views, watch without distrust the strides towards centralization and despotic power, steadily made by the Republican party. By a sort of natural law they are on the conservative side and adhere to the Constitution of the United States, with which so few of our public men show any intimate acquaintance, and to whose spirit most of them are utter strangers.

The Republican party has moreover steadily shown in its acts and not unfrequently in its profession a spirit of direct hostility to Catholics, and a sheer want of good faith in ascribing to us objects and designs, which we do not seek or uphold, and by thus exciting fears and distrust, they directly seek to put an end to the American system of religious equality, and make the Protestant religion theoretically, as it is to some extent practically, though illegally, the established religion of this country.

The country has just passed through an election which places in the chair, the Republican candidate for President, James A. Garfield. As on several previous occasions the vote of the country seems to have been against the Republican candidate; although under our complicated and unwise system, a majority of what has proved to be a puppet electoral college, confers on individuals the chief magistracy of the country and a place in its history.

The election has been warmly contested, when one side can claim a majority of voters, and the other a majority in the electoral college. The change of a comparatively small number of votes on the eve of the election in all probability changed the issue, and this was brought about by the introduction of the Catholic question into politics, not by Catholics, who did nothing, said nothing, asked

nothing, but by schemers who used an old bugbear, and found fools enough to think them honest men.

In our whole political history there is hardly a stranger chapter.

The election resulted in a disastrous defeat of the Democracy, and this was due to a skilful use of anti-Catholic feeling by the Republican leaders. While the Democratic party was badly officered and counselled, showing no skill or forecast in the conduct of the political campaign, the Republican party evinced all the shrewdness and tact that could command success. The election was evidently to be a close one, and after the October elections in Ohio and Indiana, even those least versed in politics could see unerringly that the State of New York would decide the Presidency. Both parties were required to exert all their energy, all their skill and tact to hold their usual supporters firmly in the party ranks, and to gain that large body which decides so many of our elections, the undecided, irresolute people who belong from principle to neither party, but who vote from sudden impulse based on some impression received within a few days of the time when they deposit their ballots in the box.

The Republican party embraces a large anti-Catholic element; a large body of fanatical or pretendedly fanatical clergy at the North are its earnest supporters. In fact, from the days of "bleeding Kansas" the party was built up mainly by the influence of Protestant pulpits, and since 1861 ministers by the hundred have left their pastoral relations to assume office in the civil or military service. This party is now the controlling party of the North. The press that exercises the widest influence is in its hands. The colleges are mainly Republican, and the common schools of the country have been manipulated by them, so that the schoolbooks impress on children from the time they learn their letters till they strut forth from college with their diplomas, the greatness of the Republican party, its preservation of the Union, while its prominent men are held up as heroes and patriots, and indirectly Democracy is depreciated and associated with hostility to the real good of the United States. We all know how these schoolbooks are made in the same way to assail Catholicity and fill the minds of pupils with false ideas of the Church, its history, its doctrines, and its practices. We all know how impossible it is for a Catholic to frequent the public schools, without imbibing from its books and teachers a kind of shame for the faith in which he was born: a feeling that prevents anything like a manly attachment to the religion of his fathers. All his ideas are biased and falsified. This is familiar to us as Catholics, and, when off their guard, Protestants admit that the public schools as now managed are a more potent weapon against Catholicity than the pulpits of their churches.

Four years ago in the contest for the Presidency there was a strong tendency to make an anti-Catholic element prominent in the Republican platform. The famous Des Moines speech of Grant, and movements to revive the Know-Nothing organization in the interest of the Republican party were undertaken earnestly. *Harper's Weekly* teemed with assaults on the Catholics, but the Protestant clergy and denominational press did not move. The Republican leaders seemed to hesitate. The movement would be a success, if it did not go too far. If allowed to go only so far as to tempt over the Know-Nothing element in the Democratic party, it would insure success; but if the movement gained such headway that the party which had already on one occasion nominated Millard Fillmore for the Presidency, should again select a candidate instead of supporting the Republican nominee, the scheme would give them defeat instead of victory as a reward for all their plotting.

But there was evidently some way of turning the anti-Catholic feeling to account, and the spirit of Machiavelli is not unknown in American politics.

The platform of the Republican party in 1876 had already said: "The public school system of the several States is the bulwark of the American republic, and with a view to its security and permanence, we recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the application of any funds or property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control."

These public schools are really Protestant, that is sectarian, so far as Catholics are concerned, and such an amendment might in some States be held by judges to close the present public schools as really undeniably and bitterly sectarian. This amendment might defeat itself by its hypocrisy, for unless they drop the mask and say openly: "Protestant schools shall be maintained at the expense of all tax-payers; no Catholic school shall ever receive State aid," these fanatics cannot feel safe. This is what they actually want, and we should omit no means to compel them to put the issue squarely in that form.

One unscrupulous enemy of Catholics, Dexter A. Hawkins, says: "However excellent a school may be, the mere fact that the course of study and choice of teachers are not under the control of the public school authorities, but are under the direction of a sect or sects, should of itself alone wholly exclude it from the public treasury. Let the same authority *support* it that *controls* and *manages* it." Now the public school authorities are really under the control of a sect or sects, and of course the course of study and choice of teachers. In some places, as in New York and some New Jersey

cities, they are under the control of the Presbyterians, elsewhere they are under the control of the prevailing Protestant sect or sects, and by his own logic they should be supported by those sects. The New York *Herald*, another bitter enemy of Catholics, recently proclaimed that this was a Protestant country, and that we were a Protestant people. The conclusion is that offices should be held by Protestants and the public schools be Protestant. This is certainly far better than the miserable hypocritical sham of saying "non-sectarian," when in their hearts they mean Protestant. If they are men worthy of the name, they should say openly what they mean. The *Argonaut*, of San Francisco, one of this contemptible class, said recently: "Where the Protestant church and the non-sectarian schoolhouse cast their shadows, wherever morality, industry, temperance, intelligence, and patriotism exist, there the Republican party has triumphed." To the writer's mind, the public schoolhouse was thoroughly Protestant and Republican, but he masks all this under the convenient pseudonym of "non-sectarian."

These public schools, mainly because they are associated in many minds with the existence and supremacy of Protestantism in this country, are an idol, to which thousands bow down in insensate worship. Is the idol deserving of the worship of a sensible people? Apart from the idea that they are a safeguard against the Catholics, few intelligent men in the country would support the system. In the oldest American Review, Richard Grant White, who is not a Catholic or with any Catholic leaning, has just sent forth an article entitled, "The Public School Failure." It is well worthy the consideration of every thinking American. Mr. White says:

"There is probably not one of those various social contrivances, political engines, or modes of common action called institutions, which are regarded as characteristic of the United States, if not peculiar to them, in which the people of this country have placed more confidence, or felt greater pride than its public school system. There is not one of them so unworthy of either confidence or pride; not one which has failed so completely to accomplish the end for which it was established. And the case is worse than that of mere failure; for the result has been deplorable, and threatens to be disastrous."

His arraignment of the public schools may be seen in this extract:

"Nearly four million dollars taken in one year from the pockets of tax-payers of one city (New York) for education, more than a million dollars paid to teachers of primary schools, and a similar expenditure throughout the State, and in more than half the States; and what is the result? According to independent and competent evidence from all quarters, the mass of the pupils of these public schools are unable to read intelligently, to spell correctly, to write legibly, to describe understandingly the geography of their own country, or do anything that reasonably well-educated children should do with ease. They cannot write a simple letter; they cannot do readily and

with quick comprehension a simple 'sum' in practical arithmetic; they cannot tell the meaning of any but the commonest of words that they read and spell so ill. There should not be need to say that many of them—many in actual numbers—can do all these things fairly well; but these many are few indeed in proportion to the millions who receive a public school education. They can give rules glibly; they can recite from memory; they have some dry, disjointed knowledge of various ologies and osophies; they can, some of them, read a little French or German with a very bad accent; but as to such elementary education as is like the foundation of all real higher education, and the *sine qua non* of successful life in this age, they are, most of them, in almost as helpless and barren a condition of mind as if they had never crossed the threshold of a schoolhouse.

"The testimony to this amazing and deplorable condition of the mass of the pupils of our public schools is so varied, so independent, and comes from so many quarters that it must be true; it cannot be disregarded. It is given by private persons, by officers of school districts, by teachers themselves; and it comes from all parts of the country."

"This is the intellectual result of the operation of our much-vaunted 'American' public school system during the last thirty or forty years. Competent observers in all quarters tell the same story. In the year 1875 it was officially recorded that the candidates for cadetship at West Point had shown a steady deterioration on thoroughness of elementary knowledge during the then last twenty-five years. It is needless to waste more words in setting forth a fact, equally sad, disgraceful, and undeniable."

"Crime and vice have increased year after year almost *pari passu* with the development of the public school system, which, instead of lifting the masses, has given us in their place a nondescript and hybrid class, unfit for professional or mercantile life, unwilling and also unable to be farmers or artisans, so that gradually our skilled labor is done more by immigrant foreigners, while our native citizens, who would otherwise naturally fill this respectable and comfortable position in society, seek to make their living by their wits, honestly if they can; if not, more or less dishonestly; or failing thus, by petty office-seeking. Filial respect and parental love have both diminished; and as for the modesty of our young men, and even of our young women, they do not even blush that they have lost it. This is the condition in which we are, after more than half a century of experience of our public school system, the only justification for whose existence is that it was asserted and believed to be a panacea for the cure of social and political disease."

And yet this system has a hold on the popular imagination. The cry: "The schools are in danger!" adroitly raised at the proper time is sure to tell. The Republicans, by proposing in 1876 and 1880 to saddle this monstrosity on the people of the United States forever, by a constitutional amendment, made a bid for the weak-minded who could be caught by the cry. But this was not enough.

At the head of the Democratic organization in New York State, stood Tammany Hall, a curious society organization of the last century. Its leading spirit was a Catholic, John Kelly. This prominence of a Catholic gave umbrage to many in the party, and especially in the western part of the State a strong feeling was excited against him, and in favor of any one whom he opposed. In 1879 the Democratic State Convention refused to listen to the protests of Tammany Hall. Republicans saw their opportunity and money was spent and art employed to widen the breach. The result was that John Kelly was nominated for Governor as an independent

Democratic candidate. The nomination of a Catholic for governor of New York under any circumstances was certain to entail defeat. This had been clearly proved in Kernan's case. The mere fact of Kelly's running roused all the bitter anti-Catholic element in the Democratic party, and made its desertion of the party in 1880 almost certain. It gave New York with the whole State machinery into the hands of the Republicans, who had thus made a great stride towards success in the Presidential campaign.

To work this vein more thoroughly they organized the "National School League," to labor in all directions to instil into the minds of the people the idea that the public schools were in danger, and that they could be preserved only by insuring the success of the Republican party. To make this point more palpable to the bigoted, it was necessary to induce the Democrats to put forward some candidate who could be pointed at as a deadly enemy of the public schools, in other words, some Catholic.

This, too, was dexterously done. The first attempt was made through that great enemy of Catholicity, the New York *Herald*, the paper that vilified Archbishop Hughes, and charged Archbishop McCloskey with the whole responsibility for the Orange riots which that paper did so much to provoke. Bennet endeavored to induce the Democratic leaders to nominate for a judicial position a nominal Catholic who would have disgraced them. This failed. Then when the two Democratic organizations agreed to act in harmony, Irving Hall was induced to propose to Tammany a candidate for mayor of New York, Mr. Grace, an Irishman and a Catholic.

The evidence that all this was the result of shrewd political work on the Republican side is very strong. The next day the *Herald* came out with an article denouncing the nomination as an assault on the public school system, and proclaiming that this was a Protestant country, and that we were a Protestant people. It was the keynote, and the Republican press in the afternoon and the next morning caught it up with every exaggeration and perversion calculated to inflame the public mind. Not one had the moral honesty to examine or show how much or how little power the Mayor really possessed in the matter of the schools.

On the next Sunday many Protestant pulpits rang with anti-Catholic appeals. General Grant attended the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, and there the Rev. J. P. Newman urged his congregation to vote against the Democratic candidate for Mayor. He said:

"The whole future of the country is bound up in the public schools. To the public school system the Catholic Church is opposed; they want parochial schools. Cardinal

Antonelli once said that he would prefer to have a child run in the streets than receive the education given by the public schools of Massachusetts.

"Let the history of Europe lift up its warning voice for resolute action to save our public schools from that power which smites and destroys free institutions. All the faculties of man say that no one man shall rule this city. The Catholic candidate for Mayor is the shadow of a man, who is the shadow of another man, who is the shadow of a third man, who is the shadow of a fourth man, and I don't want to vote for a shadow. The issue has come down to that grand institution—our public schools. The crisis is upon us. We are called to meet the question next Tuesday. We must forget for the moment that we are Democrats or Republicans. Do your duty boldly and successfully on next Tuesday."

And he made pretended quotations from Archbishop Kenrick, Father Hecker, and others, which he had more than once used on previous occasions, and which he continues to use unscrupulously, although proof was produced by the late Dr. Charles I. White of their falsity.

"At the Bedford Street M. E. Church, the Rev. George Van Alstyne walked up and down the platform as he declared the nomination of Mr. Grace was an insidious attempt on the part of the Church of Rome to gain possession of this Government, and to annihilate our public schools.

"'Shall we at this late day,' the minister shouted, 'forget the glorious rights secured to us by our forefathers on the bloody battlefields of Lexington and Bunker Hill?'

"'Here's one that won't,' cried a man in the rear of the church; and there was applause.

"The Rev. W. F. Hatfield, in the Washington Square Methodist Church, said: 'If we consider that Rome is likely to continue to increase her power in the time to come as she has in that which has passed,—if the highest office in this city is likely to be filled by one of her warmest supporters, and if this loyal son bids fair cheerfully to comply with her demands,—then it would be well for voters to decide for whom they shall cast their ballots, so as to preserve our free school system in its purity. The Roman hierarchy should be dealt such a blow at this time that its encroaching power in this city will be destroyed.'

"In the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., said that the permanence of a democratic form of government depended upon the maintenance of a free, non-sectarian public school system. The safety of our free institutions he thought was menaced. After an utter silence of forty years a religious body, controlling more than 50,000 voters in this city, had sought again to destroy the integrity of our school system. By appealing to the fears of defeat of one great party, by threatening others with loss of municipal power and patronage, and by the promise of preferment, in case of success, to another class, was this body attempting, in a threefold manner, to succeed in doing what it had before tried in vain to accomplish. This plan, as developed at this time, was not lacking in subtlety or wisdom. Only public sentiment, properly awakened and penetrating to the three classes to whom allusion had been made, could prevent disaster. The Pope, Dr. Tyng said, was now infallible. That was settled; and his encyclical positively asserted that the Romish Church had the right to interfere in the management of the public schools, and that all children must come under the instructions of the Romish Church. Against the claim of the Roman Catholics for a share of the public school money the State could bring a counter claim for the support of thousands of vagrants and criminals educated in parochial schools. The Catholics had always asked for the establishment of a system of education that favored bigotry, if it did not lead to crime, and the success of its plans would be the destruction of free govern-

ment. It was inherently impossible for a Roman Catholic to rest in peace with the tolerance of our public school system still preserved. And if the speaker held to the dogmas of that church, he could never rest either until this great free school system should be destroyed."

On all sides the cry was taken up; sometimes by ignorant fanatics, whom we may charitably suppose to have been, to some extent, in good faith, but in many cases, by men of ordinary intelligence, who could only have been acting a part, unless they were deaf, dumb or blind.

This move won the game. The Republicans, without any danger of a Know-Nothing party being formed at that late day, could count on drawing away from the Democratic ranks enough gulls who would be deluded by their "No Popery" cry. They had virtually gained the day.

Catholics finding that Protestant Democrats deserted the party began to waver and give up. The whole Democratic party became a panic-stricken body. The mere lifting of a "No Popery" bugbear had demoralized the whole host. Tilden in 1876 had carried New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, but Hancock carried of these only one, New Jersey, and that by a trifling majority, while the Democratic majority in New York was swept away entirely, the State giving Garfield a majority of over twenty thousand.

The evoking of the school question, without the slightest foundation for the wild assertions and charges of the unprincipled men who began denouncing the Catholics as enemies of education, did its work. The American public suffered itself to be bamboozled and fooled most egregiously. Bad as the public school system is, whether as a system of instruction in the rudiments of education, or in the moral training of the children committed to it, Catholics have for years left it to its own fate, to live its life and die its death. Catholics had done nothing against the public schools, had no organization against them. There had not been a Catholic meeting held anywhere on the subject. The whole idea of any Catholic movement against the schools was a preposterous falsehood, knowingly put forward, and backed up by men like Hawkins, who repeated his old lie that the New York Cathedral property was a gift from the city, when it had been in Catholic hands by purchase for the greater part of the present century, by men like the Methodist minister Newman, who repeated falsehoods which had been already exposed.

Thus the whole canvass turned on a side issue, and was decided, not by any preference of the people for the doctrines of the Republican party over those of the Democratic school, but by the adroit management of the former, who led their antagonist to steps which enabled them to excite and profit by the old Know-Nothing spirit,

which prompts, directs, and controls so many people in this country, men who otherwise seem possessed of ordinary common-sense, and not likely to be led by the nose; but who, once the red flag marked "Popery" is waved before their eyes, like the bull in the arena, lose all self-control, and rush at it, regardless of every interest at stake.

The State of New York given to Hancock, would have elected him; given to Garfield, it places him in the Presidential chair. All turned on New York, and mainly on the great cities of New York and Brooklyn. There the Know-Nothing element in the Democratic party went over to the Republicans in such numbers as to give Garfield a majority of twenty thousand in a Democratic State.

The Democratic party is often held up on all sides as the great friend and supporter of the Catholics. There never was a grosser error. Catholics by the thousands have been for years adherents to the doctrines which have been the traditional creed of that party, —a limitation of the powers of the National Government, a tariff for revenue only, sound currency, and the greatest amount of individual and municipal freedom compatible with safe government. But the party has never in any way favored them as Catholics, has never, when their constitutional rights were menaced, held steadfastly to true, sound American principles, and has always opposed the nomination of Catholics for important offices, and deserted them at the ballot-box when actually nominated.

In the first great anti-Catholic movement in this country, the days of Miss Reid, and Maria Monk, when the Church was assailed by obscene and ribald libels, and the home of defenceless women was destroyed by a mob, the Democratic party controlled the country; but the editor who stepped forward to examine like a man the story of Maria Monk, who went to Montreal to visit, book in hand, the places she pretended to describe, and who came back to pour into unwilling ears, the real facts of the imposture and fraud, Colonel William L. Stone, was not the director of a Democratic paper.

New Hampshire stands to this day as the great anti-Catholic State. It was for years strongly Democratic, but the party never moved to enfranchise Catholics, or admit them to a full share of the privileges and rights which their Protestant fellow-citizens enjoyed. On the contrary, the Democratic party and its leaders steadily adhered to the old policy. By the constitution of 1792, provision was made by tax for "the support and maintenance of the public Protestant teachers," and, defining the qualifications of members of the House of Representatives, enacted that they "shall be of the Protestant religion." Strong opposition was made in the

convention to this proscription of Catholics, but when the constitution was submitted to the people, these clauses were sustained, in many towns there being not a single vote against them. And so the constitution went into effect excluding Catholics from the governor's chair, and from both houses of the legislature, and taxing them to support Protestant ministers. That constitution stood for more than half a century without a Democratic effort to remove this bigoted and illiberal element. This constitution, to use the words of a New Hampshire judge, branded the Catholic, "though educated, and talented, and virtuous, with infamy and disgrace, and sent him and his family through our streets and social circles, marked like Cain, as a sort of degraded outcast or helot, not fit to be intrusted with either legislative or executive rights, though bestowed fully on the most ignorant and reprobate."

The Democratic party steadily opposed any alteration of the constitution. At last in 1850 the people of the State resolved to call a convention, and in that body the Democrats, headed by Franklin Pierce, opposed any alteration in the clause providing for the support of the Protestant clergy by general tax. Cass, a Democrat, introduced a clause for the perpetual exclusion of Catholics from office, supported it by a fierce speech denouncing Catholics, and a Democratic paper declared it "the most important amendment proposed." When the constitutional amendments were finally submitted to the people, that which proposed Catholic emancipation was rejected; the Democratic vote for governor was 24,425, but the whole vote for relieving Catholics from the support of a State and for admitting them to office was only 13,575.

In March, 1852, a special amendment, intended to relieve Catholics from exclusion from office, was submitted to the people, and received 9566 votes, though the full Democratic vote was 30,999.

In New York and many other States, that were for years Democratic, exclusion of Catholics from office, if not embodied in the written constitution, is a part of the unwritten one. Never but once have New York Democrats been willing to nominate a Catholic for governor, and at once the anti-Catholic Democrats deserted their party and went over to the Republicans in such numbers, as to defeat Kernan. At the head of the Educational Department in the State government of New York is the Board of Regents of the University. All the Catholic colleges of the State, four in number, and the female academies are directly under the control of this body. That board stands an embodiment of the intense bigotry and intolerance of New York. It has been in existence for nearly a century, yet in all that time, if you scan the long list of Regents, you find Protestants of every denomination, you find almost always, if not always, some Protestant denomina-

tion represented there by one of its clergy, but from one end of the list to the other you cannot find a single Catholic name. Yet there never has been a time when there were not Catholic gentlemen in the State who were the peers, if not the superiors of many in that board. Dr. Macneven, Thomas C. Levins, Charles O'Connor, Francis Kernan, Oliver Byrne, Dr. Emmet, Levi S. Ives, Henry J. Anderson, Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, historian of the State (to name but a few eminent in special branches), could but have given dignity to the board. Yet no Catholic has ever been appointed, and no Democratic governor has ever risen high enough above this miserable spirit of bigotry even to nominate a Catholic. The general school-law would leave the election of the school officers and of the board in New York city in the hands of the people. To defeat this a law was framed especially, and the appointment of the commissioners constituting the Board of Education was vested in the mayor. William F. Havemeyer, an old Democrat, was elected mainly by Democratic votes, and he made the appointments, selecting one single Catholic from a Catholic population of nearly half a million, while from the Presbyterian denomination, who never had a free school of their own, who, as a denomination, had never done anything for the education of the poor, this model Democrat selected eleven commissioners, although even the census of 1880 fails to show us eleven Presbyterians in New York to one Catholic.

Know-Nothingism is generally rampant in Democratic States. The Native Americans elected James Harper, one of the publishers of *Maria Monk*, mayor of New York city, mainly by the votes of Democrats. Maryland and Louisiana are Democratic States, and nowhere is anti-Catholic fanaticism more intense, while Louisville in Democratic Kentucky will long remember its day of blood.

The Democratic party has never set itself firmly against bigotry and intolerance. It willingly accepts Catholic votes, we admit, and will occasionally give an inferior office to a Catholic, or permit one to be elected in a district where Catholic votes so preponderate that they are essential to elect the rest of the ticket.

Catholic votes have indeed formed a notable part of the strength of the Democratic party; but they gave it their support only as being on the whole less radical and intolerant than the Republican party. Only on this ground have intelligent Catholics ever advocated adherence to it. And they did it conscious that the anti-Catholic element in the party would at any moment insure the defeat of the regular candidate, rather than raise a Catholic to office.

It is somewhat strange too that while some politicians never lay aside their anti-Catholic feelings, but will work against Catholics

in the party and insure their defeat, as in the cases of Judge Campbell in Pennsylvania, Kernan in New York, Judge Tenney in New Jersey, and others elsewhere, and will even go so far as to leave the party and work against it when any distinct anti-Catholic movement is made, yet Catholics seem to preserve and harbor no feelings against them.

Men prominent in Know-Nothing movements have been subsequently put forward as Democratic candidates and elected mainly by Catholic votes, that is to say, they would have been defeated in every case had Catholics resented their bigotry and refused to support them.

Catholics as Catholics have never put forward any claim to political recognition, but if they are the only voters who adhere persistently to the Democratic party, who are not driven from it by hostility to themselves, sacrificing rather their private feelings to the general good, it would surely seem that the fact ought to be definitely understood and recognized. They certainly should have a greater share in shaping the policy of the party than those who desert it at every cry raised by the enemy. Nor should Catholics continue to uphold a party which rewards those who insult and injure the most steadfast adherents of its platform.

The old anti-Catholic feeling is not dead, and will be brought up again and again. Its history in this country is one of violence, forgery, fraud, and misrepresentation. But there are dupes by the thousand who swallow without examination any charge against us, and will act in the gravest matters under the impulse of the false ideas with which they are imbued.

It is a sad thing to see falsehood, vituperation and slander so unblushingly used, and used so effectively. And it is no less strange than sad to have to record the fact in the United States, in the boasted light and intelligence of the nineteenth century, the election of President of the country can be controlled by a few lies against Catholics dexterously put and shamelessly reiterated. Yet such is really the fact. "'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The Catholics of the United States labor under no delusions. They know that the public opinion of the country is overwhelmingly against them, and that it can on an instant be arrayed in either party against them by any fanatic or by any schemer who dons cap and bells of a fanatic for his own ends. Finding that the public schools were to the highest degree Protestant and proselytizing; that they were part and parcel of the Protestant religion, as completely as the Protestant churches, there was no alternative for us Catholics except to build our own schools and instruct our own children as best we might. As Americans we must deplore this, and the time will come when statesmen will look back with

wonder and regret at the folly which taxed a whole community for schools, and then drove a large element out of them, merely to gratify a handful of fanatics, by making the schools an instrument for proselytizing, for insulting and annoying any part of the people.

We can do nothing ; and any attempt to do anything only strengthens the present system. It is on trial, and disaffection has already begun. Richard Grant White's will not be the only attempt to show the weakness and shallowness of the present system of public schools. From another direction comes the effort to make the school system lift the mask, and to compel it not only to talk of secularism, but to practice it. Now it claims to be non-sectarian and is intensely Protestant. The Protestant religion is a term that has been used in law-books for centuries ; what it is definitely is not so easily stated. It need not believe in a personal God, for many persons do not ; it need not believe in the Trinity, for Unitarians do not, yet are Protestant ; it need not believe in the Divinity or Humanity of our Lord ; it need not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, for Bishop Colenso and the recent Dutch Protestant commentators on the Bible do not ; it need not believe in the fall of man, redemption, or eternal punishment, for Protestants daily disclaim them as articles of faith ; it need not believe that man's soul is immortal, for a Baptist clergyman has recently been denying it, unchecked and uncensured. One, and only one point, it must unhesitatingly believe, and that is that the Catholic Church and its whole system is and has for centuries been wrong. This is apparently all of Protestantism that the secularists intend to leave in the schools. Every element of Christianity will be eliminated from them.

Every denomination in which any real religious spirit remains will form its own schools, as the only means of keeping Christianity alive in the hearts of the young. The Episcopal body has already moved, feeling that some step was necessary. They have been violently assailed, but they are too conservative a body to be easily deterred from their course. Their example will be followed. Every religious body that believes in God and in redemption through Christ must establish its own schools to save the coming generations, for in a few years the public schools will be as hostile to Christianity as they are now to Catholicity.

In any coming discussion as to the schools, we Catholics may prudently abstain from any part. We are taxed for them, and must submit to that wrong. We shall ere long have plenty of companions smarting under the sense of wrong as bitterly as we do.

To remedy the injustice seems now impossible ; we should merely arouse an unreasoning and unconvincible hate. Provi-

dence will direct all wisely, and guide all for its own purposes, while we are making sacrifice on sacrifice, to do for our children what we feel to be highest and most imperative duty. We must train our children as Catholics, knowing, loving, and practicing their faith, and not to be lured or driven from it.

In the politics of the country our course is plain. Our association should be guided by our conscientious advocacy of all measures tending to its greatest good, the benefit of the whole country, and the greatest amount of personal and local liberty consistent with good government. As new parties arise, each one of us entitled to the elective franchise will exercise it conscientiously, giving his preference for the honest and upright men who will, as far as human judgment can determine, advocate the soundest principles.

A new party may arise embodying so many sound principles, and opposed to all fanaticism, and to all domination in the State or its schools of any combination of sects; such a party Catholics may heartily and conscientiously support.

IRELAND'S GREAT GRIEVANCE.

LAND TENURE IN IRELAND AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

"The law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times; no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original."—BLACKSTONE, *Nature of Laws in General*.

AVOIDING a discussion of the political situation in Ireland, the reader's attention is invited to an economic and industrial question of importance to the civilized world.

Perhaps the feeling of security will be greater if we approach it over English roads.

The heads of the inquiry are these :

- I. Actual condition of Ireland.
- II. The cause which has produced this condition.
- III. Different operation of the same land laws in England and Ireland.
- IV. Peasant proprietary in other countries.
- V. English testimony on the Irish land tenure.
- VI. Efforts to ameliorate it.
- VII. The interest of the United States in the correct and permanent settlement of the question.

With one or two exceptions, which will be found properly noted, the authorities used in the preparation of this article are not Irish. They are almost all English.

I.

ACTUAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Ireland has an area of about twenty million acres. It is about three-fifths the size of Illinois or Iowa, a little more than one-third the size of Oregon, not one-third as large as Colorado. It would not cover one-fifth of California. Its population is five millions and a half. But they have not twenty million acres to live upon. Six million acres are waste land. Five million and a half of people must live, therefore, on fourteen million acres. They have nothing to live by but the soil.

Why is Ireland without commerce and manufactures? Why is her entire population dependent on a single means of support? Does not the sea beat everywhere upon her shores? Why has she no trade with the world? Has she not magnificent harbors? Where are her ships? Has she not broad rivers, lakes, canals?

Are there not in her bosom fine clays, stones, coal and peat, iron, copper, and lead? Why has she no manufactures?

Because England destroyed them as rapidly as they gave evidence of life. They were annihilated by "the almost incredible selfishness and insolence of British commercial legislation."¹ "It must be difficult for any Englishmen, without deep shame, or for any Irishman, without bitter indignation, to read the story of Ireland's wrongs as told by Lord Dufferin."²

This gentleman has been so often and so highly honored by the British Government that his account of the commercial laws by which all manufacturing industries were rendered practically impossible in Ireland will not be disputed. But, in accordance with the assurance already given, I prefer to take that story from an Englishman. The authority is no less eminent than Richard Cobden. "The first restrictions," he says, "put upon the Irish trade were in the reign of Charles II.; and from that time down to the era when the United Volunteers of Ireland stepped forward to rescue their country from its oppressors (the only incident, by the way, deserving the name of a really national effort) our policy was directed incessantly to the destruction of the foreign trade of that country. Every attempt at manufacturing industry, with one exception, was likewise mercilessly nipped in the bud. Her natural capabilities might, for example, have led the people to the making of glass; it was enacted that no glass should be allowed to be exported from Ireland, and its importation, except from England, was also prohibited. Her soil, calculated for the pasturing of sheep, would have yielded wool equal to the best English qualities; an absolute prohibition was laid on its exportation, and King William, addressing the British Parliament, declared that he 'would do everything in his power to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland.' Down to the year 1779 we find that the export of woollen goods from that island remained wholly interdicted. Not only was her commerce with the different ports of Europe fettered by the imposition of restrictions upon every valuable product that could interfere with the prosperity of England; not only was all trade with Asia and the East of Europe excluded by the charters which were granted to the companies of London; but her ports were actually sealed against the trade of the American Colonies. Although Ireland presented to the ships of North America the nearest and the noblest havens in Europe, and appeared to be the natural landing-place for the products of the New World, her peo-

¹ A Plea for Peasant Proprietors. With the Outline of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland. By William Thomas Thornton, C.B., author of a Treatise on Labor, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874. P. 199.

² Ibid.

ple were deprived of all benefit—nay, they were actually made to suffer loss and inconvenience from their favored position; laws were passed prohibiting the importation of American commodities into Ireland, without first landing them in some port of England or Wales, whilst the export of Irish products to the Colonies, excepting through some British port, was interdicted. If we add to this that a law was enacted preventing beef or live cattle from being exported to England, some idea may be formed of the commercial policy of this country towards Ireland—a policy savoring more of the mean and sordid tyranny of the individual huckster over his poorer rival than of any nobler oppression that is wont to characterize the acts of victorious nations. Need we wonder that at this moment the commerce of Ireland does not much exceed the trade of one second rate port in Scotland?"¹

Well might the lover of humanity wish that there was nothing to be added to this appalling record, as disgraceful to England as it has been ruinous to Ireland. But it is unfortunately true that in spite of his manly frankness Mr. Cobden does not mention all the laws which English tyranny enacted for the suppression of Irish trade.

When the exportation of live cattle from Ireland into England was forbidden by Elizabeth, to please the English cattle-raisers, the Irish graziers attempted to repair their fortunes by killing the cattle and exporting the cured meats. A prohibitory duty was laid on these and the spasm of new activity ceased. The hides of the animals were tanned and the leather was sent across to English buyers. As soon as that was detected it was forbidden. Sheep-farming was the next experiment. As Mr. Cobden states, that was prohibited by Charles II.; but he is incorrect in describing the law against the exportation of wool as the first restriction on Irish trade. The effect of the legislation of the reign of William against Irish industry drove twenty thousand of the woollen workers out of Ireland, most of them coming to the United States. Some ambition remained among the Irish manufacturers, who then tried the silk business, but the English producer cried out again and the Irish silk industry was immediately forbidden. Cotton manufacturing, sugar refining, soap and candle making were in turn prohibited; and the market of England being sealed against the enterprise of the Irish exporter, it remained for him to try the more remote markets of the world. The sea was Ireland's and the sea should give her a foreign trade, since domestic she could have none. But the English manufacturers still watched her awaking thrift. The sea was not hers. Her scores of harbors were ordered shut. The

¹ The Political Writings of Richard Cobden, vol. i, p. 54.

flag of Ireland was forbidden the ocean highways. For two hundred years this merciless course was persistently followed. Ireland has no manufactures, because it was inconsistent with the interest of her government that she should have any. She has no commerce, because her government destroyed it. The information will come, perhaps, with a shock to many Americans whose reading has not taken this unwonted direction.

In all history, ancient or modern, England, in her relations with Ireland, is the only government which destroyed the trade and commerce of a large portion of her subjects for the advantage of another portion. England is the only government, ancient or modern, that systematically kept in pauperism millions of her own people in spite of their persistent efforts to escape from it. The destruction of her manufactures and the annihilation of her trade compelled Ireland to become and to remain an agricultural country. If being only that is the cause of all her subsequent misfortunes,—as so many are ready to affirm,—at least let Americans be just in placing the responsibility where alone it belongs.

"Debarred from every other industry," says Lord Dufferin, "the entire nation flung itself back on the land with as fatal an impulse as when a river, whose current is suddenly impeded, rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."

A people who depend on agriculture alone are necessarily poor. Then it is not Ireland's fault that she is poor. A people who live by agriculture alone are necessarily idle. It is not the fault of Ireland that she is idle. "Ireland is idle," says John Bright, "therefore she starves; Ireland starves and therefore she rebels." It is not her fault that Ireland starves; is it strange that she should rebel? "It is for the most part a forced idleness," adds Mr. Bright, "for it is notorious that when the Irish come to England or remove to the United States or the colonies, they are about the hardest-working people in the world."

Having been reduced by legislation, in which they had no voice, to a purely agricultural class, what is the condition in which we find them to-day?

Five millions and a half exist on fourteen million acres of land. Yet they have no land! They are mere tenants, liable to be driven off the little farms they occupy whenever it pleases the landlord. When they are driven off what becomes of them? There are no immense manufacturing towns as in England for them to find employment in. There are no mines in which to bury themselves and their children. If they have money enough to pay for transportation they quit the country. The instances in which they

¹ Speeches of John Bright. London: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. Vol. i., p. 307.

have enough money for that are very rare. "Where this is not the case," says Professor Cairnes, "they will cower, often for days and weeks together, in ditches by the roadside, dependent for their support on casual charity."¹

What is the actual condition of those who are suffered to keep their holdings? They live in a state of abject poverty. Its depth is infallibly indicated in their food and their shelter and their clothing.

What is their food? The potato. If that crop fails, there is famine.

What is their clothing? The rudest and most meagre covering of nakedness.

What is their shelter? Mud-cabins, without the simplest conveniences of civilization.

The census commissioners divided the dwellings into four classes. The first are comfortable and substantial. The second are houses of from five to nine rooms, on the farm, or in the town. The third and fourth are of mud. The fourth are of one room only. According to the census returns of 1871 there were 512,801 dwellings of the third and fourth classes. Estimating five persons to a dwelling, which is probably below the fact in Ireland, there were two million and a half persons living in mud-houses, and more than half of them in mud-cabins of one room. The distress of the last year, on account of which so many have been unable to pay their rent, has undoubtedly increased the number of persons in the fourth-class dwellings. It is probably true that three-fourths of the people of Ireland are to-day in mud-houses. The American houses are the most convenient and comfortable in the world. It will be difficult for their occupants to realize what living in a mud-cabin means; and that difficulty can scarcely be lessened by the reflection that so long as the present system of land tenure is the law in Ireland, the mud-cabin remains the only shelter for the poor tenant.

Such is the physical condition of the Irish people. What is their intellectual state? One-third of the entire population can neither read nor write.

In 1845 the population of Ireland was nearly nine millions. In 1881 it is five millions and a half. What has become of the people? The famine of 1846-47 carried many into the kindly grave. In less than thirty years three millions of the Irish people have been compelled to leave their native country in search of the means of living. For treasure they carried away a singularly pure domestic nature, an affectionate and even sunny disposition, and hearts full of gratitude and friendship to the generous nation whose hospitality they have received.

Political Essays by J. E. Cairnes. London: Macmillan & Co., p. 194.

Their visible outfit was tied up in a handkerchief.

But their government sent with them a large luggage. Their poverty and their ignorance were not the greatest part of it. "Driven forth by poverty, Irishmen emigrate in great numbers," says John Bright, "and in whatever quarter of the world an Irishman sets his foot, there stands a bitter, an implacable enemy of England." "Men," says Professor Cairnes, "leaving their country full of such bitter recollections would naturally not be forward to disseminate the most amiable idea respecting Irish landlordism and the power which upholds it. I own I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities; that hatred, even undying hatred, for what they could not but regard as the cause and symbol of their misfortunes—English rule in Ireland—should possess the sufferers; that it should grow into a passion; into a religion, to be preached with fanatic zeal to their kindred and bequeathed to their posterity—perhaps not the less effectually that it happened to be their only legacy."

II.

THE CAUSE WHICH HAS PRODUCED THIS CONDITION.

The land tenure of Ireland is the cause which has produced the actual condition of the Irish people,—a condition, the lowest which exists under any civilized government.

The fact is not denied that the whole people are dependent on the soil for existence. Their tenure is fixed by law. The working principle of the law is that every effort which the tenant makes to improve his condition is turned into a legal reason for making his condition worse. Every time he takes a step forward, the law turns him two steps backward.

The landlord rents the land to the tenant. Perhaps there is no cottage or even mud-cabin on it. The landlord will neither build a dwelling, nor loan the tenant the money to build it. The tenant builds some sort of shelter. Is it then the property of the tenant? No; it belongs to the landlord. Perhaps there is not a fence on the land. The tenant builds the fences. Will the landlord not allow him the outlay in a rebate of rent? No; the fences have become the property of the landlord. Perhaps the land is wholly without drainage. The tenant drains it. Surely the landlord will compensate him for his time and labor? No; the drainage now is part of the landlord's estate. Possibly the soil is not in a favorable condition for the crops. The tenant must first nurse it and feed it and coax it. Will he receive no compensation? Under the law he is entitled to none. Says Lord Sherbrooke: "The Irish tenant knows

¹ Speeches, vol. i., p. 314.

Political Essays, p. 198.

perfectly well that he has no claim in equity or otherwise to payment for the cabin he may build, the bog he may drain, or the stones he may roll away."¹ And after he has built the cabin or the cottage, and drained the bogs, and put up the fences, and wheedled or enticed the mountainside into geniality, the landlord may step in and say: "When I rented you this farm it was worth only ten pounds a year. It was not drained. It was not fenced. It needed manure and labor before seeding. There was no dwelling on it. Now all these things are accomplished. Therefore, the farm is worth a higher rent. You must now pay twenty pounds a year."

"But I cannot," pleads the tenant.

"Then quit," says the landlord. "Quit," says the law.

"Will you allow me nothing for the permanent improvements I have made?" begs the tenant.

"Not a farthing," says the landlord. "Not a farthing," says the law.

How long would the American people submit to such a law?

Occasionally there is a landlord who recognizes the right of the tenant to compensation for labor which has permanently raised the value of the land. But every such landlord is better than the law. There are not many of them. Lord Sherbrooke is anxious that the world shall not misjudge the landlords. He is willing that legislation should do something for the tenant; but the landlord must not be misjudged. The landlords must not be required to pay the tenants for improvements. In refusing to do so they acted strictly in accordance with the law.

"If a man," inquires Lord Sherbrooke, "is not safe in directing his course by the law of the land, where is he to look for safety?"

"There are no bounds to the tenant's liabilities," says Mr. Thornton,² "and no security against his ejection."

"If a man," asks Lord Sherbrooke, "is not safe in directing his course by the law of the land, where is he to look for safety?"

It is desirable that Americans should understand precisely what the law is for the tenure of land in Ireland, and here it is stated by a distinguished and experienced gentleman, better known in this country as Mr. Robert Lowe.

The law of land tenure, then, is in brief, this:

The labor of the tenant is perpetually confiscated.

When his industry turns his labor into capital in the form of permanent improvements on his holding, his capital is confiscated. What money capital he uses in improving the holding is confiscated.

¹ Legislation for Ireland. *The Nineteenth Century*, November, 1880.

² *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors*, p. 190.

Thrift would inspire him to improve the farm. But the fruits of his thrift would be confiscated.

But the improvement of the holding would give superior crops; he would have more money when the rent was paid. He could send his children to school. No; the improvement of the farm would bring with more absolute certainty an increase in the rent. When the increased rent was paid there would be less money left to send the children to school, or to buy physical necessities.

But the improvement in the condition of the tenant cannot be brought about, insists a political economist, except by the improvement of his farm. That is true everywhere but in Ireland. There the improvement of the farm makes the condition of the tenant worse. His labor is confiscated. His money is confiscated. His thrift is punished. His industry is turned into misfortune. If he improves his farm his rent will be raised, or he will be turned off it without the means of procuring shelter. The rent is kept up to the highest competition rates in all seasons. He cannot, in good season or in bad, save enough to give his children a chance to rise above the squalor in which they are born.

It is the interest of the tenant, therefore, not to be thrifty. It is his interest not to be industrious. It is his interest not to make any effort to better himself. It is his interest to keep his children in squalor. It is his interest to be as wretched as possible.

A law which makes these things the interest of human beings is a law against nature. Blackstone, a most fervent Englishman, who glories, pardonably, in her laws and the greatness which they have produced, and which in turn has produced them, says that laws against nature have no validity. Froude, an Englishman who loves his own land as intensely as he hates its victim-sister, says: "Land is not and cannot be property in the sense in which movable things are property. Every human being born into this planet must live upon the land if he lives at all. The land in any country is really the property of the nation which occupies it,"—which is true in every country but Ireland.

It is the land system which makes Ireland poor. It is the land system which makes her ignorant. It is the land system which keeps her thriftless. It is the land system which makes her lawless. There is no misfortune, since the last blow at her manufactures, for which the land system is not to blame. Until it is radically changed Ireland must remain poor, ignorant, thriftless, and lawless. In her poverty, her ignorance, her thriftlessness and her lawlessness the whole civilized world shares. The chief sufferer is the United States.

¹ The Nineteenth Century, September, 1880.

The two countries that next to Ireland are most concerned in a correct adjustment of the relations of landlord and tenant there are England and the United States.

III.

DIFFERENT OPERATION OF THE SAME LAND LAWS IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

There is slight difference in the land laws of England and Ireland, and that difference, strange to say, is in favor of Ireland. England has never had the advantages of the Encumbered Estates Court nor of its twin tribunal, the Landed Estates Court. We shall reach these very soon. But how vastly in favor of the English tenant is the operation of the land laws! In England the landlord makes all the improvements. The tenant, generally speaking, has fixity of tenure so long, at least, as he pays his rent. Not being compelled to make the improvements, or being equitably compensated for such as he does make which increase the permanent value of the farm, his labor is rewarded, and he is able to save money. If the lord should be pleased to turn his farm into park or put it to manufacturing purposes, the departing tenant cannot complain for the same reason that exists to the ruin of his Irish brother. His labor has not been confiscated. His capital has not been stolen. His industry has not been punished. His thrift has not been turned into calamity. In his interesting, if not profound, *England, her People, Polity, and Pursuits*, Mr. T. H. S. Escott gives an imposing picture of the "Great Landlords and Estate Management." It is altogether too flattering toward them, for the English tenant farmer has something to say to his countrymen when he shall have obtained adequate representation in Parliament. But it is at least true that the land laws are as leniently administered in England as such laws are likely ever to be. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, makes all the improvements on the farms he rents. Agreements are annual between the duke and his tenants, but there is a revaluation only every twenty-one years. "This arrangement," says Mr. Escott, "comes to very much the same thing as a lease for that term. The tenants know very well that so long as they do their duty by the land they will not receive notice to quit; and here, as elsewhere, the archives of the estate show many cases in which farms have been in possession of the same families, from father to son, for many generations, and not unfrequently for two or three centuries."¹ "There are estates" in Ireland "where a notice to quit," says Mr. Samuelson, "is printed on the back of each half-year's receipt for

¹ England, p. 38.

rent, so that the tenants are under perpetual notice.” “When the revaluation is made,” Mr. Escott goes on, “a full report of the condition of all the farms and other portions of the property is drawn up. Anything that can throw light on the management of a particular holding, and the qualities displayed by a particular tenant, are duly noted down, as also are the improvements which it may be considered desirable to institute, or which the tenant himself may have suggested as necessary. It is then for the duke and his agents to consider whether the property shall remain in the same hands and what repairs shall be effected. In consideration of such repairs as may finally be carried out, either a permanent addition is made to the rent, or else the tenant is charged a percentage on the money expended.” “Improvements in the way of drainage,” Mr. Escott says, describing the tenancies of Westminster, Northumberland, Cleveland, and Devonshire estates, “improvements in the way of drainage, buildings, roads, and fences, are either done at the expense of the landlord, or if the tenant immediately defrays their cost he receives compensation from the landlord.” Mr. Samuelson says of the Irish tenant, that except on the estates of some large proprietors the tenants have made every improvement. They “have erected the house and steadings, have built every fence, have drained the farm more or less perfectly, in many cases have reclaimed it from the mountain or bog.” Yet the rule is that the landlord allows the tenant nothing for all this even on eviction. “As far as the law is concerned” it is “entirely at the option of the landlord” to “make an allowance to the tenant for any or all these improvements, or let him dispose of them to his successor, or whether he will confiscate them as his own property.”

The Gladstone Act of 1870 provided a legal way by which the tenant might obtain in the courts compensation for improvements when evicted for any cause except non-payment of rent. But what proportion of the tenants have the means to go into the courts? And when the failure of crop, on account of bad weather, reduces the peasant farmer to poverty, and he is unable either to get food for his children or money to pay his rent, such a law is of small comfort to him. He is entitled to compensation for the improvements whether he is evicted for one cause or for another. Perhaps, while the law remains as it is now, it would be unreasonable to require the landlord to pay the evicted tenant more than the difference between the arrears of rent and the value of the improvements. Thanks to the law itself, the out-going tenant would not often have much to get.

It would be easy to multiply authorities on the different opera-

¹ *Studies of the Land and Tenantry of Ireland*, by B. Samuelson, M.P., p. 13.

² *England*, p. 40.

tion of the laws regulating land in the two countries, but these two Englishmen have stated it with sufficient distinctness. In England there is practically security of tenure. In Ireland there is practically perpetual notice to quit. In England the tenant receives compensation for improvements or the landlord makes them at his own expense. In Ireland the tenant makes all the improvements and the landlord confiscates them. In England the rent is not raised, generally speaking, except every twenty-one years, and then after a fair revaluation. In Ireland, generally speaking, the rent is raised whenever the landlord's agent thinks he can extort another pound out of the tenant. In England capital is permanently united with the land. In Ireland capital is permanently divorced from the land. In England if the tenant must give up his holding, there are all the vast industries of his country for him to seek employment in. In Ireland there is only one industry, the land. The tenant turned out of his holding, moneyless, without skill for any other calling, can find no other employment. He must starve, or commit crime and go to jail, or emigrate.

IV.

PEASANT PROPRIETARY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

By peasant proprietor is commonly meant a farmer who owns the land he tills.

"Since the French Revolution," writes Mr. W. E. Baxter, "the feudal laws in France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Germany, North Italy, and Austria have been abolished. . . . The result of this change in all these countries have been, in many instances, the breaking up of the large, unwieldy, unmanageable estates, and the formation of a numerous and powerful conservative class of small proprietors. . . . The change has been highly beneficial wherever it has been brought about—peasants formerly in as miserable a condition as the Irish being now contented and prosperous owners of the soil." "It would be difficult, perhaps," says Professor Cairnes, "to conceive two modes of existence more utterly opposed than the thriftless, squalid, and half-starved life of the peasant of Munster and Connaught and that of the frugal, thriving, and energetic races that have, over a great portion of continental Europe—in Norway, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Lombardy—and under the most various external conditions, turned swamps and deserts into gardens."²

¹ Our Land Laws of the Past. By the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. Page 17. Mr. Baxter's brochure is an argument for reform of the land laws of England, especially in relation to primogeniture and entail.

² Essays, p. 160.

Let us look first at that "transition between land and sea," that "measureless raft of mud and sand," and discover the miracle of peasant proprietary in the spot where it is most marvellous. In his charming book on Holland, Edmondo de Amicis tells the whole story: what it was in the beginning; what it is now. "There were vast tempestuous lakes like seas touching one another; morass beside morass; one tract covered with brushwood after another; immense forests of pines, oaks, and elders, traversed by hordes of wild horses; and so thick were these forests that tradition says one could travel leagues from tree to tree without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea and were nothing but muddy tracts, neither land nor water, where it was impossible either to walk or to sail. The large rivers, without sufficient inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veiled in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea and the voices of wild beasts and birds of the ocean."

And what is the Holland of to-day?

Groningen was the province most difficult to transform, and even in the sixteenth century a great part of it was still uninhabited. De Amicis confirms all that Delaveleye, that capable student of peasant proprietary, has written of it and its towns and people. "Groningen, in fact, is like a species of republic governed by a class of educated peasants; a new and virgin country where no patrician castle rears its head above the roof of the tillers of the soil; a province where the products of the land remain in the hands of the cultivators, where wealth and labor always go hand in hand, and idleness and opulence are forever divided." And to what is this almost ideal state to be attributed? "The description would not be complete if I omitted to speak of a certain right peculiar to the Groningen peasantry and called *beklem-regt*, which is considered as the principal cause of the extraordinary prosperity of the province. The *beklem-regt* is the right to occupy a farm with the payment of an annual rent, which the proprietor can never augment. The right passes to the heirs collateral as well as direct, and the holder may transmit it by will, may sell it, rent it, raise a mortgage upon it even, without the consent of the proprietor of the land. Every time, however, that this right passes from one hand to another, whether by inheritance or sale, the proprietor receives one or two years' rent. The farm buildings belong in general to the possessor of the *beklem-regt*, who, when his right is in

any way annulled, may exact the price of the materials. The possessor of the *beklem-regt* pays all taxes, cannot change the form of the property, nor in any way diminish its value. The *beklem-regt* is indivisible. One person only can possess it, and consequently only one of the heirs can inherit it. However, by paying the sum stipulated in case of the passage of the *beklem-regt* from one hand to another, the husband may inscribe his wife or the wife her husband, and then the consort inherits a part of the right. When the possessor is ruined or does not pay his annual rent, the *beklem-regt* is not at once annulled. The creditors can cause it to be sold, but the purchaser must first of all pay all outstanding debts to the proprietor." It is unnecessary for the traveller to add that thus the farmers have a continuous and strong interest in their improving land, "secure as they are of the sole enjoyment of all the ameliorations which they may introduce into the cultivation; of not having, like ordinary tenants, to pay a rent which grows higher and higher in proportion as they succeed in increasing the fertility of the land. They undertake the boldest enterprises, introduce innovations and carry out the costliest experiments. The legitimate recompense of their labor is the entire and certain profit that accrues from that labor." And these peasants "practice agriculture not blindly, and as if it were to be condemned, but as a noble occupation, which demands the exercise of the noblest faculties of intelligence, and procures for those that follow it fortune, social importance, and public respect."¹

The working of peasant proprietary in France is most strikingly illustrated by the relation of the agricultural class to the public debt of that country. In 1798 the number of holders of *rente* was 24,791. In 1860 this number had increased to 1,073,381. In 1876 it had risen to 3,473,475. In 1879 it reached 4,380,933. The annual interest which these holders of the national obligation draw on their investment is 748,404,971 francs. "It will be seen that the national debt in recent years has been steadily undergoing the process of complete subdivision among the population of France, *the number of public fundholders having come to approach that of the freeholders of the soil.*"² More than half the people of France live by agriculture. Over five millions of the farms are under six acres. There are only five hundred thousand farms averaging sixty acres, and fifty thousand averaging six hundred acres. "The contrast between the land system of France and England," Mr. Cliff Leslie may well assert, "two neighboring countries at the head of civilization, may, without exaggeration, be called the most extraordi-

¹ Holland and Its People. By Edmondo de Amicis. Pages 382 et seq.

² Statesman's Yearbook, 1880, p. 66.

nary spectacle which European society offers for study to political and social philosophy."¹ "Of the soil of England we may say that nobody knows who own it," but the nominal owners do not exceed thirty thousand persons. Like so many more Englishmen who abhor confiscation when the results are not to their liking, Mr. Leslie finds satisfaction in affirming that, contrary to prevalent belief, peasant proprietary in France did not originate in the confiscation of the French Revolution. That a large proportion of the small farms did, however, get into the hands of working proprietors through those confiscations is undeniable. Confiscation in France was done in behalf of tenants. Confiscation in Ireland by England was done in behalf of landlords. The contrast is again an "extraordinary spectacle." England is the only government which in modern times, after the decay of feudalism, confiscated land for landlords. Confiscation has taken place in other countries, but it has generally been for tenants. In the sixteenth century Mr. Leslie finds peasants buying small farms in France. It was not the lack of landed property, he goes on to say, which, two hundred years later, left the peasantry in destitution "and drove them to furious vengeance." What was it then? "The deprivation of its use by atrocious misgovernment and the confiscation of its fruits by merciless taxation and feudal oppression." The verdict of the world on the French Revolution does not lack a sense of horror; but if there be any of its consequences which humanity instinctively and unqualifiedly approves it is the wresting of the land by the people and its distribution among the people. Mr. Leslie describes the cause of the insurrection of the peasantry correctly. They had land, indeed; but it did not keep them from destitution while their noble masters dazzled Europe with their splendid luxury. The peasantry were deprived of the benefits of the land by "atrocious misgovernment." They, too, suffered confiscation of the fruits alike of the land and their labor. They finally arose and wreaked a "furious vengeance;" and to-day they present to the world an example of thrift, industry, patriotism, and contentment which the appreciative pen of this broad-minded Englishman effectively presents. Is he willing to concede that the historian of the next century shall tell in the same spirit the fate of the Irish peasant? Let us hope that there will be no "furious vengeance" to describe; but that the wrongs of the peasant, wrongs which in France were wiped put by revolution, shall be righted in a peaceful and legal way.

"The subdivision of the French soil," says Mr. Leslie, "which

¹ *Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries*, p. 336. (Cobden Club Essays.)

² *The Land Question, with Particular Reference to England and Scotland*, by John Macdonnell (London, Macmillan & Co.), p. 24.

has been the subject of sincere regret and pity on the part of many eminent English writers and speakers, as well as of much ignorant contempt on the part of prejudiced politicians, is really both a cause and an effect of the increased wealth of every part of the population, the seller and buyer of land, the landowner, the farmer and laborer, the country and the town." But all the people in France who live by agriculture are not landowners. There are tenant farmers there. What are the relations between them and the landlords? Mr. Leslie answers fully and briefly. There are two kinds of tenure: by lease for a money rent and by *métayage*, according to which the proprietor and the tenant work the farm in partnership, each furnishing a proportion of the capital and dividing the produce. The contract for *métayage* is really a lease, and usually extends over a term of years. "The truth is," writes Mr. Leslie, "the system of short tenures common throughout most of Western Europe has a common barbarous origin. It belongs to a state of agriculture which took no thought of a distant future and involved no lengthened outlay, and which gave the land frequent rest in fallow; and it belongs to a state of commerce in which sales of land were rare, changes of proprietorship equally so, and ideas of making the most of landed property commercially non-existent. It is right to observe, however, that in many parts of France, although the stated period of tenure is commonly short, the farm really remains commonly with the same family from father to son, from generation to generation, provided only the rent is paid." The tenant is never in apprehension of eviction. On the contrary, so fortunate is he in the fruits of his toil that he does not like to incumber himself with a long lease because he intends to buy land and become himself a proprietor. "Again, although no legal customs of tenure for unexhausted improvements remain in France, where the *Côte* has swept away all customary laws, yet compensation for some unexhausted improvements exists under the *Côte*. . . . It is fortunate for France not only that peasant proprietorship already exists on a great scale, but that the tendency of the economic progress of the country, as already shown, is to substitute more and more cultivation by peasant proprietors for cultivation by tenants; and to give more and more to those who remain tenants or laborers the position and sentiments of proprietors." Why would not this be fortunate for Ireland and England? "France," says Mr. Leslie, in conclusion, "has had only three-quarters of a century of anything like liberty and less than half a century of tranquillity and industrial life." He wrote just on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. Yet he deems the French land system not only "the salvation of the country itself, but one of the

principal securities for the tranquillity and economic progress of Europe."

The results of the brief and disastrous conflict into which the country was plunged by the ambition and folly of the last of the emperors furnishes a remarkable emphasis for this conclusion. It was her peasant proprietors and tenant farmers who subscribed with such cheerful alacrity so great a proportion of the immense forfeit France had to pay for the fatal imperial venture. It is they who constitute to-day the conservatism and strength of the republic. It is her free land that makes and will keep France free; and it is the well-recompensed, the industrious, and the thrifty tillers of the soil that will hold back the politicians at the head of the government from rushing into foreign wars or precipitating either monarchy or anarchy at home. France is stable because her land belongs to those who live by it. For that reason is she rich. For that reason is she prosperous. For that reason is she contented. For that reason is she to-day one of the preservers of the peace of Europe, and the most efficient promoter of all industries, all arts, fine and industrial, and all economic progress.

Let us go to Prussia. "A people," says John Macdonnell, "are what their land system makes them; the soil that they till is stronger than they; and the essence of their history records the changes in the ownership of their land. Frugal and industrious or unfixed and unstable in their ways, they are according to the nature of their tenure of land. . . . Disappointingly feeble as is most political machinery to alter men for better or for worse, . . . a statesman has one instrument which pierces through all obstacles and uses men as clay. That instrument is legislation affecting land. A Stein or a Hardenberg who knows how to use it may shape the morals and destiny of a people."¹

Napoleon destroyed the German Empire in 1803. The edict of emancipation in 1807 laid anew its permanent foundations. That edict freed the peasant and the land. Two years later the superstructure was begun. The law of 1811 made the peasant a proprietor. Then the empire became invincible. The German armies that Napoleon put to rout were serfs who had nothing to fight for but their serfdom. The soldier of the new German empire is a freeman who had his land and his home and his family to fight for.

To whom the credit of the creation of peasant proprietary in Prussia belongs, is not historically clear. It should be divided among the king and the ministers by whom he was surrounded at that period. None of them seemed to comprehend fully the

¹ The Land Question, pp. 4-5.

scope or the consequences of the momentous step. Even Stein wrote that it was reserved for Hardenberg to take the advice of a dreamer who died in a madhouse, and transform the peasants into landlords;¹ but Stein himself procured the signature of the king to the edict and promulgated it. The law of 1811, by which the peasant was made the actual proprietor, and the landlord was indemnified by the state for his loss, was Hardenberg's. But when its operation became clear to Stein he not only adopted it but provided for its universal application; and when, after the preliminaries were completed, the law received the royal assent, well might a commentator of the time² declare that there had come "the dawn of a golden day upon economic darkness, and a new creation rising out of the ruins of destructive war; never had any public measure been taken which had more happily or more beneficially united the private happiness of many families with the interest of the state."

To-day half the people of Prussia are engaged in agriculture under conditions which insure the permanence of the state more effectually than all the enactments of Bismarck. The first Napoleon easily threw serfs into consternation. The last Napoleon found a phalanx of free farmer soldiers a wall which he could not shatter, and whose stones flew upon him for his destruction. The French army which the last Napoleon hastily precipitated into a war which the French nation did not solicit, was chiefly composed of the undisciplined crowds of the cities. The huge German army was drawn chiefly from the bone and muscle of the German land. The men had their farms and their homes to return to when the conflict was over. They had not sought the war either; but since it was thrust upon them, they fought like men who wanted it quickly ended so that they might return to their homes and their fields. The statement that the hurriedly augmented French army, whose valor was so superior to their discipline and their generalship, was largely a collection of city multitudes, is amply warranted by the time in which it was gotten together, and the statistics showing the transformation of the rural into an urban population in the ten preceding years. Their valor could have been no greater had every man been a veteran; but they fought with dash, not with discipline; with the enthusiasm of national glory, not with the steadiness and endurance of those who have homes and farms awaiting them, and whose commanders knew the art of war as well as they the art of husbandry. In the American rebellion whole regiments, composed, probably, of men who had never smelled gunpowder, fought with

¹ The Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic age. By J. R. Seeley. Vol. i., p. 287.

² Stagemann, quoted by Seeley. Vol. i., p. 462.

astonishing bravery and strength. What was the substitute for discipline? The home to which they hoped to return; the citizenship which protected the home, and which was involved in the conflict. Give a man the right and the power to be a proprietor,—to acquire and hold property,—and he must be the best of soldiers, because he is defending his own. Make a soldier of the man who cannot own and cannot acquire property, and he is without the highest incentive to bravery. Had the French army of ten years ago been drawn from the farmers of France, and subjected to the same drill which the German troops carried to the field, with equal generalship, shall it be prudently said that the result would have been precisely the same? But the supreme virtue of the possession of property is not that it makes a man a soldier. It is that it makes him a man of peace. Property is the police of the world. It is the preserver of the world's peace. Is it not strange that peasant proprietary has not occurred to English statesmanship as the permanent pacifier of Ireland?

Shall we go to Russia? In the cold, slow, and barbarous North England should not find much to learn. Yet she is perplexed with the problem how to make five millions of her subjects owners of twenty million acres of the land on which they live. The czar, with no constitution to restrain him, with no law but his own will, with little statesmanship,—for what is statesmanship but the antithesis of despotism,—a Russian czar found a way to take an area equal to one-seventh of the habitable globe, and so transform eight times the population of Ireland that they ceased to be serfs and could become proprietors. Can the Irish problem become insoluble in the light of Russian emancipation and Russian peasant proprietary? Twenty per cent. of the entire cultivable area of Russia is owned and tilled by peasant proprietors. Does any thoughtful reader of history need to be told that the emperor, to whom that humane and redeeming act is due, thereby saved his throne, postponed revolution,—in a country without a constitution it must eventually come,—and attached the army of peasants so strongly to his person that they are to-day his preservers and the protection of property and life in the empire?

Nor did the emperor create peasant proprietary by wholesale confiscation. The owners of the serfs were compensated for their land on a scale of payment by which the previous labor of the serf was estimated at a yearly rental of six per cent. Of the sum required to carry out the provisions of the edict, the peasant was required to pay twenty per cent.; the government advanced the balance, securing itself at intervals extending over forty-nine years. All these arrangements were completed in 1865; from that time serfdom entirely ceased in Russia, and the progress of peasant pro-

proprietary has been uninterrupted. Said the Emperor Nicholas to the marshals of the noblesse, in 1856: "It is better to abolish serfage from above than to await the time when it will begin to abolish itself from below."¹ Catholic emancipation was not granted from above until Wellington told the king that it would be snatched from below. The Irish Church was not abolished from above until Gladstone saw that the foundations were in imminent danger. Wellington told the king he must choose between emancipation and insurrection. Gladstone has publicly avowed that the much-derided Fenian made the disestablishment a political necessity. In Russia, then, a czar allows reforms from above in order to take the credit to the state for doing voluntarily what it might have to do under compulsion. The English government allows no reforms from above except under compulsion from below,—at least in Ireland.

Certainly at least in Ireland; for let us turn to India. What is the story of British legislation there concerning land?

The area of British India is 899,341 square miles. The population is 191,096,603. The government claims the land as its own, and has regularly drawn from it a revenue largely in excess of that from salt and opium together. For ten years past it has averaged twenty million pounds. Before the mutiny, the East India Company was so thrifty a landlord that it drew one-half its total receipts from the land. While the imperial legislation concerning land in India was not uniform in all the provinces, much being left to the apparent exigencies of situation and time, certain principles, it is asserted, are found to be generally present. An acknowledged deference has been shown to claims of clear title of native origin. The greatest respect has been shown for the rights of working farmers. The tenants have been carefully protected against the oppression of their landlords. The state, as chief landlord in India, has held the land, it is alleged, not as its absolute property, but as a possession in partnership with the tenant, whose right to live off it was the first of all rights.

The pen of the historian will yet point to the fact, already sufficiently apparent, that, just in proportion as the imperial government dealt justly with the Indian tenant the government of the empire was submitted to, and that the enormous expenses which the treasury has had to meet for the retention of the Indian domain would have been considerably lessened had the rights of tenants been more sacredly and more judiciously considered.

If we should take the assertions of the government commissioner, Sir George Campbell, the land legislation for India has been, in

¹ Russia, by D. Mackenzie Wallace, p. 485.

some provinces, ideally perfect. How strange, then, that famines are occurring there with dreadful frequency,—not famines of food, for the land continues to pay enormous profits on its products,—but famines of money; the middleman and the state take everything the land can be induced to yield, and the peasant has neither produce nor money left!

Speaking of the remarkable liberality of the empire in settling disputes of title, Sir George Campbell says: "Renouncing the ordinary *de facto* powers of native princes, we have recognized, as valid and binding, all grants made by any authority which was at the time competent to make them, and have given the grantees complete and certain tenure, instead of the precarious tenure at the pleasure of the prince at the time being." Insecurity of tenure is obnoxious, it will be observed, in India. "All incomplete tenures having some show of long possession, or other equitable claim, we have treated very tenderly, either maintaining them or giving them terms of very easy compromise." There are tenures of long possession in Ireland, in which there is the claim of bog made into meadow, of mountain turned into pasture, by the industry of the tenant; yet the landlord may eject the man who did it all, and there is no law to compel him to take into account any claim whatever upon him or his property. But the rights of the Mohammedan were most "tenderly weighed," lest any injustice should be done him. "We have not only professed this indulgent treatment, but we have embodied these lenient rules in public laws, and have opened the courts of justice to all who wish to appeal to them from the decisions of the executive officers." All lands to which titles were thus procured are revenue free forever.

But now as to lands held subject to revenue, lands the title of which resides in the state. Is it absolute title, or is it a partnership with the tenant who occupies and tills, and with the middleman who is a kind of political support of the state, and lives off the land and the working tenant?

There were land laws and customs of tenure in India before the British conquered the country. In those laws and customs nearly everything that the Irish tenant is begging to-day were to be found. There was compensation for improvements. There was practically fixity of tenure so long as the rent was paid.

Bengal was the first province in which the British applied reform. Sir George Campbell points out that the government recognized the tenant as entitled to fixity of tenure while he paid his rent, and as entitled to protection against an increase of rent at the caprice of the middlemen, from whom the government collected the land revenue, and who held a curious position between the

tenant and the state. The law became settled that every working tenant who was in possession at least twelve years at uniform rent was entitled to his holding forever at that rent. Sir George Campbell is of opinion that these arrangements were just, and that the subsequent ground for complaint is to be found in the failure properly to carry them out. But let us get at them more closely. The tenant farmer is the ryot. The landlord from whom he leased was the zemeendar. The state had nothing to do with the ryot except to protect him against the zemeendar. The latter was the nominal landlord. He executed the lease; he collected the rent from the ryot; but the state claimed to divide with both him and the ryot the real ownership of the land and its produce. The share which the state claimed was ten-elevenths of what the zemeendar got from the ryot. Is it any wonder that the zemeendars were soon engaged in the general enterprise of extracting almost eleven-elevenths of all the ryot could get out of the land? The historian of land tenure in India admits "English ideas of the rights of a landlord and of the advantage of non-interference began to prevail." "It has been epigrammatically said," reports Campbell, "that Lord Cornwallis designed to make English landlords in Bengal, and only succeeded in making Irish landlords."

In the Northwest provinces the early legislation differed somewhat from that in Bengal; but in 1822 the regulation was adopted which is the basis of all subsequent land law in Northern India. Occupants were to have long leases with the right of renewal at revaluation, and these rights were to be transferable,—a recognition of Ulster tenant right in India, although it was not recognized as law in Ireland. The ryots were to be secure in their holdings as long as they paid their rent. Ryots who had been twelve years in occupancy were deemed to have acquired the right permanently; and eviction was never thought of by any one. If the zemeendar desired to raise the rent he had to go before a court, prove that the permanent value had been increased in some way other than by the exertion of the tenant, and thus obtain the power to increase the rent. "The course of procedure was, however, difficult; the right hardly known." Occupancy rents continued unvaried until the government introduced a new rent law. But even this did not secure peace. The principles were correct enough so far as they went. Why should mutiny arise? It was found that the principle was better than the practice. It "was found that the position of the ryots had not been sufficiently defined," discreetly remarks Mr. Campbell.

The Punjab did not become British territory until 1849. In settling the land question there, the same principles were ostentatiously adopted. The tenants were carefully protected. The

legislation of 1859 confers upon ryots forever their holdings at an unchangeable rent. If any increase is to be allowed the zemeendar in the rent, he can get it only after demonstrating in court that the value of the holding has been permanently improved without expense to or by the labor of the ryot. If a ryot desires to surrender a lease, he may carry away with him everything he placed on the land which is not sunk in the soil. When the thirty years' settlement of the Northwestern provinces expired, a new settlement took place, and the government reduced its proportion of the rent. Instead of two-thirds, it was content with one-half.

In Oude, after the mutiny, a different course was tried. The ryot was no longer to be regarded as having any rights worthy of consideration. The government was going to be a strong one; it should be a government of landlords. So all the land was confiscated, and was assigned again according to the plan followed by Elizabeth in Ireland. A judicial decision was obtained dissipating the principles which the government had professed to follow in all previous legislation. After much discussion it was determined to protect a few favored ryots who set up hereditary claims, or whose loyalty was above suspicion. All other tenants were reduced to tenancies at will, and the system of rackrents went speedily into operation.

Campbell writes: "Already we hear of the service of notices of ejectment in large numbers, and on the other hand, of combinations of the tenants to resist these proceedings." And the government lent money to the landlords, not to improve their estates, but to stave off their creditors.

In the central provinces the ryot rights were respected.

Summing up all the legislation affecting the tenure of land in India by Great Britain, Sir George Campbell thus describes its present status:

Oude. Great zemeendars, almost complete owners, with few subordinate rights.

Northwest provinces. Moderate proprietors; old ryots have also a measure of fixity of tenure at a fair rent.

Bengal. Great zemeendars whose rights are limited. Numerous sub-proprietors of several grades under them. Ancient ryots who have both fixity of tenure and fixity of rent. Other old ryots who have fixity of tenure, at fair rent, variable from time to time.

Central provinces. Moderate proprietors. Ancient ryots who are sub-proprietors of their holdings at rents fixed for the term of each settlement. Other old ryots who have fixity of tenure at fair rent.

Madras and Bombay. The ryots are complete masters of the soil, subject only to payment of revenue.

It will be observed, therefore, that with the exception of a single province, Great Britain has given to its Indian subjects a virtual peasant proprietary, more or less modified ; or, where there is tenantry, fixity of tenure, and reasonable fixity of rent. Great Britain has done more, therefore, for her Indian subjects in half a century than she has done for her Irish subjects in nearly seven centuries. The principles which she has generally professed in adjusting land settlements in India, are the principles which the Irish tenant has not been able to induce her legislators to recognize in their land legislation for Ireland.

The state is the only landlord in Bombay. There the middleman has been almost entirely dispensed with, and the government deals directly with the tenant. There, then, we shall find the ideal relationship of landlord and tenant according to the standard of modern British statesmanship.

"The survey and assessment of the Bombay presidency has been almost completed on a system introduced and carefully elaborated twenty years ago. The whole country is surveyed and mapped, and the fields distinguished by permanent boundary marks, which it is penal to remove ; the soil of each field is classed according to its intrinsic qualities, and to the climate ; and the rate of assessment to be paid on fields of each class in each subdivision of a district is fixed on a careful consideration of the value of the crops they are capable of producing, as affected by the proximity to market towns, canals, railways, and similar external incidents, but not by improvements made by the ryot himself. This rate was probably about one-half the yearly value of the land when fixed, but, owing to the general improvement of the country, it is not more than from a fourth to an eighth in the districts which have not been settled quite recently. The measurement and classification of the soil are made once for all ; but the rate of assessment is open to revision at the end of every thirty years, in order that the ryot, on the one hand, may have the certainty of the long period as an inducement to lay out capital, and the state, on the other, may secure that participation in the advantages accruing from the general progress of society to which its joint proprietorship in the land entitles it. In the thirty years' revision, moreover, only public improvements and a general change of prices, but not improvements effected by the ryots themselves, are considered as grounds for enhancing the assessment. The ryot's tenure is permanent, provided he pays the assessment."¹

In Bombay, therefore, where the English government is sole and actual landlord, we find first, fixity of tenure ; second, no increase

¹ *Statesman's Yearbook*, 1880, p. 681.

in rent except once every thirty years, and then after a fair valuation, in which the improvements effected by the tenant are not made the cause of increasing his rent; third, the state makes all the improvements of a permanent kind at its own expense. The rent is fixed on a fair valuation of the producing power of the farm and the relative cost of getting it to market.

Such is land law under the English government in Bombay. What is land law under the Irish landlord, protected by the English government in Ireland? No security of tenure; perpetual notice to quit. No fixity of rent; perpetual liability to increase. No inducement to improve the land; every inducement not to improve it. No assurance that if the tenant spends money and labor in improving the land, he will not be compelled to pay more rent on account of the improvement effected by himself; on the contrary, a moral certainty that the rent will be increased the moment the improvements are discovered. In India the English government recognizes the tiller of the soil as in partnership with the lord of the soil. In Ireland the law recognizes the tiller of the soil as having no rights except what the lord chooses to grant him.

Which stands condemned; the English government in Bombay or the English government in Ireland? Are British subjects to be imprisoned in Ireland for requesting for themselves the rights of British subjects in Bombay? Or is it better to be an Indian than to be an Irishman, to be a Mohammedan than to be a Christian?

V.

TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH ECONOMISTS CONCERNING THE IRISH LAND SYSTEM.

"In Great Britain the competitors are independent capitalists, bidding for land as one among the many modes of profitable investment which the complex industrial civilization of the country supplies. In Ireland they are men for the most part on the verge of absolute pauperism, who can see in a few acres of land their sole escape—we cannot now say from starvation, but at best from emigration and the workhouse. Is it strange that the result should be different in the two cases, and that rent, which in England and Scotland represents exceptional profit, should in Ireland be the utmost penny that can be wrung from a poverty-stricken cultivator? Judging from their ordinary existence, there is perhaps little to distinguish the cottier from the serf. Nevertheless they are not the same. The serf is *adscriptus glebæ*; the Irish cottier, as he knows by painful experience, is bound to the soil by no tie save those imposed by his own necessities. He has unbounded freedom to relinquish when he pleases his farm and home, and to transfer himself to the other side of the Atlantic; and he pays for

the privilege in the liability to which the serf is a stranger, of being expelled from his farm and home when it suits the views of his landlord."¹ Professor Cairnes wrote before the serf was transformed into a proprietor. The Irish cottier's serfage has grown steadily worse. But he wrote his preface after the passage of the Gladstone act of 1870. He clearly sees that that did not settle the Irish land question.

"What is Ireland worth to you now? What is Ireland worth to you at all? Is she not the very symbol and token of your disgrace to the whole world? There was scarcely a part of the globe from which subscriptions did not come. The Pope, as was very natural, subscribed. The head of the great Mohammedan Empire (the Grand Seigneur) sent his thousand pounds. The uttermost parts of the earth sent in their donations. A tribe of red Indians on the American continent sent their subscription; and I have it on good authority that even the slaves on a plantation in one of the Carolinas subscribed their sorrowful mite that the miseries of Ireland might be relieved. The whole world looked upon the condition of Ireland, and helped to mitigate her miseries. What can we say to all those contributors, who, now that they have paid, must be anxious to know if anything is done to prevent a recurrence of these calamities?" Were not these words uttered within six months, and by an excited Irishman? No, alas! It was John Bright who spoke in the House of Commons twenty-two years ago! Since then the slave of the Carolinas has become a freeman, and the sons of those whom landlordism drove from Ireland helped loose his chain. The Grand Seigneurs have had varying fortune, but never has the helping hand of England been withdrawn from them. The Pope, whose subscription went to Ireland in 1847, has passed away, and another sits in his place. But nothing has been done in all the intervening time for the Irish tenant. In 1880, again, a Pope sent a subscription; again the whole world saw the misery of Ireland, and helped relieve it. And has anything yet been done to prevent another famine in another decade? "We must tell them with blushes that nothing has been done," said John Bright in 1849. Nor has anything been done to this hour. A gentleman told Mr. Bright that the famine of that period was the ordering of Providence. He cannot accept that conclusion. "God has blessed Ireland, and does still bless her, in position, in soil, in climate. He has not withdrawn his promises, nor are they unfulfilled. There is still the sunshine and the shower; still the seedtime and the harvest; and the affluent bosom of the earth still offers sustenance for man." What was the remedy?

¹ Political Essays, pp. 160, 161.

"We must free the land," said John Bright; and on every occasion since that day John Bright has told the English people the same truth. No living man has spoken more explicitly or more positively on the Irish land question than he. There has been no attempt to restrain him of his liberty on account of it. Freedom of speech in Ireland is one thing; freedom of speech in England is another. Bright's language expresses lofty and pure economy in England; in Ireland it would be conspiracy against the Queen's peace.

In 1866 Mr. Bright said: "An honorable member from Ireland a few nights ago referred to the character of the Irish people. He said, and I believe it is true, that there is no Christian nation with which we are acquainted amongst the people of which crime of the ordinary character, as we reckon it in this country, is so rare as amongst his countrymen. He might have said also that there is no people, whatever they may be at home, more industrious than his countrymen in every country but their own. He might have said more: that they are a people of cheerful and joyous temperament. He might have said more than this: that they are singularly grateful for kindnesses shown them. And yet with such materials and with such a people, after centuries of government,—after sixty-five years of government by this House,—you have them embittered against your rule. Sixty-five years ago this Parliament undertook to govern Ireland. I will say nothing of the manner in which that duty was brought upon us, except this, that it was by proceedings disgraceful and corrupt to the last degree. During these sixty-five years . . . there are only three considerable measures which Parliament has passed in the interest of Ireland. One of them was the measure of 1829 for the emancipation of the Catholics. . . . But that measure, so just, so essential, and which, of course, is not ever to be recalled, was a measure which the chief minister of the day, a great soldier and a great judge of military matters, admitted was passed under the menace of and only because of the danger of civil war. The other two measures to which I have referred are that for the relief of the poor and that for the sale of the incumbered estates; and those measures were introduced to the House and passed through the House in the emergency of a famine more severe than any that has desolated any Christian country of the world within the last four hundred years. Except on these two emergencies, I appeal to every Irish member, and to every English member who has paid any attention to the matter, whether the statement is not true that this Parliament has done nothing for the people of Ireland."

In 1866, on another occasion, John Bright said: "The great evil of Ireland is this, that the Irish people—the Irish nation—are

dispossessed of the soil; and what we ought to do is to provide for and aid in their restoration to it by all measures of justice. Why should we tolerate in Ireland the law of primogeniture? Why should we tolerate the system of entails? Why should the object of the law be to accumulate land in great masses in few hands, and to make it almost impossible for persons of small means and tenant farmers to become possessors of land? If you go to other countries—for example, to Norway, to Denmark, to Holland, to Belgium, to France, to Germany, to Italy, or to the United States—you will find that in all these countries those laws of which I complain have been abolished, and the land is just as free to buy, and sell, and hold, and cultivate as any other description of property in the kingdom. . . . If my advice were taken, we should have a parliamentary commission empowered to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, for the purpose of selling them on easy terms to the occupiers of the farms and to the tenantry of Ireland. . . . What you want is to restore to Ireland a middle-class proprietary of the soil; and I venture to say that if these estates could be purchased and could be sold out, farm by farm, to the tenant occupiers in Ireland, it would be infinitely better in a conservative sense than that they should belong to great proprietors living out of the country. . . . I have often asked myself whether patriotism is dead in Ireland. *Cannot all the people of Ireland see that the calamities of their country are the creatures of the law, and if that be so, that just laws only can remove them?*"

Still later in the same year Mr. Bright defined in detail his plan for the purchase of a portion of the Irish land by the government and its sale to actual occupiers.

In 1868, in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright spoke again on peasant proprietary in Ireland. He proposed that the state lend the money to the tenant to buy, securing itself, and giving him thirty-one or thirty-five years to refund it. "I would negotiate with landowners who were willing to sell the tenants who were willing to buy, and I would make the land the great savings bank for the future tenantry of Ireland."

The still more recent speeches of Mr. Bright have been in the same vein. I have preferred to quote from those made in former years to show that the proposition to buy a portion of the land in Ireland is not a novel one, and that it was advocated by an eminent English economist before the Irish Land League came into existence.

Mr. Bright does not stand alone among exalted Englishmen in his characterization of the Irish land system. In his speeches advocating the passage of his Land Act of 1870, Mr. Gladstone laid down some propositions as radical as some by Mr. Bright. One

of these, as important as any, we shall return to when we reach a very grave aspect of the consequences of correct legislation on the land question: the influence of that legislation in effecting a permanent pacification of Ireland. A summary of a part of one speech is sufficient in this place, for it covers the entire subject. "Insecurity of tenure manifested itself in four modes—in the withdrawal of privileges hitherto enjoyed by the tenant, in the lavish and pitiless use of notices to quit, in evictions, and in the raising of rents where the increased value of farms had been caused by the tenants' improvements."¹ Mr. Gladstone's bill has not corrected the evil it professed, indeed, to touch most daintily, because, in the words of his admiring biographer, it did not "confiscate a single valuable right of the Irish landowner." It was some of his valuable rights that should have been confiscated.

Speaking of the neglect of Ireland by his own countrymen, Richard Cobden indignantly exclaims: "We lavish our sympathies upon the serfs of Poland and the slaves of Turkey; but who would not prefer to be one of these to the perishing with hunger in the name of freeman? We send forth our missionaries to convert the heathen; but well might the followers of Mahomet or Zoroaster instruct us in the ways of charity to our poor Christian brethren."

Space will not permit the making of extracts at length from recent literature on this subject. The reader's attention is directed to the following: "Peasant Proprietors at Home," by J. H. Tuke, in *The Nineteenth Century*, August, 1880; "The Public Interest in Agricultural Reform," by William E. Bear, in the same periodical, August and September, 1879; "Free Land and Peasant Proprietorship," in *The Nineteenth Century*, February, 1880; and the remarkable essay in the same monthly for September, 1880, by James Anthony Froude. In a galling and drastic paper, written with that malignant energy of style and vivid pictorial power which have made the historian so easy to read and so easy to mistrust, this willing and excited hater of the Irish people becomes for a moment tranquil and drops a telling fact in the face of the adversaries of peasant proprietary in Ireland, namely, that the island, properly farmed, would sustain twice its present population. For a moment he forgets his theme, and formulates an abstract truth. "The land in any country is really the property of the nation which occupies it."

Upon the subject of absenteeism the most emphatic testimony has been borne by many English writers. So far as I am aware, only one has ever professed to believe it aught but a monstrous evil

¹ The Life of the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, by George Bennett Smith, p. 389.

and a cruel curse. That one was so fallacious in his reasoning that he only made the truth more transparent. It is an ancient evil, and in former times legislation undertook with no success to remedy it. Taxation was tried. Confiscation of a portion of the absentee's estate was decreed. Swift exposed all its hideous features. The free and the last Irish Parliament endeavored to grapple with it; but the class at whom the proposed act was levelled had retainers enough to protect their interests. The abolition of the Parliament and the transfer of the seat of legislation for Ireland to the English capital aggravated absenteeism by increasing the inducements to live out of Ireland. One who has no sympathy with the movement now going on there, writes:¹ "This is not a matter upon which one is left to speculate, for there is visible proof of the results of the two systems, the system of residence and the system of absenteeism. Those parts of Ireland which are to-day best disposed to the English Government, which are freest from political agitation, which are the most peaceful and law-abiding, and in which the people are most generally enlightened, liberal, and tolerant, are just those places where the landowners have been longest and most constantly resident, and have for generations faithfully performed the duties of their position. Those parts of Ireland where the people are most lawless, most ignorant, most superstitious, poor and backward, are the places where absenteeism has thrown its blighting influence, and where the people have been left to themselves. Had absentees but done their duty, the result for many past years and in the present day would have been far different. Unfortunately, as it is, disturbance, crime, political agitation, and disaffection to England, these were and are the Nemesis of absenteeism, a Nemesis visited unfortunately, not on the absentees, but on the kingdom itself."

Morally considered, absenteeism is one of the most powerful agents in reducing the Irish tenantry to poverty and keeping them in it. Many a landlord who resides always, or nearly always, in England or on the Continent, would, if he lived upon his own estates, be touched by the distress of his dependents. His representative has the strongest motive to resist every instinct of humanity. He is paid in proportion to the amount of rent he can extort from the tenants and send to his distant master. Absenteeism is, therefore, one of the great influences which will fight to the last against any proposition to give the tenants fixity of tenure, which would protect them from the arbitrary raising of rent at any time when it pleased the absentee or his bailiff to order an increase. The bailiff is rewarded, also, proportionately as he keeps the expenses

¹ H. L. Jephson, in *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1880.

of the estate down. Absenteeism is, therefore, one of the principal causes of the wretched condition of so large a part of the lands.

Absenteeism will never willingly consent to the enactment of any law easily enforced for compelling the landlord to compensate the tenant for money or labor spent in making permanent improvements.

Materially considered, absenteeism is the cause of an enormous loss to the people of Ireland. By the census of 1871 the number of absentee landlords was nearly three thousand. They own more than one-third of the cultivated land of the kingdom. More than one-third the revenue of a country drawn annually out of it in cash, or produce for which no return goes back to the land or the tillers, is an evil which, it is perfectly safe to say, no government on earth would tolerate for generations, except the foreign government which treats Ireland like an alien colony and lets foreigners annually drain it of its only wealth.

To apply legislation to the evil of absenteeism is one of the most difficult problems involved in the Irish land question. A man may do what he pleases with his own. The landlord who has estates in Ireland may surely claim the right to spend his income in the shops of Paris and the gaming-houses of London as freely as his companion whose estates lie in England. There seems to be but one remedy for the evil. When the people were dying by tens of thousands of hunger, in 1847, food enough was being shipped under their very eyes to feed more than all who were hungry. It was not, according to law, their property. They could not touch it. They had drawn it from the teeming earth. It was the fruit of their toil. But it was not theirs. It belonged to the absentee landlord. It was being exported to his commission men in London and Liverpool, and they would hand the proceeds over to him in gold. Not a penny of the gold would go back to Ireland. The law of human nature, which is higher than all other laws, would have justified those famishing people in seizing the produce and saving their lives and that of their children with it, would it not? Then will not the law of human nature justify the British Government in saying to these absentees: "Take the cash value of your land, spend it abroad, if you like; but leave the land to feed those who till it?" Is an equitable sale immoral because enforced? Or are the rights of property in three thousand persons superior to the rights of life in five millions? It must be apparent to every reasoning mind that so long as absenteeism remains a feature of the Irish land tenure, no genuine reform of that tenure can take place. A country one-third of whose revenue is annually spent

abroad, without return of any exchange, cannot prosper. It is impossible.

VI.

EFFORTS TO AMELIORATE IT.

Let us now look at the Irish land system in the light which has been cast upon it.

The penal laws¹ and legislation, penal in effect but not in name, deprived four-fifths of the people of Ireland of property in land in Ireland and of the legal right to acquire it.

The Irish Parliament was composed, in the brief period of its independence, of representatives of only the one-fifth of the people who were legally capable of owning land. It is not surprising that it did nothing to reform the land system.

The Irish Parliament was abolished by the Act of Union in 1800, and since then all legislation for Ireland has been enacted in the British Parliament.

What has that Parliament done for the reform of the Irish land system?

The Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 removed all political disabilities (with some exceptions not worth noticing in this place) which had kept four-fifths of the people of Ireland from the civil rights enjoyed by the one-fifth. That act made it possible for the people to acquire land by purchase, if they had the money and if there was any land in the market. But it did not restore to the heirs of those whose civil rights had been taken away by the penal laws the land which had been confiscated by those laws. Had O'Connell been as wise as he was energetic he would have made the restoration of the land a condition of the abolition of the statutes in accordance with which the land was confiscated. It may be objected that this would have been impracticable, on account of transfers and the difficulty of establishing heirship. The simplest way would have been perfectly satisfactory to a majority of the people. The rights of the owners in possession could have been respected, as they were in Prussia in the beginning of the century, and in Russia in the latter half of it. The state, which took the land away from the people of Ireland without compensation, could have found a way to restore it to them by compensating those who had obtained possession of it. Peasant proprietors could have been easily created in Ireland fifty years ago.

¹ The American who wishes to inform himself on the penal laws will find that code fully described by William Hartpole Lecky, author of the *History of Rationalism*, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, etc., in his volume on *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, article O'Connell.

But the land was not restored. The heirs of the original owners had sunk into tenantry and poverty. The land remains in the possession of the heirs of those who obtained it first by confiscation. What has the British Parliament done to improve their condition?

The characteristics of that condition are already perfectly familiar. Their labor is subjected to perpetual confiscation, because the improvements it effected were and are the property of the landlord. Any money which they put into the soil is confiscated in the same way. They are liable to be turned out of their farms at any time. The rent may be increased at any time. The rate of rent is kept at the highest figure of the keenest competition. The tenants are thus compelled to live in constant poverty. Constant poverty means in any country unlighted ignorance. The ragged, lawless, and thriftless train that follow poverty and ignorance, the imagination of the American can conceive. It needs no depiction.

The British Parliament has legislated for Ireland for eighty years. What has it done to reform such a land system?

Nearly half a century passed without the adoption of a single measure to that end! Then what?

Poor relief is the first lien on land in England. The like law providing for the relief of the poor of Ireland was not passed until 1846, and then only because the famine-shadow was already palpable. But the law does not operate to support the poor. If the people of Ireland had not been furnished with money to buy food from the landlords last winter the mortality would have compared with that of 1847.

The law is so constructed that the burden is a minimum on the landlord, and when famine comes the people must die if foreign charity does not hasten to their succor. This was abundantly proven last winter and spring.

The next legislation to modify the evils of the Irish land system was the Encumbered Estates Act. But that was an act for the relief of Irish landlords.

Until its passage in 1848 the law of primogeniture and entail, still the law of England, was the law in Ireland. The Encumbered Estates Act set that law aside. It compelled the sale of estates encumbered to half their value. The sale was made on the petition of the owner or any of his creditors, and the proceeds were divided among the claimants. In 1858 to that law was added the Landed Estates Act, by which the courts can deal with unencumbered as well as with encumbered estates. Under the old law of primogeniture and entail many of the Irish landlords had hopelessly bankrupted themselves. "A mountain-load of mortgages or a network of settlements rendered them powerless." The law freeing them of their

bonds put the land in the market, and enabled them to get rid of their debts. But at the time the law was passed there was no market for land. The famine had paralyzed the country. The immediate effect of the law, therefore, was to rob many creditors of their just dues. The law compelled creditors to submit to a sale, notwithstanding that they had an express contract that no one should ever disturb them in their claim on the land except by paying the claim in full. The new law coerced violation of contract. Says Professor Cairnes: "It proceeded according to rules unknown to our system of jurisprudence; it set aside solemn contracts; it disregarded the cherished traditions of real property law." He admits that it would not be easy to disturb the statements of Isaac Butt, that, at a time of unprecedented depreciation of the value of land, it compelled a general auction of Irish estates; and that no more violent interference with vested rights can be found in English history. But, notwithstanding the justness of this criticism, does any one condemn the principle of the law? Professor Cairnes admits that according to the received maxims of English jurisprudence it was a measure of confiscation; "yet it is not less certain that of all measures passed in recent times it is that one of which the beneficial effects have been most widely and cordially recognized." If the English government for Ireland could pass, more than thirty years ago, a law for the benefit of Irish landlords, invading vested rights, need so much outcry be made about a proposition to pass a law for the benefit of Irish tenants which may apparently, but will not actually, assail vested rights?

The most specious objection which has been urged against any attempt on the part of the government to buy the land of Ireland from the present owners and sell it to the present tillers, is that it would interfere with vested rights and freedom of contract. The government has a most convenient and a universally approved precedent in the Encumbered Estates Act. That act did the tenantry no good. But the principle is worth something. The landlords have enjoyed the benefits of it. Why not give the tenants the benefit?

Of course, the objection of coercion of violation of contract under certain circumstances will not carry far with Americans. About twenty-five years ago we heard a good deal on that text in this country. In a certain section there was a kind of property held under the law. That property was labor, instead of land. Its ownership was a vested right. A proclamation issued by a president of the United States swept away that vested right and destroyed the ownership of that property. That proclamation was a stupendous coercion of violation of contract. It was the mightiest invasion and destruction of vested rights which the world has ever

beheld. Torrents of precious blood, millions of treasure, were expended to destroy those vested rights. And when it was all done, and the nation which did it found calmness to reflect upon it, the sanction of deliberation was solemnly affixed to the procedure. A constitutional amendment forever forbade any compensation to those whose vested rights were destroyed!

It is not within the bounds of consistency for any American to oppose the invasion and destruction of vested rights when a gigantic moral wrong is intrenched in those rights and cannot be reached except through them, and cannot be righted except by their destruction.

The English Government invaded and overthrew vested rights and coerced violation of contract in Ireland by the passage of the Encumbered Estates Act. Then it was for the benefit of a small class. Now a similar procedure is suggested for the benefit of an entire nation. Shall it be declared immoral and unjust?

From the testimony of Englishmen before the reader, it is not the language of exaggeration to say that the condition of the black slave in the Southern States before emancipation was better than that of the Irish tenant under the Irish land system. The slave had food enough always. He was in a climate which was satisfied with little clothing, and he had enough. He had shelter always. He had not the gnawing consciousness that the land of his master was his land. He was born a slave. The Irish tenant suffers all his wrongs and more. Ostensibly born a freeman, he is actually a slave, so far as his tenant state goes. Nay, in that relation, he is worse off than the slave was, for he is often without enough to eat. He is often without enough clothing. He is often utterly without shelter. The slave's labor was confiscated. So is his. The slave could not acquire money. He can, but it is confiscated in the raising of his rent as soon as the fact is discovered. The slave always had a field to work in. The Irish tenant has not. The slave always had a subsistence out of the field he tilled. The Irish tenant has not. Tens of thousands of these worse than slaves, driven out of their own fields by hunger and carried to these shores by charity, laid down their lives to free the black slave. They were engaged in invading vested rights then. They were conspirators, destroying ownership in property. They were guilty of abetting with their blood coercion of violation of contract. They died manfully in that achievement. Now arises a voice in the same land protesting that there must be no amelioration of the serfdom of their people in their native land!

But the protest is neither loud nor deep. When the truth is clear to the American people they intrepidly uphold it. Against

the truth vested rights disappear like a film before the rosy morning.

Whatever opposition has been heard in the United States to the reform of the Irish land laws has been made on a misunderstanding of the facts.

We have seen two pieces of legislation which were intended to affect the Irish land tenure. The first was a law making the support of the poor a lien on the land. It is so constructed as to make Irish poverty a lien instead on the charity of the world.

The second was the Encumbered Estates Act. But that was for the benefit of Irish landlords.

The third was the Gladstone land law of 1870.

Its aim was good. On its passage through Parliament it encountered no less than three hundred amendments. When it emerged from the legislature and entered the presence of her majesty for signature, it had not confiscated a single valuable right of the Irish landlord, says the approved biographer, its author.

The avowed object of the Liberal minister was to make Ulster tenant right law throughout Ireland. That was all. Ulster tenant right is an institution which sadly recalls the pitiless efforts of former days to drive the Irish people off the land of their country for the purpose of planting it with foreign colonists. The tenant farmers in Ulster were chiefly Protestants, Irish, Scotch, and English, and to encourage them it was agreed by common consent that they should have continuous occupancy of their farms at fair rent. In other words, they were given fixity of tenure. The abstract right became a substantial property. If the tenant chose to give up his farm, he had the right to sell his fixity of tenure as a kind of goodwill to his successor. The substantial value of the tenant right was based on the improvements effected by him on the land. These improvements did not become the property of the landlord. They remained the property of the tenant and gave him a sort of partnership in the land. This was tenant right. The custom which fostered it never obtained in other parts of the kingdom, where the landlords were of one religion and the tenants of another. Tenant right did not secure against eviction for non-payment of rent. But if the tenant were compelled to give up his holding because he could not meet his obligation to the landlord, he was not turned out penniless into the road. He could dispose of his tenant right to whoever would pay him the highest price for it; the debt to the landlord was the first to be settled out of the proceeds; the balance was his own. It was and is, in fact, compensation for improvements paid on eviction, not by the landlord, but by the incoming tenant, who thus acquires a right of ownership in them and can in his turn dispose of them. The Glad-

stone act of 1870 attempted to make this practice of a locality the law for the country.

But it was only a fair-weather law. It should have been accompanied by a consort statute providing for perennially good harvests. When the bad crops came there were wholesale evictions for non-payment of rent ; yet the failure of the tenants to meet their obligations was not their fault ; it was the " Act of God." What good was Ulster tenant right then ? The tenants who had not crops enough to pay rent, had no money to buy tenant right from other tenants equally unfortunate. Besides, the value of the tenant right was unstable, vague, shifting, uncertain. In many cases it was simply intangible. The evicted tenant had to go out ; if the condition of the market was such that there was no one to buy his tenant right, what good did the act of 1870 do him ? The premier's biographer was remarkably correct when he said that the act did not take away a single valuable right of the Irish landlord.

The act of 1870 was land reform on hypothesis. It did not touch the landlord. It did not always touch the tenant. In a season of high rents and fine crops it afforded the tenant such compensation for his improvements as he could induce some other tenant to pay him. If he could find no one to pay him anything, he must submit to his misfortune. But he lost his farm and all the labor, and all the money he may have expended on it.

There was a bill with a misleading title introduced into the last session. It was called " The Compensation for Disturbance bill." It was an attempt to compel landlords to allow to tenants evicted for non-payment of rent compensation for improvements, provided it was legally proven that their failure to meet their obligation was due to famine. The bill passed the Commons and was thrown out by the Lords. If anything were wanting to demonstrate that the Gladstone Act was hypothetical and fair-weather law the introduction of the last measure is sufficient.

This completes the entire record which the British Parliament has made for itself in reforming the Irish land laws.

The system is essentially what it was in the beginning of the century. The tenant has no legal rights. He lives in a state of compulsory degradation and destitution. He is liable to eviction at any moment. His rent may be increased at any moment. The rate of rent is so high, that when he has paid it there is nothing left with which to improve his condition or that of his family. If he cannot pay what the landlord chooses to demand he goes into the highway to starve. There is no other country in the world in which such a land system prevails.

VII.

THE INTEREST OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE CORRECT AND PERMANENT SETTLEMENT OF THE PROBLEM.

The United States is the heir in fact of the Irish land system.

The bequest has not been delivered in a single bulk to be appraised and classified, the useful to be put to use, the worthless to be thrown aside. Decade after decade, year after year, this legacy of squalor, ignorance, thriftlessness, rags, and helplessness has been transported over the sea and cast upon the American shore. Irish emigration began in the early part of the century. In 1820 it reached considerable proportions. Since then it has been incessant. In the life of one generation nearly three millions of the victims of the Irish land system have been disembarked at our ports. Nor did they come always of their own accord. Emigration is the only remedy which many British economists have been able to suggest for Irish misery, and it has even been officially recommended and assisted by government aid. The paradox of improving the condition of a people in their own country by sending them out of it can be found in sober treatises by grave English publicists. The chief pretence has been that the population is too dense for the soil. That is only a pretence. The real motive is to rid the country of a population which the soil is abundantly able to sustain if the landlords were willing to permit it. The landlords would gladly, according to the avowal of some of their defenders, sweep the people into the sea and turn the whole island into pasture-land. But whatever the motive which has been behind the constant exodus, two facts are manifest: that so long as the present land system remains emigration must continue, and the United States must give hospitality to most of it.

Therefore the Irish land system is a tax upon the American people for the benefit of Irish landlords and English manufacturers and tradesmen.

The burden of supporting the Irish in Ireland falls upon their relatives in the United States even in good times. The burden of supporting them in famine falls much more heavily on this country. The burden of receiving and taking care of the millions of the paupers made so by the Irish land system has been borne chiefly by the United States for half a century. The American people have, therefore, a direct interest in the correct and permanent settlement of the Irish land question.

Ireland is an English poorhouse supported by indirect taxation on the United States.

When the American colonies threw off their allegiance to Great

Britain, they should have insisted on one more clause in the treaty of peace. That clause ought to have been a demand for the reform of the Irish land tenure and the creation of peasant proprietary there. Having missed the opportunity of doing so, Great Britain was left in possession of the right to continue to tax the American people notwithstanding their political separation and sovereign independence. For the purpose of supporting English domination in Ireland, the government of Great Britain is still a tax-gatherer in the United States. Is this fanciful? Last winter charity was asked in every town and village of this country for the famine sufferers in Ireland. It was not food that was wanted; it was expressly declared that there was no scarcity of food in Ireland! There was famine, but there was no scarcity of food! It was money that was needed. Into whose pockets did the American money go? Into the pocket of the hungry Irish tenant? Certainly not. He never saw or touched it. It went to the Irish landlord to pay for the food which the hungry tenant had drawn from the soil, but which he could not eat until American money paid the landlord for it. The government protected the property of the landlord from appropriation by the hungry tenant until the American money arrived to pay for it. Is it fanciful to say that Ireland is an English poorhouse supported by taxation on the American people?

After the money from America had purchased food from the Irish landlord to feed the tenant whose labor had produced it, what direction did the money take? One-third went to the absentee landlords to be dissipated in the luxuries of the Continent or deposited in London banks to await their pleasure. Most of what remained was paid to English manufacturers for the exchanges which Irish landlords chose to purchase. England destroyed Irish manufactures as already shown. With the exception of his linen, which the Irish landlord can probably get cheaper in Belfast, or her lace which his lady may have made to order by the deft hands of underpaid Irish girls, all the purchases for the house, the family, the stable of the Irish landlord must be made in England. The money which the Americans sent last year to buy food for the Irish tenant found its final destination in the till of the English tradesman and manufacturer. It helped them pay their taxes. Is it fanciful to say that the English Government levies indirect taxation on the United States to maintain its mastery in Ireland?

It is not a sufficient answer that the Irish in the United States earn what they send to their relatives in the old country. Aye; they earn it hard enough. They work for every dollar of it. It is their own. They have a right to do what they please with it.

But they have not the *power* to do what they please with it. If they had, not a penny of it would go to the English manufacturer, and the English tradesman, and the enervated absentee on the Continent, as the price of maintaining in Ireland a land system which drove them forth paupers to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water, while it keeps steeped in poverty those whom they left behind! The Irish people in the United States have a claim upon the attention of American statesmanship which has not been considered. They have renounced allegiance to the British Empire. They are citizens of the Republic of the United States. Yet they are compelled to transmit a portion of their earnings annually for the support of a foreign government. They should be relieved of this burden. They should be enabled to spend their money among those from whom they get it. A large portion of the capital of the Irish people in the United States, accumulated from the savings of their industry, is annually sent out of the country and brings nothing back. Is it not the duty of American statesmanship to put a stop to this waste of our resources? The waste must go on so long as the Irish land system exists. The money earned in the United States should be employed in the United States.

So long as the Irish people continue to send money enough to Ireland to eke out subsistence for the tenantry, the English manufacturer and tradesman will oppose any genuine reform of land tenure there. The revenue which British steamship lines enjoy out of the land system which supplies them with living freight, is at the expense of people in America; their owners will resist the reform of the tenure. Peasant proprietary would be a check on emigration.

The people of the United States have a clear right to protest against an institution which is a burden upon themselves although situated in another country. Under the equities of international law as understood in modern times, they doubtless have a legal right to make such a protest. But they have a moral duty as well. The Irish land system should be abolished in the name of universal humanity; and public opinion in the United States should declare to the people of England, who are full in their hearts of the richest and purest sympathies, that they must compel their government to wipe off British soil a land system whose hideous and frightful features cannot be discerned in any other spot upon the habitable globe.

In the tranquil calm of history how much of the boast of modern civilization is found empty sham! Two centuries before Justinian the rights which the Irish tenant vainly begs to-day the tenant farmer of the Roman state enjoyed!

In the greatest effort which his eloquent lips made in urging

the passage of the act of 1870, Mr. Gladstone said: "What we wish is that where there has been despondency, there shall be hope; where there has been mistrust, there shall be confidence; where there has been alienation and hate, there shall, however gradually, be woven the ties of a strong attachment between man and man. This we know cannot be done in a day. The measure has reference to evils which have been long at work; their roots strike far back into bygone centuries. . . . And my hope at least is high and ardent that we shall live to see our work prosper in our hand, and that in Ireland, which we desire to unite to England and Scotland by the only enduring ties—those of free will and free affection—peace, order, and a settled and free industry will diffuse their blessings from year to year, and from day to day over a smiling land."

The Liberal minister's hope, although high and ardent, has been doomed to profound disappointment. It was inevitable that it should be. He correctly saw that reform of the land tenure and the gradual creation of peasant proprietary are probably the only means of permanently pacifying Ireland, and making her people contented units in the vast empire of which they have been thus far only the victims. But if the premier's perception was clear, his power was subject to fettering limitations. His bill "did not confiscate a single valuable right of the Irish landlord." That was its essential defect.

The Irish in Australia are contented and loyal. The Irish in Canada are contented and loyal. Why? Because they have all the rights which other subjects of the British Empire hold in those countries; they have substantially all the rights which the Irish in Ireland are denied. In Australia and Canada the people shape their own domestic laws. There is no spirit of insurrection in the Irish among them. They are as able as the other elements of the population to acquire property. They are in possession of all the rights and privileges which the English in England possess. Is it not blindness for the imperial government not to try the same pacifying and loyalizing remedy in Ireland?

There can never be peace there until the most brutal land system on earth is effaced. There can never be industry there until the people are allowed the rights with which British subjects in other countries are invested. Reform of the land system is the only permanent pacifier for Ireland. Root the people in the soil, and they will be deaf to all voices except those of their happy children. Give the land of Ireland to the people of Ireland and they will be their own constabulary; the proprietors will maintain the peace so that they may get the wealth out of their land. A land

system which periodically breeds famine in a country in which there is always plenty of food is accursed alike of God and man. The government which tolerates such a land system does not deserve peace, and cannot secure it.

"I think," writes Laveleye, the able inquirer into the subject of peasant proprietary in Europe, "the following propositions may be laid down as self-evident truths: there are no measures more conservative or more conducive to order in society than those which facilitate the acquirement of property in land by those who cultivate it; there are none fraught with more danger for the future than those which concentrate the ownership of the soil in the hands of a small number of families."¹

Said John Bright in Dublin fourteen years ago: "You men of Dublin and of Ireland, you never made a mistake more grievous in your lives than when you come to the conclusion that there are not millions of men in Great Britain willing to do you full justice. . . . When I have thought of the condition of Ireland, of its sorrows and wrongs, of the discredit that its condition has brought upon the English, the Irish, and the British name, I have thought, if I could be in all other things the same, but by birth an Irishman, there is not a town in this island I would not visit for the purpose of discussing the great Irish question, and of rousing my countrymen to some great and united action." He defined the question on another occasion: "The great evil of Ireland is this, that the Irish people—the Irish nation—are dispossessed of the soil, and what we ought to do is to provide for and aid in their restoration to it by all measures of justice."

¹ *Systems of Land Tenure*, p. 281.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD DEMONSTRATED.

I.

TO deny the existence of God has for about a century been considered by certain men as the highest wisdom, as the very perfection of philosophy. Many thinkers of modern times, pretending to have attained a deeper insight into the nature of the human mind than the ancients, boast of having discovered that the idea of God is a mere illusion, resulting from our subjective framework. Others, searching into matter and its forces, have found that the material world bears in itself the sufficient reason both of its existence and its phenomena, and needs no outward cause to produce it and put order into it. Theism, therefore, was, as they say, only the result of the ignorance of former ages, cherished by priests and tyrants in their own interests; man admitted the existence of God because, not yet advanced in science, he could not account for the astounding works of nature without, and the complicated operations of the mind within himself, but by supposing an Almighty power beyond the sphere of his senses. Were such language confined to the lecture-halls of a few professors we might be amused at its bombast. But philosophical errors, particularly in a point of such importance, always have their issues in practical life in the morals of individuals as well as of society. Moreover, atheism, though clad in the majestic garb of science, yet comes down condescendingly to the level of the common people to undeceive them of their superstitious fear and of belief in God, and to initiate them into the wisdom of the new gospel. Among all classes of society books and periodicals are spread tending to ridicule the belief in God; men of talent live, as it were, on propagating atheism, and seem to have made it their profession to root out the fear of God from the hearts of the rich and the poor; not a few institutions of learning, lower and higher, systematically train our youth to ignore or deny the Supreme Being, on which man, as its creature, is dependent. It is, therefore, necessary to show by all means the inconsistency of atheistical tenets, and to evidence with undeniable proofs this main truth of God's existence, fundamental to the scientific and the moral order.

However, before entering upon such a task, it is suitable first to inquire into the ways in which we acquire the idea of God and the conviction of His existence. The validity of the demonstration, by which we endeavor both to evince this truth and to refute the objections made against it, depends greatly on the preliminary inquiry as to the manner in which we arrive at the idea of God. We shall,

therefore, in this essay answer three questions : first, in what way is the existence of God knowable to man ? secondly, by what proofs does the theist demonstrate it ? thirdly, on what grounds does the atheist deny it ?

I. In what way is the Existence of God Knowable to Man ?

God being the purest spirit, the way in which philosophers think Him to be known to us is closely connected with their views on the mode in which immaterial objects are manifested to the human mind. The proofs, therefore, which they use to demonstrate His existence are not only different, as they hold different theories on the origin of ideas, but even scarcely intelligible, if not traced back in some way to psychology. For to see through the reasons why a supramundane being is to be admitted as the cause of the universe we must needs know how it reaches our mind, whether immediately by itself, or mediately through material beings, and, if the latter be the case, how the visible can lead or determine our intellect to the cognizance of the invisible. Now, there are at present various psychological systems more or less opposed to one another. It was not thus in the Middle Ages, when scholastic philosophy had its full sway in the schools, and the tenets regarding the origin of ideas were everywhere the same. Modern thinkers of the last two centuries, partly not knowing, partly despising ancient philosophy, gave rise to a multitude of psychological systems, each one of them becoming in turn the battlefield of fierce controversies. Consequently, if the existence of God was not altogether denied, different methods were attempted of treating of the Supreme Being. For this reason, whoever nowadays is about to demonstrate the existence of God, ought also to lay down the idealogical tenets he follows, and thus to point out the principle from which he means to start, and the road by which he hopes to reach the goal. Nay, more, he must also show the deficiency of the methods opposed to his, not only because his own will be put in a clearer light, and its solidity be more apparent, if the falsity of those opposed to it is disclosed, but also because the attempts to prove the existence of God by arguments not solid and conclusive have given many advantages to atheists. Such unsound demonstrations they easily demolish, and then boast of having overthrown all the proofs advanced for the existence of a personal God, and of being unhurt by all the attacks of the theists. We should, therefore, reject what is really false and unsolid, and avow it to be so ; we should strive to put forth such reasons as are not founded on false or doubtful theories, but rest on certain principles, and are not at variance with experience, else we shall do harm to the cause of truth rather than

advance it. First, then, let us inquire in what way God's existence is not known to man, and then in what way it is.

In treating of false methods I shall confine myself to those only which are still at present followed, or at least supposed to be followed, either in the schools or outside of them. First of all is to be mentioned that of merely subjective impulse. It was invented by Reid. After David Hume had, by denying the objective value of rational cognition, established skepticism in its full extent, Reid would maintain at least the objective reality of the general principles of self, of the outside world, and of God. He granted that reason by itself could not prove their existence; but over it, as its regulator, and as the foundation of all certainty, he put common-sense, a faculty which reached and apprehended those fundamental truths, not by the comparison of ideas, nor by inference, nor by perceiving any reason of them, but by a merely subjective impulse which we cannot resist. Kant combined Hume's and Reid's tenets into one system. By his innate forms of the cognoscitive faculties he denied the veracity of the senses, the understanding, and the theoretical reason, and thus not less than Hume set forth universal skepticism. But feeling himself in opposition to the convictions of mankind, particularly in regard to the existence of God, he resorted to practical reason as a remedy for the shortcomings of his theory. Like Reid's common-sense, Kant's practical reason attains no evidence, reaches no insight into objective truth, but admits certain postulates, because they are forced on it by the subjective necessity of our nature. As to the existence of God, which is one of them, he reasons in the following way: Rational nature lays upon us the law of the moral order with absolute necessity, yet by its own authority and intrinsic constitution, not by receiving it through cognition from a higher power. In this life, however, the moral order can never be perfectly put into execution, since the sensible nature cannot be fully subjected to reason, nor can happiness be enjoyed in proportion to virtue. As reason, nevertheless, tells us that it ought to be so, we are forced to think that there must be a cause which shall realize our happiness and reduce nature to perfect harmony with morality. This cause, no doubt intelligent, we call God. It has often been said that this reasoning of the German Aristotle is of astounding depth, and far more solid than the proofs brought forward by other schoolmen. Atheists even quite willingly admit this, not because they are convinced by the argument, but because they can easily refute it and thus glory in a splendid victory. For both Kant's and Reid's way of establishing the truth of the existence of God is not tenable at all, because repugnant to rational nature and intrinsically contradictory. It is the very nature of all cognoscitive faculties to tend toward

apprehending their object, and not to rest or to adhere to it before they have perceived it in some respect as it is in itself. Every rational or intellectual faculty in particular is by its intrinsic constitution fitted to attain the essence of its objects and penetrate the reason of things, and therefore it cannot acquiesce in a truth except it perceives for the same an intrinsic or extrinsic reason, nor produce in us a certain and firm conviction except it presents us a motive to judge that our assent is true and cannot be false. Common-sense, therefore, of rational nature, which firmly adheres to certain judgments without seeing any reason for them, either by the comparison of ideas or by inference, and practical reason, which is forced to admit certain postulates without any intrinsic or extrinsic evidence of the object, involve contradiction in their very conceptions.

Kant, moreover, predicates the fallaciousness of theoretical reason on the ground that the forms of its cognitions result not from the object, but from the frame of the mind, and he adds that practical reason also is forced to assume certain postulates, among them the existence of God, not in virtue of an objective reason, but a merely subjective bent of the mind. Reid, too, grants both the insufficiency of reason left to itself to attain objective truth and its proneness to error and fallacy. But how is it possible that for the very subjective impulse, for which theoretical reason is unreliable, practical reason should be true? How can one faculty of rational nature be declared essentially deceitful, and the other, just for the reason that it belongs to our nature, be considered as infallible? In such systems, and consequently also in demonstration based on them, the preceding part destroys the following, and one tenet gainsays the other.

F. H. Jacobi, "the Sage of Pempelfort," tried to counteract Kant's philosophy, and to save from skepticism the reality of supersensible objects, as: God, providence, free-will, immortality, and morality. Following quite a different way he supposes three faculties in man: the senses, the organ for the material; reason, the organ for the immaterial; understanding, which gives our perceptions their form and reduces them to unity. The understanding, he admits, with its dialectical procedure and its conclusions grounded on the principle of causality, cannot reach the divinity as distinct from the world, but must needs end in atheism and nihilism. But reason, he thinks, perceives the immaterial immediately or intuitively, and in an analogous way, as the senses perceive the material. It is, says he, merely passive in perceiving, since it only receives an impression from the object, and does by no means judge or draw conclusions. Its cognitions, therefore, resting on no ground or proof, are termed by him sometimes senti-

ments or feelings, sometimes mere belief. It would not have been necessary to mention Jacobi's philosophy of non-science, as he himself calls it, had he not had a good many followers, and were not modern mysticism, that makes of religion only a matter of feeling, to a great extent based on his tenets. From what we have said against Kant, the falsity of Jacobi's philosophical system is evident, for into Kantism he more or less falls back, however much he tries to refute it. He, too, declares one faculty of our intellectual nature to be intrinsically fallacious; he, too, takes the conviction of reason for blind necessity, denying it any insight into objective truth and into the reason and causes of things, with only this difference, that Kant thinks the postulates of practical reason to result from the necessity of the subject, while Jacobi holds the axioms of reason to be blindly impressed on it by the necessity of the object. The blindness of his belief is well expressed by his saying that reason as well as the senses are in their perceptions merely passive; that is, merely perceiving an impression from the object. If that be so then there is no essential difference between cognition and the impression which a falling stone makes in the water; then cognition ceases to be an immanent act of the subject representing the object as it is in itself.

Plato showed greater genius when he taught God and immaterial objects in general to be known to man by innate ideas. Des Cartes and his school followed him in this regard, at least as far as God is concerned. Of this method I shall not speak in particular, since it is to be reduced to that of immediate intuition, and will, consequently, be refuted together with this. Des Cartes resorted to innate ideas because he thought the idea of the infinite could neither be impressed on our mind by finite and contingent beings, nor be gathered from them, since that which produces an idea or from which an idea may be gathered must contain the perfections of the object mentally represented. But nothing that is finite contains the perfections of what is infinite; consequently he concludes that God Himself stamps the idea of the infinite on our mind by the very act of creation.¹ Were it so God would also be the object immediately determining us to this idea. For, indeed, if what objectively determines the mind to it is finite, all his reasoning above is false, and he must allow that something finite may produce in us the idea of the infinite. Yet, what immediately and as an object determines our mind to a conception is also immediately or intuitively seen. According to Des Cartes's principles, therefore, God must be known to us by immediate intuition.² True,

¹ Des Cartes's school taught that the essence of the soul consisted in actual thought; many ontologists hold the same opinion.

² See F. Kleutgen, *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, II Band, n. 935-937, first edition.

he himself tried to take another way, but inconsistently. His disciples quite legitimately inferred the necessity of immediate intuition of God, and thus started a new system,—Ontologism.

According to the ontologists we see God intuitively as He is in Himself, and consequently also attain His existence, not by demonstration, but directly, though it be by reflexion on the intuitive act known more clearly and distinctly. For, as they say, by our direct intuition we are not cognizant of the divine essence, but either of the divine intellect containing the ideas of all things, or of God's creative act, or of the absolute and necessary being; and also this intuition is not granted to us separately from other acts, but is implied in our conceptions of finite beings, for which reason it is neither clear nor does it fall at first on our consciousness. However, they think to discover Him in our direct cognitions by a more careful reflection, and to obtain a distinct and determinate notion of His perfections by attention to the contingent beings that flow from Him as their source. Their assertions they base on the following reasons: that the material cannot produce in us the idea of the spiritual, as the finite cannot arouse the idea of the infinite; that the finite and the contingent are essentially relative to the infinite and the necessary, and therefore cannot be conceived without the notion of the two latter; that nothing can determine our mind to cognition but what exists, yet that the contingent is neither being nor existing by itself, and consequently cannot act on us by itself; that the universal, eternal, and necessary essences of finite beings are nothing in themselves, and not real, but in God, in His essence, omnipotence, and intellect; and are, consequently, not revealed to us but by Him; lastly, that God, being intimately present to us, determines our mind to His intuition.¹

The great advantage of this system, we are told, is the harmony.

¹ The ontologists attribute to the scholastics, at least to those of modern times, the opinion once maintained by Des Cartes, that the immediate object we perceive by our direct acts is not the thing outside us, but its image or representation within the cognitive faculty. They likewise say that according to scholastic views the intellectual act is performed by the faculty or the subject alone without any concurrence of the object. For this reason they call their system ontologism, because, according to it, the object itself is seen by us, and term that of the scholastics psychologism, because, according to it, we directly perceive only a phenomenon of the mind. But in one assertion, as well as in the other, the ontologists are entirely wrong. The ideas or species are not that of which we are directly cognizant, but that by which we are cognizant of an outside object: non id, *quod*, sed id, *quo* cognoscimus. Their error seems to arise from their not distinguishing in scholastic writings between the idea considered objectively and the idea considered subjectively or formally, between the image itself and the object represented by it. The concurrence of the object with the subject to perform the cognitive act is taught by the scholastics, ancient and modern, in the clearest terms; they require, just on this account, the *species impressa* originating from the object.

it professes to establish between the ontological and the psychological order; the derivation of all things from their supreme principle by the synthetic method, the contemplation of all truth in the divine, increate light. Indeed, very lofty ideas seem at first sight to be embodied in these theories. Yet the question is, whether they rest on sound principles and can be proved by solid reasons. This, however, must be denied, for ontologism is repugnant to human nature and to experience.¹

The nature of man being one, his operation also must be reduced to unity. On this account must not only the lower faculties of the senses be subordinate to the higher, to the intellect and the will, but also the latter depend on the former as their necessary instruments. Consequently the intellect draws its first conceptions from objects perceived and thus presented to it by the senses, and analogically with them forms ideas of the immaterial. Again, the immediate object of our cognition must be proportioned to the nature of our intellect, and therefore, as this is the faculty of a soul united to a body, the intelligible truth of matter must first and directly be known to us. St. Thomas² expounds and proves this fundamental tenet of scholastic philosophy again and again, but particularly in the eighty-fifth question of the first part of the *Summa Theologica*. Having laid down as a principle that the knowable object must be proportioned to the cognitive faculty, he infers, first, that for the senses, since they are bodily organs, the proper objects are the forms individually existing in matter, as they

¹ On ontologism, its tenets, its intrinsic repugnance, its condemnation by the Holy See, Father Kleutgen, S. J., has written a very learned and interesting treatise. It was first (in 1867) published in *Der Katholik*, of Mentz, and later added as a supplement to his renowned work on ancient philosophy. Many of our remarks are taken from thence.

² *Summa Theolog.*, i., p. 9, 85, art. 1. Respondeo dicendum, quod, sicut supradictum est, 9, 80, art. 2, et 9, 84, art. 7, objectum cognoscibile proportionatur virtuti cognoscitivæ. Est autem triplex gradus cognoscitivæ virtutis. Quædam enim cognoscitiva virtus est actus organi corporalis, scilicet sensus; et ideo objectum cuiuslibet sensitivæ potentiæ est forma prout in materia existit. Et quia huiusmodi materiâ est individuationis principium, ideo omnis potentia sensitivæ partis est cognoscitiva particularium tantum. Quædam autem virtus cognoscitiva est, quæ neque est actus organi corporalis, neque est aliquo modo corporali materiæ conjuncta, sicut intellectus angelicus; et huius virtutis cognoscitivæ objectum est forma sine materia subsistens. Etsi enim materialia cognoscant, non tamen nisi in immaterialibus ea intuentur, vel in se ipsis, vel in Deo. Intellectus autem humanus medio modo se habet; non enim est actus alicuius organi, sed tamen est quædam virtus animæ, quæ est forma corporis, et ex supradictis patet (9 F. 6, art. 1), et ideo proprium ejus est cognoscere formam in materia quidem corporali individualiter existens, non tamen prout est in tali materia. Cognoscere vero id, quod est in materia individuali, non prout est in tali materia, est abstrahere formam a materia individuali, quam repræsentant phantasmata. Et ideo necesse est dicere, quod intellectus noster intelligit materialia abstrahendo a phantasmatibus; et per materialia sic considerata in immaterialium aliquam cognitionem devenimus; sicut e contra Angeli per immaterialia materialia cognoscunt.

individually exist in it; then, that the angels, being pure spirits, and not united to a body, have for their proper object the immaterial, and see in or through it the material; last, that the human intellect, being the faculty of a soul embodied in matter, knows as its proper object the forms individually existing in matter, though not as they individually exist in it, and is cognizant of the immaterial only from the material. "The human intellect," says he, "is the faculty of a soul, which is the form of a body. Therefore it is peculiar to it to be cognizant of the form individually existing in matter, though not in the manner in which it individually exists in the same." After having remarked that such cognition is achieved by abstracting the form from individual matter as represented by the acts or images of our fancy, he concludes: "And, therefore, we must needs say that our intellect is cognizant of material objects by abstracting (their forms) from the images of fancy, and that from the material thus conceived it attains some knowledge of the immaterial, as on the contrary the angels know the material from the immaterial."

This dependence of the intellect on the senses, and on the fancy in particular and proximately, here inferred from the union of our soul with the body, St. Thomas elsewhere confirms from facts and instances of daily experience.¹ First, if our organs of sensation are not developed, or are hurt or hindered in their activity, the intellect also is prevented from action, so as to be unable to acquire new notions, or even to make use of those already acquired. Yet the intellect is no organic faculty. The reason, then, why, the senses being inactive, intellectual activity is impeded too, can lie only in its dependence on the sensitive operations. Again, if we strive to understand something, we form images of it by our fancy in order to see in them as in resemblances what we endeavor to know intellectu-

¹ S. Th., p. i., 9, 84, art. 7. Respondeo dicendum, quod impossibile est intellectum nostrum secundum præsentis vite statum, quo passibili corpori conjungitur, aliquid intelligere in actu, nisi convertendo se ad phantasmata. Et hoc duobis indiciis apparet. Primo quidem, quia cum intellectus sit vis quædam non utens corporali organo, nullo modo impediretur in suo actu per læsionem alicuius corporalis organi, si non requireretur ad eius actum actus alicuius potentie utens organo corporali. Utuntur autem organo corporali sensus et imaginatio et aliæ vires pertinentes ad partem sensitivam. Unde manifestum est, quod ad hoc, quod intellectus actu intelligat, non solum scientiam accipiendo de novo, sed etiam utendo scientia jam acquisita, requiritur actus imaginationis et ceterarum virtutum. Videmus enim quod impedito actu virtutis imaginativæ per læsionem organi ut in phreneticis, et similiter impedito actu memorativæ virtutis, ut in lethargicis, impeditur homo ab intelligendo in actu etiam ea, quorum scientiam præcepit.

Secundo, quia hoc quilibet in se ipso experiri potest, quod quando aliquis conatur aliquid intelligere, format sibi aliqua phantasmata per modum exemplorum, in quibus quasi inspicit quod intelligere studet. Et inde est etiam, quod quando aliquem volumus facere aliquid intelligere, proponimus ei exempla, ex quibus sibi phantasmata formare possit ad intelligendum. See also S. Th., p. i., 9, 84, art. 8.

ally. For the same reason, if we intend to make somebody understand a truth, we propose him examples, from which we may form images in his fancy. A striking illustration, indeed, of how the intellect needs the help of the senses, and contemplates the immaterial through the likeness of the material.

From these premises the impossibility of the immediate intuition of God follows evidently. God is the purest spirit, most remote from all materiality, infinitely perfect and sublime as to his essence and attributes; consequently, he is also least proportioned to our intellect and least knowable to our minds by immediate cognition. St. Thomas, in fact, having proved in general that no rational creature can see God intuitively by the natural power of the intellect, there being no proportion between a finite faculty and an infinite object,¹ still shows in particular man's incapability of attaining the intuition of the Divinity during this life, because the human soul, being united to a material body, naturally cannot know anything but the forms of matter and what may be deduced from these.² Ontologism is directly opposed to all these tenets and principles. It destroys man's unity in nature and in operation, as Plato, from whom it originates, once had done; it does not accord our activity to our nature or proportion the object of our cognition to our being; it makes no longer of the lower faculties the necessary instruments of the higher, and denies the dependence of the intellect on the senses; for, according to its theories, not from the senses does the intellect receive its peculiar object, but from the infinite being itself, and not from the sensible objects does it know the supersensible, but, on the contrary, through the light of the supersensible it understands the sensible, and from the immaterial the material. It is on such suppositions and by such assertions that the ontologist arrives at the necessity of the immediate intuition of God.

That this intuition does not exist in our mind we can prove, not only from the nature of man, as we have just done, but also from our own consciousness. The proof may be reduced to the following terms. If we saw God intuitively, we should be conscious of our seeing Him so. But we have no such consciousness; consequently we do not see God intuitively. But why should we be

¹ S. Th., p. i., 9, 12, art. 4.

² S. Th., p. i., 9, 12, art. 11. Respondeo dicendum, quod ab homine puro Deus videri per essentiam non potest, nisi ab hac vita mortali separetur. Cujus ratio est, quia, sicut supra dictum est, art. 4 hujus quæstionis, modus cognitionis sequitur modum nature rei cognoscentis. Anima autem nostra, quamdiu in hac vita vivimus, habet esse in materia corporali, unde actualiter non cognoscit aliqua, nisi quæ habent formam in materia, vel quæ per huiusmodi cognosci possunt. Manifestum est autem quod per naturas rerum naturalium divina essentia cognosci (*videri*) non potest. Ostensum est enim supra art. 1 et 9 huius quæstionis, quod cognitio Dei per quamcunque similitudinem creatam non est visio essentie ipsius. Unde impossibile est anime hominis secundum hanc vitam viventis essentiam Dei videre.

conscious of the intuition of God if we really enjoyed it? Because we may be conscious of any distinct act or cognition of our mind, at least if we try to call our attention upon it; generally we are conscious of it without or even against our will. Thus, no doubt, we have a very clear consciousness of our cognitive acts regarding sensible objects. We ought, consequently, also to be conscious of our seeing God intuitively, and the more so, if, as the ontologists say, in this light we see all other objects, they having intelligibility not in themselves, but in God. For if this be so, then the Divine Being is that which first and chiefly strikes our intellect, which is first and most clearly known to us; it is the source from which all other objects flow, and from which, if they are not seen flowing, they are not knowable at all. Therefore, if the immediate intuition of God were granted to us, we should be conscious of it more distinctly than of any other cognizance; we should be aware of it as the clearest, the most certain cognition we have, as the light and the source of all our knowledge. Yet we are not conscious of having such a cognition of God. The ontologists themselves grant it when they take refuge in habitual intuition; for by habitual intuition they understand one that is perpetually as an act in our mind, but escapes our consciousness. In reality man is not conscious of knowing God more clearly than sensible objects, and of having a fuller evidence of His existence than of his own self and this material world, else there would be no atheism and no gross errors about the Supreme Being; he does not inquire into the properties of matter by contemplating the Divinity, but, on the contrary, illustrates spiritual and divine truth by similitudes taken from material things; he does not form an immediate judgment that this world takes existence from God by creation, but finds its true origin only by reasoning. These facts, undeniably true and real, show that we are not conscious of the intuition of God, and that consequently we have no such intuition.

Its not existing in our minds is also proved from another fact. Certainly nobody on earth will say that he is perfectly happy. But the intuitive cognition of God necessarily produces full bliss and happiness in the soul. God by his intimate presence immediately determining us to his intuition, fills our intellect with His infinite truth, and our will with His infinite goodness, as much as they are capable of, and in the most perfect way. In this consists the happiness of a rational creature. Since, then, we do not enjoy complete happiness during this life, it follows that we have no immediate intuition of God.¹

¹ These two reasons are alleged also by St. Thomas against those who in or before his times thought, like the ontologists, that God is the first object of our cognition as He is the First Being and the Supreme Cause. He says: *Quidam dixerunt, quod*

Here, however, we meet with serious objections on the part of the ontologists. Our natural intuition of God, say they, is not a clear one, nor do we during this life see the divine essence, but we see only His creative act, or His idea, or the absolutely necessary being, which, though it is God, yet is not known to us to be God directly and immediately. Indeed, they have very good reasons to make exceptions, since here not only a fact of experience but also a dogma of faith comes into the question. It is necessary to say a few words for the solution of this objection. The very idea of immediate intuition excludes obscurity. In general of all cognitions those are the clearest which are immediate or intuitive, because they result from the influence of the object itself on the cognitive faculty, and, therefore, most distinctly represent it as it is in itself. Obscurity may arise in our cognitions from two causes; either from the insufficient presence of the object to the faculty, or, from the circumstance that we have to deduce the conception of one thing from another, in which it is not adequately contained or manifested. From the latter cause the intuition of God, as taught by the ontologists, cannot be obscure; for it is immediate. Neither can insufficient presence cause obscurity in it; for God is, as the ontologists fully agree and constantly repeat, intimately present to our soul, and by conserving and supporting our being constantly acts on us. Now if His presence determines our mind to intuition, our intellect is entirely pervaded with its fulness of objective light, with the light of the Divinity itself, and must, consequently, see the latter with the greatest clearness. This being so, it is also evident that whoever sees God immediately, intuitively and clearly knows also His essence, and that whoever by cognition is cognizant of the absolute and necessary being, directly perceives it also to be God. For, on account of His absolute and complete simplicity, there is in God no real distinction and composition whatsoever; His acts and His absolute attributes are His essence itself. If, therefore, God exhibits Himself to our mind immediately, not under the shade of figures and creatures, and consequently as He is in Himself, we cannot see His ideas or His creative act without seeing His essence, nor His absolute being without seeing His Godhead; we must, on the contrary, by the very act of immediate

primum, quod a mente humana cognoscitur, etiam in hac vita est Deus, qui est prima veritas, et per hanc omnia alia cognoscuntur. Sed hoc aperte est falsum: quia cognoscere Deum per essentiam, est hominis beatitudo, unde sequeretur omnem hominem beatum esse. Et præterea cum in divina essentia omnia, quæ dicuntur de ipsa, sint unum, nullus erraret circa ea, quæ de Deo dicuntur, quod experimento patet esse falsum: et iterum ea, quæ sunt prima in cognitione intellectus, oportet esse certissima, unde intellectus certus est, se ea intelligere, quod patet in proposito non esse. Opusc. 70. Super Boeth. de Trin., 9, 1, art. 3.

intuition know His wisdom, His power, and His absolute necessity to be His Divinity.

Moreover, according to the ontologists, we know God intuitively as far as He is the light and intelligibility of all knowable objects, the source of all finite essences, the cause of all existences, the absolute and necessary being. Yet we cannot know Him thus without seeing clearly and penetrating His essence. For the essence of God consists in His absolute necessity, or in His infinite perfection; but by His absolute necessity He is the last cause of contingent existences, and by His infinite perfection the source of all finite essences, of all being, and thus, also, of all intelligibility. Consequently, if we see in God, what the ontologists tell us we do, we must see His essence; and clearly and penetratingly too, because we know it as eminently containing all things in the infinite abundance of its perfection and constituting them in their essence and their existence.

But what shall we say about the reasons which the ontologists advance for their system? The two principal ones we shall consider soon, the others in the course of our discussion as occasion shall offer. First we heard them say that what is contingent has being and existence not by itself but by God, since the being of an object is its intelligibility. No doubt contingent beings have their existence not from themselves, but from the creative act of God. Yet if they are once created they have being and existence distinct from God, though still sustained and supported by His almighty power, for were they not distinct from God they would be divine, which is sheer pantheism. Having their own entity and existence distinct from that of any other being, and also of God, they have also their own intelligibility and their own power to act on our senses and to awaken through them our intellect. It is, for this reason, utterly false that contingent beings are not intelligible in themselves, but only in God. True, they always have an essential relation to God as their last cause and source; but our intellect being finite and imperfect, is not at once cognizant of all that is knowable of an object, but knows one of its properties after the other. Thus we know many a thing first as to its being considered in itself, and then as to its dependence on a cause which produces it. Yet, again, of this efficient cause we do not instantly know the specific nature, but find it after further reflection and inquisition. In the same way man may have a notion of beings which are contingent without being aware that they are contingent; and, again, after some reasoning he may discover that they are such, and consequently dependent on a cause, without yet knowing that they imply dependence on an infinite cause. If the ontologists insist on the non-intelligibility of the contingent, they must also deny

its own being and its distinction from God. This is one of the reasons why their system has been justly accused of containing the germs of pantheism.

The other reason, alleged as a chief support of ontologism, is the following : Whenever we think of an existing contingent being, we perceive in it an essence universal, eternal, necessary, and immutable. Now this essence is on the one hand no fiction of the mind, but real and, therefore, existing, and yet on the other hand cannot exist in the contingent beings themselves, they being as to their existence individual, temporal, not necessary, and mutable. Where, then, can such essences exist and from where may they be understood ? In God alone, it is answered ; because He alone is necessary, eternal, and immutable. Two very important tenets of ontologism seem thus to be well founded : the first is, that we cannot know any contingent being intellectually or as to its essence but in God ; the second is, that the universals (the essences common to many individuals and predicable of many) are, as far as they are real, God Himself. What is to be said in reply to this objection ? The metaphysical essences are, no doubt, no fiction of the mind, but have their objective reality. Yet it must be denied that whatever is real exists in itself. That also is real which is contained in or founded on an existing being ; for most certainly what is such, though it does not yet exist in itself, is no product of our mind or our abstractions. Now the finite essences are really contained in the contingent that exists ; for they are made actual and embodied, as it were, in it, just as the model is expressed in the statue carved after it. For this reason we can conceive the finite essences in and from contingent beings that exist, though, in order to have them universal and necessary, we must abstract them from the individual properties and accidental notes with which they are joined, and from the temporal existence which they have in the concrete. However, the existent beings, which we directly perceive, are not the last ground of these essences for the reason mentioned above, that the latter are eternal and necessary, whereas the former are contingent and temporal. What, then, may be this ground ? No doubt a necessary, eternal, immutable, self-existing being. It is not, however, necessary that they themselves exist as such a being ; it is only required that an absolute being exists, which is necessarily their foundation. The divine essence being participable and imitable outside itself is in reality, and on account of its being the only absolute, infinite, and self-existent being can also alone be the reason of them all. Nevertheless, in saying so we evidently differ from the ontologists. We firmly maintain that God's infinite essence is the last foundation of all finite essences ; yet we do not say, as the ontologists do, but, on the contrary, most explicitly, deny that

He is Himself the universal, necessary, and eternal essences of finite things, and that there is between Him and them no real distinction. This we must disavow; first, because else the universal would exist as such, which is absurd, and secondly, because, if God Himself were the finite essences as far as they are real, His simple and indivisible essence would also be in the finite beings as their essence, and we should say both God is humanity and materiality and humanity and materiality are God. But are these not pantheistic errors? Here we have another reason why ontologism is considered as leading to pantheism.

If nevertheless the authority of St. Thomas is appealed to, because he sometimes with St. Augustine calls God the light in which we know all things, it is not difficult to infer from his own words a meaning quite contrary to the teachings of the ontologists. He himself explains his mind at least in four different places of the first part of the *Summa Theologica*, where he discusses the question how God is the light of all our knowledge.¹ We know all things, he repeatedly inculcates, in the light of the first truth, not because God is the first object of which we are cognizant, but because our intellectual light, that is our intellectual power, is a participation of His intellect and created by Him to the imitation of the divine intellect.

After all, then, the method of the ontologists in evidencing the existence of God cannot be considered as solid and safe. Though it may have put on a scientific appearance, and it may be highly praised by its admirers as the only true philosophical system and the only sure way of refuting atheism, its very foundation is a mere fiction. There is no immediate intuition of God granted to us during this life; the unity and the finiteness of human nature reject it, our own consciousness testifies against it, the reasons alleged for it are not only not tenable, but, on the contrary, imply pantheism.²

¹ 9, 12, art. 2 et 11 ad 3; 9, 84, art. 5; 9, 88, art. 3 ad 1.

² It is claimed that, though ontologism has been condemned by the Holy See, yet not every form of it has been condemned. We must, therefore, consider in what way this condemnation was brought about. In 1861 the Congregation of the Roman Inquisition censured seven propositions as being such as could not be taught safely. I shall mention the first and the third. I. Propositio. Immediata Dei cognitio, habitualis saltem, intellectui humano essentialis est, ita ut sine ea nihil cognoscere possit, siquidem est ipsum lumen intellectuale. The immediate cognition of God, at least that which is habitual, is essential to the human intellect, so that without such cognition it cannot know anything at all, this cognition being the very intellectual light. III. Propositio. Universalis a parte rei considerata a Deo realiter non distinguuntur. The universals considered in their reality are not really distinct from God. The ontologists, then pretty numerous in France, generally thought that this condemnation was aimed at German pantheism. However, L. B. S. Brancheran, S. S., before publishing a new edition of his work, *Prælectiones philosophicæ in majori Seminaris Claromontensis primo habitæ*, deemed it prudent to ask the competent authority about the bearing of the said condemnation. Accordingly he condensed his system of ontologism into

From the principles and tenets laid down thus far it will now not be difficult to determine in what way God is knowable to man. As the object directly proportioned to human nature is the essence of sensible things, and as our intellect in general gathers the knowledge of the immaterial from the material, we cannot know God but from

fifteen propositions, and through the Arch.bishop of Tours and the Bishop of Nantes put the question to the Holy See whether they were or not implied in the seven propositions condemned in 1861. Cardinal Patrizi, then Secretary of the Congregation of the Inquisition, in 1862, replied to the Bishop of Nantes that the fifteen propositions in question scarcely differed from the seven already condemned and ought to be taught no longer, a decision to which L. Brancheran submitted with exemplary humility and obedience, and to the greatest satisfaction of the Holy See. In 1866 the Congregation of the Inquisition and the Index published a decree, approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, by which the works of G. C. Ubaghs, professor at the University of Louvain, a renowned ontologist, were condemned, because they contained teachings quite similar to some of those seven propositions. Mgr. Hugouin, before being promoted to the episcopal See of Bageuz, was urged by the Pope through the Nuncio at Paris to recant the opinions he had espoused in his work, *Etudes philosophiques*, and to promise to take care that they should not be taught in the schools any longer. The bishop-elect complied with the wishes of the Pope, and in 1866 published a declaration, in which he says that the opinions of his disapproved by the Holy See were his views on ontologism, because favorable to the seven propositions condemned in 1861. (See the documents in the *Revue de Sciences Ecclesiastiques*, 1866, Août; in *Der Katholik* of Mentz, October, 1866; in F. Kleutgen's *Treatise on Ontologism*, pages 15-20.)

From all this it is evident that in the seven propositions censured by the Holy See ontologism is concerned; and that the views of the French ontologists as to the immediate cognition of God and as to the universal essences were implied in them. Any other form, then, of ontologism, to which the first and the third of those seven propositions are also fundamental, we should infer, is likewise disapproved by the Holy See. Gioberti in particular, whose doctrines, if we are to believe Dr. Brownson, are not hit by the said decree of the Inquisition, requires the immediate intuition of God not less than the French authors mentioned above, though he does not advance for his assertion quite the same reasons. He thinks man cannot know anything but by immediately seeing God as he creates the contingent existences, and teaches that this first principle, "*ens creat existentias*," is known to us from the very beginning of our intellectual life, and is the light and the source of all knowledge in the ideal as well as in the real order. Then he denies that the finite and the contingent have an entity and intelligibility of their own, and says accordingly that they are only secondary and relative substances, supported by the first cause, and simple abstractions or modifications of the same; that they are individualizations and determinations of the absolute; that creation is not the production of a being out of nothing, but the production of modes in the absolute by the independent power of the latter; that the absolute is first vaguely conceived by us, but by reflection limited, determined and endowed with finite unity. There is indeed no form of ontologism so akin to pantheism as that of Gioberti's. Should this censure appear too severe to anybody, I appeal to his own letter, *Demopito alla gvine Italia*, in which he openly proclaims pantheism as the only solid philosophy. What the Holy See thought of Gioberti's system may be learned from the decree by which all his writings were put in the *Index librorum prohibitorum*. Dr. Brownson, to some extent, adopts and defends Gioberti's ontologism in several articles of the last series of his *Review*, particularly in his *Refutation of Atheism, Ontologism, and Psychologism*, and of F. Hill's *Philosophy*; all that he says tends towards proving the two propositions: "*Immediata Dei cognitio, habitualis saltem, intellectui humano essentialis est, ita ut sine ea nihil cognoscere possit, siquidem, est ipsum lumen intellectuale*," and "*Universalia a parte rei considerata a Deo realiter non distinguuntur*."

beings perceived by the senses. This inference St. Thomas draws very explicitly in the 88th question (art. 3) of the *Summa Theologica*. The human intellect, says he, owing to the condition of this life, cannot immediately know the created immaterial substances, and much less the essence of the increated substance. For this reason God is not the object of which we are first cognizant, but is known to us from creatures, and as the object directly proportioned to our intellect is the material, he is known to us particularly from the beings of this material and sensible world. The truth of this conclusion he confirms by the words of St. Paul (Rom. i. 20): "The invisible things of Him (God) from the creation of the world are clearly seen."¹

But how can the invisible be gathered from the visible and the infinite from the finite? To answer this difficulty, I invite the reader to a careful consideration of the following remarks: Perceiving objects presented to us by the senses, we first form a notion of their essence and thus conceive them as beings; for in reality they are beings and can, after having acted on our senses, be apprehended as such. Indeed, if our intellect were not capable of such cognition, what object could be proportioned to it? By further reflection we understand those beings to be produced, because we see them come into existence; contingent, because they are temporal; finite, not because they appear below the infinite, but because among them one is inferior to the other in perfection, and even the highest of them can still be conceived as perfectible and deficient in many regards. Then, from the contingent, that is the being, which can exist and not exist, we form the idea of the necessary by denying the possibility of non-existence; from the produced, the idea of the unproduced by denying production; from the finite, the idea of the infinite by denying all limits of perfection. Moreover, considering that the contingent and produced beings, which exist, require a cause which is not produced and contingent, we conceive the last cause to be the necessary and unproduced being and, therefore, of a quite different and much higher nature than the effects; and knowing that the perfection of the effect must pre-exist in the cause, we infer the last and universal cause to possess all the real and possible perfections of the universe, though not divided and

¹ S. Th., p. i., 9, 88, art. 3: Respondeo dicendum, quod cum intellectus humanus secundum statum presentis vite non possit intelligere substantias immateriales creatas, ut dictum est art. præc., multo minus potest intelligere essentiam substantiæ increatæ. Unde simpliciter dicendum est, quod Deus non est primum, quod a nobis cognoscitur, sed nâgis per creaturas in Dei cognitionem pervenimus, secundum illud Apostoli ad Rom. i. 20: Invisibilia Dei per ea, quæ facta sunt, intellecta conspiciuntur. Primum autem, quod intelligitur a nobis secundum statum presentis vitæ, est quidditas rei materialis, quæ est nostri intellectus objectum ut multoties supra dictum est 9, 84, art. 7 et 85, art. 1 et 87, art. 2 ad 2.

distinct from one another, but reduced to perfect unity and simplicity, and existing in it in a higher and eminent manner according to its superior nature. This is the threefold way of causality, remotion, and eminence, by which St. Thomas says we rise from the creature to the Creator. By the way of inference from the principle of causality we know Him to exist; by the remotion or negation of all the limits, dependence, or imperfections of the creature we conceive Him as independent, infinite, unproduced, self-existent; by exalting Him on this account over all His works, we understand that whatever perfection may be conceived from the world, as being, life, wisdom, goodness, power, beauty, is in Him in an eminent degree.¹ However, this cognition of God, as St. Thomas repeatedly remarks, is analogical and imperfect. Analogical it is, because we attribute to Him the perfections we gather from the sensible works of His power, though cleared from all limitation, and thus conceive Him from the entity, which the effect has in common with its last cause, or, in other words, from the similitude which the creature has with its Maker. Imperfect is the knowledge of Him, because, though we distinguish Him by it from any other being, still it does not fully manifest Him to us as He is in Himself. For as all the effects He produced in the universe cannot equal the infinite cause, He does not and cannot reveal all His excellence by His works. Even such perfections as are perceived by us from them, cannot be transferred to Him as his peculiar attributes but by denying the limits they have in the creatures, and thus we know Him rather by conceiving what He is not than by conceiving what He is.²

From the visible world, therefore, we can really gain the knowledge of its invisible Creator, though not one by which we see Him clearly and in the fulness of His perfections, but one by which we understand His essence only inadequately and with much obscurity, and contemplate Him, not directly as He is in Himself absolutely simple and infinite, but indirectly as far as His image is faintly reflected from the multitude of His works both unequal to Him and representing His perfections one distinct from the other. We ought, therefore, to say, not that the finite cannot produce in us an idea of the infinite, but that it cannot give us an intuitive insight into the infinite and reveal it to us as it is in itself absolutely simple and yet infinitely perfect. This St. Thomas and all the scholastics after him taught and most forcibly insisted upon.³

It is now necessary to call the attention of the reader to the

¹ S. Th., p. i, 9, 12, art. 12; 9, 13, art. 1, art. 8 ad 2, art. 10 ad 5.

² S. Th., p. i, 9, 12, art. 12. See also Cardinal Franzelin, S. J., *De Deo Uno*, sect. ii., page 154.

³ S. Theol., p. i, 9, 12, art. 11. *Summa c. Gentes*, bib. iii, cap. 49.

particular manner in which we perceive the perfections of sensible objects. Whenever they strike our senses we form by the intellect an idea of their essences, and of the essences of their properties and their attributes. It is thus that we acquire the conceptions, for instance, of being, of action, of power, of order, of wisdom, of virtue, of necessity, of freedom. Now all such essences are abstract for a twofold reason. First, we have abstracted them either from any subject at all, or at least from any individual and determinate subject, and thus they become universal and predicable of many; of the contingent and the absolute, the finite and the infinite, provided they do not involve a limitation in their very conception. Secondly, we have abstracted them also from physical existence so as neither to include it in them nor to exclude it from them, on which account they belong to the metaphysical order and can be predicated of the possible as well as the existent. The essence of beauty, for instance, is neither something that as such individually exists, nor something that is merely possible; and, therefore, by conceiving it we do not know at all whether there is something beautiful actually existing in nature or not. It is of importance to observe that we conceive God and his attributes by such abstract notions drawn from sensible beings; for this will be decisive in the question how His existence is to be demonstrated.

The cognoscibility of God from the visible objects of this world granted, two ways have been proposed to evidence His existence. St. Anselm,¹ and after him several philosophers, among them Des Cartes and Leibnitz, tried to show it by a simple analysis of the idea of God, and for this reason affirmed it to be self-evident, or known by the mere comparison of the two notions: God and existence. We think God, say they, to be the most perfect or infinite and absolutely necessary being. But infinity and absolute necessity include existence in their very essence or conceptions. It seems, therefore, that the existence of God can be proved from the idea we have of him; or, as others say, *a priori* or *a simultaneo*. St. Thomas and his school have always rejected this proof as insufficient. He allows that God's essence involves His existence, or, rather, is in reality identical with it, but denies that we can attain it so as directly and without demonstration to see real existence contained in it. And why? Because we do not see God immediately, and by ideas drawn from His entity, but we think of Him by conceptions gathered from the creatures, made universal by abstraction, and then applied to Him, after having been purified, as it were, by the exclusion of all limits and all imperfections. However such abstract conceptions, as I said above, do not in-

¹ Proslog., c. 2.

volve physical or actual existence, but are abstracted from it; and, consequently, we conceive the essence of God without perceiving Him as actually existing. But it is objected that infinity and absolute necessity, which constitute His essence, also, according to our conception, include existence. No doubt they do, but that existence again belongs to the metaphysical, not to the physical order; or, in other words, it is ideal, not actual. For existence may be conceived in a twofold way: in the abstract, so that we only know its nature or its quiddity; in the concrete, so that we perceive something as actually existent in the universe.¹

Since, then, we do not directly know God as He is in Himself, neither by intuition nor by drawing from His creatures a concrete and proper, that is, not an analogical idea of Him, we cannot prove His essence *a priori*, or from His very essence. There remains, therefore, nothing else than to demonstrate it from the effects He produces in this visible world. Such is always the procedure of our cognizance. What we do not know of a being from its essence or in general from its causes, intrinsic or extrinsic, we must learn from its operations. St. Thomas very distinctly points out this way as the most appropriate to demonstrate the existence of God, after he had rejected St. Anselm's proof, and in general any evidence of the same by the analysis of His essence. There are, says he,² two ways of demonstration: one from the cause of a thing; and the other from its effects. From the latter we demonstrate the existence of their cause; for as the effect is dependent on and produced by the cause, it cannot exist, the cause not pre-existing. We have to make use of the demonstration *a priori*, whenever the effects are better known to us than the cause. This is really so in regard to God. For His essence, the intrinsic cause, is not attained by us by a conception involving actual existence, and on extrinsic causes He is not dependent at all. On the contrary, the effects He has produced in this material world are proportioned to our cognitive faculties and can be perceived by us directly and immediately. Consequently we can prove His existence only from the effects wrought by Him. This reasoning shows both the sole way of demonstrating this truth and the validity of such demonstration.

¹ Summa Theol., p. i., 9, 2, art. 1.; S. e. Gentes, lib. i., lip. xi.; Quæst. disp. de Veritate, 9, 10, art. 12; Kleutgen, Philosophie der Vorzeit, I Band, n. 93, F. 943.

² Summa Theol., p. i., 9, 2, art. 2. Respondeo dicendum, quod duplex est demonstratio. Una quæ est *propter quid*, et hæc est per priora simpliciter; alia est per effectum et dicitur demonstratio *quia* et hæc per ea, quæ sunt priora quoad nos. Cum enim effectus aliquis nobis est manifestior sua causa, per effectum procedimus ad cognitionem causæ. Ex quolibet autem effectu potest demonstrari propriam eius causam esse, si tamen eius effectus sint magis noti quoad nos; quia cum effectus dependent a causa, posito effectu, necesse est causam præexistere. Unde Deum esse secundum quod non est per se notum quoad nos, demonstrabile est per effectus nobis notos.

The method of gathering the knowledge of God from this visible world and of inferring His existence from His works, is not only approved of by Sacred Scripture, but also recommended as quite convincing. "That," says St. Paul (Romans i., 19-21), "which is known of God is manifested in them (the Gentiles); for God has manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: His eternal power also and divinity, so that they are inexcusable." In the Book of Wisdom (xiii. 1-6) we read, "But all men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God, and who by these good things that are seen could not understand Him, that is, neither by attending to the works have acknowledged who is the workman; but have imagined either the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun and moon to be the gods that rule the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted, took them to be gods: let them know how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they; for the first Author of beauty made all those things. Or, if they admired their power and their effects, let them understand by them that He that made them is mightier than they. For by the greatness of the beauty and of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby." The apostle, in general, points out the way of knowing God, His divinity (essence), power, and eternity, which he calls invisible, either because they are not perceived by our senses, or because they cannot be seen intuitively by the natural power of our intellect. Even to the Gentiles, says he, who had no supernatural revelation, they have become knowable from the creatures of this world, and have in this way been manifested to them so clearly that their idolatry or ignorance of the true God is inexcusable. More particularly we are told in the Book of Wisdom how man ought to have been cognizant both of God's existence and His infinite perfections. From the good things which they have seen, the heathen should have understood Him that is (τὸν ὄντα), the absolute being; from the works they attended to they should have acknowledged Him who effected them; from the beauty of the elements, the sun, the moon, and the stars, with which they were so much delighted as to take them for Gods, they should have inferred how much more beautiful than they the Lord, the author of all beauty, must be; from the power of the earthly and heavenly bodies, which they admired, they should have known that the Maker of them is still mightier; for, it is added at last, as a general axiom, from the greatness of the beauty and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby. This last clause is in the Greek text expressed by the simple adverb ἀναλόγως, which the Vulgate translates with *cognos-*

cibiliter, but is rendered still more exactly by *consequenter*, or *concludendo*, or *analogice*, so that the sense of the whole phrase is: From the greatness of the beauty and the creatures, the Creator of them may be known by inference or analogically.¹

Having seen that the existence of God can be known to us neither by a blind subjective impulse, as Reid and Kant thought, nor by a blind impression on the part of the object on our reason, as Jacobi imagined, nor by immediate intuition, as the ontologists teach, nor by the analysis of the conception we have of Him, as it seems to those who admit the ontological proof *ab idca*, but that, on the contrary, it is evidenced only by demonstration *a posteriori*, or *ab effectu*, we shall in another article discuss the second question, to wit: By what proof is it demonstrated by the theists?

(To be continued.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND HIS LATEST NOVEL.

Endymion. By the author of "Lothair."

The Young Duke; *Vivian Grey*; *Coningsby*, etc. By the same author.

HALF a century ago Mr. Disraeli began his political career by being a novelist who dabbled in statesmanship. He ends by being a statesman who dabbles in novels. All his stories, from *Vivian Grey* to *Endymion*, were written with a view to statesmanship. At least they were so intended; and very grandiloquent were some of the author's early announcements regarding the merit of his works. These it would be ungenerous to recall, though probably no man to-day would laugh more heartily at such youthful ebullitions than the aged and wary statesman who has lived to achieve more than even the wildest of his heroes ever dreamed of achieving. In all his novels he had a purpose, and novels with purpose generally fail. The purpose is apt to be too much for the story. Those who wish to hear a sermon will go to church; or a policy defined and defended will go to the senate. In a novel they look for love, adventure, humor, the delineation of character. To trace up the tangled web of a Berlin treaty, to show how to overthrow a government, is to the novel-reader as nothing com-

¹ Cardinal Franzelin, S. J., *De Deo Uno*, sect. i., p. 41.

pared with unfolding the mesh of Belinda's love for Orlando, or the catastrophe of her fainting fit. Such is human nature. It doubtless is a lamentable fact that it should be so, but we have to take men and women as we find them. Consequently it is not surprising to know that the novels of Miss Braddon are far more popular than those of Mr. Disraeli, and viewed merely as novels are doubtless far more interesting and cleverly written. Bulwer's stories certainly are so; as are Dickens's, and even Thackeray's, who, in his way, was fond of preaching a lay sermon.

One thing, and one thing only, saved Disraeli's stories. The author was always a much more interesting personage than any he depicted, than even the fantastic heroes that are supposed to represent himself. This is really a high compliment to the author. He is read less for the sake of his story than of the teller. At the same time his stories have certain characteristics, certain interests of their own, a special value and special peculiarities, that no man ever before commanded or will in all probability ever command again. There is a fund of worldly wisdom in all of them, not excluding the extravagance of *Vivian Grey*, a marvellous keenness and accuracy of observation, a happy method of individualizing a character in a few sentences, of analyzing and unfolding the ideas that move the men who move the world, occasionally a quiet Mephistophelian laugh at the jumble of persons, motives, and blunders that we call the world, which no story-writer has so completely exhibited. This cannot fail to be interesting, and to students of the world of human nature is more attractive than even the loves of Belinda and Orlando.

To most people, too, of course not to the high and mighty personages who are above all human weakness and human prejudice, there is something attractive in the fact that the author of *Endymion* is Lord Beaconsfield; not that he is an earl,—even earls, it is to be supposed, can talk and write nonsense,—but that he is the particular person he is. After all, Lord Beaconsfield is one of the world's statesmen. He is a man of affairs, and of great affairs. His story, as before said, is more romantic than any he could possibly write. The man who challenged O'Connell, by whom he was very nearly crushed; who rose up from his discomfiture to destroy Peel; who, rising from what to the Tories was nothing, fought his way to the chieftainship of that aristocratic and rather thickheaded party; who, to use his own phrase, "educated them up" to modern ideas, and finally, after a quarter of a century of failure and hopeless disaster, led them into the promised land of office and victory, will always be one of the most picturesque figures of the age. From the bench of an attorney's clerk to an honored seat at the Berlin Con-

gress is a long and eventful leap, and the man who made it by the sheer force of his will, his intellect, his skill, and undaunted courage is necessarily a worthy study to his fellow-men.

This is the man, deep in years and hard-won honor of the highest kind that this world recognizes, who sits down to tell the world a story of a little love and of great adventure. He has already passed the years of threescore and ten. For half a century he has battled with fortune, with adverse circumstances, and with as keen opposing intellects and as strong prejudices and hates as can prevail in political life. If he has not wholly conquered he has at least won great victories, and has certainly not been vanquished. It is not now the aspiring and dreaming youth of the author of *Vivian Grey* who is flinging his startling views into the arena of English life and politics, audaciously telling England how it ought to be governed, what questions are those of deepest moment, how parties are to be formed. "The wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy*," as merry Father Prout put it, is now a very old gentleman indeed and sadly afflicted with the gout. It was hardly to be expected that he should show all the old fire, the free daring spirit, the abounding audacity of half a century ago. Time and struggle chasten all men gifted with sense, and who recognize a world outside themselves, their thoughts, and their schemes,—a world, that will sometimes agree, but more often disagree with them. Moreover, success is itself a great chastener of great spirits. It entails responsibility. As long as we are Ishmaels, our hand against every man's, we may do and dare and say anything. We are our own masters and answerable only for our own actions. But once in power, once charged with the cares and, to some extent, the guidance of others, we have to take them into account and subdue ourselves to their requirements. This Disraeli did. His novels poured out thick and fast while still he was a political Ishmael, while fighting his way and feeling the public pulse. Like most young men determined to make for themselves a high place in the world, he set in by being a reformer, and young reformers find everything wrong. He was even what is called a radical,—dreadful name, that is not always clearly defined, yet is generally used to stamp a man as with the brand of Cain. The Church was wrong; the land was wrong; the parties were wrong; the order of society was wrong; literature was wrong; the Eastern question was not understood at all and the conduct of it was very wrong indeed. The inference was obvious. The only man who really comprehended the general situation and was fitted to set things right, in fact, to restore England to the position she held at the Congress of Vienna and possibly advance her a step higher, was the author of *Vivian Grey*.

And who was the author of *Vivian Grey*? Nobody exactly knew. There was a pale young man, rather gorgeously attired, with a Jewish cast of countenance and a lofty brow set off by carefully cultivated raven locks, who had gained the *entrée* to certain fashionable London houses and insisted on showing himself wherever he could be seen to the best advantage. In dress and appearance he manifested the florid taste of his race. He was half a dreamer, half a scoffer; highly sensitive, yet with a calm confidence in himself. He believed he had "a mission," what particular mission was not very clear; but, as he says in *Endymion*, "men with missions do not disappear till they have fulfilled them." This was one of the oracular *dicta* in which young Mr. Disraeli and old Mr. Disraeli had the habit of indulging. They have a profound sound; they contain often more than half truths, and yet they may be wholly wrong. All men of character probably have missions in this world, but the missions often fail because the missionaries fail. They get married, or they die, or are won over to the other side, or get rich, or get the gout, and leave the mission to some one else. This young man's mission was probably simply the natural ambition of one who felt in himself great things stirring. He had no special religious faith. His father was a book man, a very delightful *litterateur*, a Hebrew who deserted his faith for the reason apparently that his own people bothered him too much about it. He did little for his son. He left him a name of some honor and distinction, and doubtless many charming memories, for the son always revered his father. The boy received baptism in the Anglican Church. His ambition grew with him, and soared very high. Its highest object was to be Prime Minister of England. It was a wild dream, but it took hold of him. Politics became his absorbing study. To rise in this most fascinating, powerful, and dangerous world, he bent every energy of an indomitable will and a plastic and keen intelligence. He did not study books so much as men and women. The all-powerful influence of women in human life, whatever its form or grade, has always been one of his fixed dogmas.

To this end literature was with him but a stepping-stone. He never valued it for itself. Every novel he wrote was a political pamphlet, and one worthy of attention if not of study. It was the only means at the time for a young and unknown man to catch the eye and the ear of the great world. He seized on it and used it with wonderful effect. Much of what he wrote was laughed at, but it was all read, and by the very world for which he chiefly intended it. The style was not of the best; but it was full of daring spirit, of biting irony, of much truth very clearly and forcibly put, of intense sarcasm for many cherished beliefs and in-

stitutions of one or both of the great English parties. Public characters under the thinnest guise of fiction were pilloried as Junius never pilloried his victims. It is sad to confess it; but probably the most enjoyable reading for the general public is strong and clever assaults on its leading public characters. Disraeli saw this, and whetted his favorite weapon of satire on almost every man of mark.

The story of his first attempts to enter Parliament under the shield of O'Connell, and the manner in which he repaid O'Connell's kind offices, is too well known to need mention here. The great Irishman gave the man who turned on him considerably more than he had received; and the name of Disraeli will never be mentioned without calling up the image of the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief," an illustration that only O'Connell could draw. It is not the purpose here to trace the chequered political career of the man who, beginning by being a radical, fastened himself on the Tory party, and to secure his leadership ousted Peel for accepting a policy that he himself has accepted long since; much as he defeated Earl Russell for his "revolutionary" Reform Bill only to supplant it by one more revolutionary still. As he advanced in power and became absorbed in the business of politics his novels were necessarily less frequent. He had attained the purpose for which they were written. He scorned to be a mere literary man. Literature was to him nothing; merely a means to an end. The world had almost forgotten Disraeli the novelist in Disraeli the statesman. A new generation had sprung up very different in mode of life, thought, and tone from the "Young England" to which Disraeli made his first addresses. The new generation was going wrong. It was going to Rome on one side and revolution on the other. It needed guidance and instruction; a new gospel in fact. So Mr. Disraeli gave it *Lothair*, which was meant to be at once an anti-Catholic and an anti-revolutionary pamphlet.

Why he suddenly and in so absurd a manner assailed the Catholics it is hard to say, save for a poor political effect. His earlier works, where they manifested any religious sympathy at all, divided it between Catholicity and Hebraism. Some of the finest characters in all his stories are Catholics, and Catholics endowed with every virtue of mind and soul. This treatment of them was particularly noble and generous in Disraeli's earlier days. On the other hand, no man probably ever so mercilessly assailed Anglican pretensions and the Anglican episcopate. The chieftain of a party must in shifting times such as these be more or less of a trimmer; so in the debates on the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, there was something ironical in the posi-

tions of the two opposing leaders. Mr. Gladstone had set out by writing a work on *Church and State* of which an Archbishop of Canterbury might be proud. Yet he came in as the leveller of that branch of the "deadly Upas-tree" that overshadowed Ireland, the Established Church. Mr. Disraeli, the bitter assailant of the same Church, rose up with more than orthodox solemnity as the champion of the inviolable union between Church and State in Ireland as everywhere else. It may have been this that led to the production of *Lothair*, which read like a party cry to his followers; a cry that arrayed the Catholic Church and European Liberalism as the common foes of Englishmen, and a common danger to the laws and liberties of the realm.

Lothair, though a financial success, could scarcely be styled so in a literary sense. It was certainly not a model of English style; it was not an interesting novel; it was fantastic as ever; to a Catholic it was in many of the portions relating to Catholic affairs absurd and insulting. Nevertheless, it had pages and pages of great wisdom, skilful characterization, and power. After *Lothair*, to use a convenient expression of the author's, "many things happened." Mr. Gladstone's "blustering majority" blew itself to pieces; and, rather to his surprise, Mr. Disraeli found himself in power with a strong majority at his back for the first time. *Vivian Grey's* wildest dreams were at length realized, and destined to be realized more fully than ever that prophetic youth could by any possibility have foreseen.

It was in 1874, and nothing remarkable occurred for some time. In the summer of 1875, however, a little insurrection broke out in Herzegovina. The Porte set to work to put it down, and in three months confessed itself out of funds. The borrowed funds of European capitalists given to sustain the Turkish Empire were gone, not even the Turks knew whither, and there was nothing to show for them. The insurgents took courage and the insurrection spread. It is not difficult to feed an insurrection in the South of Europe. Meanwhile the new Premier had sprung one of the surprises in which he delights, both in politics and fiction, on the English people. They learned with extreme gratification that the government had purchased what was practically a controlling share in the Suez Canal. This was the beginning of the "spirited foreign policy," with which the Tory party had been credited so long as they had no opportunity of exerting any foreign policy at all in the cool shade of opposition. The little insurrection in Herzegovina developed with startling rapidity into the war between Russia and Turkey. The details of the struggle are known. After overcoming their severe reverses the Russian armies swarmed down upon Constantinople. Now or never was the time for England to

manifest a spirited foreign policy. The Russians were at the very gates of Constantinople. That lightning diplomatist, General Ignatieff, of whom little has been heard since,—little is heard of men who have failed,—had concluded a snap treaty with Turkey, that was to all intents and purposes a Russian dictation. England was alarmed, but popular feeling was still sluggish to move. The organs of public opinion were strongly against active interference, however much they might cry out against the rapacity of Russia. Lord Beaconsfield, for to that well-won dignity he had come at last, was always a keen observer as well as a daring man. He knew the English people better than the editors of newspapers, whose business it is to know everything, and, therefore, too much. After the death of Palmerston, the Liberal statesmen of England had settled down contentedly to the policy of non-interference in foreign affairs. This policy had become a tradition and a custom; and "custom," as Sidney Wilson says in *Endymion*, "in England is a power; but let some event suddenly occur which makes a nation feel or think, and the whole thing might vanish like a dream."

The event had occurred; the nation was aroused; it felt and thought that Russia was going to secure to itself Constantinople. Lord Beaconsfield discussed the signs of the times, and at the sacrifice of two of his chief colleagues in the Ministry, on his own responsibility, ordered the British fleet into Besika Bay and called in to Malta a contingent of the Indian troops. English public opinion approved of the bold action. Europe realized that the movement meant war if Russia was not stayed; so, to prevent war, General Ignatieff's Stevano treaty with Turkey was laid on the table of the Berlin Congress of Powers, considered before them clause by clause, and to some extent modified.

And at that memorable Congress, the most memorable and eventful since the Congress of Vienna, with Prince Bismarck presiding and Prince Gortchakoff opposing, and the representatives of the Powers of Europe around him, sat Vivian Grey, now quite an old man, but with the power of Great Britain in his hand. No figure was more conspicuous and none more interesting than that of the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." He was credited with having won his way there and asserted England's authority in European councils. Before leaving he effected another *coup*, another surprise. He returned to England with Cyprus in his pocket, purchased at a dangerous price it is true, but Englishmen did not consider the cost at the moment. His return was an ovation. The people grew wild over him, much as they grew wild over Wellington after Waterloo. It was considered a Waterloo of diplomacy, without the spilling of a drop of English blood. He received the charter of the city of London, which had already illuminated in

his honor. The Queen, whom he had made an Empress, made him a Knight of the Garter. His enemies were vanquished. His cup of honor was full to overflowing. The English people were so proud of him, so confident of his sagacity, so trustful of his skill, in conducting the affairs of the nation, that in two years from that date they turned him out of office and turned his rival in.

Outside of the region of arms was there ever a more remarkable career? This is the man who, in his brief exile from office and in his declining years, sits down to tell the world another story: *Endymion*. The world cannot help being interested in it; in what such a man has to say in any form. And what is *Endymion*? His former stories were chiefly political pamphlets written with a direct purpose. This is in the main a political retrospect, and as becomes the years and in a sense the completed fortunes of the man; for, though it is by no means unlikely that he will return to office and possibly set the stamp of his mind and character again on English legislation, it is not likely that he will ever again surpass the startling brilliancy of the past. The sense that he has almost fulfilled his "mission" is visible in *Endymion*. He has nothing new to propose. He goes back to the period of his early years and struggles, the stormy time at which he entered public life, and touches and illuminates that period by the gathered wisdom of years in the bright light of the present. All is memory, reflection, anecdote, pictures of men dead and gone, their struggles and failures, triumphs and hopes, policies and fears, lit with a little pale love in order to make a story and forcing with skilfully concealed purpose past lessons to bear on present events. There lies the whole interest of the story; the reminiscences and reflections of a man of exceptional experience of public life and public men and measures, whose intellect is undimmed and who still stands before the world as one of its leading statesmen as well as one of its most unique and picturesque characters.

The chastening influence of half a century of struggle, chequered by great failures and triumphs as great, of profound experience and deepening years, is everywhere discernible. The brilliant dash, the headlong *elan*, the audacious scorn of most men and measures, of policies and methods, of society and its humbugs, of petticoat politics and twaddling ministers, that marked *Vivian Grey*, *Tancred*, *Coningsby*, and the rest of them, is not to be found in *Endymion*. The very form has suffered in consequence. The style in many parts is quite slipshod and faulty. Perhaps Lord Beaconsfield, with the scorn he here manifests and frequently expresses for mere literary men, feels himself above conforming to the ordinary demands of English composition. It was once complained that the Queen's speeches were written in "washerwoman's Eng-

lish," whatever that felicitous style may be. Exception might be taken to the charge, on the ground that at least washerwomen may be credited with the faculty of expressing themselves clearly on matters within their comprehension, a character that as a rule is conspicuously absent from Queen's speeches. Still the charge was made under a liberal administration. *Endymion* perhaps is not a model of "washerwoman's English," but then it might be worse. At times it is very bad, as any one who reads it will discover before having finished a dozen pages. At the same time it is pleasing to confess that in other respects Lord Beaconsfield's right hand has not forgotten its cunning. There are still all the old characteristics, good as well as bad. There is the old gloating over fine furniture, fine surroundings, fine jewels—he is always strong on jewels with a sort of race instinct—fine people. In Lord Beaconsfield's story there are many mansions, many palaces, very few houses. There is an oppressiveness of glitter and glare. The very lackeys of the great people wear a glorified air, and their powder and puffs seem as incense in the author's nostrils. They glide through gilded saloons, where great personages kiss the hands of gorgeously arrayed ladies, supported by costly cushions, and then vanish into air. All the glitter, the trappings of this favored region, that to men born in the purple are simple matters of course, and call for no special mention, are brought out in the strongest relief and in every possible light by the man who has forced his way into the sacred precincts of the nobility. He looks down contemptuously on the frantic and envious attempts of the St. Barbes to follow him, and graciously shows them the distinction between the real article and the spurious; the nobility as he is allowed to see them, and not the nobility in the imagination of the St. Barbes. The nobility ought to feel deeply indebted to their champion, while novel-mongers, who are in the habit of consulting the Ouidas or Miss Braddon for a knowledge of the habits and customs of the peerage, ought to feel equally grateful to the ennobled author, though perhaps they may feel some twinges of disappointment at not finding the nobility exactly as wicked as a long course of novel-study had led them to expect.

The story takes us back to what in these rapid days are almost prehistoric times. It opens at the period of the first Reform Bill, and gives some brief but very interesting pictures of London and London life at that epoch. People still travelled by stage-coach, and sedan-chairs were not absolutely out of fashion. The memory of Waterloo was fresh in men's minds. It was not long since Castlereagh's death, and Canning was in power. It was a stirring time. The revolt of the American Colonies and establishment of the Republic of the United States, the outbreak of the French

Revolution, the astonishing career of Napoleon Bonaparte, had set men everywhere thinking, and served to a considerable degree to open up their minds. There were questions afloat on all sides, and behind all was the irresistible influence of popular progress.

"They have got a new name for this hybrid sentiment," said the Ambassador. "They call it public opinion."

"How very absurd!" said Zenobia; "a mere nickname. As if there could be any opinion but that of the sovereign and the two houses of Parliament!"

"They are trying to introduce here the Continental Liberalism," said the great personage. "Now we know what Liberalism means on the Continent. It means the abolition of property and religion. Those ideas would not suit this country; I often puzzle myself to foresee how they will attempt to apply Liberal opinions here."

Such were some of the questions beginning to agitate the world in that day, and which have not yet altogether ceased to move it. But the world of that day was very different from ours.

"The great world then, compared with the huge society of the present period, was limited in its proportions, and composed of elements more refined though far less various. It consisted mainly of the great landed aristocracy, who had quite absorbed the nabobs of India, and had nearly appropriated the huge West Indian fortunes. . . . Those vast and successful invasions of society by new classes, which have since occurred, though impending, had not yet commenced. The manufacturers, the railway kings, the colossal contractors, the discoverers of nuggets, had not yet found their place in society and the Senate. There were then, perhaps, more great houses open than at the present day, but there were very few little ones. . . .

"The season then was brilliant and sustained, but it was not flurried. People did not go to various parties on the same night. They remained where they were assembled, and, not being in a hurry, were more agreeable than they are at the present day. Conversation was more cultivated; manners, though unconstrained, were more stately; and the world being limited, knew itself much better. On the other hand, the sympathies of society were more contracted than they are at present. The pressure of population had not opened the heart of man. The world attended to its poor in its country parishes, and subscribed and danced for the Spitalfields weavers when their normal distress had overflowed; but their knowledge of the people did not exceed these bounds, and the people knew very little more about themselves. They were only half born."

This is doubtless a very true, as it is unquestionably a very graphic picture of the state of society at the time. If society has widened, and the people gained much since those days, then some things have been lost that were worth retaining. As for the state of the Church then, the present champions of Anglicanism had evidently a very low estimate of its ways, if not quite so ferociously drawn as Macaulay's of the same Church, in the eighteenth century.

"The English Church had no competent leaders among the clergy. The spirit that has animated and disturbed our later times seemed quite dead, and no one anticipated its resurrection. The bishops had been selected from college dons, men profoundly ignorant of the condition and wants of the country. To have edited a Greek play with second-rate success, or to have been the tutor of some considerable patrician,

was the qualification then deemed desirable and sufficient for an office, which at this day is at least reserved for eloquence and energy. The social influence of the Episcopal bench was nothing. A prelate was rarely seen in the saloons of Zenobia. It is since the depths of religious thought have been probed, and the influence of woman in the spread and sustenance of religious feeling has again been recognized, that fascinating and fashionable prelates have become favored guests in the refined saloons of the mighty, and while apparently indulging in the vanities of the hour, have re-established the influence which in old days guided a Matilda or the mother of Constantine."

Nothing could be better told than all this, and the comprehensive directness and strong simplicity of the style shows the author at his best, and he is at his best in writing when he is least himself. A companion picture to it, is the education of a prospective cabinet minister of the period.

"Those were days when a crack university regulation often opened the doors of the House of Commons to a young aspirant—at least after a season. But Ferrars had not to wait. There, if his career had not yet realized the dreams of his youthful admirers, it had at least been one of progress and unbroken prosperity. His first speech was successful, though florid, but it was on foreign affairs, which permit rhetoric, and in those days demanded at least one Virgilian quotation. In this latter branch of oratorical adornment Ferrars was never deficient. No young man of that time, and scarcely any old one, ventured to address Mr. Speaker without being equipped with a Latin passage. Ferrars, in this respect, was triply armed. Indeed, when he entered public life, full of hope and promise, though disciplined to a certain extent by his mathematical training, he had read very little more than some Latin writers, some Greek plays, and some treatises of Aristotle. These, with a due course of Bampton Lectures and some dipping into the *Quarterly Review*, then in its prime, qualified a man in those days, not only for being a member of Parliament, but becoming a candidate for the responsibility of statesmanship."

The Ferrars here mentioned is the father of the hero, Endymion, and of his twin sister, Myra. In the shifting course of politics Ferrars fails; his great promise and expectations come to naught. He retires early, a broken-down man, and his mind and courage refusing to bear up against the strain of misfortune put upon them, he ends by committing suicide. His children, brought up in every early luxury, are thrown penniless upon the world. Myra, gifted with great beauty of person, keen intelligence, and an indomitable will, devotes her life and purpose to the lifting up of their fallen fortunes and setting her brother on the highest pinnacle of fame. He resembles her in beauty, but his nature is more tender and plastic, his sensitiveness greater, his courage and resolution less, though his mental gifts are considerable. Before his death his father had secured Endymion a position in the civil service. Myra obtains a position as companion to their daughter in the great banking family of Neuchatel (Rothschild). Neuchatel's position enables him to gather all sorts of persons about him, from exiled princes to English peers, and from cabinet ministers to stock-brokers. Into this society Myra is thrown and Endymion is occa-

sionally admitted to it. There she meets the young Prince Florestan, a kindly disguise for Louis Napoleon; and Lord Roehampton, the Foreign Secretary and strongest member of the cabinet, a not unkindly disguise for Lord Palmerston. Lord Roehampton is a widower of two years' standing and no longer young, but then, as Lady Montfort, who insists on his marrying at least for the sake of the party, says: "His mind and manner are young, and that is everything." He falls in love with Myra, proposes, is accepted, and at one step she moves to the head of Whig society. Endymion's prospects brighten proportionately. He advances from step to step and enters Parliament under Lord Roehampton's tuition and protecting ægis. He becomes acquainted with public affairs, with public men, and a favorite with great women, especially with Lady Montfort, who divides with Myra the social leadership of the Whig party. Meanwhile, Prince Florestan, who was secretly in love with Myra, leaves England, lands in his own country, effects a rising and makes an easy triumphal march to the throne which he claimed. He always regards himself as a child of destiny, and is a happily drawn picture of the complex character of a dreamer who is when occasion comes a man of action and of purpose. Lord Roehampton suddenly dies, which considerably affects Endymion's prospects. He has by this time, however, made some mark and advanced far enough in politics to walk alone. He has come to be regarded as one of the rising young men, and a valuable addition to the party. In her grief and widowhood Lady Roehampton, on the eve of re-entering society, receives a mysterious message. It is an offer of the hand and the throne of Prince Florestan, which, as may be supposed, she is not the woman to refuse. As a fitting preparation she embraces the Catholic faith, being received into the Church by the Archbishop of Tyre *in partibus*, formerly Nigel Penruddock, a convert from the Anglican ministry, and also an old lover of hers. Her triumphal progress through the kingdom to the capital of her royal lover is described with all the minute and fantastic gorgeousness of Lord Beaconsfield's style, when he is by no means at his best. Lord Montfort, a lazy though intellectual sybarite, drawn with delicate skill, dies at a happy juncture. Endymion marries the beautiful and brilliant widow, an alliance that brings him all the social position, wealth, and power he needs, in order to place himself at the head of his party and realize the ambition of his sister. All things being thus prepared for his advancement, a stroke of the pen kills off the Whig premier, and Endymion is summoned to Windsor to construct a cabinet.

Such in brief is the thread of the story. Slender enough in plot, and even more than usually full of the author's series of astonish-

ing climaxes and anti-climaxes. Surprise follows surprise to the verge of absurdity. In this respect the story is disjointed, loose, fragmentary, "most fearfully and wonderfully made." But that is the least part of it and the worst. Aside from this there is an abundance of material that will be found to repay study, that compels attention, interest, and admiration, and that probably no other man in the world could present with such keen precision and masterly skill. It is the dramatization of history by one who helps to make history. The author has constructed the road of his success on human weaknesses. Perhaps no man living has made a closer or more accurate study of the infinite phases of human character. Consequently no man more thoroughly delineates the surface of a character, whether in a few strong strokes or in elaborate detail. He does not always go down to the depths of souls, and of great souls. His love-making is generally silly and laughable. "Beautiful, fascinating being," says Lord Rochampton, who is represented as a great favorite with the sex, "let me at least tell you of my love." Even Myra's cold ambitious nature could hardly prevent a smile at being addressed as a "fascinating being" at the critical moment when the elderly peer is popping the question. "All seasons would be to me fascination," says Nigel Penruddock to the same "fascinating being," "were I only by your side. Yes; I can no longer repress the irresistible confession of my love. . . . I can no longer resist the consummate spell, and I offer you my heart and my life."

"Is it too bold to hope," writes Florestan still to the same "fascinating being," "that I may find a companion in you to charm and counsel me? I can offer you nothing equal to your transcendent merit, but I can offer you the heart and throne of Florestan."

The author's lovers make love as though they were preparing a petition to the Queen or to Parliament, nor does he waste his energies on human suffering and sorrow. As a rule the only suffering he depicts is as ill-fortune or disappointed ambition. He never probes to the founts of human nature. He is content with the surface that men see and know; but he is admirable in showing every ripple, every shade, and every turn and winding of the stream of human life. He was taught in a bitter school, one calculated to make even a successful man hard and cold, cynical and scoffing. He can be all this, and is all this. At the same time, there is a fund of natural human kindness in the man. The tender feelings of father and son, brother and sister, mother and daughter, always catch his sympathy, and he loves to emphasize them. He is even stronger in his sympathy for heroic youth. He is never weary of encouraging youth, condoning its passing failures, and

urging it to courage and to hope. With youth, intelligence, will, and strength of character, he believes that anything or almost anything may be accomplished in this world. After all, it is only on the unworthy, the shams, brilliant or unbrilliant, that he uses his unrivalled and cultivated powers of sarcasm; while he cannot resist the temptation of showing up the graceful foibles of society in a manner as natural and highly artistic as it is diverting. Now and then flits across the page a Mephistophelian smile at all things and persons, the objects and purposes of all human ambition and strife, as though experience had taught him the deep truth of Solomon's words: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity."

"He looks unhappy, I think, and worn," says Myra of Prince Florestan.

"One is never worn when one is young," said Lord Roehampton.

"He must have great anxieties and great sorrows," said Myra. "I cannot imagine a position more unfortunate than that of an exiled prince."

"I can," said Lord Roehampton. "To have the feelings of youth and the frame of age."

This is Faust over again, but without even a Mephistopheles to assist him.

"I wish I had been a woman," says St. Barbe in the midst of what to a higher nature would have been a real success. "Women are the only people who get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other, or sits next to some old fellow at dinner and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot. Oh! it is a disgusting world; it must end in revolution!"

"What a rare thing is success in life," said Endymion. "I often wonder whether I shall ever be able to step out of the crowd."

"You may have success in life without stepping out of the crowd," said the Baron.

"A sort of success," said Endymion; "I know what you mean. But what I mean is real success in life. I mean I should like to be a public man."

"Why?" asked the Baron.

"Well, I should like to have power," said Endymion, blushing.

"The most powerful men are not public men," said the Baron. "A public man is responsible, and a responsible man is a slave. It is private life that governs the world. You will find this out some day. The world talks much of powerful sovereigns and great ministers; and if being talked about made me powerful, they would be irresistible. But the fact is the more you are talked about, the less powerful you are."

"But surely King Luitprand is a powerful monarch; they say he is the wisest of men. And the Emperor Harold, who has succeeded in everything. And as for ministers, who is a great man if it be not Prince Wenceslaus?"

"King Luitprand is governed by his doctor, who is capable of governing Europe, but has no ambition that way ; the Emperor Harold is directed by his mistress, who is a woman of a certain age, with a vast sagacity, but who also believes in sorcery ; and as for Prince Wenceslaus, he is inspired by an individual as obscure as ourselves, and who, for aught I know, may be at this moment, like ourselves, drinking a cup of coffee in a hired lodging."

So much for Baron Sergius's views of public life and public honors. Baron Sergius had attended the Congress of Vienna, and won distinction even in that brilliant circle of old-school diplomatists. Hardly a department of public life, or society, or character, that does not fall under the observation of the author, to be brought out in a manner wholly felicitous. He seems to have a great grudge against literary men. Is it because he felt their stings too keenly for all his acquired imperviousness to hostile shafts ? St. Barbe is generally taken for a portrait of Thackeray, and much of it corresponds with the original. Lord Beaconsfield would seem to have added on to it something of the higher order of Bohemian newspaper correspondent, who climbs up the back stairs of great personages to sniff information for his journal, and is dying to get into the "society," whose members he occasionally buttonholes in a dark corner. Thackeray was surely not this. Thackeray had an honest way of judging men and women by their lives. Royalty to him could never veil meanness or excuse vice. He would certainly never gloat over furniture, jewelry, "gems of Golconda," "palatial mansions," "distinguished equipages," with the Epicurean sense of delight, of the beauty of all these things, that Lord Beaconsfield manifests. Yet he is invariably presented as the meanest, vainest, most envious of mankind. In fact, all the literary board are the same to the man who can only see in a critic one who has failed in literature or art.

"A dinner of wits," he says, writing in his own person, "is proverbially a palace of silence, and the envy and hatred which all literary men really feel for each other, especially when they are exchanging dedications of mutual affection, always insure in such assemblies the agreeable presence of a general feeling of painful constraint. If a good thing occurs to a guest he will not express it, lest his neighbor, who is publishing a novel in numbers, shall appropriate it next month, or he himself, who has the same responsibility of production, be deprived of its legitimate appearance."

One can only wonder at reading such an outburst with what kind of literary men Lord Beaconsfield has been acquainted, or how such very mean ideas of any class of men can have got into his head. It almost justifies the fierce letter of John Ruskin recently to the Scotch students, where he asked them what in the devil's name they had to do with Beaconsfield or Gladstone. That to him they were nothing more than a couple of old droning bagpipes, piping out now one tune and now another. Or Carlyle's estimate,

of "him they call Dizzy," which is certainly not flattering to Lord Beaconsfield, and may have provoked his ire. But imagine great-hearted, free-handed Thackeray jabbering in this style :

"Only think of our meeting here! I wonder why they asked you! You are not going to Paris, and you are not a wit. What a family this is! I had no idea of wealth before! Did you observe the silver plates? I could not hold mine with one hand, it was so heavy. I do not suppose there are such plates in the world. It gives one an idea of the galleons and Anson's plunder. But they deserve their wealth," he added; "nobody grudges it to them. I declare when I was eating that truffle I felt a glow about my heart that, if it were not indigestion, I think must have been gratitude, though that is an article I had not believed in. He is a wonderful man, that Neuchatel. If I had only known him a year ago, I would have dedicated my novel to him. He is a sort of man who would have given you a check immediately. He would not have read it, to be sure, but what of that? If you had dedicated it to a lord, the most he would have done would have been to have asked you to dinner, and then perhaps have cut up your work in one of the quality reviews, and taken money for doing it out of our pockets! Oh! it is too horrid. . . . Now I dare say that ambassador has been blundering all his life, and yet there is something in that star and ribbon. I do not know how you feel, but I could almost go down on my knees to him. And there is a cabinet minister. Well, we know what he is; I have been squibbing him for these two years, and now that I meet him, I feel like a mob. Oh! there is an immense deal of superstition still left in the world."

There is much more of the same style of thing. But after all, is it so much St. Barbe who weighs the plates and is grateful for the truffle so much as his noble delineator? Is it St. Barbe who thus approaches the contents of a casket with the reverence of a devotee drawing near a sacred shrine?

"It came from a foreign land, and Waldershare superintended the opening of the case, and the appearance of a casket of crimson velvet, with genuine excitement. But when it was opened! There was a coronet of brilliants and emeralds, and one of sapphires and brilliants, and dazzling bracelets, and all the stones more than precious gems of Golconda no longer obtainable, and lustrous companions which only could have been created in the hot earth of Asia."

The literary men may forgive Lord Beaconsfield his peevish outburst against them after that gorgeous passage on the jewels. It explains many things; among others the early affection of young Mr. Disraeli for noisy watch-chains and offensive rings. The remark of Neuchatel, who in the new order of things has been made a peer, is characteristic and worthy a noble of his race. "When the revolution comes," said Lord Hainault, "Lord Waldershare and my daughter must turn jewellers. Their stock in-trade is ready." If Waldershare were only true to the character drawn of him, such a remark from his future father-in-law would at once have broken off the match. And here is St. Barbe in himself:

"The fact is, I wrote too early," he would say. "I blush when I read my own books, though compared with those of the brethren they might still be looked on as classics. They say that no artist can draw a camel, and I say no author can draw a

gentleman. How can they, with no opportunity of ever seeing one? And so, with a little caricature of manners, which they catch second-hand, they are obliged to have recourse to outrageous nonsense, as if polished life consisted only of bigamists, and ladies of fashion were in the habit of paying black-mail to returned convicts. However, I shall put an end to all this. I have now got the materials or am accumulating them daily. You hint that I give myself up too much to society. You are talking of things you do not understand. A dinner party is a chapter. I catch the Cynthia of the minute, sir, at a *soirée*. If I only served a grateful country, I should be in the proudest position of any of its sons; if I had been born in any country but this, I should have been decorated, and perhaps made secretary of state like Addison, who did not write as well as I do, though his style somewhat resembles mine.' "

That at least has the merit of being amusing, and is a very clever skit. But Lord Beaconsfield is not at his best when trying to run a character to earth; no man is. Malice is never pleasing, and there is a deep tinge of malice in all that relates to St. Barbe, which spoils the effect of what might have been otherwise a very laughable and even brilliant characterization. There are other characters in the book much more agreeable. Cardinal Manning is again introduced in the person of Nigel Penruddock, not as in *Lothair*, laying theatrical traps to catch noble converts, but arguing himself out of Anglicanism into the Catholic faith. "He had great eloquence; his views were startling and commanding, and his expressions forcible and picturesque. All were heightened, too, by his striking personal appearance and the beauty of his voice. He seemed something between a young prophet and an inquisitor; a remarkable blending of enthusiasm and self-control." Here is how he talks while still an Anglican curate, filling London with the praise of his eloquence:

"That Lady Montfort is a great woman," said Nigel, standing with his back to the fire; "she has it in her to be another Empress Helena."

"Indeed!"

"I believe she has only one thought, and that the only thought was this: the human mind—the Church. . . ."

"I am rather surprised," said Endymion, "at a Whig lady entertaining such high views in these matters. The Liberal party rather depend on the Low Church."

"I know nothing about Whigs or Tories or Liberals, or any other new names which they invent," said Nigel, "nor do I know or care to know, what Low Church means. There is but one Church, and it is Catholic and Apostolic; and if we act on its principles there will be no need, there ought to be no need, for any other form of government."

"Well those are very distinct views," said Endymion, "but are they as practical as they are clear?"

"Why should they not be practical? Everything is practical which we believe; and in the long run, which is most likely that we should believe, what is taught by God or what is taught by man?"

"I confess," said Endymion, "that in all matters, both civil and religious, I incline to what is moderate and temperate."

"I know nothing about politics," said Nigel. "By being moderate and temperate in politics, I suppose you mean being adroit, and doing that which is expedient, and which will probably be successful. But the Church is founded on absolute truth, and teaches absolute truth, and there can be no compromise on such matters."

“‘Well, I do not know,’ said Endymion, ‘but surely there are many very religious people who do not accept without reserve everything that is taught by the Church. I hope I am a religious person myself, and yet, for example, I cannot give an unreserved assent to the whole of the Athanasian creed.’

“‘The Athanasian creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. I give to every clause of it an implicit assent. It does not pretend to be divine; it is human,—but the Church has hallowed it, and the Church ever acts under the influence of the Divine Spirit. St. Athanasius was by far the greatest man that ever existed. If you cavil at his creed, you will soon cavil at other symbols.’

“‘But let us be calm, my dear Nigel. Do you mean to say that I am to be considered an infidel or an apostate because, although I fervently embrace all the vital truths of religion, and try, on the whole, to regulate my life by them, I may have scruples about believing, for example, in the personality of the devil?’

“‘If the personality of Satan be not a vital principle of your religion, I do not know what is. There is only one dogma higher. You think it is safe, and I dare say it is fashionable, to fall into this lax and really thoughtless discrimination between what is and what is not to be believed. It is not good taste to believe in the devil. Give me a single argument against his personality which is not applicable to the personality of the Deity. Will you give that up; and if so, where are you? Now mark me; you and I are young men,—you are a very young man. This is the year of grace 1839. If these loose thoughts, which you have heedlessly taken up, prevail in this country for a generation or so,—five and twenty, or thirty years,—we may meet together again, and I shall have to convince you that there is a God.’”

One of the many astonishing accomplishments of that wonderfully gifted youth, Vivian Grey, was his power of throwing himself into the character and tone of thought of another man, so that in his own person he could reproduce even the other's form of speech. He could improvise a passage from Burke that would deceive the most expert. Lord Beaconsfield certainly has something of this gift, as the passage just quoted, and indeed, many another that might be quoted, shows, and his characters speak in their proper persons, not unfrequently very much better than the author in his proper person. It is easy to see whither Nigel Penruddock was drifting. Here he is when as Legate of the Pope and Archbishop of Tyre, he returns to England. The time is the time of Cardinal Wiseman, but the figure is plainly intended for Cardinal Manning:

“Nigel was changed. Instead of that anxious and moody look which formerly marred the refined beauty of his countenance, his glance was calm and yet radiant. He was thinner, it might almost be said emaciated, which seemed to add height to his tall figure. . . . Instead of avoiding society, as was his wont in the old days, the Archbishop sought it. And there was nothing exclusive in his social habits; all classes and all creeds, all conditions and all orders of men, were alike interesting to him; they were part of the mighty community with all whose pursuits and passions, and interests and occupations he seemed to sympathize, but respecting which he had only one object,—to bring them back once more to that imperial fold from which, in an hour of darkness and distraction, they had miserably wandered. The conversion of England was deeply engraven on the heart of Penruddock; it was his constant purpose and his daily and nightly prayer.

“So the Archbishop was seen everywhere, even at fashionable assemblies. He

was a frequent guest at banquets which he never tasted, for he was a smiling ascetic ; and though he seemed to be preaching or celebrating high mass in every part of the metropolis, organizing schools, establishing convents, and building cathedrals, he could find time to move philanthropic resolutions at middle-class meetings, attend learned associations, and even occasionally send a paper to the Royal Society."

Waldershare, the brilliant, the erratic, the genius, who is always scheming something astonishing, but never achieving, is quite captivated by the Archbishop, and urges Prince Florestan to come to an understanding with him, and use his influence to regain the throne. The Prince replies :

" ' My dear Waldershare, it is very true I am a Roman Catholic, but I am also head of the Liberal party in my country, and perhaps, also, on the continent of Europe, and they are not particularly affected to archbishops and popes.' "

" ' Old-fashioned twaddle of the Liberal party,' exclaimed Waldershare. ' There is more true democracy in the Roman Catholic Church than in all the secret societies of Europe.' "

" ' There is something in that,' said the Prince musingly, ' and my friends are Roman Catholics, nominally Roman Catholics. If I were quite sure your mass and the priests generally were nominally Roman Catholics, something might be done.' "

" ' As for that,' said Waldershare, ' sensible men are all of the same religion.' "

" ' And pray, what is that ?' inquired the Prince. "

" ' Sensible men never tell.' "

One more extract before closing the review. It is a conversation between Endymion and the Archbishop as they pace the deck of the vessel bearing Myra to her kingdom. Endymion is indignant at his sister's change of faith :

" ' The time will come when you will recognize it as the consummation of a Divine plan,' said the Archbishop. "

" ' I feel great confidence that my sister will never be the slave of superstition,' said Endymion. ' Her mind is too masculine for that ; she will remember that the throne she fills has been already once lost by the fatal influence of the Jesuits ' "

" ' The influence of the Jesuits is the influence of Divine truth,' said his companion. ' And how is it possible for such influence not to prevail ? What you treat as defeats, discomfitures, are events which you do not comprehend. They are incidents all leading to one great end,—the triumph of the Church, that is, the triumph of God.' "

" ' I will not decide what are great ends ; I am content to ascertain what is wise conduct. And it would not be wise conduct, in my opinion, for the king to rest upon the Jesuits.' "

" ' The Jesuits never fell except from conspiracy against them. It is never the public voice that demands their expulsion or the public effort that accomplishes it. It is always the affairs of sovereigns and statesmen, of politicians, of men, in short, who feel that there is a power at work, and that power one not favorable to their schemes or objects of government.' "

" ' Well, we shall see,' said Endymion ; ' I candidly tell you, I hope the Jesuits will have as little influence in my brother-in-law's kingdom as in my own country.' "

" ' As little,' said Nigel, somewhat sarcastically, ' I should be almost content if the holy order in every country had as much influence as they now have in England.' "

" ' I think your grace exaggerates.' "

" ' Before two years are passed,' said the Archbishop, speaking very slowly, ' I

foresee that the Jesuits will be privileged in England, and the hierarchy of our Church recognized.' "

This to be sure is prophesying after the event ; but nevertheless how startling would have been such a statement uttered at the time ! The Archbishop's brief but thorough defence of the Jesuits will long be quoted, not as his, but as that of the experienced statesman who put the words in his mouth. There are many such condensed yet comprehensive passages, embracing other matters of public interest all the world over, scattered throughout the volume. Indeed it were easy to cut many " gems of thought " from its pages, for it is very rich in them. The wit is keen and glittering,—the flash of a diamond,—is often as hard and cold. Now and then a shaft of sarcasm shoots out unexpectedly and goes quivering to the mark. There is little or none of what is called human, but a supreme power of throwing contrasting characters together in a thoroughly natural manner, and their cross-play is infinitely diverting to the reader. No two characters in the volume resemble each other in the slightest degree, yet the number of characters is unusually large. The young men of the foreign office ; the aristocratic radicals of the Dilke order, who simper the most blood-curdling propositions over sumptuous banquets ; the more earnest reformers of the Cobden type ; the great lady politicians, and the rivalries of Zenobia and Berengaria ; the actual statesmen who now and then appear ; the great littlenesses and small greatneses that go to make up the life of what is called the great world, all these furnish excellent material for the keen, sarcastic, yet not all unkindly play of the author's fancy. If the book, as a whole, adds little to the author's literary fame, it will confirm, were confirmation in such a matter needed, his title to the highest rank as a judge of human character and a wit. For the rest, with the exception of St. Burke, the work has a kindlier tone towards all classes of men than its predecessors. Indeed by a characteristic freak of the author's mind it is written from a Whig point of view. The hero and his party are Whigs ; the Tory party is made the butt of ridicule. In this there is probably design. The Tory party here ridiculed is the party as it existed when Vivian Grey aspired to its leadership. What it would have been had not that youthful genius come to its rescue, may be easily imagined from a perusal of *Endymion*. After reading that it will scarcely be possible for a Tory to rise from his seat without humbly thanking heaven for Lord Beaconsfield.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN EUROPE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

THE subject-matter of this paper being confined to Europe, this country is naturally excluded from the actual considerations. The intention, moreover, is to circumscribe our reflections mainly within the limits of the strong opposition to the Catholic Church which now prevails everywhere in Europe, because outside of her there is scarcely any religion left, and what is done against the *sects* scarcely deserves to be noticed. With these qualifications the *outlook*, when restricted to the surface, as the word indicates, is the most disheartening which can well be conceived. Our main effort, however, will be directed to point out at the end the strong undercurrents, scarcely visible to the human eye, which form the main ground of the Christian's hope, even in such crisis as this, independently of the promise of the Redeemer.

I. To thoroughly appreciate the desperate aspect of the case, the European countries must be taken apart, yet considered only in large groups, each one of them homogeneous to a certain degree, and consequently more capable of a fair appreciation. We intend to pass in review, first, the former Protestant states of the North of Europe, and secondly, the various countries of the South, called at this day the Latin nations, besides Austria, which, though different ethnologically, must be numbered among these last, because it is eminently a Catholic empire.

1. The German Empire, the Republic of Switzerland, England and her European dependencies, finally the Scandinavian states, form the first branch of the subject. Russia being more Oriental than Western, belonging in fact more to Asia than to Europe, can be logically left aside from these considerations.

Until quite recently a remarkable degree of liberty had been at last granted to the Church in all the Protestant states. In Prussia since the revolutionary outbreak of 1848; in Switzerland ever since the unsuccessful attempt of the French revolutionists to break down the Federal Constitution in 1798; in England at the time of the Catholic emancipation of 1829; in Scandinavia, finally, at a very recent period, when perfect freedom of worship was decreed for all dissidents from the state religion. An extraordinary era of prosperity for the Church had then begun, which has not yet been checked in some of those countries.

The consideration of the German Empire, embracing Prussia as the head, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and other minor states among its members, throw us at once into the midst of the present discussion.

a. Ever since the complete victory of Protestantism in Prussia during the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church had been kept in bondage by the state. By the treaty of Vienna in 1815, it is true, it had been expressly stipulated that the Rhenish provinces, which were then annexed to the Prussian dominions, should not be restricted in the practice of the Catholic religion. But this had no reference to Prussia proper. The revolutionary outbreak of 1848, however, made a complete change in this respect. A new constitution having been granted by the king, some "Articles concerning the Liberty of the Churches" were added to it in 1850, and the Catholics were thenceforth free from at least the most galling restrictions imposed upon them, whilst the Protestant sects, which differed from the "Evangelical" or state religion, ceased to be under the pressure of open proselytism, which before weighed heavily upon them. This addition to the Prussian Constitution had obtained the universal approval of the nation. The Holy See had willingly consented to those "Articles" in behalf of the Catholics, and an unprecedented period of prosperity and spiritual well-being was for them the consequence. It is not possible to give here in detail the motives which induced Prince Bismarck to declare open war on the Church in these circumstances. Possibly there were no other than his unbounded ambition excited by the success of all his previous political and military measures. He wished to be the complete master of Germany and rule over the Church as well as over the state. For this object he brought forward his *Kulturkampf*, which must be examined with attention, after a word has been said of the absolute necessity for it which he pretended the Pope had imposed upon him.

In a speech before the Lower House of the German Parliament, when he suddenly unveiled his plans in 1873, he went so far as to say: "The Episcopal Church of earlier days had, through the revolution effected by the Vatican Council, been changed into an absolute Papal monarchy. At the head of this Church, which in Prussia constituted a state within a state, stood the Pope with autocratic dominion, having absorbed within himself all Episcopal authority. The programme of this mighty Italian monarchy was directly opposed to the programme of the state." This allegation was altogether untrue, and the German bishops in their protestation proved that their "authority" had not been touched upon by any decree of the Vatican Council at which they had assisted. This was consequently a mere pretext of Bismarck's, and he knew it. As if he intended himself to give the proof of it, he went further still in his speech before the Upper House, and indorsed at once all the ranting declamations of ultra Protestants, which he knew to be utterly false.

"It is an indisputable fact," he said, "that the Pope is an enemy of the Gospel, and necessarily also of the Prussian State. The power and means are not forthcoming at present, but if they were, there is no doubt that we heretics should be utterly exterminated. The Church has, however, other means at hand; she confiscates the property of heretics; she makes it no crime for the heretic to be assassinated when opportunity offers, etc." Who can believe this except the besotted hearer of ranting maniacs? This was, however, the great motive assigned by the Prussian Chancellor for the introduction of his pet measures which he was in the act of presenting to the acceptance of his *liberal* Parliament.

The word itself, *Kulturkampf*, means literally "the war of civilization;" and, as in every war there is an enemy to be overcome, the enemy here is superstition; that is, supernatural religion. In the new principles of Prince Bismarck all religions are only human devices; every institution which is supposed to have a supernatural character must be superstitious. The best way for the state to war against it is to assert its total supremacy over it. There must not be, therefore, a separation of Church and state, but such a close union between them that the Church should be entirely absorbed by the state. The civil government, consequently, is the only source of jurisdiction, dogma, morality, or whatever has been considered so far the peculiar province of the Church. Thus the consecration of bishops, the ordination of priests, the local assignment and restricted jurisdiction of parish priests and inferior ministers, the teaching from the pulpit, the religious instruction given to children, even, we suppose, the articles of the creed, and the interpretation of the Ten Commandments; in all this, and in the thousand questions connected with the whole scheme of the spiritual order, the state is not only paramount, but, in fact, the only source of authority in matters of belief and morals. This is the real meaning of the word *Kulturkampf*. It has been called by some ardent Catholics the declaration of *State Godship*, and this has roused the ire of the partisans of this system. But though it is true that M. de Bismarck has never pretended to be the God of heaven, he has, in fact, made himself the god of Germany, by attributing to the head of government the functions which all Christians have always declared must come from God alone and His Church. What must Americans say of these pretensions of the *great* Chancellor, when all among them—believers and unbelievers—are so careful to always leave the management of Church affairs to the Church alone?

The first step, however, to establish the *Kulturkampf*, and enact laws in conformity with it, was to annul the "Articles concerning the Liberty of the Churches" added to the Prussian Constitution in 1850.

It was only in 1875 that Prince Bismarck saw the necessity for it. He had before proclaimed his "war of civilization," and the first laws proposed by Minister Falk for its enforcement were passed in May, 1873. But when there was question of applying the new laws in the case of bishops or priests, these "articles" stood in the way. Consequently in April, 1875, a bill was introduced in Parliament for the abrogation of the 15th, 16th, and 18th constitutional articles, and owing to the great majority of the national *liberals* in the legislature they were directly declared to be null and void. Nothing more was required, it seems, to change the Constitution of the country, and the most despotic measures which were perhaps ever devised in a monarchy were the work of the *liberal* party. This suffices to give an idea of modern liberalism. According to the *Dublin Review*, in its number for October, 1880, "all the non-Catholic voices in Parliament, without exception—275 against 90 in the Chamber of Deputies, 69 against 42 in the Upper House—sided with the government against the Centre and the Poles."

It is important to give at least a glance at the effect produced by the Falk laws, as they were called, in order to know the whole extent of the evil. All the bishops had of course refused obedience in 1873 and 1874; but at the beginning of 1875, directly after the abolition of the constitutional articles of liberty, all the bishops and a great number of priests were already either in prison or out of their dioceses. The religious houses, which before the enactment of those laws contained 7763 women and 1237 men, were either closed or destined to gradually dwindle away and die out, owing to the obligation imposed upon them of not receiving novices. The Jesuits, of course, had been driven *en masse* from the country at the very beginning of these operations. The administration of ecclesiastical property was left entirely in the hands of laymen controlled by the state. Civil marriage was introduced at the option of the parties. The students for the holy ministry could not, according to law, be educated except in state schools.

From this moment the hard life of priests, hiding themselves from the police and pursuing their holy calling in the dark, began in Prussia, as had been the case previously in Ireland during several centuries, and in France under the Reign of Terror. The Catholic churches which had been so far open were either closed or occupied by apostate priests, called Old Catholics, who received their mission and faculties from the government. But after a while the great majority of these men—who never were more than a few dozen in the country—led such scandalous lives that the government itself refused, through shame, to advocate their candidacy

before the people. The result was the abrogation of public Catholic worship in the largest part of the country.

The Prussian Chancellor and the *liberal* party by which he was seconded in those tyrannical measures had from the beginning no other object in view than to destroy Catholicity ; and they seemed to have obtained, sooner even than they hoped, as much as they intended. Prince Bismarck, however, could not but perceive that eleven millions of Catholics—some say thirteen—were now his deadly enemies, though he did not fear they should rise in insurrection against him, as the Socialists were at the moment doing. This was the main reason for which he then expressed a desire of entering into negotiations with the Vatican. But this phase of the struggle—including not only the vitality of Catholicity in Prussia, owing to the undying energy of the people, but likewise the indestructibility of the whole Church, owing to the firmness and prudence of Peter's successor—is necessarily delayed for consideration until we reach the second part of this paper, and consider the firm grounds of a hope which cannot be delusive in a near future.

To give a sufficient idea of the religious outlook in the new Germanic Empire outside of Prussia, it is proper to enumerate the various states of which it is composed. It embraces, besides Prussia itself, the kingdoms of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony ; the grand duchies of Baden, Hesse, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Weimar ; the duchies of Anhalt, Lippe-Detmold, Lippe-Schaumburg, Swazburg, Rudolphstadt, Sundezhhausen, and Reuss ; the free cities of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg ; finally, Alsace-Lorraine conquered from France. This confederacy recognizes a federal legislature sitting at Berlin, and called the Reichstag ; but the execution of the laws enacted in it is left to the executive power of the various states. On this account the Kulturkampf, which is generally extended to the whole confederacy, receives a different application in the different states. Thus Bavaria and Würtemberg have not broken off their communications with the Vatican, and there is a Papal nuncio residing at Munich. The bishops, all of them excellent, are able with common prudence to govern their sees, and none of them, that we know of, out of Prussia, has been exiled or sent to jail. They are, no doubt, checked and restricted in the manifestation of their zeal, and they are far from being entirely free in their efforts in behalf of Catholic education and religious ministrations. Still they possess the essential authority belonging to the divine character of their mission, and the Kulturkampf has not been imposed upon them with all the rigor of statecraft. The same is true, we believe, of Protestant Baden, of Saxony, whose king is a Catholic, and of several other minor states.

Owing to this comparative freedom of the bishops the priests

have not been disturbed in their labor for their flocks; and the schism of Old Catholicism, as it is called, has scarcely invaded those countries. One church, however, has been given them in Munich, and a few others in some of the minor states.

This leniency has been partly due to the rulers, who, merely for the sake of peace, were not disposed, in adopting the harsh policy of Bismarck, to excite a religious war in the midst of their dominions. They were every-day witnesses of the constant troubles the ardent Chancellor had brought upon himself, and they preferred to let the May laws sleep quietly in the territory which they governed. But a more powerful cause still for producing this good effect was the firm attachment to their religion professed in general by the German Catholics, outside of Prussia as well as in Prussia itself. This will be the subject of some peculiar remarks when we consider the hopeful aspect of this question, in the second part of this paper.

b. In Switzerland an almost open persecution of the Church was adopted to a great extent even before the name of *Kulturkampf* was known, and this country deserves to be considered apart. Peace had generally prevailed between the Protestant and Catholic cantons, even after the social convulsions of the sixteenth century, owing to the state rights acknowledged under the old Federal Constitution. The cantons, indeed, were no more homogeneous in religion, but every one of them was allowed to regulate its temporal and spiritual affairs without any interference from the General Government, which was truly federal and not centralized. The intrigues and military oppression of the French at the end of last century, whose main object was to establish a central despotism in Switzerland, as was the case in the French Republic, and the protracted efforts of Napoleon I. in the same direction throughout his reign, failed at last at his downfall in 1814; and in the general settlement of European affairs at the Congress of Vienna, "the confederacy was declared to embrace all the cantons . . . on an equal footing, which effectually excluded the unjust principle that one state should be subjected to another state." (Alison, *History of Europe*.)

But after the revolution of 1830 in France, Switzerland became the refuge of all the revolutionists who, before long, could no more remain in their native countries, owing to the severe measures adopted against them in France by Casimir Perier, Guizot, and Thiers, and by the statesmen who directed the affairs of Germany and Italy. Henceforth German, French, and Italian radicals flocked to Switzerland, and soon began to meddle with the politics of this country. The Protestant cantons, particularly Berne and Argovia, were already drifting toward a central despotism, whilst the Catholic cantons remained always firm in the old doctrine of

state rights. In that diminutive country the main feature of modern history in Europe, namely, the tendency of heresy and infidelity toward a crushing absolutism, and that of Catholicity toward a fair amount of political freedom, became at once manifest and remains so to this day. On this account the foreign radicals in Switzerland, all more or less imbued with the despotic spirit of Jacobinism, sided with the Protestant cantons, chiefly with Berne and Argovia, in whose counsels the determination prevailed of subjecting the Catholic states to their yoke.

Argovia began the religious war by the suppression of convents within its limits. As a reprisal the Catholic canton of Lucerne called openly the Jesuits to give public instruction to young men within its territory. Radicalism increasing in rage a league of the Protestants necessitated a similar measure on the part of the Catholic cantons; and in May, 1846, the bold mountaineers arbored the flag of the *Sunderbund*. Civil war ensued; and in November, 1847, Lucerne was taken by the radicals with the connivance of England, and the open oppression of the minor states by a despotic central government was the result of this complete revolution. The *Kulturkampf*, though not yet invented by M. de Bismarck, was inaugurated in unhappy Switzerland, because the federal—or rather the centralized—legislature imposed on the Church laws which were directly opposed to the supremacy of the Holy See and to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Catholic bishops. All these facts are given *in extenso* by Alison in his *History of Europe* from 1815 to 1852.

It was, however, only from 1873 that the burden became intolerable for the Catholics, because, the Falk laws having consecrated the system in Germany, the Swiss radicals felt powerful enough to go as far as the central omnipotence could go, their audacity being supported by the example of the bold Prussian Chancellor.

Thenceforth all the tyranny of vulgar legislators was exerted in Switzerland with more impudence still than in Prussia. Bishops were exiled, ecclesiastical property confiscated, priests persecuted, the churches taken forcibly from the Catholics, under the pretext of an election by the parishioners, when a dozen or so of refractory Catholics had taken the liberty of giving over the parish to an apostate pastor. Prince Bismarck, at least, had to listen to the remonstrances of sincere Catholic deputies in his parliament; but the autocrats of Geneva and Berne could act shamelessly without being subjected to the same ordeal. It was in these two cities principally that the most violent measures of oppression were enacted as laws. The Catholics of Geneva had to bear the yoke imposed upon them by Calvinists or open infidels; whilst those of the Jura included in the canton of Berne were subjected to a still

worse treatment by the Bernese legislators, or rather tyrants. Nor were the smaller Catholic cantons exempt from the encroachments of the central legislature on their natural rights, whilst in general all the Protestant cantons, particularly those of Zurich, Argovia, and Basle, openly adopted the doctrine of the *Kulturkampf*, and everywhere imposed on the Catholic population within their territories the burden of supporting, at their expense, a set of Old Catholic mercenary priests guilty of every moral or social excess.

These outrages at last became intolerable; and the conduct of the pretended pastors appointed by the government became so scandalous, that the public authorities were at last ashamed of the wolves to whom they had given as a prey the Catholic flocks. Bigamy, concubinage, open robbery, violence going occasionally as far as murder, were of frequent occurrence among the new *clergy*. In consequence of it from 1877 down to this day many of them were ignominiously deprived of their charge, and some would have had to answer before the public courts for their misdeeds had they not fled in time and eluded the pursuit of the police. Meanwhile the pretended Bishop Herzog, consecrated by the Jansenist Reinkens, labored more for the destruction of Catholicity than for the reform of his subordinate clergymen. This is at this hour the deplorable outlook of religion in Switzerland.

c. England and her European dependencies is the next subject of inquiry. Since the Catholic Emancipation in 1829, the Church has been left almost entirely to her own natural and autonomous development; and if the government has not favored her, at least in general it has left her free. On several occasions, it is true, some British statesmen have inclined to restrict her freedom, particularly on the re-establishment of the regular hierarchy by Pius IX. The question of education has also several times been agitated in a sense hostile to her claims; and it was sometimes doubtful if the remonstrances of the bishops would be listened to. But on all those occasions good sense and justice at last prevailed; and, though the Crown's supremacy is now more than ever maintained with regard to the Church established by law, the state pretensions of many European governments towards the Catholic Church or the dissident sects have never been advocated in England. The *Kulturkampf* is altogether ignored, and the most fanatical Protestant Englishman would ridicule the idea of the British premier ruling the Catholic bishops *in spiritualibus*, though a lay Court of Arches may impose a new liturgy and a new creed on submissive Anglican prelates.

On account of this remarkable policy all liberal-minded men can congratulate the rulers of England; they are consistent in their theories of government, and whenever there is any defect of logic

in their rule, it is, in general, favorable to liberty. The Church derives an immense advantage from it, and the example they give is beneficial even outside of the British Empire, since it is undoubtedly from the same spirit of fairness and equity that the United States have adopted and invariably applied the same rule of action toward Church discipline and Church government.

Still at this moment, if British power continues the same, it is manifest that the British mind is not so favorable to Catholicity as it was thirty years ago, and some serious danger may be the consequence in the near future. This assertion may appear questionable to many, but a few reflections will suffice to prove its correctness.

It seems, at first sight, that, on the contrary, there is now more liberality than there ever was in the British mind toward the Church, owing to the remarkable decomposition of all Protestant creeds, which is now going on with an ever-increasing rapidity. This, however, is delusive, as shall soon be seen. As long as Protestantism was considered the highest exponent of Christianity and truth, the Catholic Church was not only despised but hated. The higher classes felt for her only contempt; the lower, abhorrence and aversion. The first were always ready to enact laws against her; the second to rise in insurrection and destroy her convents and churches.

Forty years ago, on the contrary, a new era began, foreboding a universal reaction in favor of Catholicity. A serious inquiry into her claims brought conviction to a great number of noble minds. The movement originated from Oxford, but it soon spread all over England. It was hailed by Catholics throughout the world. Confraternities were established everywhere for the conversion of Great Britain, and it was firmly believed by many holy people that this great blessing was as sure as it seemed near. A few years would suffice to effect it. Still at this moment it is as far off as ever. Individual conversions, no doubt, are occasionally recorded, but with much less frequency, and altogether incapable of suggesting a hope of universality. How can all this be accounted for?

If nearly half a century ago a great number of men distinguished for their talents, virtues, or high standing in society returned to the Church of their fathers, there is no doubt in my mind that the chief cause after the grace of God was their firm adherence from their youth to the numerous truths preserved still in Protestantism. They had all their life recited with faith the Athanasian creed, they were convinced of the action of God on the human soul through grace in the sacraments, they had not renounced the tradition of the Fathers, and all their hesitation on the subject consisted in the precise limit of patristic authority during the down-

ward course of ages, etc. A sincere inquiry starting from these premises was sure to bring them into the loving bosom of the true Church. And the position they thus occupied in the religious world was not limited to a few of them. It can be maintained that it was then the state of the British mind, at least among the thoroughly educated classes of the nation. The High Church party, as it was called, embraced a great number of the most ardent and sincere students of Christian antiquity. If there was still a class of fanatical opponents, none of them could be said to belong to the leaders of thought at that epoch. And this was not confined to clergymen. Many laymen inclined the same way, and conversions among them took place. This was so remarkable that the report of it throughout Europe took a tinge of exaggeration. M. Gondon, who then wrote in France many books and review articles on this subject, went so far as to assert on many occasions that, religiously speaking, Great Britain was divided into three equal parts, namely, Anglicans, Protestant dissidents, and Catholics. Unfortunately this was not true, and the members of the true Church were far from including one-third of the British population. Still the very fact of this false rumor proves how rapid was then the progress of Catholic ideas. It was also at that moment that many Anglicans refused to bear the name of Protestants, and called themselves Catholics. Meanwhile, in the midst of the excitement produced by these occurrences, the number of infidels, atheists, and positivists was so insignificant that nobody spoke of them; and if there was already some attempt made in England to introduce into religious questions the destructive criticism which was already in full sway in Germany, no one paid attention to it, because no one could foresee that it was destined in a short time to prevail. Great Britain was reviving to the consciousness of her former Catholicism, and on the point of forgetting entirely the spirit of Erastianism and naturalism which a recent epoch had witnessed during the latter part of the last century.

Is this still the case at this moment? Just the reverse. Nearly all the books, Review articles, and philosophical or theological papers published at this day, treat of a single fact, either to hail it as a blessing or to rebuke it mildly and with great reserve. This fact is the almost incredible spread of anti-Christian ideas. There is no more question of Great Britain returning to Catholicism, but the almost only prospect in view is her rapid decline toward the abyss of complete unbelief. Read the ardent protestations of those who have yet some faith and wish to keep it; go over the despairing predictions of some of the best minds in England; peruse even the lines in which the upholders of the new doctrines deplore occasionally the total loss of their belief in the supernatural, and say if

it is possible to conceive a more hopeless religious state. This is not the work only of laymen, either scientists like Tyndall and Huxley, or *littérateurs* like Matthew Arnold and George Eliot; but even Anglican clergymen join in the unholy crusade, and preach a Christianity deprived of basis and sanction. A British bishop has openly attacked the Pentateuch, and the Gospels begin to be nursery tales for many pastors of souls and preachers of morality.

There is, however, a remarkable feature which seems to redeem to a certain degree the hopelessness of the situation. This is the numerous class of Ritualists who in appearance carry their belief farther than the Catholic Church, and adopt rites of the most sumptuous and typical character. But rejecting, as they do, the principle of authority in all its degrees, the fire they think they have kindled is made only of stubble and straw, and the British mind cannot be affected by a senseless superstition, since it is nothing else. The British mind, therefore, is at this moment being de-Christianized, and on the eve of losing the last remnant of its former faith. If this process of religious disorganization was to be carried to its last phase, can any one think that the Catholic Church would be left quiet and remain free in England? The *Westminster Review* has more than once advocated several years ago the open persecution of the Roman Church; its call for restrictions, penalties, or at least the slavery of silence would no doubt become the universal doctrine of new statesmen and rulers.

d. The Scandinavian states—chiefly Norway and Sweden—offer an exception, in the religious outlook, from the other Protestant states of Germany. It is known that until quite recently the Catholics, lying under the most complete disabilities and subjected to the severest penal code, had not the least possibility of preserving their faith. The Catholic Church, in fact, had entirely disappeared from the country. It was only toward 1870 that a liberal legislature granted to the dissidents from Lutheranism the right to proselytize and even to exist. Rome has at last been able to send thither an apostolic vicar, and there are already several congregations enjoying the full liberty of religion. The state worship is Lutheran, but it is the nearest to the Catholic of all Protestant creeds. When a Swede or a Norwegian wishes to return to the Church, auricular confession, the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, the belief in purgatory and consequently prayer for the dead, etc., offer to him no difficulty whatever. The only thing of importance he has to learn is the constitution of the Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiff, to which even he feels inclined, because he has been brought up in the conviction that the Church of Christ enjoys the prerogative of teaching in spiritual matters, and he believes that a Christian must obey the injunctions of his legitimate pastors.

There are consequently no dark spots with regard to the future in Scandinavia, but rather symptoms of hope; and it must be remarked that Norway shows herself more liberal still than Sweden in all these particulars.

2. The religious outlook in Austria and the so-called Latin nations calls now our attention, though the description must be brief and therefore inadequate.

a. The Austrian Empire has been, since the attempt at revolution in 1848, ruled by administrations more or less opposed to the Church; and there has been a moment when some system like the Prussian *Kulturkampf* might have been imposed on the nation if the emperor had not used all his power to prevent it. Soon after quelling the rebellion of 1848—with the help of Russia as is well known—the young emperor, Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne after the abdication of his father, felt the necessity of giving more strength to the religious element, and in 1855 a concordat with Rome placed the Church in a far better condition than she had been in for a long time. Josephism was thereby dead, and its revival has not been attempted ever since. But the revolution was always at work, and it took in Austria the form of Germanism, called emphatically centralization, which, by placing all institutions, even those of religion, in the hands of the state, would have brought back Josephism in a still worse form than formerly. This was evidently the object of Count Beust, who, to the surprise of all conservatives, was called from Prussia and placed at the head of the cabinet. He came when the new agreement with Rome was in full vigor, and had already produced abundant fruits.

By this concordat the *placitum regium* was abrogated. The bishops were declared free in their relations with the Holy See, with their brethren of the episcopate, and with their own flocks as to spiritual direction. The religious education of children and young men was placed under their supervision. The teaching of theology and cognate sciences, the discipline of the clergy, the nomination to benefices, etc., were declared to belong to bishops alone. Many other regulations of a like character were agreed to. It is sufficient for Americans to know that, with the exception of the nomination of bishops and some other minor points, the Church was placed in Austria nearly on the same footing as it is in the United States, where, thank God, all church organizations are perfectly free in the management of their own affairs.

But this did not suit Count Beust any more than his friend, Chancellor Bismarck in Prussia. Consequently, in 1870, directly after the declaration of Papal infallibility by the Council of the Vatican, the *Official Journal* of Vienna published the following note: "In consequence of the definition of the dogma of infallibility,

the government has resolved no longer to maintain the concordat with Rome, which will, therefore, cease to be valid. The Chancellor of the Empire has consequently taken steps to notify the Roman Curia of the formal abrogation of the concordat," etc.

M. Beust did not see any greater difficulty than this in declaring null and void a solemn treaty concluded after long and serious negotiations between two great powers. But his reason was absolutely the same as that of Prince Bismarck,—the reader remembers it,—and this sufficed to take away at once from the Church the freedom necessary for its existence, which the state in this country acknowledges with good sense and fairness.

Henceforth it seemed that Josephism would revive worse than ever, because it would take even in Austria the brutal form of the *Kulturkampf* which Bismarck was then at the moment of inaugurating in Prussia. Fortunately the young emperor, who was far from having lost his faith, and possessed still some power, owing to the affection of the people for him, interposed his authority; and a few months after the savage declaration of Count Beust in his *Official Journal* we read in the *London Tablet* of the 28th of January, 1871: "Much as the Church has suffered in Austria, the breaches made in her walls . . . have not been so great as in other Catholic kingdoms invaded by the revolutionary spirit. 1. The Masonic lodges have never been able to obtain a legal recognition in the empire. 2. No convent has been suppressed from Joseph II.'s time to the present day. 3. No churches or monasteries have been robbed of their possessions. 4. The Jesuits still teach publicly even in the universities. 5. The *Placet* does not exist there. 6. Civil marriage is not made obligatory. . . . 7. In all the schools a priest enjoys a post of authority. 8. No bishop or priest has as yet been imprisoned for any act of his ecclesiastical authority."

We believe that all this is true of Austria, even at the present day. Nay, more; M. Taaffe, the present Prime Minister, does his best at this moment to decentralize the administration of affairs, so that the Bohemian or Czech deputies, all strongly Catholics, have lately taken their seats in the Federal Parliament at Vienna, and thus Austrian politics have entered into a new phase favorable to the Church. There is, of course, an outcry of indignation in the liberal ranks, and yesterday, November 17th, 1880, a New York paper has predicted that the Taaffe ministry would soon fall! We think this prediction will not be verified, because the new policy of the administration is the only means of saving the empire, and the spirit of Germanism which is directly opposed to it would be sure to bring on a total decomposition of the body politic.

b. In France the present prospect looks far gloomier still than

it did last July, when a paper was published in this REVIEW on "Public Education in France and the Ferry Bill." The bill itself was defeated in the Senate, and the right of existing and teaching on the part of unauthorized congregations seemed secure. But during the recess of the Chambers several ministerial *decrees* based on former autocratic and revolutionary laws, which everybody thought obsolete, but which were supposed still in force by the administration, were issued without consulting the legislature. On the strength of these decrees the Jesuits were first forcibly expelled from their houses and denied the right of living in community; and during the month of October last other religious congregations of men were dispersed with a still greater degree of acerbity and harshness. At this moment the Chambers have met, and the open discussion of these deplorable facts has begun. The lower branch of the legislature is strongly radical, the Senate nearly equally divided, and it is to be feared that the laws which M. Ferry, now Prime Minister, is at this very time proposing for adoption, may be voted by a slight majority in the Senate. It is, however, doubtful if the ministers can be sustained. They had already presented their resignation a few weeks ago, and many think that their fall is sure and imminent.

This recrudescence of animosity against the Church is highly fomented by the Communist party, whose chief aim is the total destruction of society as it now exists. At the same time that the Jesuits were dispersed the convicted felons of the rabid Commune, who, in 1871, tried to burn Paris and murdered the "hostages,"—one of whom was the Archbishop of Paris,—were granted a complete amnesty and returned in triumph from New Caledonia. They now are calling for vengeance on those who convicted and exiled them. The vile papers in which they exhale their fury exceed, it seems, in violence the maniac ranting and bloodthirsty appeals of a Marat and a Hebert in 1793. Still the government is afraid of them, and does not dare to call them before the courts. Nay, the courts of justice themselves are wantonly disorganized by a blind administration, and all the magistrates who have still some self-respect are now tendering their resignation rather than be the tools of a Cazot and a Constans. These resignations are at this moment counted by many hundreds, and, thank God, the legists at least have been forced to side openly with the Church and Christian order. Their noble advocacy of the right of religious to live together and follow their rules had never, that I know, been so open and outspoken in France, and this is a redeeming feature of great weight and importance in that unhappy country.

From all appearances the actual government will not be able to

stand in front of the rebellious crew by which they are hounded on, and compelled to adopt every day radical measures, which they had stoutly denied the day before. To speak plainly, the outlook at this moment is that of gaunt anarchy. This, however, cannot last long, and we will give further on our reasons for hoping against hope. This will only have been a new trial of republican institutions, which glaringly appear for the third time radically unsuited for France and opposed to the leanings of the nation. What kind of monarchy must be their last resource is not a question to be discussed in these pages.

c. In Italy the political and social state of the country seems to be rapidly drifting toward the same excesses as in France, though not in the same virulent form. The king is nobody, so that even in common parlance it is said that "under Victor Emmanuel every one knew that Humbert would be his successor, whilst to-day no one pretends to know who will succeed Humbert." The administration is in the hands of "men of the Left," that is, of radicals; the legislature is nearly in accordance with the ministry, though it seems they begin to be tired of sitting in Rome, and would wish a more pleasant city to live in. Some conclude that Rome might soon revert to the Pope, but this seems to be a too sanguine expectation. The ruling classes, in fact, are firm believers in the stability of the *Unita Italiana*, and as this rests entirely on robbery and spoliation, it is not very likely that they are in favor of giving back to the Church even a slight morsel of her former dominions. To thoroughly know the rottenness of this part of the population one has only to reflect a moment on the disgraceful triumph of Garibaldi in Milan, which occurred only a few weeks ago.

This is rather a gloomy outlook; still it is not possible to convey a sufficient idea of it in a short paragraph such as the one which has just been written. The secret societies, however, which have in modern times swarmed in that restless country, have not been even mentioned. And every one must acknowledge that if there is a sore spot in beautiful Italy, it is to be found in the numberless sects of conspirators who have been the real cause of all the recent changes and revolutions.

It is said, it is true, that the Freemasons of the Great Orient Order, who for a long time have had the underground management of the main political plots and social intrigues, have no more the ruling power in their hands; and one of the best known among them, who recently died at Leghorn, bitterly complained in his last malady that the *influential* lodges were no more the seat of respectability and gentility, but had been replaced by other associations of a more plebeian cast. This, it seems, is very true; and Freemasonry, which until lately recruited its members from the

higher or middle classes, has lately made a mighty step downwards, and has received within its folds rude proletarians whose main object is to supplant the former more refined Masons in the government of the world. There is, no doubt, in this great fact a symptom of hope for good men, because if Freemasonry is divided its efficiency is nearly gone, according to the homely proverb, "When rogues disagree honest people can enjoy their own." But it must be considered that the substitution of plebeians for aristocrats in secret societies may bring on the reign of the mob, as it did in France during the first revolution, when the *Jacobin Society* became the great ruling power and brought about what was pointedly called the Reign of Terror. The effective remedy for the evils of Italy cannot be found in the formation of political clubs composed of the dregs of society, and from which nothing can be expected but disorder and anarchy. It has just been said also that there is scarcely any ground for hoping that the educated men who have been so far the leaders in the recent revolutions, and have robbed pontiffs and princes in order to set up their fictitious *unity*, will finally open their eyes, and, feeling at last the importance of religion for the preservation of order, will act more fairly toward the Church, and stop at once the process of spoliation which is still going on even at this moment. We think the true remedy lies in the firm union and strong determination of all sincere Catholics, as will soon be pointed out.

In Spain religion seems to be, if anything, more prostrated still than in Italy. It would require a long historical dissertation to place before Americans the true causes of so strange a phenomenon. Many persons in this country cannot possibly understand how a nation so strongly Catholic a hundred years ago is now a prey, not only to dissent from the Church, but to the wild theories of infidelity, materialism, and positivism, which at this day are far from being confined to Germany, France, and England. To render it plain to every understanding, we would have to unfold the spread of Jansenism a hundred years ago among many of the clergy and some of the laity. At the same time it would be necessary to show how the rankest unbelief was communicated from France to the highest ranks in the Spanish political world, in fact to all the ministers and diplomatic agents of Spanish kings. It would be afterwards proper to prove that Spain became the slave of France during the whole time of the first revolution and the reign of Napoleon I., and could not but receive a large dose of the moral virus which was consuming the country north of the Pyrenees. The tramping of French and English soldiers during so many years over the devoted soil of the Iberian peninsula, and the bitter

quarrels of the nation with Ferdinand VII. after he came back, were not calculated to strengthen the Christian feeling, chiefly owing to the wild revolutionary theories which everywhere prevailed during the contest between the king and his subjects. But more, perhaps, than anything else, the spread of the French language and of infidel books, written last century, but good enough for Spaniards of this, was the pernicious source of the widespread disorder which is to-day witnessed in Spain. It is known that under the Bourbons, from 1815 to 1830, and later, all the former editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, etc., which had become unsalable in France, were packed in enormous bales and carted across the Pyrenees for the enlightenment of the Spaniards. Modern editions of the same authors soon came out in great numbers and soon found their way in the same direction.

All these causes of demoralization would have to be unfolded in detail to fully explain the present state of a country whose name was once equivalent to those of chivalry and Catholicism; but we must be satisfied with this short paragraph on so important a subject.

At this moment, undoubtedly, Spain is in better hands than she has been for a long time. The present king, Alfonso XII., is well disposed toward the Church. Not only the relations with the Vatican, which had been previously broken off, have been resumed, but there is at this moment such an exchange of courtesies between the kingly family and the Pope that on reading in the papers the details of them one might fancy he is perusing a page of Spanish history dating from at least two centuries back. This, however, is delusive. Secret societies continue plotting. Deputies, journalists, writers of books, even many men employed by a blind administration, are openly at work for some new scheme or other. Even it seems that at this moment the country is on the eve of a new explosion. The following is a startling paragraph which I read in the number for August 8th, 1880, of *La Civilizacion*, one of the best Catholic reviews published in Madrid. The title of the article is "El Despertamiento de España Catolica."

"We would wish that all Catholics should well know the gravity of the circumstances in which they are placed, and should prepare themselves for events which are evidently preparing. Since one of the first duties is the sacred right of self-defence, we would suggest to them that in place of their usual pastime they should attend to army drill and shooting at a target as an exercise. We would not be sorry if, following the former example of St. Olozaga, they should bring back the fashion of wearing a sword,—*llevar espada en el cinto*,—after of course obtaining a license from the public authorities. . . . We would be rather pleased, in fine, if the Catholics

should exact a proper respect for their persons, and remind the revolutionists that if they are always bold against cowards, they are invariably the personification of cowardice in front of a brave man."

If this is a startling passage of a sober Catholic review, calculated to give a painful idea of Spain, it at least proves that the Catholics intend to secure their rights.

A terrible war is, therefore, raging all over Europe between what is called the revolution on one side and the Church on the other. The governments themselves are all more or less led by the revolutionary principles which have at last penetrated them, and imposed upon the sovereigns—let them be kings or presidents—the task of carrying out its programme. This programme is first and foremost the Kulturkampf, whose satanic object has been sufficiently explained. In this warfare we can distinguish the fields of politics, of sociology, of intellect, of morality, of popular well-being. Under all these aspects the Church is violently opposed. Her adversaries pretend that they have enlisted under their standard nearly the whole of mankind as willing slaves to their theories. Still *politics* are everywhere drifting toward the rule of the mob; *social science* is mostly the denial of all the principles on which human society has so far rested; intellect is nothing else than a pretended knowledge which invariably ends in skepticism; morality has ceased to be the rule of action imposed by God's commandments, and becomes more and more every day a mere cloak thrown over a putrid rottenness; popular well-being, finally, which was the first pretext assumed for the introduction of revolutionary ideas, is altogether forgotten in the conflict, and the common people are everywhere more wretched than ever.

Hence, if a universal conflict has been proclaimed against religious law, there is in prospect a fiercer antagonism still between all the elements of the revolution itself. The various states of Europe having scornfully rejected the former right of arbitration on the part of the Holy See, and reduced to expediency the former balance of power based on treaties and international principles of right, have no other means of securing their existence than enormous armies, which consume the whole strength of empires, kingdoms, or republics. It is said that there are at this moment ten millions of men under arms in Europe. Some time ago we ourselves thought there were only seven millions. Let the reader choose between the first and the second number. But it is appalling to think of it when the frightful means of destruction which *modern science* has placed in the hands of these armies are considered. And whilst the various nationalities are thus arrayed against each other, in each of them there are political parties, secret organizations plotting in the dark, or rebellious associations working in the

open air, which threaten to subvert the whole frame of society, and reveal to the sight of the most obtuse-minded the spectre of anarchy and social decomposition.

This is the spectacle presented at this day by Europe almost in its entirety. It is important to see if there are redeeming features in it; and since this paper is confined to the religious outlook, this alone must be discussed, leaving aside the political, social, and moral decomposition of the party opposed to the Church. By a strict inquiry made into the rottenness of that party the successful issue on the Church's side would directly appear as almost imminent, and the only question which could be matter of controversy would be as to the longer or shorter time required for bringing the rebellious world to the feet of the Church, the same as happened at the destruction of the Roman Empire by the barbarians. At this moment we confine our reflections to the present day.

II. In the firm conviction of Catholics the issue of this conflict must be certain in favor of right for two reasons principally. One is derived from Christ's promise, which by itself would amply suffice: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church." The other merely rational, based however on Scripture, results from a well-established historical law which the great St. Augustine was the first to point out. In his time good Christians discussed among themselves the question of *persecutions*. It seems that many of them thought they saw in the Apocalypse the certainty that their number in the Church's life would be limited to ten only. And by closely looking into the four centuries which had already elapsed they thought they found exactly that number of persecutions. Hence they concluded that there would never be any other for all time to come. The holy bishop proved in his *De Civitate Dei* that they were mistaken. From the words of Christ, particularly from the passage of the Gospel where is contained the parable of "the tares and the wheat," he showed that persecutions would never cease—they were the normal state of the Church in her pilgrimage; but she would invariably conquer in those contests with the world and the devil, until finally in the last her triumph would be final and complete.

Ever since Augustine's time this historical law has been verified, and a remarkable proof of it was furnished directly after his death, when the Vandalic persecution in Africa was accompanied with horrible cruelties such as the Roman world had scarcely witnessed under the Pagan emperors. Still religion stood the shock. The European fiends who display at this moment their fierce hatred against Catholicity, have not yet gone so far in their madness as to repeat in our age the Vandalic horrors of bloodshedding and death. They think they are wiser by adopting the system of *Kulturkampf*.

Their expectation will be in the end frustrated, like the schemes of those who have preceded them in the same vain attempt. It is necessary to persuade ourselves of it by bringing forward the firm grounds of that hope, felt by all of us independently of the promises of Christ, and derived simply from some striking facts to which public attention is not sufficiently directed. They all concur in proving that the Church has seldom if ever been so strong intrinsically as she is at this moment, and that consequently her success is as certain as it has always been in previous ages.

The first token of unconquerable strength is the firm attitude of the modern Popes who have already succeeded each other for more than three centuries, and must continue in the same firmness of determination. During that long period of time they have first withstood the outbreak of Protestantism, beaten it back to the North of Europe, and they witness to-day its death-throes in skepticism and complete disintegration. They have seen also the absolutism of princes, Catholic or not, born from heresy and Cæsarism, turned at first against their authority and threatening even their spiritual power, but at last tottering and prostrate under the storm of democratic fury, whilst the voice of Peter's successors count still hundreds of millions of faithful listeners and obedient children. They have at last been able to cope single-handed against this many-headed monster called the revolution. Alone of all princes and potentates they have boldly refused to adopt its maxims and to worship the golden calf of the hour. What is called modern liberalism is nothing after all but the exclusion of God and His law from society; and the last expression of that system is the hatred of both God and His laws. Have not all the governments of Europe stepped down at least on the first and broad round of liberalism's ladder, standing on which religion is set aside from the state, the forum, the school, and coolly relegated within the family circle? Are not these the maxims proclaimed by all the leaders of nations except the Popes? And before long the second step must follow by the adoption of the full revolutionary doctrine which at this moment openly preaches the hatred of God and His law. Everything tends towards it in our age, and it becomes every day more probable that in spite of the efforts of less advanced liberals, Communism, Socialism, Nihilism will soon triumph over the present rulers. These would like to see the people satisfied with their *moderate* theories; but they will be disappointed, because they have fully planted and cultivated the root of the evil by proclaiming their independence from religious law.

The Popes have *not*, and they have, on the contrary, invariably declared that they are the teachers and interpreters of this divine code, to which all must submit, since it is the expression of God's

will. During the last three centuries—there is no need of going further up, since we speak here of modern times—the Popes have, perhaps, more than ever asserted that Christ's doctrine must be the rule for all nations. They cannot be conquered on this ground, because Christianity alone can heal the wounds of humanity and establish happiness on earth. The undisguised Paganism which "modern thought" is endeavoring to introduce again into society must, on the contrary, bring on such social calamities that, in the midst of their woes, the European nations at last will understand their criminal mistake, and look again for the harbor in which alone they will be able to find a refuge. Their only safety will be found again under the Pontiff's staff.

What would have been the case had the Popes listened to the solicitations of *moderate* liberals in these latter times, and given up the principle the successors of Peter have always been contending for? They would, at this moment, be as infirm of purpose as all other modern sovereigns who are now tottering to their fall. Still this surrender to liberalism has been expected from them several times during the short span of our lives. After the death of Gregory XVI., at the election of his successor, every *wise* student of the signs of the times felt sure of it. Pius IX. was a liberal and would in his policy follow the spirit of the age. But Pius IX. stultified the utterers of these prophecies, and stood as firm as any previous Pontiff. It seems that many wiseacres in Italy blundered likewise with regard to the present Pope; and a couple of *liberal* papers in that country express now their sorrow at the sudden disappearance of their hopes.

Men of mind, on the contrary, to whatever party they belong, must feel sure of the triumph of the Papacy precisely on account of this obstinacy in maintaining the principle on which the Church of Christ has always rested, which is the open declaration that God's law must rule mankind, if mankind is not destined soon to perish. And the circumstance which is most encouraging is that the Sovereign Pontiff is not unsupported in his boldness. Besides the Godlike strength which he receives from on high, his noble cause is embraced in all European countries by men of the highest intellect, the bravest heart, and the purest morality, carrying after them millions of human beings belonging to all nations. But, as this remarkable circumstance is by itself another firm ground of hope, it must be left for further development, after the figure of the Pope is again a little while considered independently of its surroundings.

Remember, O reader! that this figure is not like that of any common monarch, destined not only to die one day, but to see his dynasty swept away sooner or later in the course of time. How

many are the lines of kings which have flourished and disappeared in the various kingdoms of Europe since the beginning of our era! The Popes alone have formed an unchangeable line of sovereigns, which have now lasted nearly nineteen centuries, and is far from being finished. For their sovereignty is not confined to the temporal power they possess when they are not forcibly deprived of it. It resides chiefly in their spiritual prerogatives, and these *cannot be stolen away* from them. As the Popedom cannot die, a Pope may, but *the* Pope does not, cease to exist. It was a very silly, nay, an extremely ludicrous idea of the French Jacobins, when, under the "Directoire," they sent their troops to Rome, took away Pope Pius VI., carried him to Valence in Southern France, and *helped* him there to die. They directly fancied there would never be another Pope, because they would see to it, and they were then omnipotent. A shout of exultation issued from their throats, and, I think, from the mouths of Protestants in general throughout the world, "The Papacy was dead, and would not rise from its ashes." But not longer than a year after the Russian schismatics came to Italy led by Suvaroff, and Venice being delivered from the French yoke, the cardinals met in that city and elected Pius VII., who straightway went to take possession of his capital. Who does not know that not only for the election, but even for the consecration and enthronization of a Pope, there is no city assigned? If propriety requires that all this should take place at Rome, in a case of necessity any spot is as good; and if the celebrated *Internationale*, of which nothing is now heard, should hold in its firm grasp the whole of Europe and America, there is room enough for the ceremony of Papal enthronization in Asia and Africa. If even these would be closed up, the smallest coral island of the South Sea would suffice. And after the solemn rites of consecration have been once performed, though in the darkness of new catacombs, the hundreds of millions of men who must continue to obey the Pontiff are and always will be ready to acknowledge him with joy and follow his prescriptions as those of Christ.

This brings on naturally the consideration of a second ground of hope, namely, the perfect coherence and unity of all the leaders among the Pope's subjects, and these are the Catholic bishops of the Universal Church. In a normal state of affairs the patriarchs, metropolitans, bishops of every degree, are surrounded with pomp. They officiate in gorgeous cathedrals, in which all the splendor of the fine arts is displayed. The solemnities over which they preside have never been excelled in the palaces of kings, and the multitude of adorers, high and low, rich and poor, form around their prelates a retinue which has been justly compared to the high court of Heaven. But in case Antichrist should come to reign

on earth, and his innumerable army of barbarians should at once devastate what it has cost centuries to build up; in case, as was said of Jerusalem, the ways of Sion should mourn and her solemnities be at an end, and all her gates should be broken down, and her priests sigh, and her virgins be plunged into affliction; still bishops should remain to continue their ministrations and govern, with the Pope at their head, a Church "oppressed with bitterness" (Lam. i. 4). "The beauty of the king's daughter is interior," and the graces that she bestows on mankind do not depend on exterior display. Her bishops can teach men though multitudes should no more surround their chair. They can bring down the Holy Ghost from Heaven, and distribute His gifts to the faithful in the solitude of the desert. They can ordain priests and other ministers of the altar without any witness to the ceremony.

Their efficiency is chiefly derived from their union with the chief pastor. When this is loose the Church is weak; when it is compact she is strong. In the first case heresies arise, and there is division and schism, as frequently happened in the fourth and fifth centuries when there were so many Arian, and Nestorian, and Eutychian, and Monothelite bishops. This is to-day well-nigh impossible, as was proved at the Council of the Vatican. In the discussions of doctrine previous to the definitions bishops differed, and there were opportunists and inopportunists, etc. As soon as the decrees were passed, all agreed and said that the Holy Ghost had spoken. Since that time they all have returned to their dioceses, and every one is bound to admire, not only their unanimity in maintaining the faith, but likewise their constancy in suffering for the Church in all those countries where the storm of persecution rages.

There is, however, one circumstance which must be remarked here, and of which no word has yet been said. In Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Italy, or Spain, whenever the hierarchy is attacked and persecuted by the civil power, not only the Pope, though himself a prisoner, takes immediately the defence of the bishops, and the whole world hears his protestations, remonstrances, and threats of censure; but the bishops on their part never fail in dubious cases to consult the Holy See with regard to the conduct they must follow in their conflict with the state. This has been done several times in Germany, in Belgium quite lately, in Switzerland on many occasions, in France during the whole contest about education. And it is everywhere understood that though the Pope takes no conclusive decision without having consulted and heard the bishops, still should his final determination be different from theirs, it would immediately be unanimously adopted. Yet in this last case the Pope's infallibility is in no way concerned, and it is only

his advisory direction which is obeyed. It is evident that this has never before been the case in the Church to the same extent, and this alone gives her a strength which must triumph over all her enemies; for with such a unity as this no opposing force can prevail.

From the beginning of Christianity till these latter days this could not have been even imagined. It was always understood that in the case of a papal decision of any kind, there would always be dissentient bishops; and this was declared by all theologians to be no derogation to the Church's unity. This essential mark of Catholicity, which has always been considered the most powerful factor in its efficiency and power, is, therefore, more compact and solid at this time than in any previous age, and becomes the sure warrant of an invincible vigor, stronger still than the one which, to the knowledge of all, has resisted so far the numberless shocks of the most brutal violence.

Look a moment at these bishops of Prussia and Switzerland, all exiles from their sees or immured in state prisons with the vilest criminals, still consoled by the approval, not only of God and their conscience, but also by the open praise bestowed upon them by the Vicar of Christ, and say if the working of an odious *Kulturkampf* against them has in the least broken down their strength and shortened their power. It seems so to men who pay attention only to the outlook, that is, to the mere surface. To be convinced of the contrary it suffices to give but a glance at their obedient flocks, at those German and Swiss Catholics who scornfully reject the bribes of the state, and recognize as their spiritual rulers those only whom the Pope acknowledges, and who have been taken away from them. Their affection is strongest because these friends of their souls are absent and suffering; their obedience is the more submissive because the directions they can receive from them are more scanty and difficult. But this attitude of the Catholic people will soon be presented apart as another firm ground of a hope which cannot be delusive and ineffectual.

Turn again your eyes towards the bishops of France and Belgium, subjected at this moment with their clergy to the attacks of the mob which in both countries has taken hold of the reins of government. They are neither in exile nor in jail, but they are threatened with both, nay, with death itself, by the vile Jacobin clubs which openly aspire to replace at the head of the state the more lucky radicals who have by the strangest of chances become the rulers of the hour. It is a medley of sects and parties, in which it is difficult to know who is at the head or at the tail. Anarchy, if not yet let loose, is nevertheless prominent in the picture. Who can pretend that the hierarchy is not at this moment the strongest power in the eyes of sensible Frenchmen and of Belgians? Among

them alone is there unity of purpose and nobleness of aim. The Gallic mind in both countries is not yet besotted; and men of little faith belonging to that race, who now appear indifferent and lukewarm, must before long open at last their eyes and distinguish between the true and the beautiful on one side, and the false and hideous on the other. This is undoubtedly the most rational view of the present prospect, unless God wishes again to thoroughly chastise that fickle race and bring it through the excess of misery to the stool of repentance and amendment. One thing is certain, the religious outlook, if appalling, is in reality full of a promise, which may be deferred a short time, but must end in a happy realization.

In Germany outside of Prussia the bishops, if not actually the prey of the same violent storms, have been chastened and purified by the imminence of danger. In Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and other smaller states, as well as in the whole Austrian Empire, not only there is no more among them Erastianism and Josephism, but the devotedness to the Holy See, the strict attention to pastoral duty on the part of the bishops, is the same as everywhere else in Europe. Nothing more can be said of this part of Christendom, which forms no exception to the picture of strength described a few paragraphs back.

As to the Spanish Episcopate a word must suffice. Under the rule of Alfonso XII. the bishops have recovered at least their essential rights, and they are now free with regard to Christian education; and the governments easily consent to the restoration and extension of religious orders. There are, no doubt, in the country, as was seen, powerful elements of disorder, chiefly owing to the universal spread of secret societies, through which, not only infidelity but its chief outcomes in this age, namely, Socialism and Communism, are unfortunately prevalent in the ruling classes. Nevertheless with an Episcopate firmly attached to the Holy See, as is the case, those monsters must give way and gradually disappear. Already among the progressists themselves there is an open disapproval of the present excesses of the French radicals. It is to be hoped that the Providence of God will suscite among Spanish bishops great men intellectually and socially. They will find to help them the common people, who are sound at the core, and it will be possible for them, if they are once admitted into the councils of the nation, to cure the greatest evil of the state, which it seems is a widespread corruption extending through all the branches of the civil administration. Former Spanish bishops have performed a greater wonder still when in the seventeen celebrated councils of Toledo they have reformed at the same time the Church and civil society, after giving the last blow to Arian-

ism and its cognate errors. Let us hope and pray that no new senseless and criminal revolution will break out in Spain to delay still longer the realization of this great boon.

In Italy the Episcopate partakes of the sorrows of the Holy Father, and of the open attacks to which his authority is subjected. They witness the inroads of all the worst principles and maxims of the revolutionary programme. This is chiefly visible in the almost total destruction of religious houses and in the godless education which is openly prepared for Italian youth. But there is still more unanimity among these bishops than in any other country, and a more heartfelt attachment to the Head of the Church, whom they surround more closely and whom they know better through a nearer and more familiar intercourse. With the Pope they stand or fall, since they are only his vanguard and retinue. This suffices to know that they must with their chief overcome the disorganized enemies by whom they are surrounded. There is no greater power against them than the intricate web of secret societies which have tyrannized over Italy since the beginning of this century. But, as was seen, their tremendous sway is now breaking down through disunion in their ranks. The Catholic spirit is reviving among the people. Of both these grounds of hope the *Civiltà Cattolica* is the voucher in its last numbers; and no one can refuse to acknowledge that this periodical has been for a long time and is now the best informed on Italian affairs.

The third motive of not despairing which the spectacle of the Church offers at this moment is derived from the actual state of the clergy, both regular and secular. After the Popedom and the hierarchy this is, and has always been, the greatest element of strength in the Church. With good bishops and good priests she is unconquerable. Whenever she has lost some of her influence, owing to interior abuses, she has invariably reconquered it in full as soon as the militia of her clergy has recovered its natural discipline. Can any one, by perusing the annals of our holy religion, find ever a better one than in this restless and disordered age?

The regular battalion, it is true, seems to have been effectually routed and disorganized in many countries; still it has never been in reality so full of life and true courage. To destroy, nay, annihilate it, the European governments, blindly siding with their worst enemies,—the radical revolutionists,—have nearly everywhere exerted all their power to sweep it out of existence. In this act of madness the so-called Catholic powers have surpassed the Protestant states. If among these last Prussia has driven the religious orders out of its territory by a single decree, England has not touched them, and the Scandinavian states begin to again welcome them. But ponder on what is being done at this moment against

them in Catholic France and in Papal Italy. Remember what has taken place in Spain a few years ago. The skill of politicians, the deep thoughts of statesmen, the blending of knavery with hypocrisy, all the resources of the wisdom of this world, have been employed to produce a sudden and fatal effect against religious orders. Bismarck has forgotten the Socialists to fall on Jesuits and Redemptorists. French Ministers of State, blinder still than the Prussian Chancellor, break open the doors of Capuchins and Dominicans to send them adrift, whilst they bring back from Noumea the former conspirators of the Commune, and sign their own death warrant by introducing on the political stage the mad Jacobins who openly clamor for the blood of their very liberators. The history of Spain and Italy during the last fifteen years could furnish examples nearly as striking as these of aberration of mind produced by the fury of hatred.

But space does not allow us to describe in full the scenes of this ludicrous comedy in France, which unfortunately may end in the most bloody and hideous tragedy. The only question to be considered here is, Will those madmen succeed, and destroy at last the *bataillon sacré* of the Catholic Church? We say that they render it stronger, and that it must triumph over them in the end. There is but one way of abolishing religious orders, and that is by a decree of the Pope, who alone has supreme authority over them. The harshest measures taken by legislators, princes, or the mob end in nothing but the thorough reformation of regulars, and consequently in a renewal of strength and efficiency. Look at the bloody persecution inaugurated by the French revolutionists of 1793. They appeared to have more fully succeeded than the worst enemies of the Church had ever before. The religious orders were swept away from France as if by the besom of destruction. The inmates of the houses in which great abuses had crept accepted the decrees of dissolution with an unnatural joy, and never thought of resuming their habit or rule even when the times became more favorable. The religious—male or female—who had continued in fervor, and left their houses most unwillingly, were subjected afterwards to such an unheard-of tyranny that even those who escaped the guillotine or death in jail could not imagine that they would ever be able to resume their former life. Still, when the actual persecution by Ferry and his compeers began, it was estimated that the female religious in France were more than double in number compared to those of last century, and if the religious men do not present at this moment such a large array as formerly, they are much more efficient, because more zealous and learned.

The execution of the actual French *decrees* will temporarily inconvenience those who have been subjected to them. They can-

not, however, consider themselves as free from their vows; and even if the Commune should come to inflict heavier afflictions on them, the day will not be far off when liberty will finally be granted. The deep affection manifested in their regard by all classes of society at the hour of their dispersion, will break out with more power on the day of their deliverance; and who can say what they will not be able to do when, order being at last restored, they will return to their houses and to the open pursuit of their holy vocation? Before the attempt to disperse them was made it appeared easy to the enemies of the Church to do away with both monks and nuns; but at the opening of the Chambers in November, 1880, the legislature, though strongly radical, consented not to oblige the ministers to resign only on condition that they should not go on with the execution of their decrees. This they promised, and by so doing they confessed the failure of their plans and the impossibility of destroying religious life in France. M. Emile de Girardin, though not friendly to the Church, has himself said, "that M. Ferry has declared on the religious congregations a war more unprofitable still than ridiculous, since he is obliged to allow them to subsist out of their houses, and thus what he wished to overcome and destroy is sure to triumph over his plans."

In Spain the great question for Catholics is the re-establishment of *los frailes*,—the friars,—as we perceive from the *Revista Popular* of Barcelona, and a great deal has already been done in that regard. A few years ago all the energy of government was bent on their destruction, and they are now reviving. This must suffice for that noble country.

Italian religious, in spite of the confiscation of their property and the dispersion of many houses, continue to live, and must before long break out in a stronger and healthier activity than ever. It is generally supposed that since many convents have been closed and their revenues absorbed by the state, the inmates had to fly from the country and travel to parts unknown. This is not true. They are still, nearly all of them, in Italy, and it is said by those who ought to be well informed that their efficiency is greater than formerly, and the amount of good they do is indeed wonderful. They are destined to bring back the Italian people to the practice of religion which many had abandoned, and the contributors to the *Civiltà Cattolica* do not hesitate to proclaim that there is actual progress in the religious revival. The deprivation of community life is no doubt a great evil for the religious. But this cannot last long, and the decrees and laws which have effected it will not endure on a par with religious patience and firmness of purpose.

But the most hopeful sign of the times, perhaps, results from the admirable fortitude displayed by the secular clergy wherever the

Church is attacked and oppressed. The regulars are the helpers of the seculars. These last are permanently stationed in parishes, and the parish is the first element of Church organization, as the family is of society. Nothing can stand unless the first element is solid. Hence the importance of the secular clergy. Thank God, it is solid at this moment all over Europe, which is the only part of the Church under consideration. There is no need of concealing the fact that the Catholic parish priests of Prussia, Wurtemberg, Baden, etc., were forty years ago far from edifying. That former generation of secular clergyman had been brought up in state colleges and state universities, together with candidates for the Protestant ministry, and had imbibed under infidel or at least indifferent professors the loose notions of a theology suited for both. Such was the system of education which the state had then imposed on the Church. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that the priests so educated sent petitions to Rome for the abolition of clerical celibacy. The conduct of many of them was openly scandalous, and among the whole number several at that time openly contracted civil marriage.

But since the German bishops have obtained, later on, the faculty of opening gymnasiums and seminaries for their clerics, a total change has taken place, which the recent persecution has brought out in all its mightiness. The pastors of the same churches, where the people had been formerly scandalized, are not only pious and devoted to their flocks, but carry their zeal almost to the heroism of martyrdom. Rather than obey unjust and tyrannical laws devised for the only object of destroying Catholicity in Germany, they expose themselves to all the penalties of a despotic *Kulturkampf*. They consent to be pounced upon by an infamous police, and subjected to the low insults of their captors. They do not shrink from the infamy of being thrown into jail with the vilest criminals, of being treated with the coarsest contumely by their judges, as if they were robbers or assassins, of being fined beyond their means, and thus made prisoners without any limit to their condemnation. This is very often the reward of their zeal, and the almost necessary termination of a wandering life through country and towns in search of their scattered flocks, of the sheep of Christ abandoned to the tender mercy of wolves who call themselves Old Catholics.

The description could be indefinitely protracted, but we must hasten on and be satisfied with this most imperfect sketch. Meanwhile all over Europe, outside of Germany and Switzerland, where the persecution rages with the same violence, the secular clergy, though less persecuted in France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, offer equally commendable traits of apostolic virtue. Among the thirty

or forty thousand secular clergymen in France a few only, deposed or suspended by their bishops for their misdeeds, cross over the eastern boundary of the country and become Old Catholics beyond the Rhine. The mass remain what they have been for a long time, pious and zealous guides of souls. Either in the ministry, or in teaching, or in writing books and articles for reviews, they form, under learned and devoted bishops, a band of well-disciplined soldiers, always on the breach against the enemy, or communicating to the most religiously-inclined among their flocks the sweetest effusion of piety and the most ardent aspirations towards heaven. Can the Church be weak when the laborers in the vineyard are so energetic?

The same symptoms are manifest in the secular clergy of Italy and Spain. A recent Catholic traveller has lately, it is true, seen in this last country a priest saying his mass with very little reverence! This has been published in a review. The fact must be true, since the gentleman said so; but we caution his readers against inferring from it that Spanish secular priests have either no faith or at least not a spark of piety. There are too many proofs of the contrary to believe it. Meanwhile the reader has to remember that in this world the good and the evil run, as it were, in the fashion of epidemics. When the turn of the bad comes it is deplorable; in the contrary case it is admirable. We will not attempt to explain this bit of philosophy, but it is so, whatever may be the cause of it. Thank God! there is at this moment an epidemic of virtue among secular clergymen all over Europe.

The result of it is an epidemic of virtue also among lay people, and this is the last ground of hope we intend to consider. It was in Paris, a short time after the revolution of 1830, that this great movement began. Ozanam, Montalembert, and their friends gave the impulsion. At that epoch no men in France appeared in the churches, at least in large cities. They all seemed to have forgotten that there was a Catholic religion in which they had been baptized in their infancy and instructed in their youth. It was suddenly a universal surprise to hear that laymen took upon themselves the mission of preaching, that is, of calling the attention of their countrymen to the beauties of Catholicism, and to the duty of vindicating the Church from threadbare calumnies. This was the first formation of the great Catholic party which has now spread all over Europe. It soon took in France a high position in the fields of literature and philosophy. It had its poets, like Victor de Laprade; its profound thinkers, like Auguste Nicolas; its scientists of the spiritualist type, like G. d'Estienne; its artists, as Flandrin; its critics, like De Pontmartin, etc. Soon it stepped on the stage of politics, and offered to an admiring world the highest

oratory in Montalembert, true statesmanship in De Falloux, a powerful influence over the legislature in Keller, Chesnelong, and Albert de Mun. We speak here only of laymen, and mention but the most prominent. The details would carry us too far if the part the clergy took in that mighty moral revolution was at all pointed out. The great names of Lacordaire, De Ravignan, Dupanloup, and a host of others would render the picture, if not complete, at least most striking. It is the combination of all those brilliant elements which extorted at last from the former adversaries of the Church, such as Thiers and Victor Cousin, the priceless liberty of education in all its degrees, which Freemasonry at this moment does its best to abrogate with the help of a corrupt legislature. But the same Catholic party is still on foot, and it remains to be seen which of the two—the cause of God or of the Devil—shall triumph in the end.

To be better convinced that right must prevail it suffices to look at the sudden extension taken by the Catholic party, as it has been called. It arose in Germany after the revolutions of 1848; it is now taking a new shape in Switzerland after a check of several years; it is at this moment rising into prominence in Italy and Spain; it begins to take a form in Great Britain and the north of Europe, in Galicia particularly; it finally is on the point of making its mark in the empire of Austria, through the Czechs of Bohemia and the numerous Austrian Catholics of note. Details unfortunately cannot be furnished here. It suffices, however, to point out the notable fact that Prince Bismarck has now to pay particular attention to the Ultramontanes in his Parliament, composed of German Catholics and the Poles. He cannot afford to despise their votes, and it is probably for this reason that he has apparently endeavored, for several years past, to come to an understanding with the Vatican, and has entered into long negotiations with several papal nuncios. Nothing so far has resulted from them, and it was probably only hypocritical on his part; but the Ultramontanes, both in the Reichstag and Landtag, are more numerous than ever, and he must at last come to terms with the Church, because he cannot continue to exasperate much longer eleven millions of Catholics who dwell in the Prussian dominions. The Germanic empire, besides, is not homogeneous, because, as was said, the *Kulturkampf* could not be enforced in Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Baden for the reasons previously assigned. For establishing the required homogeneity the Prussian administration must necessarily have the Falk laws abolished, or at least essentially changed, in order to bring its administration in harmony with that of the other states of the empire.

In Italy it was lately said that the people will send a majority

of *clericals* to the legislature as soon as the Pope allows them to vote for deputies. The municipal government of cities is already in their hands, because the Holy Father exhorted the Catholics to participate in the elections for that object. In Spain things are not so ripe; still there is a remarkable stirring up, as some passages of reviews previously quoted evidently show.

There is, therefore, a spirit of zeal and ardor spreading at this moment through the Catholic body in all European nations. The common people, as well as their leaders, are swayed by it to a most remarkable degree. It is chiefly pre-eminent in the Prussian dominions and Switzerland. The main cause of this revival comes precisely from the persecutions to which they have been and are still subjected. The Catholics of France feel that they are not alone in their heroic struggle. They have now brethren everywhere, and even Protestants, if moderate and fair in their opinions, express openly their opposition to the tyrannical measures of Messrs. Ferry, Cazot, and others. This is prominently the case in England and this country. A cause supported by so many elements of strength cannot fail to succeed in a near future. As was remarked by us in a previous paper, the case is wholly different from that of the first French Revolution. At that epoch the lay element was altogether absent in the struggle between the Church and her adversaries. In the Church herself there were divisions produced by Gallicanism and Jansenism, which brought on the schismatical civil constitution of the clergy, and prepared the way for the almost complete victory of atheism and materialism. The clergy now, secular as well as regular, is compact and firmly united, and around bishops and priests there are the serried ranks of ardent laymen, full of faith and ready to pour out, if necessary, not only their wealth in behalf of religion, not only the copious abundance of their brilliant talent and the ever ready flow of a masterly eloquence, but, even if it came to this, their very life-blood, not, however, without striking blow for blow in the cause of God.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: WILL IT LAST?

THE second half of our century will ever form a most remarkable, and most interesting, most instructive period in the history of the world. And more so to the historians of succeeding ages than to our own. We who not only witness the development of event following event, but who frame to a certain extent at least these events ourselves; we, who breathe the spirit of the age, and cannot free ourselves, do what we will, from the influence this age exercises upon our individual judgment, must be ready to concede that the facts which unroll themselves before our eyes will bear a different character and present a different aspect after two or three generations to our successors. At present facts, things accomplished, naturally and quite legitimately occupy the foreground. The more these dry facts recede into the background the more will they dissociate themselves from the appendages which appear to hide from our sight the long and slow moving causes whose expression they are. *Königgrätz, Sedan, Plevna*; these three names signify for us three memorable events, namely: the inauguration of German unity, the downfall of the Empire of Napoleon III., and the collapse of the Mohammedan power in Europe. But the unexpected victory of the Prussian arms over the bravery of Austrian soldiers in 1866, the no less surprising complete superiority of the German forces over the armies of "la grande nation," and the frantic efforts of a brave race to repurchase by gallant heroism a lost cause, these three momentous phases in the history of Europe will appear in a different light when the tales of victory and defeat live no longer on breathing lips. The three names will continue to serve as landmarks, so to speak, but only in so far as they are the culminating points round which so many phases of progress and civilization have clustered themselves. The broader, larger, more comprehensive view, with fewer details, but outlines clearer defined, will obtain, and the student of the philosophy of history will try to formulate the correct answer to the question, What brought these events about, what imparts tone and color and lasting importance to them, what, in fine, caused that tremendous flow of blood wherewith an inexorable fate purples the deeds of nations? And that will outlive time and be recorded in the book of life, and the rest will sink into oblivion.

In like manner, if we turn from the external to the internal history of any period, we will soon perceive that here also clearly discernible exponents meet us at every point. The double current of life which runs in the individual runs also in nations and in the human race, and we contend that the exponent of the main ele-

ment which characterizes the internal history of the second half of the nineteenth century is furnished by the problem "Church and State." All side issues group themselves quite naturally around it.

Emancipation of Church and State has like a watchword traversed within the last few decades every empire, every kingdom, every state of Middle Europe, and as yet the solution of this grave problem appears not to have been found. The results so far obtained are either an impossible compromise or a compulsory armistice. The struggle for absolute independence from the religious power on the part of the civil power has made the round of Europe and at last it has reached France, and risen there all the quicker to the surface, because in the French Republic the belligerent forces wear their own colors without disguise.

In France as elsewhere there are two parties. There is one which sees nothing but anarchy and irreligion to come from an education divorced from the control, or, at least, the supervision of the clergy; and another which sees an end of all intellectual and civil freedom if education remains under that control and supervision. The names of the political organizations representing these opposite views differ, it is true, in the various states of Middle Europe; nevertheless the fundamental articles of their respective political creeds remain identically the same. The question at issue is virtually not whether education is to continue under clerical supervision or whether it is to be made once for all and only secular, but it is, whether the posterity to which we bequeath our culture and civilization as patrimony is to include in that inheritance "faith" or not. Are they to believe like their progenitors in an omnipotent personal Deity? Is a Providence benignly presiding over each and every one's fate separately, and over all nations and the whole human race collectively, or is it not? Is an equalization of apparent injustices to be hoped for in an unknown realm with which death shall acquaint ourselves, or is all this a vast illusion! This, we repeat, is the real point of controversy, and time, that element which verifies all our actions, made men discover in our days that the real battleground on which the decisive victory must be won or the final defeat suffered, is the field of education.

In no country do the real issues present themselves in more typical form than in the present French Republic. For France has been and still continues to be an essentially Catholic country, and, as we shall presently see, the only object of the warfare of the advanced spirit of the age against religion is the Catholic Church. Honest-minded Protestants may still deceive themselves on this subject, and entertain the erroneous belief that their creeds are likewise exposed to the attack of modern "so-called" enlighten-

ment against religion. But this is not the case, and the sooner they undeceive themselves or are undeceived the better. Frederick Harrison in his paper, "Creeds Old and New," running through the October and November numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*, says quite truthfully :

"In a philosophical survey of religions, Protestantism no longer exists. It is not in the field; it is a mere historical expression. It is necessary to be a Protestant, actually to believe in the Protestant doctrines, in order to see anything valuable at all in Protestantism. It is nothing but the servile worship of a book, grotesquely strained in interpretation. It is neither a Church, nor a creed, nor a religion. It is only a Targum mechanically repeated by contending bands of Pharisees and Sadducees.

"Wherever it appears the power of the mother and of the woman, the perpetuity of marriage, generosity towards the weak, diminish. Its triumphs are towards divorce, personal lawlessness, industrial selfishness. It is a school of verbal disputation; when its Bible is gone it has nothing. The Protestant volcano has long been extinct. Notable as an upheaval some years ago, it is now dust and scoriæ and here and there a few fumes from its buried fire."

On the other hand, the foremost leader of the Radical party, M. Gambetta, has never concealed that behind the question of clericalism lies the question of religion in general, and that as soon as the first is settled he will raise the flag of the second. In France, therefore, the two hostile elements appear in form decidedly pronounced characters. There is arrayed on one side the most powerful Church of Christendom, the Church of Rome, and there is an enemy on the other side who honestly has thrown down the gauntlet, and with equal honesty avows that his purpose is a war of annihilation. Nowhere do Catholicity and Radicalism clash more boldly and more distinctly against each other, and France seems to be once more predestined to offer by her own fate to the world either a warning example or the prestige of leadership, as the case may be.

From these considerations result the deep curiosity and attention the present state of affairs in the French Republic attracts, and these considerations make France legitimately an object deserving of our scrutinizing observation. As lightning reveals the electrical condition of the atmosphere, so has the rigorous enforcement of the memorable March decrees revealed the true nature of the political condition into which France is being plunged. The government is drifting altogether into the hands of the Radicals; hence the ascendancy which Radicalism seems to have entered upon. And apparently the prosperous career of the party in power has been inaugurated with as much *éclat* as success.

The closing of all educational establishments in the hands of the non-authorized orders followed the closing of the schools of the Jesuits and the expulsion of the members of this order from France. To what extent this measure must affect France can only be under-

stood by those who are familiar with the great number of institutes of learning supported by the Catholic clergy. No matter how hard and earnestly the government may try to open an equal number of secular schools, the attempt promises no success, since whatever the government may choose to call into life will not be received by the vast Catholic majority of the nation as an acceptable equivalent.

The dispersion of the religious orders *en masse*, and in defiance of all legal right, is a stain upon the national honor. The harmless inmates of convents and cloisters have been driven out by the government officials in a most shameless manner. The only offence of which the monks and nuns appear guilty was this, that their lives were given up to works of charity, and that they had no armed resistance to offer to the arbitrary acts of the government, which seems to reinstate again the "might is right" of mediæval times. True the press of Europe had but one cry of condemnation for these proceedings. In France, as well as in all countries where the principle of religious and civil liberty has obtained, the dismemberment of the cloisters and the *par-force* expulsion of citizens created a deep stir, for these acts surpass by far any measures which Bismarck saw fit to resort to against the Socialists in the state of blood and iron. It is not difficult to find a *raison d'être* for the measures of the Prussian Premier; nevertheless they have been stigmatized, and that quite severely, as grossly violating the spirit of liberty evolved by our civilization. In simple justice, then, the censure to be applied to the March decrees could hardly fail to be all the more severe because of the appalling despotic character they bear on their very face; besides, the way of their enforcement is far from shedding any lustre on the administration. It was an exceedingly difficult undertaking to create for them the semblance of legality on which they apparently rest. Their sole and true basis is the fiat of a political fraction and nothing else. Even if it is admitted that one enactment which dates from the commencement of the "Reign of Terror," and another belonging to the most despotic period of the reign of the first Bonaparte furnish a precedent, a sort of artificial basis, it must not be forgotten that these two enactments have remained dead letters for no less than sixty-five years, though no less than five revolutions have passed over the country in that time. All the successive forms of government found it expedient, if not necessary, to ignore them, and the substructure on which they have been erected reduces itself to a very clever but, at the same time, very ignominious production of a maleficent ingenuity of lawyers. It is shocking and disgusting to peruse the accounts rendered by the papers in which deeds of brutality against the teachers of infancy and the protectors

of poverty, decrepitude, and old age are being committed under the eyes, nay, with the sanction and by express order, of the very power which is supposed to protect the welfare and security of the masses it governs. Nor has it been possible to impart a more than at best very ambiguous popularity to the governmental proceedings. Both parties seem to be well aware of the fact that the situation of affairs is merely a state of transition. The imperative necessity of a final adjustment of the question "Church and State," which means a final solution of the pending difficulties, is clearly recognized, and the hopes of the Radicals, as well as of the Catholics, are set on the future, and that a near future. And from the aggressive spirit manifested by the Radicals in power, and the fact that they control the wires of the whole machinery called government, furthermore from the results they have obtained so far, the inference almost suggests itself that victory will remain with the powers that be. It is well, therefore, to bear in mind that there are many victories on record which prove more disastrous in the end than open defeats, and for this reason we must forbear to forestall, from success that may be very short-lived, the future events which history still holds in the mysterious folds of the morrow.

The question we are dealing with does not concern the momentary, but the lasting, that is to say, the necessary issue. Does the French Republic in the hands of the Radicals contain a fair promise of duration or not? Does it possess life-giving and life-sustaining elements, or, if not in possession of them, does it at least generate these indispensable requisites? That is the question we are dealing with, and hence we must investigate the conditions under which Radicalism alone may hope to establish itself permanently on French soil.

The present open-handed war of destruction against Clericalism seems, it is true, to contain a propitious augury for an ultimate decision in favor of M. Gambetta's object. Moreover, the movement made by the March decrees, though its significance is only that of any preliminary step, is nevertheless the one without which hope itself would have had to abandon the cause of the Radicals. It is merely just and proper to acknowledge that the ground has been prepared with consummate skill. M. Gambetta displays true insight into human nature, and his adroit policy bears witness to a foresight into the future which we much rather would see coupled with true statesmanship. For, in order to carry out the programme of the Radical party, that is, in order to checkmate Catholicity and paralyze the power of religion, it is absolutely necessary to prevent the Catholic Church from planting the ineradicable seed of faith in the infantile mind. Youth must be prevented from listening to the voice of a priesthood which embodies in its life the command-

ments of obedience and charity which it teaches ; unless that is done, faith will take root in the youthful soul, and though it may err far away from the narrow path of righteousness, it will, were it but in the last moments of life, reappear again, and by its reappearance annul all that lies between the loss and the ultimate regaining of faith. A generation growing up under the protective tutelage of the Catholic Church can never be made either to part completely with the religion instilled into the child with the mother's milk, or to hate those ministers who appear whenever misfortune, or illness, or distress appear, and who, moreover, always stretch out a helping hand, revivify sunken hopes, restore the lost confidence, and thus drive away misery and wretchedness by restoring man to his full manhood. If Catholicity is permitted to gain that double stronghold on the masses, the task proposed by the Radicals is utterly hopeless. But if generations are brought up from the cradle on through all successive stages of life without a knowledge of God and knowledge of all which clusters round the personal Deity ; if the first words listened to by the child impress upon the awakening intellect this, that the ideas of God and a hereafter are idle chimeras which have lost forevermore their vantage-ground, thanks to the advanced civilization of our age ; if this can be accomplished, then it may be maintained that such generations will be ardent supporters of a government which incorporates and expresses their own convictions. On this line does M. Gambetta's policy move, and considering the end which is to be subserved, the move is decidedly and uncommonly correct.

But, let us ask, on what does the success of the Radicals depend ? It depends primarily on this : whether they will succeed or not in engendering in the mind of the people a resolute distrust of the motives and inclinations and character of the Catholic clergy and of the Catholic Church, and, next, whether they will be able to maintain this distrust if they should not fail in generating it. Now by eliminating religion from the schools, and substituting for it the creed of enlightenment, they do not attain their end, for they simply take away what nature always tells us is invaluable and *par excellence* the gift of gifts, namely, faith ; but this privation does not inspire hatred for the gift, nor does it make those into whose hands the gift has been intrusted objects of scorn and contempt. It is well known what the first fruits of the creed of despair are when this creed takes hold of the uneducated. It has been freely infused into the laboring classes in France, especially where they are massed together in large cities ; it has risen to a terrible power, dreaded alike by friend or foe,—that power is Communism. But it is also well known that the degradation and horrors, physical as well as moral, of communistic laborers is beyond description. The prin-

ciples of Communism denaturalize their victims; they are the very opprobrium of our civilization and the very hotbeds of every form of wretchedness and immorality. The natural ideas of right and wrong are lost; utopian impossibilities are demanded from life and from the human society, and as long as the Radical party's promise of changing all and every relation of life will meet credulous ears, so long the discontented elements will support the Radicals. But when once the discovery is made of how absolutely powerless a government under the free and untrammelled sway of even a mind like M. Gambetta is to ratify its promises, they no longer will render homage to their leaders and lend as willing instruments, nay, tools, body and mind and soul to the erection of a building which, necessarily, must bury amongst its own ruins its most ardent builders. The utilization of this terrible force in the war *à l'outrance* against the Catholic Church forms one of the main hopes of the present *régime*, and up to a certain point it is an element the destructive force of which must not be underrated. At the same time this very force is liable to turn round at any moment against those whose game of deception must sooner or later be played out. The communistic element, therefore; does not offer in its intrinsic nature a building-stone at all.

If it aids the present *régime* for the time being in striking out boldly, it will not do so in the future. Between Gambetta and Rochefort there is but one point in common, and that is their common and uncompromising antagonism towards Rome. And if we leave the cities and manufacturing establishments and inquire into the condition of the rural districts, reports of entirely different character reach us. Whenever we desire to ascertain the real condition of the people themselves, that is to say, that portion of the nation which is most numerous, which forms the bulk of the populace, and in whose hands the real issues of France will ultimately be placed, we have to go into the country. Now this element, which not only counterbalances the former, but which outweighs everything else, has not lost the heritage of ages, that faith which made France what it is and the French nation "*la grande nation*." The Frenchman of to-day clings with the same firm tenacity to the Creator and benefactor of mankind as his ancestors did before him. If there is any change at all noticeable, the change is rather in favor of religion. An ardor is said to be displayed greater and more intense than within a comparatively recent past, as if the French Catholics of to-day meant to atone by their greater zeal and faithfulness for the prevarications of their own brethren, and thereby to appease the terrible vengeance of infinite justice, which, like a Damocles' sword, hangs threatening over the transgressors of every commandment. In the country there still lives the knowledge of an All-Father in

heaven ; there still lives the spirit of reverence of and obedience to authority ; there still lives the hope of better days without end, where labor will find its reward and virtue its fruition. And there also lives, and is treasured up in an unpolluted state, the true "honor" of the nation. And in all country districts we learn the March decrees have been received with a cold, in many with a quite discouraging reception. If the toiling peasant and the village blacksmith respected the authority which the Church had taught them to respect too highly to offer open resistance, they did at least deprecate measures which, while ostensibly only directed against priest and nun, were indirectly the means of depriving poverty and infancy of their time-honored protectors. Simple-minded as they are, and not familiar with the godless cant of half culture, they judge by realities, by the nourishment distributed at the cloisters and convents to the poor, by the obedience and the faithful discharge of duties they observe in their offspring as the fruit of the teaching of the Church ; they judge by the comfort they derive every day interiorly when, at the tolling of morning, noon, and evening bell, they stop in field and workshop, and, uncovering their heads, pause until the peaceful sound dies away. That act of lifting the hat, unaccompanied as it may be by prayer, is, nevertheless, in all its simplicity and all its littleness, the means of drawing down upon them from heaven the dews of grace, and toiling peasant and village blacksmith effect by that simple act of prayer what proud eloquence in well-studied sentences vainly attempts to produce in crowded halls ; they instil peace and contentment into their own hearts ; they wipe off the brow, and a thought of their home and family rushes, perhaps, through them, and the plough ploughs deeper until evening sinks, and livelier fly the sparks from under the hammer until the day's work is over. That peasant and that blacksmith possess the conservative instinct of blissful ignorance, and are no more inclined to part with their unlearned faith than they are to give up the short moments of repose from labor they have habituated themselves to at the sound of the village church-bell. They may not be, and in all probability are not, able to give the reasons why they are unwilling to part with the faith, and the institutions called into life by that faith, but they feel by intuition that they can extend no hearty welcome to the innovations proposed and, alas, partly enacted by the government, and hence they are as loyal and true now as in olden times.

Again, it must be borne in mind that a strong feeling of patriotism dwells in every Frenchman, a feeling at once proud and just ; proud because it is just and just in its pride. That feeling pervades with great force the entire nation. Now this patriotic feeling allies itself against the government in the latter's attempt to discredit the

Catholic Church and clergy. Between November, 1870, and the end of 1871, no less than sixty-two clergymen received the Legion of Honor, fifty-six the minor decorations, and two were given, under special circumstances, the military medal. These facts are, of course, well known in France, and in view of them how is it possible to impose upon the credulity of the people the charge that the clergy is devoid of patriotism? Can it be reasonably hoped that Church and clergy will ever be considered as institutions inimical to the welfare of the country? Will it be believed that a Frenchman who dons the cassock is thereby deprived of those sacred feelings for the native soil which form a cherished privilege, not of Frenchmen alone, but of every true son of every nation? Will it be believed that Catholicity tries to suppress, if not to crush out altogether, that hallowed sentiment?

It seems, therefore, quite certain that the French Government, in spite of all efforts, will neither succeed in engendering, much less in maintaining, accusations discrediting religion and its votaries in the eyes of the populace. Every false accusation fails in the course of time, and the more false the charge the less time is there needed for the perception of its true character. The differences created by the present *régime* between governing and governed are already beyond conciliation, and they must necessarily grow so violent that an overthrow of the force which rules now the country is imminent. As matters stand now, anything short of a complete change seems beyond the reach of probability.

And if we choose to inquire of experience and observation what it is that makes a being which is possessed of capacities for morality and reasoning a "brute," and what it is that makes that self-same being a "man," we will find that "faith" and faith alone furnishes the answer. The object of all education consists in making a man all that his natural gifts and his divine destiny allow him to become. Under this head, then, secular education must be condemned, since that object cannot be attained if religion is eliminated from the school. The measures, therefore, enforced by the Radical clique in regard to all educational establishments under the clergy's control, denote, not a step forward, but much rather serve as means of retarding the true progress of the nation. Religious education, it is well known, seldom fails to lead to that deep and broad conception of life which looks with comparative contempt on what is only profitable. It generally raises above the narrow confines of this world; it gives birth to unselfish patriotism, and engenders, if it does not produce, a many-sided harmonious development of the intellect. The adoption of religious education wherever it is not found, but not the discarding of the same, would suggest itself as a measure calculated to promote the true interests of a progressive civilization,

for, instead of checking the intellectual advancement of a people, it has been and will ever remain the most powerful lever for it, and it would ill befit a son of the nineteenth century to predict longevity, not to say permanency, to any government which acts in opposition to true progress. Under this head, then, also there is no reason to assume that M. Grévy's execution of the March decrees will affect France as a retrogression apt to last long enough for throwing the nation on a lower plane. On the contrary, the hope is quite legitimate that France will before long abandon a policy which brings it nearer only to a fictitious and impossible progress, and return to one befitting the achievements of the country in the past, and beneficial for the future growth of the nation in prosperity, importance, and wealth. Should the power which now regulates the affairs of the land prove too strong to yield to moral pressure and persuasion, the prediction that a radical change will be enforced if necessary seems only a proper conclusion. France may for a time submit to the machinations of an unscrupulous party machinery, but France, we can rest assured, will never bend its proud neck under the yoke of a government which prepares only a vast tomb for the whole nation.

The present *régime*, in our opinion, displays already that most dangerous symptom of dissolution, a splitting up within its own ranks. M. Clemenceau, in a speech delivered at Marseilles, emphasizes the tyrannies into which France is gradually falling in the following words:

"The doctrine of to-day teaches us that the real duty of a parliamentary leader is to find some elevated and safe position, whence he can contemplate his armies fighting in the plain below. Citizens, I have arrived at a delicate point, which I will treat with all frankness. I do not reproach M. Gambetta, since he must be named, with exercising considerable influence on the Republican party. Every one exercises in his party what influence he can by reason of his merit of services rendered. What I openly and formally complain of, and against what, in my opinion, all Republicans must protect me, is that M. Gambetta, while not, in appearance at least, grasping power, has arranged matters so that, in reality, he wields a power without a counter-weight, without control, and without responsibility, which prevents public opinion from acting on the real leader, as in all government by opinion it ought to do. . . . You ask but one thing, that he should exercise the power he holds in the light of the day and under the control of public opinion. We thus see an increase of personal power to an immeasurable degree for the benefit of a personal interest and at the expense of a public power, granted out of deference to impartiality. Is not that a real fraud?"

Should Gambetta, in spite of all opposition, reach the goal of his ambition and enter upon the functions of the highest executive of the nation, events, we think, would precipitate themselves. The wide break between government and population would soon be widened to an extent when forbearance exhausted would cut loose from the *régime* of Radicalism. Untempered by moderation, as it then would be, it would be shaken off like a wild dream. Atheism

has never possessed the force to quicken and to uplift the world, and the attempt to engraft it upon a people, trained for centuries in the principles of true religion and habituated to bring religious truth to bear on the conduct of practical affairs, can, at best, obtain for a short episode as a fierce and blind protest against the doctrine of hope and charity, on which Christianity rests. A more futile effort to resist an established historical fact than Gambetta's leadership would inaugurate can hardly be conceived, nor could a more disastrous event befall the nation than a prolongation of the Atheistic period. For, on consulting history, it must be admitted that wherever we find Christianity pure, that is, Catholicity, there, as a rule, do we encounter orderly homes, well-trained children, sobriety, industry, thrift, and charity. Hence the promotion of stable and fruitful progress imposes upon a wise legislation the duty to cherish the Christian element, but not to extinguish it; to purify and elevate and enlarge it rather than to oppress it, silence its voice, and paralyze its energies. Radicalism, if obtaining on a large scale, would in the long run weaken the moral stamina of the community, waste its fibre, dissipate its resources, fetter its freedom, and lay, at last, the strength and honor of the nation in the dust.

What the much-vaunted enlightenment brings in its folds is well summed up in the following words: "Philosophy and science have given us priceless things, but we say they have given us no religion, no providence, no supreme centre of our thoughts and our lives. Science has practically taken away God and has found nothing else. Philosophy has reduced religion to a phrase, and has left things so. Science gives no unity to life, no rule of life, no support to the soul. Together, modern science and philosophy, stopping helplessly where they do, have chilled, paralyzed, and almost killed the spirit of devotion, of veneration, of self-abasement, of self-surrender to a great overruling power." That creed consequently would deprive France of the very virtues for which she has been so conspicuous. And these virtues resulted solely from the effects of true religion. As Fred. Harrison well puts it: "The first and the last business of religion is to inspire men and women with a desire to do their duty, to show them what their duty is, to hold out a common end which harmonizes and sanctifies their efforts towards duty, and knits them together in close bonds as they struggle onwards towards it." That office the Catholic faith has performed, and more than this, it placed the French nation foremost amongst the civilized nations of Christendom. All this, ignored by the frenzy of the Radicals, permeates the populace in a manner that no force and no pleading will ever succeed in stifling the unconscious instinct of Frenchmen to remain loyal to their faith and the traditions of their country.

It is, therefore, not an open question whether Radicalism will take root permanently in France. The past denies the possibility of it for the future. But what is to follow the overthrow of the tyrannies of the Radicals? That is the problem confronting our times. There are many persons who believe with Bossuet that an absolute monarchy is the natural form of government for a Catholic country. Others maintain with Veuillot that a liberal Catholic is a contradiction in terms, for they argue a Catholic cannot be liberal and a liberal cannot be a Catholic. Naturally, therefore, the French Republic would, according to these views, have to drift back into a kingdom as impossible as unpopular. But neither of the two views is correct.

Catholicity can, and as a matter of fact does, thrive under any and all forms of government based on principles of justice and equity, whether republican or monarchical. The only proviso for its growth and development is that the state does not encroach upon the spiritual power, and arrogate privileges to which it has no claim. Every government granting freedom of religious worship, and acting on the principle that every subject ought to "give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's and to God what belongs to God," has only a warm friend in the Church of Rome. Many children of the Catholic faith do not, we regret to say, breathe the true Catholic spirit. But Belgium as well as the American commonwealth furnish wonderful illustrations that true devotion to Catholicity and the most liberal views do not conflict at all, but can go hand in hand without any danger of collision. There is no reason, therefore, to exclude a republican form of government from the speculation as to what will supersede the *régime* Grévy-Gambetta. Theoretically any form stands open for acceptance. Nevertheless we incline to think that a constitutional monarchy would offer France the greatest promise of duration, and the surest prospect of increasing prosperity. For republicanism means essentially decentralization, and for a people so volatile, so impulsive, so apt to excess, and so gifted with genuine heroism and undying patriotism, a rallying-point seems an almost indispensable requisite. This centre only a throne furnishes, be it the purple of an empire or the *fleur-de-lys* of a kingdom; a hereditary chief alone transmits the dignity of rulership and can represent the nation as it will never cease to desire to be represented. The restoration of the kingdom of old is no less odious than the despotism of the empire, and the republic has never yet succeeded to establish itself as more than an ephemeral phase of transition. From this the conclusion lies near that a monarchy in the sense in which our age understands it would offer the best solution. But unless the political fractions which now pursue party issues collect their scattered forces we cannot

hope that they will acquire in a peaceful way the control of the affairs of state, and lead up to the form of government best suited for France. Behind these scattered forces lies the strength and the intelligence of the nation; as soon as they unite Radicalism must disappear. But if they fail to drop party politics for the sake of rescuing France from being plunged into a series of convulsions, then the world may witness the drama of beholding France facing catastrophe after catastrophe, until at last the country will emerge in a state worthy to enjoy and usufruct the immense resources which nature and Providence have with munificent liberality bestowed upon soil and inhabitants alike.

BOOK NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE DIOCESES OF PITTSBURG AND ALLEGHANY FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. By *Rev. A. A. Lambing*, author of "The Orphan's Friend," "Mixed Marriages," "The Sunday-school Teacher's Manual," etc. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic Sec. 1880. 8vo., 531 pp.

This large and handsome volume, with portraits of Rev. Charles P. McGuire, founder of St. Paul's Church, Pittsburg, and the three bishops of the diocese of Pittsburg, Right Revs. Michael O'Connor, Michael Domenec, and John Tuigg, is one of the most exhaustive contributions to the local Church history of this country that have yet appeared. It is evidently a work of great patience, care, and research. While a more flowery sketch of religion in Western Pennsylvania might have better suited the popular taste, the author has aimed to make it a work of permanent value as a book of reference. Rev. Mr. Lambing's work gives briefly an outline of the rise of the Church in Pennsylvania; then passes to the French occupation of the West, with a glance at the services of the Church at the frontier forts; and then takes up the history of Catholicity from the time the pioneers of our faith crossed the Alleghanies and reared the first modest chapel around the headwaters of the Ohio. He traces the history of the first church in Pittsburg till the establishment of the diocese, gives sketches of the bishops, and then gives in detail an account of all the other churches in the city and diocese down to the present time, completing his labor by chapters devoted to the colleges, academies, and charitable institutions, and the religious orders of both sexes that are or have been in that part of the State.

The author writes plainly and judiciously, without exaggeration or bias, and gives apparently a very accurate statement of the present position and prospects of the diocese and all its churches and institutions.

The early history of Catholicity in the province established by William

Penn is still obscure. Like the heroes before Agamemnon, there was none to record the labors of the earliest pioneers of the faith. What Watson picked up about early Catholic matters in Philadelphia has been copied by Campbell, De Courcy, and others, but proves on examination to have been unsupported by evidence. Campbell, one of the most zealous and judicious students of our history, could find nothing definite. Mr. Vallette, who more recently investigated scrupulously the history of the Philadelphia churches, met with no better success. Yet it is evident that there were priests actively exercising the ministry and winning converts to the faith before the Jesuit Father Graton came. Conjecture points to the English Franciscans, whose mission field of half a century is not yet accurately defined. When the Jesuits took charge of the mission, St. Joseph's at Philadelphia, the churches at Conewago, Goshenhoppen, and Lancaster, became the centres from which the scattered Catholics received the consolations of religion, and Conewago is in a manner the cradle of Catholicity in the west of the State.

The French Fort Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburg, had its chaplains down to the evacuation in 1758, and all appear to have been Franciscan fathers. Besides ministering to the troops, they attended also to the Catholic Indians and to the few Irish who straggled from the English colony to the French post on the Ohio. With their departure all exercise of Catholic worship ceased till the close of the Revolutionary War. Catholics were among the early pioneers as soon as arms were laid aside for the avocations of peace. As early as July, 1785, there came to the Very Rev. Dr. Carroll an application from seventy Catholics, on or near the Monongahela, who desired to have at least an annual visit from a priest. Two years later six Catholic families settled in Westmoreland County, and in the house of one of these, John Propst, Mass was said by a Franciscan, the Rev. John Causse, who had been some years in the country. His stay was short; but in 1789 the Rev. Theodore Brouwers, a priest of the same order, purchased a farm known as O'Neill's Victory, and began to erect a church at Greensburg, which he nearly completed, the first Catholic church between the Alleghanies and Vincennes. He not only became the pastor of the neighboring Catholics, but left the property at his death to the church, which still enjoys it, the sons of St. Benedict still carrying on the work begun by the disciple of St. Francis.

Meanwhile, priests were making their way to Kentucky and Illinois, certainly from 1785, and most of them stopped for a time at Pittsburg. The Carmelite Father Paul, and the worthy but eccentric Franciscan, Rev. Charles Whelan, were among these. The Rev. Mr. Flaget, afterwards Bishop of Bardstown, said Mass there in 1792, and instructed a few French whom he found there. The Rev. Messrs. Badin and Barrièrès were there in the following year. In 1796 Rev. Mr. Fournier found a hundred Catholics there, who had zeal enough to raise a subscription to support a priest, but so careless were they that, though he remained there fourteen weeks, hardly six could be induced to hear Mass on Sunday. Two other priests, Rev. Messrs. Maguire and Bodkin, were also there at the time on their way to the West.

Another priest who attempted to colonize Catholics in Western Pennsylvania was the Franciscan Father Lonergan, who, as early as 1798, acquired a large tract of land and offered it to settlers. His sister, a nun, apparently of the Franciscan Order, attempted to establish a community on a farm of five hundred acres which her brother had assigned to her.

Then with the opening century Prince Galitzin began at Loreto his

plan of Catholic colonization and his long life of missionary labor and defensive works, explaining the doctrines of the Church and refuting her opponents.

In these days of Catholic colonization it is not amiss to study the Pennsylvania attempts. In no State was colonization so frequently tried, but the results bore no proportion to the means, time, and efforts employed. Conewago, Goshenhoppen, Loreto, St. Mary's, Harmon's Bottom, in spite of all that zeal could do, never became great Catholic settlements, and in our day have dwindled into comparative insignificance, exhibiting no signs of healthy growth and prosperity. No solid yeomanry, living on and by the soil and thoroughly Catholic, has come to form an appreciable part of the population.

The growth of the Church has been in cities and around manufacturing and mining works where it is of a fluctuating character, increasing when works prosper and dwindling away when they decline or stop. This nomadic character is detrimental to all ideas of home, and prevents all social and religious influence. In the plain, unexaggerated pages of Rev. Mr. Lambing, more than perhaps in any other work on the Church in this country, the thoughtful patriot can study this question, which has so vital a bearing on the future of Catholicity and morality in the United States.

The work, embracing as it does such an immense amount of detail, has some errors which can be readily corrected. The date of the dedication of the church at Harmon's Bottom, for instance, is ten years too late, and the same priest, Rev. Mr. Rafferty, began the church at Brownsville in the summer of 1825, and that at Waynesburg in September of the same year.

A writer in the *Historical Magazine*, issued by Potter, in Philadelphia, stated that the Register of Fort Duquesne was printed at the expense of the late Neville B. Craig. Rev. Mr. Lambing says that Bishop O'Connor paid for it. Neither statement is correct; it appeared as one of Mr. Shea's Cramoisy Series, and he paid for it without any aid from either the bishop or Mr. Craig, and he presented thirty copies out of the hundred that he printed to Bishop O'Connor.

The labors of that able bishop in organizing the diocese of Pittsburg, and directing it during years when every exertion was attended with intense pain, are well and faithfully described. The progress of Catholicity under his successor, the late Bishop Domenec, and the present incumbent of the see, are no less ably sketched, and the whole work is one that can be read with edification, and must be of service to all, and especially to the Catholics of the dioceses which it records so well.

YOUNG IRELAND: A Fragment of Irish History. 1840-1850. By Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Those who imagine that they will find in this work nothing but the echoes of a more than twice-told tale lay themselves open to a very agreeable disappointment. The Young Ireland of which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and of which he, in conjunction with Thomas Davis, may be said to have been the father and creator, is now a very old Ireland, an Ireland that has passed away. The story of its stormy existence and final dissolution has been told time and again by one or other of the leading actors. Those who read Irish history at all know every page of this episode by heart. It seemed impossible that anything new could be said about it. Yet here comes the man of all men who might be supposed to know the story best, after most of those who were associated with him have

died, to take up the scattered threads and weave them into a work of singular interest and great value. It is a much-needed contribution to Irish history, and most men acquainted with the period will agree that the true story was never written until the appearance of the present volume.

It is obvious that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy had better opportunities than any man of viewing from behind the scenes the play that was engaging the attention of the outer world. He was the editor and founder of the *Nation* newspaper. That came into existence at a time when O'Connell, while still at the highest pinnacle of his splendid fame, was nevertheless tending, by the force of nature and the weight of years, towards decline rather than advance. He was in the wane. His great work was done. He had given Ireland life, taught it to look up and learn to walk alone. Two generations almost had come into being since O'Connell began his gigantic labors. From the second of these sprang the eager, ambitious, and wonderfully gifted group of young men that centred around Gavan Duffy and his journal. That journal was founded for a purpose, a purpose embodied in the title that Davis gave it: *The Nation*. It was to unite men of all parties, creeds, ways of thinking, in the common bond of a common nationality; the Presbyterian North and the Catholic South, the Protestant peer and the Celtic peasant, with a view to working out Ireland's liberties and winning self-government for the people. O'Connell, of course, wished the same. Nevertheless, towards the close of his career it seems undeniable that his free action as the leader of a people was hampered by his political alliance with the Whigs, while he often availed himself of Whig patronage for his relatives or followers. But whatever the difference between the aged leader's policy and the schemes of the younger party, it is certain that *The Nation* struck a true note from the start. It was a voice for which the people had been waiting. From the very first number it caught the public ear, and did a great deal to educate the public mind in Ireland, regarding not only political action, but in regard to a great number of matters in which the public mind sadly needed instruction. O'Connell could not have wished for more efficient allies, and he would have done wisely to have taken them into service. But like most leaders who have long enjoyed an unlimited power and confidence he was a little jealous of any one whom he regarded as a possible rival near the throne. He was never very friendly towards *The Nation* and its corps of brilliant young men, and at the end there was an open rupture between them that was disastrous in its consequences to both parties and to the country at large. Mr. Duffy attributes the cause of the rupture mainly to the narrow-mindedness of O'Connell's favorite son, John, who, towards the close of the great man's career, came to exercise an unfortunate influence over his mind.

Mr. Duffy seems to have preserved much of the correspondence that passed through his hands while editing *The Nation*. Few men have such opportunities of testing and discerning the drift of public opinion, of forming as well as informing public opinion, and of discovering the secret springs from which it is fed as the editor of a great newspaper. And *The Nation* in Mr. Duffy's hands, aided by his brilliant and earnest associates, at once became a great organ of Irish public opinion. It was something unprecedented in journalism at the time, and its articles were eagerly taken up, copied, or discussed in the leading English or European journals. It is only to be expected then that the present work should throw a vivid light on many matters that without it would perhaps have always remained in painful obscurity. In many respects the work might be written of to-day, and this constitutes no small portion

of its value for the general reader. Ireland has certainly advanced in many things since 1840, but with what laggard and reeling steps! its progress still clogged by the dull weight of a barbarous system of legislation devised by barbarous minds in a barbarous time. The outcries that we read in the English press of to-day against the present agitation prevailing in Ireland are simply a re-echo of the outcries of forty years ago. Now the land is profoundly agitated for a reform in a system of land tenure that the actual British Government confesses needs reforming. The constant cry in the English press is to coerce the Irish into submission, to send in the military, suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and fill the gaols with political prisoners. The same agitation prevailed in O'Connell's day and the same remedy was proposed. Indeed, the only great Irish grievance removed since that time was the Established Church. There were even then half promises of remedial measures regarding land tenure. What has come of these within nearly half a century? Nothing at all save Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1870, which at the utmost amounted to little more than a sign-post set up to point the way of future legislation in this direction.

On such points as these *Young Ireland* is full of instructive light. The story of forty years ago is pretty much the story of to-day, though another "Young Ireland," a better-trained, better-read, more disciplined, and harder-headed generation has come into being. It may not be as brilliant as the past; but it could well afford a considerable loss in brilliancy for the sake of a gain in practical work and self-control. "Repeal" was only another word for "home rule," and home rule only means the natural desire, the necessity, in fact, of a free and intelligent people having some control over their own affairs, and not sending a handful of men into a foreign country to see how wonderfully their business can be neglected there. What Ireland means without home rule is nowhere shown with more power than in the present work. It is a statesmanlike work, especially in the first book; the second being devoted more especially to the gradual widening of the breach between O'Connell and the Young Irishmen. It is clear that the author is a man thoroughly at home in his subject. That subject may to many seem a narrow one, if the struggle of a people up to liberty can ever seem a narrow subject. But over and above this, it becomes at once apparent that the writer is a man of affairs, of a wide knowledge of men as well as of books. Illustration and analogy are drawn from all quarters of the world, from all kinds of writings, from personal observation and reflection, from a close study of the details of similar struggles in other lands. It is this that lifts *Young Ireland* into a higher region of thought than was ever reached or attempted by predecessors of the author who have treated the same theme. Theirs, for the most part, were personal narratives, of greater or less interest and value. This is, so far as it goes, a history in the highest sense. It gives the rise, growth, nature, philosophy of a great national movement. It is concerned with this: with principles rather than with men, and the style is equal to the thought. It is strong and nervous, dignified yet graphic. It has the happy blending of grace and strength. Nothing could be better than the brief yet complete pictures presented of the public leaders in those stirring times. Notwithstanding the rupture with O'Connell, it would require one to go very far out of his way in order to discover injustice or lack of generosity towards the man to whom, of all men save one, Ireland has thus far in her history owed most. It is plain, on the contrary, that the author is full of admiration, though not blind admiration, of the Irish leader. The work opens with the dawn of the repeal movement and ends with

the death of Davis. Davis is evidently the author's type of a modern Bayard, and the affection with which he writes of him breathes a woman's touching tenderness. By ending there he avoids the hideous famine scenes and the complete breaking up of O'Connell. It is surely time for English statesmen to consider whether it is wise to persevere in a policy that drives men like Gavan Duffy into rebellion.

CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS: Being Part IV of the Principles of Sociology. By *Herbert Spencer*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

It is three years since Mr. Spencer gave to the public his first volumes of the *Principles of Sociology*; and, in the meantime, he has prepared and now presents to us the first of his second volume on the same object. The book is a small octavo volume of some two hundred and twenty-five pages. Its object is to show the natural development of ceremonial institutions, and how civil and religious restraints are evolved from the restraints put upon us by ceremonial observances. In the first chapter the author treats of ceremony in general. He first establishes briefly, but apparently to his own satisfaction, the assertion that ceremonial government is the earliest and the most general kind of government—the embryo, if we may so speak, from which by a process of super-organic evolution all political and religious government has sprung, or, to use his own words: "The modified forms of action caused in men by the presence of their fellows, constitute that comparatively vague control out of which other more definite controls are evolved—the primitive, undifferentiated kind of government from which the political and religious governments are differentiated, and in which they ever continue to be immersed." From this conclusion several corollaries are deduced and exemplified, among which we shall mention the following: That the control of conduct which arises from ceremonial government has precedence over civil and religious controls; that these ceremonial restraints begin with sub-human types of creatures, etc.

Now, we do not deny that in society there may be a certain kind of evolution. For example, we hold that civil society has been evolved from parental society; that, in course of time, as families became large the authority which the father exercised as head of the family was changed into the authority of one ruling a community. In like manner, that the laws, customs, and manners of the family took extensions as the wants and necessities of the increasing community were developed. But that religious society was evolved from some ceremonial observance of the primitive man we consider to be wholly untenable; nor does Mr. Spencer anywhere give proofs which would induce even one who has studied only a schoolgirl's textbook on logic to assent to such a proposition. Nor, indeed, need this appear surprising, if we consider that Mr. Spencer, consistently with himself, is now but putting into practice that system of reasoning and inference which he explains in his *Principles of Psychology*, wherein the whole process of reason is misunderstood, falsely defined, and hopelessly confounded with instinct. We are prepared, then, to find in the pages of this first chapter reasoning substantially as follows: "In the rule of St. Benedict, nine chapters concern the moral and general duties of the brothers, while thirteen concern the religious ordinances." Therefore, "a relatively large amount of ceremony and a relatively small amount of morality" prevailed in mediæval Europe. It seems to us that in imitation of the preceding we could reason in this manner: From the Old Testament we know that God gave only ten commandments to Jews, but that he gave whole chapters in the book of Exodus which concern

ceremonial ordinances. Therefore, God seems to have desired from the Jews a larger amount of ceremony than morality!

In the following eleven chapters Mr. Spencer traces the natural genesis of the various kinds of ceremonial observances. In the chapter headed "Trophies" he shows the meaning of trophy-taking, its social effects, its various forms, and their development. Finally, an indirect connection is discovered between trophy-taking and ceremonial government; it is found to enter "as a factor into the three forms of control, social, political, and religious." Facts are then related, by which he intends to show that trophies have been offered as a means of propitiating "a god developed from an ancestral ghost." In the next chapter, on "Mutilations," the surrendering a part of the body to rulers, the depositing it in temples, or the offering it at tombs, is shown to be a sequence of trophy-taking. The different kinds of mutilations are then noticed, and their relations with social and religious control. Here, after adducing many examples, he informs us that "these proofs sufficiently dispose of the current theological interpretation" of circumcision. Mr. Spencer gives us no sign that he knows the current theological interpretation of which he so summarily disposes; for he gives innumerable facts to prove that this custom obtains among various nations of different degrees of civilization. But do any of the facts prove that this ceremony was practiced prior to the time of Abraham, or even that it was prevalent at that time among other nations than the Jews? How then can it be asserted that the current theological interpretation is disposed of? What is to prevent me from believing that this was a divine institution, a covenant between God and the Jews to distinguish them as the chosen people; that it passed to other nations either during the different captivities of the Jews or even sooner by social intercourse; and that finally among these nations its original meaning was lost? In the following chapters on "Presents," "Visits," "Obeisances," "Forms of Address," "Titles," "Badges and Costumes," "Further Class Distinctions," and "Fashion," the same general order is followed. The alliance of these ceremonials and the evolution of one from the other are traced, their different forms are discussed, with numerous examples, and finally it is shown how they severally enter into political, social, and religious control. Among the truths Mr. Spencer endeavors to impress on his readers, is that our idea of God is a development of the idea of "an ancestral ghost." It is scarcely necessary to say that this conclusion is arrived at by false and incomplete induction. We could cite various portions of this book where this theory is propounded and illustrated with facts, but that the respect we have for our readers' intelligence and patience forbids it.

The faults of the book are not new, nor are they proper to this volume. Every one acquainted with Mr. Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* is aware that he holds man to be the product of evolution:

"The abandoned orphan of blind chance,
Dropped by the wild atoms in disordered dance;
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And from unthinking substance born with thought."

As a consequence the primitive man of ages ago does not differ in his social or religious characteristic from the savage of to-day. Hence, the customs and manners of savages are arranged according to the different grades of their social degradation, and from these facts inferences are drawn which might be granted, were it true, that primitive man was a savage who by his own unaided efforts gradually civilized himself; that

the present is an element from which we can infallibly deduce the past. This recalls a story told by St. Thomas of a boy who was born on a solitary island and left by his mother, and, after he had grown up, would not believe that man begins by being conceived, is carried in the womb, and is born of a mother. "For it is impossible," said this incredulous boy, "that I should live for nine months without breathing, eating, or satisfying the other necessities of life." That boy infers the past from the present. So our author, looking at facts as they are now, cannot understand how primitive man could be anything else than a savage of the lowest type that exists to-day. So, likewise, the beginning of man as a social or religious being is held to be impossible if explained by any reasoning which rests on anything but the present. Together with these and other faults of theory, there is at times a vagueness of terminology and expression which, to say the least, does not help to make a weak argument stronger or to render a dark point clearer. In general, we should say that the present volume is a collection of facts mingled and interlarded with many fancies, with here and there a series of sentences which, at first sight, bear all the outward marks of being an argument; but, if examined closely, it will be seen that nothing is proved; that inferences are faulty; that facts are so beautifully adjusted to some preconceived theory as to strike the imagination, but the mind is left void of conviction.

COMMUNISM AND SOCIALISM IN THEIR HISTORY AND THEORY. By *Theodore D. Woolsey*. New York: Scribner & Co. 1880.

The topics which have given the name to the book before us, and kindred subjects, have called forth within the recent past a literature of their own. We do not pretend to be familiar with every work that has been placed on the book market, but a number of productions which have fallen under our observation may be properly called extravagances of human thought. Many seemingly quite learned treatises have been written by men supposed to be well informed, which possess the very questionable merit only, that a reader is willing to attach to individual opinion. And for this reason very erroneous opinions in regard to the nature and intrinsic character, growth, and development of the problems which confront our days in socialistic and communistic movements, have obtained current value. The appearance of Mr. Woolsey's book is therefore doubly welcome. It contains a succinct but very exact historical sketch of the two "isms" he is principally dealing with, and furnishes the reader with sufficient data regarding their doctrines for the formation of an independent estimate of their value. From beginning to end we discern with undisguised pleasure the careful research into and the exhaustive absorption of all the material which tends to throw light on either of them.

We do not entirely agree with Mr. Woolsey. For instance, we would have preferred to see him draw a line between communistic forms of life and community life. For, however much this line of demarcation may be ignored, it does exist, and hence we can only regret its omission. Religious communities do not spring from communistic principles; the latter, as the author takes pains to explain, verge in most cases directly, in others indirectly, but without fail in either case, into Atheism, and hence they assume invariably hostile attitudes towards religion in general. The motive power which puts prince and beggar into sandals and haircloth and cassock differs in kind from the motive power which draws laborers together to meet in council and decide upon an organized strike against their

employers. This being granted, it seems rather strained to see the primitive forms of monastic life put into the same category as those social excrescences which we find enumerated in Chapter II. Much less do they serve as prototypes for associations whose ultimate object is the disestablishment of religion, since Christian convent life bears the imprint of religion on its very face. The religious communities as they exist now, and have existed in the Church of Rome for centuries, form, we take it, one of the strongest cohesive elements of society; whereas, all that savors of socialism or communism serves only to disintegrate society.

However, where there is much that is excellent, a deficiency in one point deserves a lenient treatment at the critic's hand; and the sketch contained in Chapters III., IV., V., and VI., of the gradual development of socialism in Germany and of communism in France, is in point of accuracy, brevity, and fulness unquestionably the best that has come to our notice. St. Simon and Fourier, and again La Salle, Marx, and Schaeffle, are put before us with great precision and much instructive force. Chapters VII. and VIII. discuss the dissolving influence of any such system—should ever a day come when one or the other would obtain a short-lived sway. This influence is made to loom up before our mental vision in its naked truth, and with great power of conviction; and it is earnestly to be hoped that this valuable book may effect many and radical cures among those who give their adherence to these systems simply because they lack a thorough information as to what these systems really are. In the very short preface the author alludes to the dissatisfaction existing more or less at all times with the forms of society that be, without giving the reason for this at first sight rather strange phenomenon. It is to be found, and to be found only, in the fall of man. That, and that alone, explains the never-ending revolt against order and authority which runs through almost every page of history. And the cause, as it were, points, in this case at least, also clearly to the one remedy that alone can remove it, namely, "true Christianity." This, it is gratifying to observe, the author recognizes very clearly as the one force that can vanquish and never will be vanquished itself. And in this view we fully coincide with Mr. Woolsey. Only the form of Christianity which in Mr. Woolsey's eyes may act as preserver and regenerator of society does not offer any guarantee as far as experience teaches us. He tells us himself how religion has lost its stronghold on the nations since the sixteenth century. This we do not deny; but we wish the statement qualified, and we venture to suggest also an explanation.

Religion, separated from Rome, did grow weaker and weaker, because it grew more and more into a mere matter of our intellect. If this were true, namely, that religion, as it has come to be believed to be, is a mere and pure matter of reason, then I for one fail to see what arguments can be raised against such argumentation as William De Le Sueur puts forth in regard to the change of the basis of morality. Reason, no doubt, is an element which in matters of faith must be just as well consulted as it is in all matters of our life and conduct; matters that clamor every day, nay, every hour, for our decision. True faith, as I understand it, is not producible by cool and calm ratiocination. The "quick-eyed sanctity" of which Dr. Newman speaks is as little likely to emanate from an intelligent use of our mental faculties alone, as, on the other hand, the consciousness that morality, as far as it is simply natural morality, does not withdraw itself from the realm of evolution, is likely ever to inspire individuals to heroic noble deeds of self-sacrifice. The "heart," it seems to us, is a factor too much overlooked in the transaction, especially by non-Catholics. The heart may be called the seat of grace *par*

excellence, and on grace religion must depend if it is to be the regulating power of human will, human action, in fine, human life. In the Catholic Church the sacraments are continuous channels of grace, through which the individual may at any time obtain the necessary influx directly from heaven. Outside of Rome these means of grace are hardly recognized at all. The faint semblance which some conservative denominations have succeeded in preserving can surely not be expected to produce the effects which alone, in Mr. Woolsey's estimate, and in our own and in that of the Church of Rome also, are able to counteract the evil wrought by the spread of the irreligious, if not downright atheistic tendencies of all "isms." The absence of this ever-flowing, vivifying current of grace in all Protestant churches has, since the Reformation, alienated nation after nation from Christianity not only, but from religion altogether; and it seems to us that it would be, therefore, quite in vain to look for regenerative strength in religious systems whose record of the past shows a steady increase of weakness. Rome's triumph in the future rests on the same foundation as her victories in the past. And to that Church apply truly Mr. Woolsey's words: "That it can revive a nation at its lowest ebb of prosperity, that it can never die, and that it possesses the power to propagate itself through all the races of mankind." Mr. Woolsey's position is, therefore, quite correct, though it applies only to the Catholic Church. Time and space do not permit us to go into details, but we earnestly hope that a book so instructive and so full of interest in its bearing upon burning questions of the day may do the good it is meant to produce. The erudite author has materially contributed towards enlightening the world on the topics he treats, and clarifying erroneous opinions, and to such productions Catholicity extends a most hearty welcome.

SYNOPSIS OF AN ARTICLE ON THE ZODIACAL LIGHT. By *Fr. M. Dechevrens, S. J.*
Published in the "Etudes," April, 1880.

Whilst the religious orders are suffering persecution in France, because they are supposed to be hostile to progress and science, three Jesuit missionaries in China publish three memoirs that are a fitting rebuke to their calumniators, as they are the best contradiction of the false accusations advanced. One was written by Father Marc Dechevrens, S. J., Director of the Observatory at Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, China. It is the first instalment of a work embracing the record of his observations on the zodiacal light during many years, with deductions from these observations, being the groundwork of a theory in explanation of the phenomenon. Another, by Father Hende, is devoted to the description of the species of soft-shell turtles found in his missionary district, and the third, by Father Rathins, contains a detailed account of the cochineal insect of China.

The published portion of Fr. Dechevrens's memoir is divided into three parts: in the first he reviews the principal observations made on the zodiacal light up to the present day; in the second he describes the phenomenon as he observed it; and, finally, in the third part, he advances his theory by which he hopes to be able to account for all the difficulties of the problem.

All the theories concerning the zodiacal light that have been proposed up to the present time may be reduced to two classes, namely, those that locate the phenomenon within the earth's atmosphere, and those that locate it in the atmosphere of the sun. In each of these classes there are two theories: in the former are those of Professor Balfour-Stewart

and Felix Marco ; in the latter those of Laplace and Heis, to which are now to be added those of Father Dechevrens. Professor Balfour-Stewart's theory, published in 1870, supposes that if the aurora borealis may be considered as secondary currents consequent upon feeble but rapid changes in the earth's magnetism, so also the zodiacal light may be looked upon as a terrestrial phenomenon, to be accounted for in a similar manner. This he holds for the reason that secondary currents are produced, not only in a rigid conductor in presence of an electro-magnet of variable force, but also in an elastic conductor that passes along the lines of force of a constant magnet. These latter conditions are fulfilled by the earth and its atmosphere ; for when the trade-winds ascend to higher regions of the atmosphere they become conductors, on account of their great rarefaction, and as they pass rapidly over the earth's lines of magnetic force it may easily be admitted that they become charged with their electric currents, and that they even become luminous, as do highly rarefied gases when they are conductors of electricity. This luminosity constitutes the zodiacal light according to the theory of Professor Stewart.

In order to explain the phenomenon of terrestrial magnetism Ampère supposed the existence of electric currents circulating around our earth, from east to west, and in direction perpendicular to the magnetic meridian of any given place. These currents taken together are equivalent to a single resultant current passing from east to west, coinciding in direction with the magnetic equator, and they were supposed to be caused by the variations of temperature at the earth's surface consequent upon the variation in the amount of heat received from the sun. This theory was advanced in 1876 by M. Felix Marco as a sufficient explanation of the zodiacal light.

Fr. Dechevrens shows that these theories are in direct opposition to the facts as observed by him. According to Professor Stewart's theory the luminous appearances would coincide with the direction of the upper trade-winds ; and according to M. Felix Marco, they should appear along the parallels or the equators, and could not remain visible at any one point for more than two hours at a time.

The zodiacal light consists of a mass of luminous matter, extending on opposite sides of the sun, in two branches, shaped like a lance-head, having approximatively the same axis of direction, or, in other words, making with each other an angle of 180° . The trade-winds, as is well known, make with each other an angle of only 90° ; therefore the theory of Professor Stewart fails in so far to agree with the facts observed. The theory of M. Marco is in no less opposition to the facts than that of Professor Stewart, for in the first place the direction of the branches of the zodiacal light never coincides with that of the parallels or the equators ; and in the second place the phenomenon is often visible for seven or eight hours at a time, and has sometimes been seen even at midnight.

The fundamental error of these theories has been the supposition that the phenomenon is atmospheric. Since the time of Laplace, Fr. Dechevrens is the only scientist that held the opinion that the phenomenon of the zodiacal light was to be referred to the solar atmosphere. The explanation is easy. The observers were few ; and the observations were neither sufficiently regular nor sufficiently detailed to admit of exact or satisfactory results. But the results obtained leave no room for doubt about the question. To different observers, separated by great distances from each other, the phenomenon was, at the same moment of time, always projected on the same regions of space ; a circumstance that could not occur if the light were confined to our atmosphere.

Heis, of Münster, who, during the twenty-eight years from 1847 to 1875, made two hundred and eighty-seven observations, published in 1856 the result of his labors in the following words: "The zodiacal light could be considered as due to a nebulous ring surrounding the earth. But does this nebulous ring really exist? Is it within or without the moon's orbit? These are problems that can only be solved by simultaneous observations made at different places in both hemispheres."

This theory is an advance on all previous work, but is yet unable to account for many features that are readily explained by Fr. Dechevrens. His theory is briefly as follows:

The analytical study of the zodiacal light has proven that it is polarized; and we may safely conclude that this polarization is due to the reflection of the sun's rays by solid particles of matter. What these particles of matter may be we can easily explain if we once adopt the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, in which he supposes that there still exists around the sun a portion of the primitive nebula from which by successive cooling and condensation our present solar system was evolved. The elements of this nebula not being intimately united with the solar atmosphere continue to rotate with velocities dependent on the distance from the sun's centre. This nebula, although it does not completely fill the earth's orbit, yet extends far beyond the ecliptic. It is of irregular form, oval rather than elliptic. Its greater dimension crosses the ecliptic at two points, whose longitude are 220° on the one side and 100° on the other, so that the earth in its revolution around the sun encounters this axis in April and December. Hence it follows that the sun is not the central point of the nebula. When the earth passes from aphelion to perihelion it is wholly without the nebula; at other times it moves along its border or in the interior. Its density is not uniform, and this gives rise to the opinion that the particles of matter are not uniformly distributed in the mass.

This simple, though yet incomplete, theory has the advantage of accounting for all the difficulties of the phenomenon; it is borne out by the observations of other workers in the same fields, such as Heis, Eyler, and the American astronomer Wright. It is the result of many years' study, and is based upon two hundred and fifty observations made in four years, from 1875 to 1879, at Zi-ka-wei, in China, where the Jesuits have established an observatory, and placed Fr. Dechevrens in charge.

A HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE FIRST TEN CENTURIES. By *Cardinal Hergenroether*. Translated from the German, with an Introduction, by *Rev. D. S. Phelan*. St. Louis: P. Fox, 1880, pp. 67.

This most opportune little book has for its author the illustrious German divine, so well known in Europe for his *Anti Janus*, *History of Photius*, and other works of a controversial or historical character, and who was most deservedly, together with the great Newman, raised to the dignity of cardinal by our present Holy Father, Leo XIII. It is a book meant not only for those who are outside of the Church, but also for some Catholics who are inside of her communion, but do not share her spirit, for they know not what it is, as our Lord said in rebuke to His Apostles (Luc. ix. 55). They have the presumption (for by what milder name can it be called?) to look down with pity on the devout crowd that honors the Virgin Mother of God, without stopping a moment to inquire, or caring in the least whether, in its expressions or practices of devotion, it offend heretical prejudice or the pretended intellectual refinement of our century. They think and call themselves "enlightened," but they are sadly mistaken. The "light" that is in

them is very darkness and not light, for it is born of ignorance. They imagine that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, especially in its popular forms, is the growth of the Dark Ages, and that, though within certain narrow limits not condemned by Catholic dogma, it is on the whole a practice better suited to the untutored and those of low degree than to those who possess education and culture. This little work will teach them that the Spirit of the Church in this respect was the same in her early days as in the Middle Ages; and that the illustrious Fathers of the Eastern and Western Churches were as warm and enthusiastic in their devotion to the great Mother of God as any mediæval theologian.

For those who have been taught by modern heresy that her praise interferes with the praises of God, the learned author shows how her title to our praise is founded in God's Holy Word. Besides the general claim to our honor that she possesses in common with all those whom the Great King "hath a mind to honor," because they are His chosen servants and His friends, we have her own prophecy, inspired by the Holy Ghost, that all generations SHALL call her Blessed (Luc. i. 48). Since, then, all must bless her,—that is, acknowledge and praise her high dignity,—the prophecy involves an implicit command for all children of the New Covenant to bless and praise this spotless handmaid of the Most High, who, of all others, found favor in His sight when a mother was to be chosen of whom He might take our flesh, and in it redeem mankind. Moreover, since God's Word cannot be made void, the prophecy must be fulfilled to its full extent, and all those unhappy children of error who now refuse to bless and praise her must do it hereafter, when heresy and all its illusions shall have passed away forever, on the great judgment-day, or in the eternity that lies beyond it. To bless and glorify this Vlrġin Mother is a mark of true Christianity according to the ancient doctrine of the Church in the East and in the West. In the Syrian liturgy Mary is often styled "the glory of the world." But in one passage this is said with a significant addition: "Thou art the glory of the world, for all who magnify thee. Thou art the boast and glory of all true Christians!" This evidently shuts out of the true Church all those who have learned from Luther and Calvin, Cranmer and Knox, to despise her prophecy and refuse to aid in its accomplishment. For they alone are "true Christians" who magnify and bless her holy name.

The Cardinal's little treatise has been sufficiently well translated, and ought to be circulated everywhere. Its small size, no less than its intrinsic merit, is in its favor. It will furnish most instructive reading for both Catholics and Protestants. If it were put in the shape of a tract it would do a great deal of good. We therefore venture to suggest a few things that may be corrected or improved, without the least intention of detracting from the excellence of the work or its translation. In the first place, we wish the translator had added the epithet of "saint" to those holy men and Fathers of the Church to whom it rightfully belongs. It is quite natural that heresy having no saints of its own should begrudge our saints the title. But the Catholic and Christian ear is always pained in hearing our Apostles, Martyrs, and Holy Doctors stripped of their due appellation, and called simply by their name, as if they were no better than a Tully or a Cato, a Trajan or a Domitian. Perhaps English-speaking Catholics are more sensitive on this score, because heresy amongst us is generally more disrespectful, more contemptuous towards our saints, than in other countries. To give one example, out of many in the book, we have (p. 10) the rather rough expression, "Bishop Zeno," instead of "St. Zeno, Bishop of Verona." The phrase in the original, perhaps,

sounds less uncouthly. In striking contrast with this, the title of saint is found elsewhere (p. 26) incorrectly given to Theodoret. This cannot possibly be an error of the illustrious author, whose extensive learning is too well known from his other works to allow such a supposition. In many of these he often quotes Theodoret, but never with the title of saint. It must be an inadvertence of the translator, or possibly of the printer, who has not done his work very carefully. Thus we find Royon (p. 45) for Noyon; Cyprus (p. 26) for Cyrus; and, not to mention several other errors, Cheer (p. 43) for Chur (Coire), the old Curia Rhaetorum. There are quotations on pp. 15 and 23 that need revision. On p. 48 we have *Evangeleries*, which, even if written as it should be, *Evangelaries*, is too awkward a word for our language, and has never been introduced into English. Its Latin original, *Evangelarium*, though used by German scholars, seems to be avoided by scholars of good taste. Bianchini prefers *Codex Evangeliorum*; Dr. Ubaldi, *Evangelistarium*. This is the correct term, and has been adopted in our language.

CLAIMS OF A PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP TO APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION AND VALID ORDERS DISPROVED. With various misstatements of Catholic Faith, and numerous charges against the Church and Holy See, corrected and refuted. By S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. In two parts. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Company, 1880.

Bishop Cox, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, against whom this masterly work was written, does not appear to much advantage as a controversial divine when compared with his deceased Presbyterian father. The latter had his strong religious and politico-religious crotchets, some of them very offensive to the sober-minded portion of the American public; but for him we must charitably suppose they were leading principles, and he stuck to them with a consistency for which even enemies might praise him. His Episcopal son, on the contrary, has no principles whatever, or rather two grand contradictory principles which he uses in turn, as occasion may require. In other words, he tries to be both Catholic and Protestant. With his fellow-Protestants, including even the majority of those of his own Episcopal communion, for whom he cannot disguise his contempt, he takes high Catholic ground, or rather puts on ultra-Catholic airs. To believe him, he is no Protestant, but a "Catholic" bishop of the "Anglo-American branch," whatever that means theologically or historically; for no rational explanation of such terms has ever been or can ever be given. Ecclesiastically, the Catholic Anglo-American branch is not only a nonentity but an illegal figment, seeing that the name of "Catholic" was solemnly abjured by the American Episcopal Church in council assembled some thirty-six years ago, when an effort was made by Dr. Jarvis and a few other enthusiasts of his stamp to coax her into the assumption of this hateful name. The habitual attempts of Dr. Cox to fasten upon her a name that she has rejected with scornful solemnity can scarcely be regarded as fair and honest; or else they argue on his part a deepseated conviction that, instead of being taught by his Church, he has received a commission to be her teacher, since he understands her doctrine and constitution better than she does herself. For him, as a "Catholic" bishop, all American Protestants are mere dissenters and separatists, the bulk of his own church-people stupid Erastians and heretics at heart, though outwardly united to what, deny and despise it as they will, he will persist in calling their "Catholic" communion. He is highly indignant that a handful of scholars, Anglican, Presbyterian, Liberal Christian, and the like, have lately banded together for the purpose of reforming the Protestant English Bible, without first obtaining the leave and goodwill of himself and his invisible fraction

of the American Catholic Episcopalian Church. And this feeling of indignation he expresses through the newspapers, to the great amusement of the Protestant public.

Such is the "Catholity" of Bishop Cox when dealing with his Protestant brethren, with those of his own household. But when he comes face to face with real Catholicity, when he has to take up arms and assume the defence of his petty sect against the true Catholic Church, then he all of a sudden, as if by magic, changes his principles and he appears in his true light. He is an ultra Protestant, and there is among the whole band no foul-mouthed Thersites,

Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,

who can excel him in evil speech and wanton vituperation. Confronted with the true Church, he flings candor, honesty, and truth to the winds, and willingly takes his place in the foremost ranks of those dissenters whom at other times he affects to despise. All his assumed airs of Catholicity are thrown aside, and he sinks to the level of the Maria Monks and Gavazzis in the service of their common cause.

Such is the Janus Bifrons, the adversary of double face and shifting principles, whom Bishop Ryan has had to encounter. And he has dealt with him most effectually, scattering into the air all his idle claims and pretensions, and triumphantly repelling all his assaults upon the Catholic Church and her visible Head. The good Bishop has done this not only with a vigorous logic that must convince every reader, but with a meekness that is edifying and truly wonderful, considering the character of his opponent, whose reckless slanders and persistent disingenuousness would sorely try the temper even of a saint.

The right reverend author has, however, done something far more important than merely stripping Dr. Cox of his borrowed Catholic plumage. He has laid before his readers, in an easy and popular, yet clear and forcible way, the whole intricate question of Anglican ordinations. He has proved conclusively that in the Anglican Church there is no shadow of Apostolical succession, no valid priestly orders. Besides, many of the current calumnies against our holy religion are examined and satisfactorily refuted. The work, we are confident, will not only be relished by all candid readers, but will accomplish a great deal of good, and will be classed hereafter among our standard books of controversy.

THE CHURCH AND THE MORAL WORLD; CONSIDERATIONS ON THE HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH. By the *Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J.*, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1881.

This work, though a distinct and independent treatise, is in some respects a sequel and supplement to a previous work of the learned author, *The Church and the Gentile World*. In the last-named work he showed, by extensive and careful historical investigation, how the Church at its very outset quickly spread throughout the world, and thus at once acquired the characteristic or mark of universality. In the work before us he treats of the sanctity of the Church, and proves that the title and attribute of holiness is justly ascribed to her; that it is by her power and through her influence that the world is to some extent delivered from the moral corruption that prevailed everywhere before the advent of our Saviour; and that virtues which were almost unknown in ancient times are now generally admired, recognized as praiseworthy, and to a large extent practiced; that in the Church only are true virtue and morality cultivated and actualized in their fullest extent, reaching their highest

and purest form and becoming sanctity, and that whatever of real "enlightenment" the world now possesses, in contradistinction to the moral darkness of the ancient heathen world, it owes to the constant, though unappreciated and unacknowledged, action upon it of the *Holy Catholic Church*.

The conclusion from this is irresistible that the Church is of divine origin and nature. For, as God is both *optimus* as well as *maximus*, His Church must possess a like character; and its sanctity indeed is but the effect of the infinite love of Christ for His Church, who "delivered himself up for it that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the Word of life, that he might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

In the development of his argument Father Thebaud divides his work into two books or sections. In the first he places before the reader the *principles* or *sources* of the sanctity which the Church possesses. In the second he brings forward a large array of historical facts, proving that the Church is and always has been *holy*. Both parts of the work are interesting, and both, too, have a very important relation to the prevailing skepticism of the age. There are those who, on purely historical grounds, reject with deserved contempt the vulgar Protestant perversions of the history of the Church, and acknowledge the general fact that the Church in all past ages was a powerful agent in purifying and elevating society, but endeavor to account for what she was and did on natural principles. This error is admirably met and refuted in the first part of Father Thebaud's work. On the other hand, there is a less intelligent and studious and very large class of persons, who have formed their notions of the Church from the traditional Protestant misconceptions and misrepresentations of its history and character. To them the *facts* which the learned author has with great industry and research gathered and digested will be of immense service. In its general scope the work is a complete refutation of the fallacy which Mr. Lecky, in his for-a-time popular work on the history of European morals, formulated, that the superiority of modern principles of morality over those of the ancient Pagan nations is due simply to the natural progress of public opinion. The value of Father Thebaud's work, however, is not entirely nor, indeed, mainly controversial. It will assist intelligent and thoughtful Catholics in tracing out the *principles* of the perpetual and glorious sanctity which they behold and admire in the Church; and it also places before them, in clear and compact form, facts connected with the practical working of those principles both in the Church and upon the world, which will both increase their acquaintance with Catholic history and their admiration and reverence for the Church which Christ has made and ever preserves *holy* as well as universal.

THE SPOKEN WORD; or the Art of Extemporary Preaching, its Utility, its Danger, and its True Idea, with an easy and practical Method for its attainment. By *Rev. Thomas J. Potter*. New and cheaper edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. 12mo.

This is a reprint of a book first published by the author some eight or nine years ago. Young priests will find it a very useful help in their transition state between preaching from manuscript and memory and extempore preaching. The latter does not mean, as is too often thought, preaching without preparation. It is a gift that does not come from nature, but is the result of a natural aptitude, which needs long and

careful cultivation before one is qualified to speak without writing and memorizing. To show by what means this aptitude may be successfully cultivated is the author's purpose, and he has done it judiciously and with a pleasing style.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. With selections from the most distinguished Authors. By the *Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M.* Edited by a Member of the Society of St. Sulpice. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1880. 8vo., 517 pages.

The present work was commended in the CATHOLIC QUARTERLY of April, 1876. This second edition has been improved by many suitable additions, and no less by judicious omissions. Several deserving Catholic writers have been added, and even the list of our profane writers has been increased by looking over the whole country and giving credit to literary merit outside of New England. We can have no better manual for use in our colleges and academies.

THE ORIENTAL AND BIBLICAL JOURNAL. Edited by *Rev. Stephen D. Peet*, Clinton, Wisconsin. Chicago: Jameson & Morse. Vol. i, Nos. i-iv.

As far as we have read the numbers of this new quarterly, its editors and contributors seem determined not only to promote science, but to turn it to its noblest end, the defence of revealed truth. We can only, therefore, cordially welcome it to a place among the periodical literature of the day, and wish it a long and prosperous life.

MANUAL FOR COMMUNION. Containing Meditations and Prayers in the form of a Retreat before First Communion, adapted to the Use of Persons of all Classes. Dublin; M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

This little work, which is published with the imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, is primarily intended to assist children in preparing for their first communion, and is well adapted in style and matter for that purpose. Its usefulness, however, extends beyond its special purpose, and older persons of all classes will find it a very profitable manual for guiding and aiding them in meditation. Copious use has been made in its compilation, of the writings of St. Alphonsus, Liguori, Bossuet, Fenelon, Frooson, A' Kempis, Arnold, and other approved writers.

THE DOMINICAN HYMN BOOK. WITH VESPERS AND COMPLINE. London: Burns & Oates, 1881.

In addition to the services for Vespers and Compline from the Dominican Breviary, this volume contains a large number of very beautiful hymns and motetts, with English translations, and a number of hymns originally composed in English. Taken as a whole the collection is an excellent one.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN. The Substance of a Discourse by *Monseigneur Mermillod*, Bishop of Hebron, addressed to the children of Mary, in the Convent Chapel of the Sacred Heart at Brussels, May 18, 1867. Translated from the French, by M. A. MacDaniel. London: Burns & Oates, 1881.

This address is a lucid and able exposition of the subject indicated by its title. It shows the high and holy nature of woman's special mission, and eloquently and forcibly dwells on her obligations to devote herself to the work which it embraces in the family and in society, and the manner in which she may fit herself for the accomplishment of that work.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF PHYSICAL LIFE.

Protoplasm; or, Matter and Life. By Lionel S. Beale, M.B., F.R.S.

Lay Sermons. By S. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.

As regards Protoplasm, in relation to Professor Huxley's Physical Basis of Life. By J. Hutchison Stirling, F.R.C.S.

THERE is perhaps in nature nothing so evident as life, and yet under certain aspects there is perhaps nothing so mysterious. It forms the boundary line between the animate and inanimate kingdoms, and fills earth, air, and sea with its manifold products. With all the cunning of perfect design, and according to the laws given to it, it adapts plants and animals to different countries; under the tropical sun it spreads out its wide-leaved evergreens; in northern climates it strips trees of their foliage or binds them compactly, that they may be able to stand the winter's storm. It is this germinal principle of life which gives its bloom to the rose and its brilliant whiteness to the lily; which scatters variety in every degree of its development in the vegetable kingdom, from the lichen which seems to be identified with the rock over which it creeps, to those "mammoth trees" that rise like so many cathedral spires in the Yosemite valley.

And still this vital principle of growth manifested in such profusion through the vegetative half of the world of life is something which has all along evaded the analytical search of the physicist. He has had at his command carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen elements, which enter essentially into the composition of plants, but manipulate them as he would he has not been able to form

from them even the lowest living organism. Out of them and other elements, indeed, chemical combinations have been made; oxygen and hydrogen have been so combined as to form water; carbon and oxygen have been so mixed as to produce carbonic acid; in the laboratory have also been formed butyric ether and the flavoring juice of the pineapple, as well as the formic acid produced by ants, but all these, though existing as chemical compounds, are not capable by themselves of forming one living cell or tissue. Let it be even granted that science has mastered the inorganic elements and juices that compose any living thing; that it has discovered the variety and combination of its forces, and still it must be admitted that it has not succeeded in making one living compound, nor thoroughly accounted for the results of the constituent elements of any organic or inorganic body. Physical science deals only with sensible facts or phenomena and the laws that govern them, but the ultimate reasons of all these, their substantial support or their cause, it can neither see with the microscope, nor touch with the scalpel. "It is in strictness true," says Mr. Huxley, "that we know nothing about the composition of any body as it is." The scientist can with wonderful precision classify plants and animals according to their species; he can also trace the formation and adaptation of their organs for special functions, but how the lowliest plant grows or how the minutest insect exists, he does not know. The force with which one body attracts another he calls gravitation, but what gravitation is in itself, he is ignorant of. That things live, he is aware of, from the phenomena of life, but what life is in itself, or how precisely it is generated, he cannot by mere physical research determine. Amid the blaze of science, then, in this nineteenth century, at the root of every living thing there still remains mystery.

Elements we know, and laws and phenomena we know, but what is life?

The great characteristic index of life is motion or activity. This is the universal test of animation throughout nature,—the sign by which the dead plant or animal is distinguished from the living. This motion, however, is not barely external or mechanical motion. The locomotive does not live, though it moves, nor is it the attraction of one body for another, as the inertness of the very bodies proves, but it is that principle of activity within a plant or an animal which makes them to live and to grow and to be organized. This is a fact or truth which all animated nature teaches us; every tree of the forest and every plant of the garden proclaim it, as it were, by their freshness and productiveness. Motion or activity thus specified is so indicative of life, so intimately and necessarily related to the principle from which it proceeds, that some scientists

of our time, for their own purposes, seem to say that "life itself is nothing but motion of an infinitely complex kind;" that "it is matter in its finest ferment." They thus confound the phenomena of life with life itself, and taking motion in its generic sense as external motion of one kind or other, they pervert its specific meaning when applied to living things. They tell us that "if matter moves, it is force that moves it," but when they say that "if a certain structure, vegetable or mineral, is produced, it is through the generation of the forces exerted between the atoms and molecules," they assume that the growth of vegetables is the result of the force of attraction—a fact which they have never verified, and which, on the contrary, all observation has shown to be utterly false. Mere material force has never produced and will never produce any living organism. Does magnetic force give life to the iron which the magnet attracts? And since it does not, how can it be said to give the life of growth to the molecules that go to form and to develop the vegetables? Simple attractive force does not surely give any vital energy, otherwise we should have no inert matter and no dead clay, and no one imagines the absurdity that the mechanical force of the lever or screw communicates anything like life to the mass of granite which it raises. Inorganic brute-force, therefore, all experience proves, cannot of itself give vital growth, and the motion which is originated by the same force cannot, consequently, be the index of the principle life. In plants this motion consists in that immanent vital activity whereby their organization is developed and becomes fruitful. In some of their species this activity is so great that by its vegetative force, botanists tell us, it produces the external movement of leaves and branches. "Such movements are not confined to the lowest plants," says a lecturer, "as the *Oscillatoria*, but are met with among the most highly organized members of the vegetable kingdom. The movements of sensitive plants, various species of *Mimosæ*, of *Dionæa muscipula*, of certain tropical species of *Desmodium*, of the stamens of *Barberry*, etc., can be referred only to the vital contractility of certain of their tissues."

These movements, however, of certain species of plants, do not imply that they have anything like a sensitive nature, that they experience impressions and perceive sensation as animals do. They are influenced by the elements of the atmosphere, by heat and by moisture; to some plants the evening air gives new life, others turn to the sun's heat, while the leaves of others are fatal to the insects that alight upon them. In all these qualities or changes, there is, however, nothing more than the force or quality of vegetative growth, nothing that would indicate a sensible organic nature. Plant life itself excludes such a hypothesis, since it has no sensitive organism, no function which requires sensation, and no movement which is determined or actuated by sense. All nature

proclaims that growth, nutrition, and productiveness are the three special functions of plants. In man himself there exist the qualities of vegetative nature, but no one is conscious that it has the faculties of sensitive life.

Naturalists, it is true, find it difficult to decide whether a few of the lowest of living organisms belong to the vegetable or animal kingdom; and this fact they think, furnishes them with proof for the theory of evolution. Now, strange as it might seem to some, in the same fact, St. Thomas finds reasons for admiring God's wisdom in the exercise of His creative power, in that gradation which He has followed in communicating life to creatures, drawing the dividing line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and still making this line so slight that it is hardly perceptible.

But besides those symptoms of life that are seen in certain species of plants, there is the universal law of activity and growth, which reigns in the formation of every herb and tree. It manifests itself in different ways, although indeed the least of the plant's life is that which appears on its surface. Within it, there is going on in its growing season, a never-ceasing movement, a noiseless whirl of various elements, which are assorted, combined, and refined by vital processes in order that they may become fit matter for living tissue. No sooner has the primal cell been formed and the germ been expanded than the budding plant seeks nourishment. On all sides it spreads out its feeders, takes from the soil the food that suits its specific nature, imbibes by its fibrils and roots juices and mineral elements, and takes them into its laboratory, to be there converted into the sap or stuff of life. While this secret feeding is going on from below, another process of nutriment is going on from above. The plant breathes, as it were, through its leaves; through them, under the sun's radiance it retains carbon and releases oxygen, while during night, on the contrary, it retains oxygen and releases carbon. Let a sun-loving plant be kept in the dark, it immediately becomes sickly; it will grow, indeed, but without color or solidity, because it has no carbon to strengthen its digestive powers, to give freshness to its leaves, or firmness to its tissues. The plant dies, but in its specific kind, it lives, as it were, again in its seed. While it exists in vigor, life permeates all its parts, is latent in its minutest cells and tissues, and gives to its organs their special vital functions. From this fact, which is patent to observation, some writers on physiology have concluded that besides the vital forces of a plant or an animal there is no common principle of life in either. In other words, they recognize vital phenomena, but will not admit that they proceed from a principle or cause. Still, surely in this case the arguments from induction and deduction, on which all physical science professes to rest, may be very well applied. On the lines of these arguments, the prin-

ciple of the activity of a living plant seems to be as clearly demonstrable as the existence of the sun from his rays. The plant's vital force manifests itself in countless forms, like so many rays of light working to its ends by fixed laws, giving vegetative growth to each stem or germ, and showing marks of its vivifying influence in leaf and branch, in flowers and fruit—all this it does with a measure and proportion, with a symmetrical growth of the plant, which point distinctly to one controlling principle of activity and life within it. Were its vital energy to act independently of any central directing principle, it might distort nature, turn branches upwards, when it should have turned them downwards, give the shape of a laurel to a pine, or of a palm-tree to an elm. We should then be at a loss to know how their life-fluid is distributed to all the organs of the plant according to their needs, how all its parts are so harmonized that they contribute to their mutual support, and how their action is so unified that they form but one living plant.

To this method of reasoning a writer has answered "that in referring operations to the principle of life, we have not explained them, any more than we have accounted for fire by referring it to the combustible principle." Certainly not; our contention here is not about explaining vital properties or operations, but about accounting for their origin and pointing out the principle from which they proceed. We seek not now to know the intrinsic nature of life, or to define its essential qualities, or to investigate its different stages of development. Our object is simply to show, from the life-signs through the whole vegetable kingdom, that within each plant is a substantial form or a principle of life to which these signs must be traced. Biological phenomena prove, we presume, with as much force, the existence of the principle from which they spring, as any other physical phenomena denote the existence of their cause. External circumstances will indeed modify the development of the plant, but our senses and reason tell us that its growth springs from the innate principle of its life. Through it the character and nature of the plant are defined and a unity given to it according to its determinate species.

Approaching the question from another side, other scientists not only deny that there exists in plants anything like a principle of life, but also assert that vital forces are nothing else than mechanical or chemical forces in an organism, and that as these will produce the heat or the ignition of bodies, so may they also, when properly conditioned, be the cause of vital force,—of life itself. Waiving the point, however, whether mere mechanical force, such as the friction of wood or the hammering on iron produces heat or fire, or whether such force is not to be considered rather as a condition for developing the latent heat or spark, we wish to

examine whether any inorganic force, no matter of what kind, can become by its own nature a vital force in a living organism.

What the bare capacity of inorganic force is in its action on brute-matter, we have seen ; all the world knows and admits that it does not originate the least spark or shadow of life, and that howsoever exerted it retains its own material character. This should be received by all as a true test of its nature, and should be taken as clear proof of the fact that whatever vital qualities inorganic force has in a living body it has not of its own. Still a further illustration of this subject, which scientists insist on so much, may be taken from a contrast between a living and a dead organism. Tear up a plant by the roots, it continues to have its organization ; mechanical and chemical forces are at work in it ; for a time the energies of life also remain in it, but no sooner are these exhausted than its former forces, so far from working for the preservation of the plant, are tearing its tissues to pieces and bringing on its total dissolution. These same forces, while the plant was still living, were its bracing power ; they held its parts firmly together and acted on all its fibres to the end that it should be preserved and propagated. All this they did, however, not as inorganic forces, but because they were vitalized ; because they received a new influx of force from the vital principle, and in its service became instrumental in building up and fertilizing a living organism. Such is the doctrine which St. Thomas lays down ; and such, also, is the doctrine which has been confirmed by the authority of one of the greatest of modern chemists. Speaking of those who maintain that organic life is due only to the chemical combinations of the elements of matter, Professor Liebig says : " They are ignorant then that every chemical combination supposes not one, only, but three causes, since it is always the plastic force of cohesion or crystallization which, together with heat, governs chemical affinity in its productions, and determines the forms of crystals and their properties. But in living bodies there is added a fourth cause, which regulates the force of cohesion, combines the elements of matter to produce new forms and to give them new properties—properties which are not found outside the organism itself."

An effort has been made to neutralize the admission of this great chemist by an argument taken from the analogy that exists between the composition of protoplasm and water. Both resemble each other in this, that they are physical substances ; that chemical and physical properties go to form them. Water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen ; protoplasm contains carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Inasmuch, therefore, as protoplasm and water are composed of physical elements they are alike, although in the number of the elements they are not so ; what the agency of the

one is, what its physical qualities are, cannot be predicated of the other. But admitting that under a mere physical point of view they are on a par, under other respects they are essentially different. Living protoplasm is organic, water is not; the former has an assimilating active force, the latter has not; in protoplasm there is the inherent principle of growth, in water there is only a capacity for accretion; on these grounds surely there can be no analogy between them. Water indeed changes into different states; it is convertible into ice or vapor, but no one will seriously hold that ice is formed or vapor generated after the manner in which a plant grows or an animal lives, or that the relation of ice to water is like to that between living protoplasm and dead protoplasm. Life is, therefore, clearly something superadded to chemical elements or inorganic forces and cannot be explained by them. "The differences alluded to," says Dr. Stirling, writing on this subject, "are admitted by those very Germans to whom protoplasm, name and thing, is due. In pronouncing protoplasm capable of active or vital phenomena they do by that refer—they admit also—to an immaterial force, and they ascribe the processes exhibited by protoplasm—in so many words—not to the molecules, but to organization and life."

Men in our time have, indeed, invented machines which, taking up into themselves raw, rough materials, have grappled with them, assorted them, and having digested them, as it were, by difficult processes, have turned them out transformed and refined—quite a new article. And if art can do so much, it is argued, why should not nature do the same, or more, and transmute inorganic forces in organisms into vital vegetative energies? A prompt answer to the question is furnished by the difference of the results in either case. Art, no matter how much it may mix or refine the materials it works, does not change their essential nature; wool or cotton, wrought out into textures the most delicate and the richest, are still essentially the same. It is quite the contrary in the process of living nature. In her laboratory she substantially transmutes inorganic forces, puts new elements into them and bids them perform in the plant functions to which, when not under her control, they are entirely opposed. Besides, that the comparison should hold good, the wool and cotton should be transformed into the machines themselves and not into fine broadcloth. Furthermore, it is to be noted that machinery, however perfect it may be, produces out of elementary materials only stuff composed purely of their nature. Of itself it will insert neither gold tissues in a cotton woof, nor will it embroider a woollen fabric with a silver filigree. Now, in organic bodies, nature, by the law set to it by its Creator, acts differently. Given the same chem-

ical elements and in the same quantity, it constructs out of them bodies of quite opposite qualities and productive of quite contrary effects: Strychnine, for instance, quinine and caffeine are composed of the same quantity of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen, and still their nature is altogether different. The first is a poison, the second a remedy, and the third a harmless aliment. From this well-ascertained fact Liebig concludes that no chemical analysis suffices to explain the nature of organic combinations; then noting the difference between forces as they exist in and out of an organism, writes thus: "Out of the plant, oxygen constantly manifests its predominant affinity for the combustible elements, carbon and hydrogen; on the contrary, in the plant in which living forces work, oxygen is separated from water and carbonic acid, to be communicated by the leaves to the atmosphere as oxygen. The vital functions of the plant then are all contrary to the process of oxidation which characterizes inorganic nature, they form a process of reduction."

To this teaching, derived from the very constitution of matter and from its law, Mr. Tyndall replies by a sentence which is in the first place based upon a supposition, then on a prejudice, and again on a hypothesis which covers the whole range of possibility. "If then, he says, solar light and heat can be produced by the impact of dead matter, and *if* from the light and heat thus produced we derive the energies which *we have been accustomed to call vital*, it indubitably follows, that vital energy *may have a proximately mechanical origin.*" In another passage, however, he speaks of the "mystery and the miracle of vitality."

The process by which the substantial form or the vital principle acts in plants is likened also to the phenomenon of crystallization, in which it has been said, we find "the first gropings of the so-called vital force."

At the close of the last century, the French Catholic priest Haüy was the first to give a clear, definite, mathematical expression to the laws of crystallization. He explained the nature of the force by which crystals are formed, as well as their angles and shape, and how these differ, just as the elements of which they are composed vary. In forming them the crystalline force attracts differently the particles that suit the specific nature of the crystal. In the very bosom of the earth even it has welded ores and metals, in countless varieties of form, while by its inexplicable power it has cemented quartz to quartz and silex to silex with such wonderful solidity that on the granite or rock-crystal might be laid the foundations of the world. It is this same crystalline force that photographs, in mid-winter, frost-ferns on our window-panes, that has moulded and burnished myriads of gems of every hue, and

has given to their structure the greatest variety of proportions. "The splendor of their tints," says an American writer on the Russian jewels, "is delicious intoxication to the eye. The soul of all the fiery roses of Persia lives in their rubies; the freshness of all the velvet sward, whether in Alpine valley or in English lawn, in their emeralds; the bloom of all Southern seas in their sapphires, and the essence of a thousand harvest-moons in their necklaces of pearl."

And wonderful still, crystals attracting fresh matter repair the injuries done to them, they are varied even by adding to or changing some of their elementary particles, they may be classified as it were, into species, and out of fifteen fundamental forms they change their symmetry and structure indefinitely. The formative principle of crystals, however, is essentially different from that of plants and animals. A mere material attractive force, it has no vital function and generates no living tissue. It forms the body of the crystal, not from any germinal principle within it, but by an adhesive power from without it. The growth of crystals is by accretion or by addition of matter to their surface; the growth of plants, on the contrary, is from an internal process, by which the raw material of inorganic matter is transformed and assimilated into the substance of a living organism. In the one case we have a physical law by its cohesive power adding matter to matter; in the other a life-cell, expanding by its plastic force and innate activity into a plant or tree. A lifeless glacier may be formed by the first, but by the second alone is moulded the oak-sapling which, nourished continually by the life-currents shooting through it, shall one day wrestle with the tempest.

Living plants are permeable to water, and are in constant molecular activity under the working of their internal power; crystals, on the other hand, are completely solid and by no internal action either change or modify a single particle of their ingredients. This power, therefore, of growth, from within the plant by assimilation, is the great characteristic of vegetative life. Mysterious in its nature and wonderful in its working, this life develops, nourishes, and fertilizes itself. Puzzled by this mysteriousness and looking back of it, one may be here inclined to ask,—whence originally came this life? has it, in the first instant, generated itself? whence came the first plants and the first trees? To these questions, revelation giving a great lesson to science answers infallibly, God's creative word was the first seed of all living things. "And He (God) said, let the earth bring forth the green herb and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth."

Looking out on the great field of nature with its plants and

flowers and fruits suited to every clime, how little do men think of that silent, never-ending labor with which the vegetative world is manufacturing food for the support of animals. To its formation, earth and air, light and darkness are contributing; the combination of different elements gives it variety and flavor; for its ripening, cells and tissues and fibres are set in motion by a vital principle, and all this through a most delicate and complete woof of mechanism that unerringly works to its end according to specific laws. The clock, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the telephone, by the combination of their parts and forces, flash directly on our minds the intellectual powers of their designers. Their works speak of them. After a similar manner, man, when not biassed by error or passion, can see reflected, in the beauty, variety, order, and productiveness of the universe, God's power and divinity, and in the light of right reason "can look through nature up to nature's God." But could he look behind the rind or bark of plants and study the workings of their interior nature, could he note the functions of the sap—the plant's life-blood, and those of roots and leaves for the plant's sustenance,—he would mark how this incessant activity springs, under suitable conditions, from the vegetative principle of life, and would find additional motives for adoring and praising Him whose wisdom is mirrored in the tiny leaflet or flower as well as in the giant pines or oaks of the forest.

What has been said in the foregoing paragraphs of the life-principle and its formative powers in plants is truer in a higher sense, and for more cogent reasons still, in animals. Both plants and animals have some vital features in common. Existing at first only in germ, they grow in virtue of the activity inherent in their nature; they are distributed alike into different species, possess different members or parts, and propagate themselves according to their kind. But a sensible perception, an internal activity, ruled by sensation, instinct, and appetites, together with an innate, self-moving power,—these animals have, and plants have not. In the latter, life is manifested to us in their growth, in their leaves and flowers and fruit; in animals, life comes out more definitely in their locomotion. To show forth this life-sign, or rather, through it, to fulfil its specific functions, each animal species, from the lowest to the highest, is furnished with a body of a peculiar structure. The jelly-fish, for instance, glides through the water by the pulsations of its own body; the crusty shell of the sea-fan serves it as a propeller; in the star-fish its motor-power lies in the adjustment of its manifold plated covering; while in view of the coming storm the little nautilus freights some of the compartments of its tiny shell and descends for safety to the bottom of the ocean. Mollusks move themselves by dilating or contracting their muscles;

insects innumerable, with jointed legs and with wings firm or web-like, "with a nervous system encased in a single internal cavity," signal forth life by different degrees of swiftness. In the vertebrates, the organs of locomotion are more perfect and varied than in other animal species, and may be classified in some respects, it has been said, under the same laws of structure. Through the whole animal kingdom, however, as the most cursory observation shows, life is manifested in different grades, by different species and classes of animals. In one form it is seen in that power, by which, at its pleasure, the oyster opens or closes its shell, or in that by which the structureless *amœba* contracts itself; and in another form, in that agility with which the eagle sails in mid-air, or in that with which the stag bounds through the forest. But by locomotion of one kind or another, life displays itself in all animals, from the animalcule that dances in the sunbeam, to "the great finner whale," that disports in Northern seas, "his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber."

Besides this self-moving power which animals possess, there are going on within them the unceasing functions of vital activity, the development of their form and organs, and the assimilation of food to their specific qualities and wants. Similar operations, we have seen, are going on in plants under the organizing law of a vital principle. Under a like principle also, but of a higher and different nature, animals live and move. The plant's living activity is determined for it by physical law; it specifies for itself, by no immanent act whatever, the manner of its living or the nature and qualities of its food. Its sole function is to put in execution the uniform law of activity and fruitfulness prescribed to it by its Creator. In the irrational animal the case is otherwise. The principle of its life, or its immaterial sensible soul, originates the law of its sensible activity. Through its senses it is brought into relationship with myriads of sensible objects; it sees or hears, scents or tastes or feels them, and forthwith by its sentient faculty it has a perception of the sensation that affects it, or of the image that sense mirrors to it. It is not the mere physical impression, however, that moves the animal, or stirs it to action, but the actual perception of the sensation; a horse, for instance, may look at an object for hours and may not realize its presence; the steady fixed gaze rivets its eye, but it is only the force of attention that gives it the living power of vision. How indefinitely varied then, how continual and vivid is the activity of the animal, we may gather from the countless ways in which objects touch its senses. Emotions of pleasure or pain, of fear or hope or joy, affect it; and by them it is inexorably ruled. It cannot break with its instincts, and is inevitably drawn to satisfy them; it has neither the freedom of

choice of the means to gain its end, nor has it free volition wherewith to curb its appetites. The activity of the brute then is limited by its instincts. Its soul generated with its body is essentially dependent on the same; it cannot rise above its sensibility into the high sphere of speculative or intellectual life; it has no "mental sight," no "contemplation of mental operations or results as opposed to experience, experiment, or sense," nor can it go behind the mere sensible qualities of physical objects to form those universal ideas that represent the characteristics of a species. A dog recognizes his master but has no idea of humanity.

Still even with these limitations the brute possesses wonderful vital activity; through its senses and imagination, impressions of every kind flow in upon it, and when seized on by its soul become its motor-power. But besides those impressions which are derived from its sensibility, there are different vital operations in its vegetative nature, all controlled by its sentient soul. Under its vital influence the brute assimilates food to its substance, forms bone and muscle from mineral and liquid elements, and by the balancing of the matter of waste against that of repair is continually renewing the material of which its body is composed. Of these and other operations of its vegetative nature, the brute has no perception, although they are dependent on the principle of its sensible life—its soul. It is this which makes the animal's vegetative nature to have features different from those which it has in plants. In these it works out its special ends according to the laws assigned to it, without dependence on any other natural superior force. In the irrational animal, on the other hand, that vegetative life is dependent on a superior organizing power; it is made to minister to a higher nature, is vitalized by it, and forms with it one complete living substance. From the sensitive soul, therefore, of the animal, as from a principle of vital force or a substantial form, spring those influences that touch and energize all the powers of its nature; from it comes those life elements which change and elevate with new vigor the forces of its vegetative life, and which puts into its senses those vibratory faculties that bring it into intimate contact with the external world. These are facts which we can partly realize for ourselves by looking down into the vegetative and sensitive nature of our own bodies; and yet these facts so-called science has sometimes endeavored to falsify.

About three centuries ago, Descartes, following the views of the Spaniard, Gomez Pereira, maintained that all brutes are only *automata*, which are moved by some mechanical contrivance, although they seem to move themselves. Descartes, however, admitted that animals possessed a lower kind of soul, but this, he taught, is to their bodies much what steam is to the iron framework of an en-

gine. This theory, strange to say, has been maintained by some modern scientists. To them, animals are no more than machines, though the plan on which they are modelled is altogether a peculiar one.

After having stated this view, many modern writers pass it over without deigning to refute it; its very extravagance they consider to be its best refutation. It has been pronounced false by the judgment of the human race, and consequently by the law of right reason. It stands not the test of experience, and is at variance with what men know of animal life. A machine, understood in any legitimate sense of the word, receives from an agency without it its strength and activity; it neither makes nor repairs itself. But the animal grows in virtue of its soul—the inherent vital principle of its nature; it makes and sustains itself by assimilating food according to its wants, and by the quickening energies that run through it. Without any extrinsic cause whatever the innate vital power given to it by God's creative word adjusts its organization for the place it is to have in the animal kingdom. In the abstract, the animal's soul may be considered apart from its body, but in its actual living state the animal is not made up of two independent agents, as it were, welded together, but is one living creature, which is the subject of various emotions.

Many years before Descartes's time another theory on brute-life was put forward by Chancellor Bacon, of England, the extravagance of which, though perhaps less striking than that of which mention has just been made, was not less real. The soul of the brute he considered to be material; to be "a fine commixture of flame and aerial substance," an opinion which had been upheld many centuries before by some pagan Grecian philosophers. The Chancellor, taken up with the study of physical nature, and desirous to ennoble it as much as possible, sought to give to the phenomena of the animal's soul a material cause. All the while, however, he forgot that there can be no relationship between them, since the most imperfect knowledge like that of the brute is engendered by the act of perceiving—by the apprehension of the sensible form of the object by the sensitive soul. Matter, as its nature teaches us, however subtle it may be supposed, can never gather up into itself the living image of any given object, then identify that image, as it were, with itself, and from their union form anything like knowledge. Stamp or impress matter as you may it will never produce anything but matter. Let it be an atom, or a fluid, or a chemical agent, or a vitalized mechanical force, all the same, everybody admits that it is incapable of knowing, because it is incapable of perceiving. Life even does not correlate thought no more than matter correlates life. A tree does not think although it lives; neither does

a stone live because it is matter. But the barest outlines of knowledge connote the immanent acts of a perceptive faculty, of an immaterial, though sensible, principle, such as the soul of the brute. It alone can take in, separately, the sensible forms of the numberless objects that fall beneath its senses, can picture each object to itself, and feel the impulses of life from instincts and appetites.

On this subject of brute-life it is singular to note, how controversy has run counter to itself. In the seventeenth century scientists were zealous for even degrading the brute by reducing it to the level of a mere machine; in our days, on the contrary, scientists strive to exalt the brute by pretending to make it a man. Then, whatever they may have taught about brute-life or capacity, they always recognized the transcendent superiority of man's reason; now, they would ignore man's reason, and if they could, would make the brute rational. This admiration for the brute creation has entered even into the working of civil life, and there is formed a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," which writes beneath the statue of a horse, "justice, humanity, compassion." The horse is to be decently kept and comfortably lodged; meanwhile man is often left to shiver and hunger in the cold, or to be sheltered in houses, some of which, for order and cleanliness, we have been told by the press, are not to be compared with many stables. It is indeed a good thing to prevent cruelty under any form, but surely it ought to be one of man's first cares to alleviate the hardships and to provide for the needs of his fellow-men.

Sympathy for suffering and abhorrence for cruelty are the grounds on which some persons, nowadays, protect brute-life; others, however, would do the same, but on the plea that man and the brute are of the same lineage. A few years ago, this latter view made some noise and excited curiosity; it was not precisely new, but it was presented in a new form. For a few seasons, it had a "run," and put into bookshape, was as marketable as a sentimental novel. But when able scientists came to grapple with it, they found that it began with conjecture and ended with conjecture, that some of the facts on which it rests were of doubtful existence or of doubtful meaning, and that when other data were wanted, they had to be supplied by fancy. In a word they found that there is no real science in Darwinism.

The great law on which this system professes to rest is that of verification; and judged by this law the system has completely broken down. The antiquities of the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs bear testimony against it. During Napoleon's campaign in Egypt animal and vegetable fossils were discovered there that date back, it has been estimated, some six thousand years; and these fossils have been recognized by all naturalists as being exactly of the

same kind as the animals and plants of the Egypt of to-day. A more striking refutation still of this theory of "the transformation of the species" is taken from the coral reefs on the coast of Florida. The formation of these, some geologist tell us, spans ten thousand years, others say twenty thousand. Now the coral insects and the shell-fish which have built up these reefs, at least in part, are just, in their specific nature, in the lowest stratum, what they are in the highest. Indeed in all the geological formations, from the Cambrian bed to the earth's surface, there have been found fossil remains of plant and animal species, some of which are extinct, while others exist at the present day. In each of these strata fossils of the simplest structure are mixed with those of a more complex nature; but in no geological formation have fossils been discovered to mark the transition of one species to another,—of the zoophytes to the mollusks, of the mollusks to the articulates, of the articulates to the vertebrates. Mr. Darwin himself acknowledges that there are no data wherewith to prove these transitions, and then, in spite of the obstacles put by hybridism to his system, he and his followers come into court, so to say, promising to prove their case from "geological documents," and when challenged to produce them, fall back for proof, without any fear of paradox, on the want of documents. Making all due allowance then for the "scientific use of the imagination," it is difficult to comprehend how a physical theory which rests on no positive proof can claim to be scientific. The great instrument of this theory is the modification of animal organs or members, but surely experience teaches, that such modification, even when it is hereditary, does not change the species. There are numberless varieties among plants and animals, but their species remain the same. The change of a species, if it were to take place at all, should come from the life-principle that organizes its individual members and gives them their distinctive characteristics. If the transformation of one species into another were one of the natural functions of this principle it should always work to its end in spite of any accidents of modifications. Still, Mr. Darwin holds, that after a time species become immutable and that the law of evolution comes to a stoppage. He will not have it go farther than he wants, and as it would seem, will dictate to nature when it suits him. "No ordinary matter known to us," says Dr. Lionel S. Beale, "does such wonderful things or acts in any way like the matter which is supposed to be always developing variations to be instantly taken advantage of by selection called natural."

Under the application of this system to the human race man is only an outcome of the freaks of animal nature through the agency of "natural selection." His lineage, however, in this hypothesis,

cannot be proved; the record of his descent is entirely missing, since it cannot be found among the fossils of the dead past, nor among the living animal races of the present. On scientific grounds, indeed, the hypothesis has been rejected by the leading scientists of the day, and a place apart has been assigned by them to man in the animal kingdom.

"In the name of scientific truth," says M. de Quatrefages, "I can affirm that we have had for ancestor, neither a gorilla nor an orang-outang nor a chimpanzee, any more than a seal or a fish or any animal whatever" (*l'Unité de l'Espèce humaine*). Even scientists of the school of Mr. Darwin, considering man only from the point of view of anatomy, admit that his erect stature, the adaptation of his feet for walking, the development of his brain put him at an immeasurable distance above all other animals. This was exactly the doctrine which St. Thomas taught some six hundred years ago, and for which he gave his reasons. "Whereas other animals," he says, "are delighted with the sensible only, to satisfy their hunger or other sensual appetites, man alone delights in the very beauty itself of the sensible creation. And whereas the face is the principal seat of the senses, animals have their faces turned toward the earth as if in search of food, but man holds his face erect, that by his senses, especially by his sight, the most subtle and most discerning of all, he might freely know, everywhere, sensible phenomena, both heavenly and terrestrial, and from all gather intelligible truth." "Among all animals, man ought to have, relatively to his body, the largest brain, in order that in it might take place more freely the operations of those interior sensitive forces which are necessary for the action of the intellect."—Summ. 97, 1 p. qu. 91, art. 3.

In maintaining the hypothesis of evolution scientists lay great stress, sometimes, on the phenomena of embryonic life. It points, they think, directly to an affinity between the species and to the facility with which they may have been transformed. All animals, observation has shown, are oviparous, and in embryo undergo various changes before they are "differentiated" and receive their specific organization. In the ovules they seem to be akin, but when they have put on severally the shape and dress of their species and their life history begins, they disclaim relationship with those of different specific organizations. On this subject, German physicists, particularly, have rung the changes. Of it, Büchner writes: "Embryology gives us a formal and irrefragable testimony in favor of the intimate parentage of all living things;" while Haeckel, following up the same line of argument, stigmatizes those who differ with him as "superstitious," and as "ignoramuses." In common with these writers, Mr. Darwin upholds the same view,

but in a tone far less arbitrary and dogmatic. "The embryos of a man, dog, seal, etc.," he says, "can at first *hardly* be distinguished from each other." Even Büchner and Haeckel, on second thought, retract, virtually, what they so boastingly asserted. The former writes: "After all it is certain that there are differences between the ovules and the embryos—differences precise and characteristic. But these do not exist in the outward forms, though, to confess the truth, even in these there ought to be some diversity, but too minute to be verified by our optical instruments. The differences of which I speak ought to exist in the intimate constitution and in the chemical and molecular composition."—*Man, according to the Results of Science*. The latter (Haeckel) speaks thus: "The subtle differences of each ovule,—as being indirect and virtual,—cannot be directly ascertained with our means of investigation. Still, by natural induction, they ought to be admitted and recognized as forming the first cause of all the individual differences."—*History of Creation*.

This self-contradiction illustrates a phase of much of what is called modern science. It boldly asserts, then, when asked to prove, shifts its ground, and again when pressed to answer, pulls down the work it strove to raise, by sapping its very foundation. The ovules of various species are *hardly* distinguishable, but still they are distinguishable; they seem to be altogether alike, but they are not. Their formative force it is which forms the rudiments of the organs in the embryo, and thus by degrees, through the influence of life, species are distinctly separated from species; varieties are formed even within these species, and the brute creation, with its distinctive characteristics, lives and grows in virtue of the organizing, sensitive soul of each of its members. For the developing of the phenomena of embryonic life, heat and other external circumstances, are required. In order that the plastic force of the ovule should exercise its functions, it must be properly conditioned; by a general law of nature it needs external aids for the process by which it works on towards its end, and as in the case of all human and natural agents, external conditions form the apparatus through which it acts. But conditions are not causes, nor are embryonic phenomena the effects of any external circumstances. "If these phenomena are to be regarded as consequences of heat we may as well maintain that a steam-engine is a consequence of the coal that takes part in generating the steam that turns the lathes that are used in its construction. All the force, all the heat, all the motion of the non-living universe is incompetent to develop a living monad, and this the physicists know."—*Protoplasm, or Matter and Life*, by Dr. Lionel S. Beale.

The theory of physical life, however, that offered the most prom-

ising field to the advanced school of scientists, was that of "spontaneous generation." It had a long history; three centuries before Christ, its first principle was formulated by Epicurus in these words: "The earth is the common mother of all that lives, and from that origin so simple man himself is not exempted." Modern Epicureans do not state their views so plainly as their master, but when analyzed, these views are strictly reducible to his principle. As far as the production of some lower organisms was concerned, this theory had some grave mediæval authorities quoted in its favor. By them, of course, the thought was never entertained that matter possessed in itself "the potency of every form of life," but it was a great deal for the school just mentioned to have it admitted that matter could produce life at all. For some years Haeckel and other physicists were enthusiastic on the subject; they pretended that in the formless particles of albumen they discovered inchoate life. As a test-proof of what they said, they quoted Bathybius, an organism which, they averred, sprung to life spontaneously in the bottom of the ocean. Much talk was held about the matter at the time, and spontaneous generation was in the ascendant. Well, Bathybius was put to the crucial test of chemistry, and was found and admitted to be nothing but the sulphate of lime. This theory has now completely broken down, and this delusion of scientists has been dissolved by modern experiments. M. Flourens, a member of the French Academy of Science, thus writes on the subject: "Since Redi (1668) no one maintains the spontaneous generation of insects; that of intestinal worms has no longer a serious advocate since Van Beneden (1853); since Balbini, the origin of infusoria through spontaneous generation has been abandoned; and after the experiments of M. Pasteur (1865) it has been generally given up in regard to all kinds of animalcules." In 1875, the last-named scientist, after having confirmed his first discovery by successive experiments, thus addressed his audience: "Oh, behold, then, far from us and relegated to the region of chimeras, all the theories of fermentation imagined by Berzelius, Mitscherlich, Liebig. . . . All this scaffolding created by the imagination has given way before our experiment, so simple and still so searching."

In the phenomena of the vegetative and animal kingdoms man may study the characteristics of physical life, but it is in himself that he becomes intimately acquainted with them. In living objects around him he studies life in its outward forms; in himself he perceives what it is by the consciousness of his vital actions; he sees it, as it were, face to face. By doubling his thought on itself he is conscious of his power of thought and of motion, and through his intellectual acts he is aware of the principle of his ex-

istence and vitality. "This," says St. Thomas, "every one experiences in himself, that he has a soul and that it vivifies."—*De anima*. "Man perceives that he has an intellectual soul, from the fact that he perceives that he understands."—*Summa*, p. 1, qu. 87, ar. 1. All man's natural knowledge must be of his own making, and the preliminaries of that knowledge must come through his senses, or imagination, or his sensible memory. He has no innate idea either of God, or of nature, or of life, or of anything whatever, and for the arousing, as it were, of his intellect to action he depends on sensible impressions. These or the images of sensible things are taken and vitalized by the inherent power of the senses; they are the excitants of thought, the phantasmata, as they are called, over which the intellect casts its own pure light, looks through their sensible character, in order to find beneath them its own object,—the intelligible. Man knows that he knows; is conscious of what worth his knowledge is; the brute is not; the latter's soul is restricted in its perfectibility by nature; the former's intellectual faculties may be more and more perfected. "Other beings are complete from their first existence in that line of excellence which is allotted to them; but man begins with nothing realized (to use the word), and he has to make capital for himself by the exercise of those faculties which are his natural inheritance. . . . It is his gift to be creator of his own sufficiency, and to be emphatically self-made." The sensible form of things is the object of the brute's soul; the supersensible, the substantial form or the real truth of things is the object of the intellect of man. Its aliment, so to say, is being, essence, nature, substance, etc., which are common to all things; or animality, vegetation, heat, cold, humanity, and other such properties which may be predicated of specific classes of creatures. By its searching, abstractive force the human intellect breaks through the barriers of thought, widens more and more its view of particular objects, and by seizing in them what is universal by nature, reaches those ideas which are based on the essence of things. "The intellect," says the author just quoted, "knows directly, only the universal; indirectly, and as if by reflection, it can know the singular."—*Summa*, p. 1, q. 86, ar. 1.

In the very depths of man's nature then, within the very sanctuary of his soul, there is going on a far-reaching activity that reveals him to himself and teaches him that his soul has come from God's creative power and not from human generation. In its distinct mental operations his intellect breaks loose from the senses, acts above and beyond them, searches into the depths of God's being, looks back into the soul through its own thoughts, examines justice, goodness, honesty, duty, compares idea with idea, and projects its thoughts even unto infinity.

Not only in this great reach of the mind is man's natural activity displayed, but in a more striking manner still, in the freedom of his will. Howsoever far the mind may penetrate by its native energy, thither the human will can also lead by the force of its desires. The aim of the first is truth, the aim of the second is happiness. The intellect is by its nature necessarily determined to its end; the will, on the other hand, though naturally inclined to seek for happiness under some indeterminate form, is free to look for it in this or that object, and to strive to acquire it by this or that means. Herein lies one of the great characteristics of man's rational nature. When his desires are rushing to their object with more than the velocity of lightning, he can put a brake on them by his will-power; of two objects he can choose the least pleasing to him, or reject both; and even by the abuse of his freedom of will he can swing himself away from the observance of the moral law and from his obligations to God. In these and a thousand other ways the conscience of every one tells him that he is a free agent, the master of his own acts, that for these he is accountable to his Creator, who has prescribed to men duties as well as rights.

The few reflections just made show, I presume, that the activity of the human soul is indefinitely greater and of an incomparably higher order than that of any other creature in the animal kingdom. The soul is the substantial form, the principle of life of the body, and both united in man form, not two substances but one substance,—one individual human being. In him is vegetative and sensitive life; in his body are combined the vegetative functions and the sensitive faculties of the animal. Into the bearing of these functions and faculties he can look from the height of his intellectual power, feel their energy and scope, and thus through his own consciousness, get the knowledge necessary for the interpretation of the inner life and resources of both the vegetable and animal creation. Outside man, vegetative and sensitive natures are formed and sustained by their respective principles of life, as their substantial forms; in man, these same principles are taken up into and virtually contained in his intellectual soul. What they did in the plant and animal, that the human soul in a higher order and for its own special ends does in man. It energizes the vegetative and animal elements of his nature, gives life to every nerve and muscle and cell and tissue of his body, and makes it to be a human body. This body, the soul by its influence and presence informs and so governs, that in man there exists, in the specific sense, but one nature,—the human. The body grows, but the soul does not; as it comes from the hands of God and is united to the body, it is complete in all its faculties, but, for the proper exercise of them,

needs that the body should be fully organized. How marvellous for this end is the life-power in man science teaches us.

"At the threshold of life," says one of our modern textbooks, "the wisest physiologist reverently admires, wonders, and worships. How strange is this transformation of food to flesh! We make a meal of meat, vegetable, and drink, ground by the teeth, mixed by the stomach, dissolved by the digestive fluids; it is swept through the body. Within the cells of the tissues it is transformed into the soft sensitive brain or the hard callous bone; into briny tears, or bland saliva, or acrid perspiration; bile for digestion, oil for the hair, nails for the fingers, and flesh for the cheek. Within is an almighty architect who superintends a thousand builders, which make, in a way past all human comprehension, here a fibre of a muscle, there a filament of a nerve, here constructing a bone, there uniting a tendon, fashioning each with scrupulous care and unerring nicety. So without sound of builder or stroke of hammer goes up day by day the body—the glorious temple of the soul."

In this building up of the human body by means of these vital energies which the soul imparts to it, we may readily understand how great must be the activity of man's internal physical life; and how wonderfully active his external life also is we may learn from the histories of individuals and nations. They give us the summary of man's vital power in its physical, moral, and intellectual character. In them we may trace the mingling, so to say, of the thoughts and views of men, the contact of actions with actions, and of interests with interests, the tendency to a common end by legitimate means, or the formation of those bonds which constitute social life. This manifestation of life, however, varies with the religious, moral, and intellectual culture of tribes and nations; and even in physical features, races differ from each other. But these differences, no matter how great, do not break up the unity of the human species, nor imply that all men have not descended from the one common father. It is universally admitted that certain tribes or classes of men degenerated, fell away from the primeval type of manhood, but for all that they did not cease to be men. Amid the wreck of many of their natural or acquired powers, their rational nature survived; they had still left to them some sense of religious worship, some perception of good and evil, of right and duty. At the hands of certain scientists, however, savages fare badly in our time; they are made worse than they really are in order to better, if possible, wild theories, and are supposed to have come from ancestors more degraded than themselves,—ancestors not superior in fact to the brute creation. These prejudices, however, have partly ceased to exist, and the character of savage tribes is now better appreciated. How guileless and simple that character was a few centuries

ago in the case of many tribes we learn from the narratives of the discoverers of this continent. By recent explorers, savages wherever met with have been recognized as possessing the characteristics of humanity, while antiquarian research has proved conclusively that savagery was not the primitive condition of mankind. As far back as the oldest records go, and that is to the cradle of the human race, civilization is met with. In many respects undoubtedly it differed from what is now defined to be civilization; it did not run mainly on the lines of physical comfort or of great wealth, but embraced at least two essential elements of all true civilization, namely, religion and morality. From this ideal of the conduct of life many tribes fell through their own excesses, and considering the inclination of human nature to evil, their descent was an easy one; but on the other hand, all history is there to tell us that ascent from the savage state to civilization is very difficult; nay, facts go to show that a savage race has never yet risen as a race to the fullness and elevation of a truly civilized life.

The physical features of men, natural history teaches, will also be modified by their environment. Climate, food, customs, moral habits act forcibly on the human frame and contribute to form diversity of races but not diversity of species. Formerly, the striking contrasts that exist between the different races of the human family, were the grounds on which scientists argued against its unity. But, as Alexander von Humboldt remarks, "Most of these contrasts have vanished before the profound studies of Tiedeman on the brain of the negro, of Vrolick and Weber on the form of the pelvis, and of Flourens on the human skin." To the same conclusion linguistic studies have led many scholars. Having gone back through languages, analyzing and comparing them, they have been able to reduce them to three great parent-tongues,—those spoken, they say, by the descendants of the sons of Noe,—and farther back still, under the structure of these same tongues, Leibnitz and other linguists have found the remains of one primitive, original language, of which it was written, "And the earth was of one tongue and of the same speech."

Indeed the human family itself by the laws of its generation proclaims its unity. Hybridism, it has been unmistakably proved by naturalists, is not in the order of nature. Every species of plant or animal, in order to propagate itself indefinitely, must remain within its own limits. If in some instances, different (although proximate) species have been prolific, this at most has been only for two or three generations. After that time there is a reversal of the breed to one or other of the primitive stocks, and the species again maintains its exclusiveness, and with its varieties or races wants to live for itself. It marks out its own boundaries; outside

these its union is a forced and unnatural one, within them the fact that its races are prolific is a proof that they are of the same specific nature. This lesson derived from the vegetable and animal world has set forth in a clear light the unity of the human species. Human races intermarry, and because they are of the same original human stock, there is no limit put by nature to the generations of their descendants. Under whatever climate they may be, or under whatever circumstances, be these the most degrading, they are recognized as having the essential attributes of humanity. The contrary opinion has now become almost obsolete. Differ widely as modern scientists do about the origin of man, they generally agree in regard to the unity of the human species. Still by proving the unity of man's nature, one has gone far to prove the unity of his origin. If, as naturalists admit, among inferior animals "a new race can readily be formed from a single pair," it may be easily conceived how the first race of men sprung from Adam and Eve, and how from it other races were formed by some variations, which in time became hereditary. This stray truth, so to speak, acknowledged by antichristian scientists of our day was also uppermost in the minds of pagan nations of the remotest antiquity. Obscured by fable, it lost for them its full meaning, but read in the light of true tradition and philology it teaches us that from the beginning mankind were acquainted with the real history of their origin. Thus it has come to pass that in this respect and in many other ways, real science has been the handmaid of faith, and after having been confused by theories on man's origin finds the inspired record of Moses to be the only firm ground on which it can securely rest. And He (God) said: "Let us make man to our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts and the whole earth and every creeping creature that moveth on the earth. And God created man to his own image, to the image of God he created him, male and female he created them."

THE EARLIEST DISCUSSION OF THE CATHOLIC
QUESTION IN NEW ENGLAND—SEGUENOT
AND BURNETT. 1727.¹

IF any reader, looking only at the great questions now absorbing the minds of men, think us too far behind the times in reviewing at this day a publication of the early part of the last century, we plead in defence that we Catholics had no REVIEW, or, in fact, any publication at all in this country at the time of the appearance of the work, and that even in our hands this curious and romantic affair cannot be very dull or dreary.

The little work is, in fact, connected with some of the most romantic incidents in New England history, with the preaching of Eliot, his praying towns, New England injustice to the Indians, King Philip's War, the death of Major Waldron.

Though the story of Christine Otis has been alluded to in many local histories, it has probably escaped the eye of Catholic readers in general, with the discussion we here rake up from the musty piles of New England controversies. The publication on which we found our notice is extremely rare, so rare that the late George Brinley, who had scoured all the old garrets and closets of New England to bring together his wonderful library, does not seem to have possessed a copy.

To a Catholic it has the additional interest of being the first statement of Catholic doctrine printed in New England, or, indeed, in any part of the thirteen Colonies, and as such should have led all our publications in the *Bibliotheca Catholica Americana*, of our late antiquarian friend, Rev. Joseph M. Finotti.

About the same period there were two other controversies, it is true; one between a Jesuit father and an Episcopal clergyman, in Maryland, and the other between the Jesuit Father Sebastian Rale, of Norridgewock, Maine, and the Rev. Mr. Baxter, who was sent from Massachusetts to endeavor to win his flock to Protestantism. These discussions were not, however, printed at the time, so that the letter of the good Sulpitian to the Christine whose amiable character from childhood seems to have endeared her to her Canadian friends, though it failed to recall her to the faith in which she had been nurtured, was translated and printed in Boston as

¹ Letter from a Romish priest in Canada to one who was taken captive in her infancy and instructed in the Romish faith, but some time ago, returned to this her native country; with an answer thereto. By a person to whom it was communicated. Boston: Printed for D. Henchman, at the corner shop over against the Brick Meeting-house, in Cornhill. MDCCXXIX.

the first publication to diffuse in that benighted land the true doctrines of Christianity.

Before the first English settlements in New England, the Pawtuckets, or Pennacook Indians, spread from the banks of the Merrimac to the Kennebec, and were ruled by a chief of superior ability, Passaconaway. When colonists came, sachem and people welcomed them, and lands were ceded for their use. Every year, however, the newcomers became more exorbitant in their demands, till, at last, the sachem, who had reached the years, not only of four score and ten, but even of five, and it is said of six score, sought humbly from the guests whom he had welcomed a scanty foothold for his band in the wide domain over which he had once held sway.

Amid the grasping and sordid people who were thus pushing away the Indians, to chafe, and fret, and plot, there arose a man who believed that as Christians they were morally bound to impart a knowledge of God and his divine Son to the benighted natives.

John Eliot, who so cordially met the Jesuit Father Druillettes, and invited him to winter in his home, began his labors as a missionary at Newton Corner, gaining many hearers and a few converts. Praying villages sprang up, not all made up of Indians who had embraced Christianity, but including those who showed an inclination to listen to the teachings of Eliot and his associates. Efforts were made, meanwhile, to induce the natives to adopt the agriculture and habits of the whites.

Eliot gradually extended the area of his labors, and in 1647 visited the village of Passaconaway, but the chief would not see him. He withdrew, disdaining, as it were, to hold converse with the man who was bent on transforming the gallant brave into the dull plodder, the open-handed Indian into a close and grasping white.

The next year he showed less repugnance. Eliot began his work,¹ and ere long there were praying towns in the land of the Pennacooks. The religious influence, however, produced by annual visits could not have been very profound, or the instruction extended.

Passaconaway himself said to Eliot: "You do as if one should come and throw a fine thing among us, and we should catch at it earnestly, because it appears so beautiful, but cannot look at it to

¹ Eliot's first sermon before Passaconaway was from Malachy i. 11, which he thus rendered: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, thy name shall be great among the Indians; and in every place prayers shall be made to thy name, pure prayers, for thy name shall be great among the Indians." This suppression of the idea of sacrifice is curious, and, in view of one of Seguenot's chief points, not without interest.

see what is within; there may be in it something or nothing, a stock, a stone, or a precious treasure; but if it be opened, and we see what is valuable therein, then we think much of it. So you tell us of religion, and we like it very well at first sight, but we know not what is within; it may be excellent, or it may be nothing; we cannot tell; but if you will stay with us and open it to us, and show us all within, we shall believe it to be as good as you say it is."

We know how Eliot, with immense labor, translated the Bible into the Natick language, as though that were to achieve what only daily instruction and guidance could effect.

Something, however, was gained. The legislature appointed an Indian superintendent; idolatry and the superstitious rites of the medicine men were suppressed; laws made; the sale of liquor prohibited, though it could not be wholly prevented. It will strike us as queer, however, that tithes were to be levied on the Indians for the support of their teachers.

While the efforts of this zealous man to convert and save the Indian were extending, he did not receive general support. By many, in fact, his whole scheme was viewed with an evil eye. In their judgment the Indian should be crowded out and exterminated. Their policy, so often revived and followed, bore its fruit. Philip animated the scattered bands to begin a war of extermination, urging the Indians to root out the whites unless they, themselves, would be rooted out.

The hamlets and outlying farms of New England reddened the midnight sky with the blaze which disclosed the scalped and murdered inmates. Then every Indian became a matter of suspicion and dread; and the Praying Indians were marked out for destruction by the hot and lawless. Wannalancet, the successor of Passaconaway, faithful to the counsels of that chief, had refused to enter into Philip's projects, and to the last declined to give him any aid. But this could not save his tribe from the brutality of the colonial rabble. Yielding to the storm, the General Court confined the Praying Indians to narrow limits, and at last carried off hundreds from their villages to perish in the close confinement to which they were doomed.

The glowing pictures, by New England writers, of the rigid morality and piety of the settlers, are not sustained by facts. Impartial visitors found these colonies not superior to others which were less loud in their professions. Vice and debauchery among the lower class, unscrupulous rapacity among men in office, appear there as elsewhere; and the Indians suffered alike from both.

Wannalancet would not raise his hand against the whites, but he could not remain in safety. With his band he struck into the

wilderness and wintered on the headwaters of the Connecticut, far from all the haunts of men. His village was given to the flames and his lands laid waste. A band that had remained at Wamesit were accused of ravages committed by Philip's men. They were all seized and hurried to Boston, where, after long delay, they were declared innocent; yet while conducted back to their home by a guard, one of them was deliberately murdered. The outrage was followed by a still grosser one, when women and children were fired upon, one being slain and several dangerously injured.

The Wamesit Indians fled in alarm to join their brethren under Wannalancet, in the woods near Canada, but after great suffering were forced by hunger to return. As danger again menaced them, they fled once more, leaving some of the old and decrepit, who were soon burned alive in their wigwams.

These well-disposed Indians, thus hardly treated, patiently awaited in the wilderness the close of the war, hoping that the minds of the mob would be more disposed to credit their innocence. When Philip fell and peace was restored, the fugitives began to return. The post at Dover, where Major Richard Waldron commanded, with its stores of goods, became a centre. From the woodlands afar the braves came, with their squaws and children, to barter the furs they had gathered for articles they sadly needed. Among them came many of the Pennacooks. Ere long four hundred dusky forms were gathered around; all considered themselves as perfectly safe. But Waldron, instigated by greed and cunning, or acting under orders from Boston, resolved to seize a number of them. To do so openly might result in a disastrous failure, so he had recourse to stratagem. He proposed to the Indians that they should have a sham battle. The Indians entered into the spirit of the affair. While the fictitious strife was going on, two companies of Provincial soldiers surrounded the Indians, and before the latter could suspect treachery, disarmed them all, and prepared to send them to Boston. The General Court approved the dark act of treachery. The Indians were put on trial; a few escaped; five or six were actually hung, the rest were sold into slavery.

Wannalancet and a remnant of the tribe fled, never to return. They made their home in a mission village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where devoted men preached and practiced a purer and nobler faith, and the neophytes of Eliot became the unexpected and uninvited catechumens of a Catholic mission.

Others lingered in fastnesses of the mountains brooding over their wrongs, and anxious by any agency to wreak vengeance on their oppressors.

Year by year the winter snows whitened the earth and it hardened under the fierce summer sun, till at last these Pennacooks

gloated with savage glee to see the long-desired vengeance ready at their hands.

When Leisler, in his mad folly, had sent the New York savages to give the Canadian towns to conflagration, pillage, and murder, and New England had, as unwisely, provoked hostility on her frontiers, the Indians, whose unwritten annals kept vividly before their eyes the treachery of Coheco, resolved to repay it.

Their design was known in Boston, and a letter of warning was sent to Waldron. It was too late. That very day two squaws sought a night's lodging in every one of the garrison houses of Dover. They were admitted without distrust, and the inmates showed them how to open the doors early in the morning.

When sleep had settled on the town the women silently unbarred the doors to admit the vengeful braves. At Waldron's house they rushed at once to his room. The old man, if he had entrapped Indians and flogged Quakerwomen, was no coward. In spite of his eighty years he seized his sword and drove his assailants before him till they closed around and overpowered him. They set him upon a chair on a table, and each cut him across the breast as their victim used to mark their accounts in his books, crying, "I cross out my account," and when he tottered forward from loss of blood it was to fall upon his own sword.

His house was given to the flames. That of Richard Otis was taken in the same way, and he was killed as he rose from his bed. Two of his children fell beside him. His wife and four daughters were hurried away, three to be rescued, but the widow and her child Christine, with two Otis boys, the sons of Stephen, marched their weary way through the wilderness, enduring all the horrors of Indian captivity. New England Indians as they were, their captors did not halt till they reached villages of Indians under French control. The condition of these hapless persons, suffering for the wrong done by others, appealed to the Christian hearts of the French. Mrs. Otis and her child were purchased from their Indian captors and found a home at Montreal. No immediate prospect appeared, in those days of war, that they could soon return to the fire-marked site of their once happy home. The New England widow soon came to look on Canada as her future home. She embraced the Catholic faith, and married Philip Robitaille, in 1693, bringing up Christine and her other children in the religion which she had embraced.

Christine grew to womanhood, and married a Canadian named Le Beau, their marriage being blessed by the birth of a daughter; but her wedded life was not a long one, and we next find her a widow.

After vicissitudes of peace and war hostilities ceased, and com-

missioners were sent from the English colonies to superintend the return of all prisoners in Canada. Captain John Stoddard and the Rev. John Williams, a New England clergyman famous for his own Indian captivity, were those deputed, and with them went Captain Thomas Baker, of Northampton, Massachusetts, who had likewise had his share of Indian perils, bondage, and war. The meeting of Baker and Madame Christine le Beau seems to have inspired a strong affection. Baker, through the commissioners, used every effort to obtain her restoration, and she showed the greatest desire to return to New England. Her mother and daughter clung to Canada; the French clergy and the authorities sought to dissuade her, and raised various pretexts to delay or prevent her return. But she gave up mother and child, all her share in her husband's estate, and the means offered her, to accompany to New England the object of her choice, whom she married soon after. Isolated from all Catholic influence, Christine le Beau, become Mrs. Margaret Baker, lost her faith, and openly renouncing it joined the church of Mr. Solomon Stoddard at Northampton.

She was not forgotten on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and some years after the Rev. Francis Seguenot, a French priest from the diocese of Autun, a member of the Community of St. Sulpice, who had been zealously ministering for years to the people at Pointe-aux-Trembles and a wide district around it, resolved to make an effort to regain the lost sheep. The original letter which he addressed to Christine Otis is not extant, but a translation of it under the title of "A Letter from a Romish Priest in Canada" was printed at Boston in 1729. The letter seems to be pretty faithfully rendered, as the reader will judge:

J. M. J.¹

MY DEAR CHRISTINA, AND WHOM I MAY CALL MY SPIRITUAL DAUGHTER, Since I esteemed and directed you as such whilst you were here, and had the happiness of making one of the holy family of Jesus, Maria, Joseph, Joachim, and Anne, whereof I had the honor to be the director, and that you as well as Madame Robitail, your mother, whose confessor I am become since the death of Mr. Remi, who was well known to you, were of the number of about two hundred women of the best fashion of Ville Maria (that is, Mount-real), who then made up the mystical body of that holy association: I own also that all our members of the seminary, as well as all Mount-real, were edified with your carriage, you being sober and living as a true Christian and good Catholic, having no remains of the unhappy leaven of the irreligion and errors of the English, out of which Mr. Meriel had brought you, as well as your mother, taking you out of the deep darkness of heresy to bring you into the light of the true Church, the only spouse of Jesus Christ, out of which there is no salvation. I say the only spouse of Jesus Christ. It was allowed under the law of nature, and under that of Moses, to have many wives, for reasons which your ministers must know; but under the law of grace in which we live, established by Jesus Christ, the holy and true legislator, that multiplicity of wives is

¹ "These three letters are put in honor of Jesus, Maria, Joseph." Note in pamphlet.

forbidden, and for that reason Jesus Christ himself chose to have but one single spouse, which is His Church, which he purchased by the price of His adorable blood, which He loves and will love to all eternity, and against which the gates of hell and all the powers of this corrupted age shall not prevail, as He assures us,—St. Matthew, chapter xvi.,—when he saith to St. Peter: “Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I establish my Church,” which all the infernal powers shall never overset. Which is verified by the experience of all the heresies which almost in all ages have assaulted her, since she has dissipated them all, thrown from her bosom and crushed all those vipers, and has all along subsisted whole and without spot, and true to her spouse Jesus Christ, and will continue in that unalterable fidelity. And since Jesus Christ has promised on His side to be with her to the end of the world. Matt. xxviii. 20. There is (saith St. Paul, Eph. ch. iv. 4 and 5) but one God, one Jesus Christ, one faith, one baptism, one single body, which is the Church, one single spirit which animates and directs her. The English, the Dutch, the Calvinists, the Lutherans, the Zuinglians, dare not take those qualities to themselves, since they are many bodies and many spirits, different as to the doctrines of faith, differing the one from the other. The Puritans in England make up one, the Non-Conformists another; the Presbyterians one, the Episcopalians another; the Quakers one, the Anabaptists another; the Poor¹ one, the Lutherans in Germany, another; and do not the Calvinists in the Marquisat of Brandenburg make up a separate body from the rigid or moderate Lutherans? Lastly, do not the Zuinglians in Switzerland and the Genevese, their neighbors, make up bodies different from many others? And these different sects far from being animated by the same spirit, do they not contend with one another? and, to say the truth in one word, there is not one of all these sects that can boast of any religion.

And for proof of this, what is religion? It is a virtue by which we worship God as the sovereign and absolute Lord of all His creatures, whether by sacrifice and real offering with blood, as did of old the priests Aaron and his successors under the Mosaic law, in killing bullocks, rams, and lambs, or mystically, though very really, as do the priests under the law of grace, in sacrificing and offering every day to the most adorable Trinity, Jesus Christ, upon our altars. This sacrifice, besides, was instituted by Jesus Christ himself, the great and high Priest of the new law, to thank God for His mercies, to ask for new blessings, and to obtain of His goodness the pardon of our sins, so that the sacrifice of the law of grace, instituted and commanded by Jesus Christ, performs itself alone all that the sacrifices of the Mosaic law did together, and in a more effectual, more real, and truer manner, since those of the Old Law did not bestow grace, being, as St. Paul saith, but weak and poor elements (Gal. iv. 9), whereas, those of the New Law have it in themselves, and truly give it (Gal. iv. 5), since they contain the merits of the death and passion of Jesus Christ and of His adorable blood, and give us a real entrance into the adoption of the children of God. Egeus, President of Achaia for the Romans, willing to oblige the Apostle St. Andrew to offer sacrifice to his false gods, he made this answer, which ought to confound all those who are out of the Catholic Church, and especially the ministers: “I offer every day,” said that holy apostle, “to the Almighty God, not the flesh of bulls, nor the blood of goats, but Jesus Christ, the Lamb without spot, whose flesh remains whole after the faithful have been fed and sanctified by the real eating of that divine Victim, which is the Bread of angels and children of God.” From this argument I conclude, and you ought to conclude with me, dear Christina, that the real sacrifice of some victim is essential to religion; and this is so true that the first idolaters and Pagans seeing that the Jews offered fleshly offerings to the true and holy God, according to the commandment given by the Lord to Moses on Mount Sinai, since this blind people, following the example of the Israelites, did build temples where they offered living creatures to their false gods, and it is what the Chinese and Japanese do to this day, who offer to them reasonable creatures, as do also the Africans in some places of that third part of the Old World, and in America, whence I conclude there is no religion either in Old or New England, nor in Holland, nor in part of Germany, nor at Geneva, nor in the Swiss Cantons that follow Zuinglius, because in all those

¹ By which is meant Vaudois, who were called the Poor of Lyons.

places there is neither sacrifice nor sacrificer, though they know, as we do, the true God, and because by a most deplorable blindness they have banished from amongst them the priesthood of Jesus Christ.

Reflect seriously, my dear Christina, on those fundamental truths, and know that the Catholic Church is the only mystical ark of Noah, in which salvation is found. All those who are gone out of it, and will not return into it, will unhappily perish, not in the deluge of waters, but in the eternal flames of the last judgment. Let me, my dear Christina, say to you what St. Paul said to the Galatians : Who has so far bewitched and blinded you as to make you leave the light and the truth to carry you amongst the English, where there is nothing but darkness and irreligion, schisms, divisions, and confusions, and consequently where the Catholic Church is not ? She who is the only spouse of Jesus Christ, a Church of peace and unity. In a word, all those pretended churches spread over England, Holland, Switzerland, and part of Germany, are a very Tower of Babel, where they neither understand nor agree with one another ; without head, without charity, without faith, without sacrifice, and consequently without religion. A Tower of Babel which destroys itself, and which shall be thrown down into the abyss at the terrible day of the last coming of Jesus Christ, the supreme Judge of the living and the dead.

Consider within yourself, my dear Christina, poor stray sheep, and, following the example of the Prodigal Son, come back to your Heavenly Father. Humble yourself before Him as Achab did ; own yourself guilty, as certainly you are, to have apostatized and forsaken the Lord, the only Spring of the healing waters of grace, to run after private cisterns, which cannot give them to you, since they have them not, having only the muddy waters of the Nile of unbelieving Egypt, and those of the Euphrates of infamous Babylon. Look once more within yourself, my dear Christina, as the Prodigal Son in the Gospel ; hearken to the stings of your conscience, for it is impossible but you must feel them reproaching your apostasy. Read with attention the two letters I send you concerning the happy and Christian death of your daughter ; above all, weigh with care the particular circumstances by which she owns herself infinitely indebted to the mercy of God, and the watchfulness of her grandmother, for having withstood her voyage to New England, and not suffered her to follow you thither. Consider with what religion and inward peace she received all the sacraments, and with what tranquillity she died in the bosom of the Church. I had been her confessor and director for many years before her marriage, and before her going down to Quebec, where she lived with her husband peaceably, and to the edification of all the town. Oh, happy death ! My dear Christina, would you, like her, die as predestined, come in all haste and abjure your apostasy, and live as a true Christian and Catholic ; else fear, and be persuaded that your death will be unhappy, attended with madness and despair, as that of Calvin was, whose errors are followed in New England, and who bewailed at his death, and, acting like an agitated fury, detested the fatal moment in which he had separated himself from the Roman Catholic Church, and those false and calumnious writings he had published against her. Luther, his predecessor, did not make a much happier end, he dying suddenly at the end of a plentiful supper, which lasted till ten or eleven at night, at which supper were present his three children and Catharine de Bore, his wife, who had been a nun, had made her three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience ; a woman of condition, and whom he had taken out of a monastery to make his wife, and had the impudence publicly to marry after the death of the Duke and Elector of Saxony, his protector, for he would not have dared to accomplish that sacrilegious marriage whilst that prince was living, who, though a Lutheran, abhorred marriages contracted between persons who before God and the Church had made vows of chastity, which Luther had done in his convent and Catharine de Bore in hers. But after the death of that Elector, Luther pulled off the mask, and publicly married her for all that he was a priest and a monk and Catharine de Bore a nun.

Henry the Eighth, King of England, was the first that made a schism with the Roman Church, not being willing to own her for his mother, as he and all his predecessors had done very religiously before. He left the Roman Church that he might put away his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon, a princess of eminent virtue, and aunt to

the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and marry Anne Boleyn, whom some English historians believe to have been his daughter, begot by him on the Lady Boleyn, in the absence of Sir Thomas Boleyn, whom he had sent to France as ambassador to Francis the First. The same Henry the Eighth, four years after this scandalous marriage, caused the same Anne Boleyn to be beheaded, having discovered her unfaithfulness and her intrigues with some gallants which she had. The schismatical prince, feeling himself near his end, was desirous of confessing himself; and, notwithstanding he was a schismatic, he had not renounced those two sacraments of the Catholic Church, instituted, like the other five, by Jesus Christ. The bishops and priests who were then in London hid themselves, and would not receive his confession, as much in regard to the great scandal he, by his schism, had given to the Church as on account of the unheard of cruelty which he had committed against the monks, and some people distinguished by their characters, as Thomas More, Chancellor of England, and John Fisher, a bishop, who had refused to subscribe to his pretended and impious primacy of the English Church; and for having besides plundered and rifled all the goods, even to the holy vessels, out of the churches of the chief and richest abbeys of his kingdom. One of these bishops, however, confessed him, laying him under an obligation to build a hospital, thereby in some measure to redress the excessive wrongs he had done to the churches, which hospital, to speak justly, was nothing however in comparison with the rapines and extortions he had committed. He received the Communion also, and as the Consecrated Host was offered to him he would come out of his bed and fall down before it, a token that this unfortunate prince had kept the faith towards that divine sacrament, and towards the other six, on which he had writ a treatise against Luther, who had writ to him a wheedling letter to bring him into his party, which the King would not hearken to, but treated Luther as an heresiarch. And we read in history that one of King Henry the Eighth's predecessors, on his being to give battle to one of our kings of France, ordered, on the morning of the day of battle, all the soldiers should, as well as himself, partake of the adorable Body of Jesus Christ, at the Masses which the chaplains of the army were to officiate in, every one in his own quarters. Why, then, do the English at this time no longer acknowledge the truth and reality of the presence of Jesus Christ in that awful sacrament? The same history tells us that the English of former times built magnificent churches in some of our provinces, which then were in their possession, and in which churches Mass was said, and Jesus Christ offered to His Eternal Father. Why, then, do the English at this time not make profession of the same religion with their ancestors, who were thoroughly Roman Catholics? Was not Zuinglius, the chief of the Sacramentarians, killed at the head of the army he led against the Catholic Switzers, whom he would by force oblige to embrace his sect and his errors? Have even the apostles, or any other laborers in the Gospel, whereof Protestant ministers pretend (but without reason) to be the successors, been seen to march at the head of armies, with swords in their hands and cannon pointed to enforce the Gospel? I leave it to your ministers to judge of so extraordinary a proceeding.

But let us return to you (poor stray sheep): Think seriously on death, which may be nearer to you than you think of. What will you in that moment say for yourself to Jesus Christ to justify your apostasy, when He shall come to judge and decide of your fate to all eternity? Rather, in what sorrow and despair will you not be when you find that you have nothing solid to allege to Him to excuse your cowardly desertion? Perhaps, like the unfortunate Antiochus, you will own that you were in the wrong in forsaking Him and His Catholic Church, His only spouse, promising that if He grants you health again, you will repair the scandal that you have given by your apostasy. But do you know, my dear Christina, what will happen to you? the same (poor lamb) that happened to that unfortunate prince to whom the Lord showed no mercy, and whom He left to His justice, because he had first forsaken Him; and that when in health and able to convert himself he had slighted the Lord, and trod under foot the warnings which godly people had given him from God. Do not, then, dear Christina, saith the Lord by His prophets, defer any longer, and do not delay your repentance till the hour of death, but work it out now, as saith St. Paul, whilst you have time.

Harden not your heart, as saith the kingly prophet, but hearken to the Lord who speaks to you by our means. Your soul, my dear Christina, like that of the Prodigal Son, dies with hunger in the strange land whither you are gone. I call strange land that which is out of the Catholic Church, our true mother, who abundantly fed you with her milk and with her honey. You have where you are nobody that can absolve you of your sins, and give you that grace again which they have made you lose. You hear no longer the wholesome and true Word of God, having in that strange land no preachers who have received their mission from Jesus Christ or His apostles, nor bishops their successors, to declare to you that Divine Word, and to instruct you in the fundamental points of faith and principles of the Gospel, and in the practice of virtues, such as humility, Christian charity, contempt of the world and all its vanities, chastity, prayer, fasting, repentance, mortification, sufferings, love of the cross, longings after eternal blessings, and other principles taught in the Catholic Church, a language unknown to the Protestants, and to your fine reformers, let us say rather the true destroyers of all these holy practices. Who has sent these worthy reformers? Is it Jesus Christ? Has He spoken to Luther, to Calvin, to Zuinglius, or to the other schismatics who have withdrawn themselves from the Catholic Church to set up for themselves, as He spake to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church?" Did He say to them as He said to the same St. Peter and to the Apostles: "Go preach my Gospel to all the world; whatsoever sins you remit on the earth will be remitted and pardoned in heaven, and whatsoever sins you shall bind shall be bound in heaven?" Your ministers dare not say that Jesus Christ has sent them, or Luther, or Calvin, or Zuinglius, in such a manner; they never durst say it. Now none (saith St. Paul, Rom. x.) ought to intrude into the Gospel ministry without an authentic mission. Let us add, dear Christina, that the strange land in which you are doth not afford you the Pascal Lamb, the true heavenly Manna, the Bread of angels; I mean Jesus Christ contained really within the holy Eucharist, which is only to be found in the Catholic Church; so that you are in that place like the Prodigal Son, reduced to feed on improper and insipid food, which cannot give you life, after having fed here on the most exquisite, most savory, and most delicious food of heaven. I mean the adorable Body and precious Blood of Jesus Christ at the holy sacrament of the altar, as saith the Prophet Jeremy in his Lamentations, iv. 5.

Once more, dear Christina, return to this land, where you have received your baptism, and which I may say has given you life, since it is there you have been regenerated with water and the Holy Ghost, and have received the grace of adoption, and eaten the Bread of angels and children of God. Prevail with your husband to resolve on the same undertaking; the Holy Church, our good mother, will, on your abjuring your errors, receive you with open arms, as well as Mr. Robitail and his wife, your mother; you shall not want bread here, and if your husband will have land we shall find him some on the island of Montreal; but if he doth not desire any, and has a trade, he shall not want for work; but what is most essential is that you shall be here both of you enabled to work out your salvation, which you cannot do where you are, since there you are not in the mystical ark of the true Noah, which is the Catholic Church, the sole spouse of Jesus Christ, in which your daughter was bred, and in which she died.

Read, dear Christina, again and again that letter with the attention it deserves, since your eternal happiness or misery is at stake; show it to your ministers if you think it proper, or to whom else you please; and if they will answer me, let them do it in Latin or Greek, if they cannot conveniently write in French. I shall reply in Latin or Greek, for I cannot speak the English nor the Dutch tongue; and I hope, with the grace of God and the assistance of the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of truth, I shall evidently show them that they are in error, and that they entertain therein the people that hear them. Tell them from me to refute, if they can, the principles which I have set forth in this letter concerning the unity of one only true Church, founded by St. Peter and the other apostles, and transmitted by the bishops, their successors, to whom Jesus Christ has committed the keeping of the faith, and the direction of that same only spouse of Jesus Christ till now, and will continue so to do without any interrup-

tion, as the Scripture testifies in St. Matthew, and in the Acts of the Apostles, to the end of the world. Desire them from me to keep to that point, and to answer me with solidity, which they cannot do, to the principles I have laid down in this letter, for it would be endless to go over every article wherein we differ from one another, which, as it draws to no conclusion, serves only to maintain the dispute, and it is what those who find themselves in an error choose to do. In a word, let them give me an answer to what is essential and solid, and to the principles I lay down, of the unity of one true Church, the only spouse of Jesus Christ. And let them show me that the same Jesus Christ sent Luther, or Calvin, or Zuinglius to establish that same only Church, as He sent St. Peter and the other apostles to preach His Gospel, and to found that one Church. 'Tis what they can never do, who have framed many churches, all differing the one from the other; and it is what evidently proves that they err, and that those that follow them are maintained in an error; all their pretended churches being no other than a Tower of Babel, which, by its confusion and multiplicity, destroys itself.

Yield, dear Christina, to these truths, which are clearer than the sun at noonday, and return to the Catholic Church, the sole Church and spouse of Jesus Christ, her only Husband.

Before I make an end of this letter I must tell you that we have received here at Ville-Marie the abjuration of Mr. Henry Lidius, son to the deceased Mr. Lidius, or Dellius, late minister at Albany, and he is married to a very virtuous French young woman of Canada. I received his abjuration, and officiated at his marriage; the one and the other were performed to the edification of all Ville-Marie. I expect your answer to my letter, and am, dear Christina, entirely yours in Jesus and Maria.

SEGUENOT,

Priest of the Seminary at Ville-Marie.

You know me very well.

AT VILLE-MARIE (that is, Mount-real), the 5th of June, 1727.

The letter of the Sulpitian was not thrown aside. Mrs. Baker seems to have read it, and not without effect. Those around her could not understand it, but seemed to have noted an influence which they desired to counteract. The letter is said to have been written "in a very crabbed and hardly legible hand." It was at last placed in the hands of a gentleman who knew enough of French to transcribe it; but this, it seems, consumed "a pretty while."

The copy was submitted to William Burnett, a son of the famous Bishop Gilbert Burnett, who after having been for some years governor of New York and New Jersey, arrived in Boston in July, 1728, to hold the same twofold office over Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He was a dabbler in religious matters, and had recently published an essay on Scripture prophecies. As none of the New England clergy had entered the field to answer the Abbé Seguenot's letter either in Latin or Greek, Governor Burnett wrote a letter, in French to Mrs. Baker to refute that of the Canadian priest. The bookseller's preface says that this answer gave its author "but little trouble," "and besides had been done pretty hastily."

The two main points of Mr. Seguenot's letter, the unity of the Church and the necessity of sacrifice, he does not meet at any length. To the first he makes the point that if the Greek Church

is a true Church the Roman Church cannot be, since there can be only one such. A very weak argument, as the separation of the Greeks from the unity is a fact of history, and their schism could not make the Church less true than it was. He declares that it is "very ill-grounded" to insist on Protestants proving the divine mission of Luther and the other Reformers, without proving the divine mission of the Pope. He then lays down that the true Church contains all the faithful, of all ages, all over the world; that the unity is not visible, and that the Church has no need of a visible head; that the Church has been a great persecutor; that there were disputes between the religious orders, and therefore no unity.

In regard to sacrifice he insists that there was none at the Last Supper, there being but one sacrifice, that of the Cross. Yet if our Lord, as High Priest, offered on the cross the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, He was none the less a high priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec, offering bread and wine, the twofold sacrifice accomplished on the evening and morning that made the last day of the week of weeks that precluded the Sabbath of man's redemption.

As points of history he denies the repentance of Calvin, Luther's taking Catharine de Bore from a convent, and the story about Anne Boleyn. He then adduces scandalous lives of Popes, justifies Zuñglius, and warns her not to trust herself again in the hands of Catholics.

From first to last there is not a single argument to prove the truth of any form of Protestantism, in its creed, worship, or ministry. It was not, indeed, very easy for the son of a bishop of the Church of England, who had just been the bulwark of Episcopacy in New York, to prove satisfactorily at Boston that Congregationalism, a revolt from the Church of England, persecuting alike Episcopalians on one side and Quakers and Baptists on the other, was the true Church of Christ. He had to set up a broad Church of his own, resting on no authority but his own.

His answer, as well as the Abbé Seguenot's letter, was translated, and they are printed together in the pamphlet issued at Boston in 1729, but Governor Burnett's name does not appear, and he is alluded to in the note of "The Bookseller to the Reader" simply as "a Person of distinction among us." New England writers assert his authorship, but biographical and bibliographical works, in speaking of the governor, do not include it among his literary performances.

Whatever effect it may have had on Mrs. Baker, it did not induce her and her husband to remove to Canada. They seem to have had many misfortunes and hardships, and leaving Northampton, in

Massachusetts, they made their way to her old home at Dover. But trouble followed them, and in 1736 she applied for a grant of land from the colony. It seems to have been ineffectual, and Mr. Baker seems to have been inclined to yield to some desire on the part of his wife to rejoin her mother in Canada. The Abbé Seguenot was, indeed, dead; his requiem was offered the very year in which he addressed his touching letter to her; but her mother and her kindred there would insure her a welcome. That Christine entertained this project may be inferred from the statement in Savage's *Genealogical Dictionary*, that the town of Dover ultimately gave her land on condition that she should not return to Canada.

She lived to an advanced age, and died February 23d, 1773. The name of Otis has remained in Canada. One of the sons of Stephen Otis, taken with Christine and her mother, was baptized there by the name of Francis John, and settling at Baie St. Paul, became, by his energy, a prominent man. One of his descendants, Messire Lucien Otis, after having had charge of several parishes, became Director of the Normal School at Quebec, and died in 1868, highly respected and esteemed for his ability and worth.

Christine is represented here by many descendants, among them the Hon. John Wentworth, of Illinois; and some of them may have received grace to embrace the truth which their ancestress lost.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD DEMONSTRATED.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY WHAT PROOF DOES THE THEIST DEMONSTRATE THE EXISTENCE OF GOD?

GOD is the highest object of all knowledge, infinitely above any limited being; and yet the certainty of His existence is the end of all metaphysical inquisitions, the full and last solution of all philosophical questions, the point of rest for all researching minds. It is, however, not so difficult to find Him as He is transcending the perfection of our feeble nature. He is, we are assured (Acts 17, 27; 14, 16), notwithstanding His infinity, not far from each one of us, nor has He left Himself without testimony. Knowing once that His existence is demonstrable, though not *a priori*, yet *a posteriori*, that is from the effects He has wrought in this visible world, we are not at a loss to find for it quite cogent and evident reasons. It will only be necessary, first, to show that this universe is contingent and produced, and then, to infer from the conception of its being effected its dependence on the Absolute and Infinite Being as its cause.

As the Scholastics have pointed out this way of demonstrating God's existence, so they have also furnished us with many arguments of this kind. We shall, above all, give the proofs of S. Thomas, yet for the sake of greater facility somewhat differ from him in their arrangement. Let us begin our argumentation with the analysis of the effects we perceive in the physical order, though we always rise from them to God by metaphysical reasons and principles.

The first proof evinces the existence of God as the first cause from the existence of beings produced.¹ There exists in this world,

¹ S. Thomas S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3: "Secunda via est ex ratione causæ efficientis. Invenimus eim in rebus sensibilibus esse ordinem causarum, nec tamen invenitur nec est possibile, quod aliquid sit causa efficiens sui ipsius; quia sic esset prius se ipso, quod est impossibile. Non autem est possibile, quod in causis efficientibus procedatur in infinitum; quia in omnibus causis efficientibus ordinatis primum est causa medii, et medium est causa ultimi, sive media sint plura, sive unum tantum. Remota autem causa, removetur effectus. Ergo si non erit primum in causis efficientibus, non erit ultimum nec medium. Sed si procedatur in infinitum in causis efficientibus, non erit prima causa efficiens, et sic non erit nec effectus ultimus nec causæ efficientes mediæ, quod patet esse falsum. Ergo necesse est ponere causam aliquam efficientem primam, quam omnes Deum nominant."

For the better understanding of S. Thomas, it is to be noticed that by *causæ ordinatæ* such causes are meant as depend on one another. If one depends on the other as to *existence*, they are said *causæ ordinate per accidens*; if one depends on the other as to action or *causality*, they are termed *causæ ordinate per se*. Here evidently

as we most certainly know, a series of things produced in succession, each one depending on that by which it is preceded as on its sufficient cause. But this series of produced things presupposes as its sufficient cause an unproduced being, which, as all things are effected by it, and itself is effected by nothing, is the first efficient cause. Consequently, there exists a first efficient cause, which we call God.

But why can a series of things, of which each subsequent is produced by the preceding one, not have its sufficient cause but in an unproduced being? Everything produced requires a pre-existing cause distinct from itself; for by itself a being cannot be produced, since else, as the efficient cause produces its effect by action, and action presupposes the existence of the agent, it would exist before existing, which is evident self-contradiction. Now, in the series, of which we speak, each being, though it is the cause of the subsequent member, was produced and was first an effect, before it could be an efficient cause; it, consequently requires a pre-existing cause distinct from itself. However long, therefore, the series of produced beings may be, it always demands a further cause, and can never come into existence by itself or by virtue of anything contained within it. For this reason, if we join in one series even all produced beings, sensible and supersensible, the sufficient cause of its existence cannot be but in a being distinct from it, and existing beyond it. But the being existing beyond the series of all produced beings is itself not produced. The series, therefore, of things produced in succession requires as the sufficient cause of its existence, the existence of an unproduced being.

However, it is said that, if the series of produced beings be supposed to be infinite, we cannot arrive at a first cause, and that, consequently, in this supposition, the absurdity of which cannot be evidently shown, the existence of God cannot be inferred from the existence of produced beings. True, by adding effect to effect and cause to cause, we cannot reach the beginning of an infinite succession. Nevertheless, even if there existed an infinite series of produced beings, the possibility of which we shall not discuss at present, it would require an unproduced cause, not one, indeed, that is contained within its members, but one that exists beyond them all; nor could, without such a cause, its existence be ac-

causæ ordinatæ per accidens are meant, since the preceding one gives existence to the subsequent. Again God is sometimes called the first, sometimes the ultimate cause. The first He is in the ontological order, or in the order of being and existence, *in essendo*; because all other beings depend on Him as their cause, whereas, He Himself is not dependent on anything. The ultimate cause He is in the order of our cognition, *in cognoscendo*; because, starting from the visible world and inferring the cause from the effect, He is the last cause we arrive at and rest in.

counted for by any intellect. As this objection of the infinite series will recur nearly in all the following demonstrations, in the same as in a similar form, let us, once for all, solve it at full length.

S. Thomas, as may be seen from the text quoted in the note, refutes it with the following reason: In any series of causes, of which each subsequent one is dependent on the preceding, a first, mediate, and last cause is, of necessity, implied; by the last, that being understood which is preceded, but not followed; by the mediate, that which is both followed and preceded; by the first, that which followed, but not preceded, by another cause. That cause on which the last effect depends is the last; because it is preceded, but not followed by another one. Any cause which, being itself dependent, precedes the last, is a mediate one, because it is preceded by that on which it depends, and followed by that which depends on it. Now, as the last cause presupposes the mediate, so the mediate presupposes the first. For the mediate cause involves in its very conception one by which it is preceded, but which is itself unpreceded. But may not a mediate cause be preceded by one or several mediate ones in succession? No doubt it may, yet so, that before them all it supposes one unpreceded. To see this, let us comprise all mediate causes in one taken collectively. Of what nature will this collective cause be? It must needs be a mediate one too. For the whole has no perfection that was not contained in its constituent parts, it being nothing else but their addition. But in the single mediate cause there is no independence of, but, on the contrary, only dependence on, a preceding cause; hence, also the whole of them is dependent on a cause, not by one single dependence, but by the collective dependence of all its parts. It is by the same principle that a multitude of blind men is blind too, and that a herd of brutes however numerous is also destitute of reason.¹ All the mediate causes, then, being comprised in one, which remains a mediate one, this latter requires beyond itself a cause which cannot be mediate again, and all dependent causes preceding the last, being gathered into one collective cause, which is also dependent, the cause on which the latter depends must be independent. But the cause on which all others depend, and which is

¹ Very appropriately Suarez (*Disp. Metaphys.*, 29, sect. 1, n. 32) remarks: "Si nullus est hominum qui non pendeat et factus sit, ergo tota collectio hominum seu tota species humana pendeat et facta est; ergo necesse est, ut pendeat et facta sit ab alia causa superiori non contenta intra speciem hominam; ergo etiamsi fingatur, seriem hominum procedentium inter se esse infinitam intra suam speciem, nihilominus sumpta tota collectione, necesse est habere causam superiorem. Atque ita progrediendo, vel ab uno individuo ad aliud, vel ab una specie facta ad aliam factam, tandem erit necessario sistendum in re non facta."

itself independent, which precedes all mediate causes, and is itself not mediate, is the first and unpreceded cause. In any such series of causes, therefore, a first cause is implied, on which the mediate is dependent, as the last is dependent on the mediate. An important conclusion may be drawn from this. Since on the first cause the mediate and through it all the following effects depend, and since it is impossible that anything dependent can be, the cause on which it depends not being; it is evident that, if there is no first cause, neither a mediate nor a last cause, nor in general, any effect at all can be. From this reason the absurdity of any infinite series of causes, of which one is dependent on the other, without a first and independent cause, is quite apparent; for by eliminating the first cause we not only disown what is essentially implied in the series, but are compelled to deny even the reality of all causes and all effects.

To apply this reasoning to the efficient causes existing in this world, all of them, whether taken collectively or singly, are produced, and, consequently, either last or mediate efficient causes. If they are last causes, they depend on the mediate; if mediate ones, on the first efficient cause, which being itself independent and unproduced, has produced them all, either mediately or immediately. The atheists, therefore, trying to arrange the efficient causes in an infinite series, in order to avoid a first and unproduced cause, undermine the reality of this world, of which they are certain by the testimony of their senses, and destroy the very existence of mundane causes, the duration of which they admit to be infinite.

The impossibility of an infinite series unconnected with a first cause, is shown also by a shorter and more mathematical proof. In every series of causes and effects there must be as many causes as there are effects, each effect requiring its cause. But a first cause being excluded, in an infinite series of that kind, the number of effects must exceed that of the causes. For the number of the causes does not comprise the last effect, whereas the number of effects includes this, and, besides, all the causes of the whole series; because none of them being unproduced, they all are effected. The effects, therefore, exceeding the causes in number by one, the absurdity of such a series is palpable.

It would be of very little avail to the atheists to suppose that the efficient causes existing in this universe, whether finite or infinite in number, produce one another mutually, the first for instance the second, the second the third, the third the first. For then again the absurdity should be admitted that a being could act before

existing, and could, through the medium of its own effect, produce itself.

It being thus proved that the produced causes presuppose an unproduced one, let us now by the second proof infer the existence of God as the necessary being from the existence of contingent beings. We must, however, in advance explain the notions of the necessary and the contingent.¹ Contingent is what so exists that its non-existence also is possible; necessary, on the contrary, is what so exists that its non-existence is impossible. These definitions may be taken in a wider or stricter sense, as possibility is understood differently. For possibility is either intrinsic or extrinsic, metaphysical or physical. Intrinsically or metaphysically that is possible, the component parts of which do not contradict one another and, consequently, constitute a conceivable object; extrinsically or physically that is possible which is proportioned to a certain power, whether active or passive. Likewise something is said to be intrinsically or extrinsically impossible, as either its components are contradicting one another, or as it does not lie within the reach of a certain active or passive power. Now, those beings which by their very constitution have no passive power or liability to be destroyed, on account of their simplicity, we call incorruptible; whilst those are termed corruptible which by their very nature have the passive power or liability to be destroyed on account of their composition. If, then, by possibility or impossibility of non-existence that is understood which is extrinsic, the incorruptible may be called necessary, and the corruptible, contingent. However, so these terms are taken in a wider sense. For strictly contingent is what so exists that its non-existence is conceivable or implies no contradiction in its conception, which may be said also of incorruptible things; and strictly necessary is what so exists that its non-existence is not even conceivable, because inconsistent with its essential attributes. Necessity or contingency in this stricter sense must be attributed to a being, inasmuch as the sufficient reason of existence is contained either in its own essence or in a cause extrinsic to it. For what has the sufficient reason of its existence in its own essence cannot be thought not to exist; because it cannot by itself once pass from non-existence to existence or from existence to non-existence, as its essence always equally contains its existence; nor can it be annihilated by another being, as it is with regard to its existence quite independent. On the contrary, what has no sufficient reason of existence by itself can be conceived not to exist, or not to be produced by its efficient cause. From this another difference between the incorruptible and the

¹ Suarez, *Disp. Metaphys.*, 28, sect. 1, n. 8-13; J. Kleutgen, S. J., *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, II. Band, n. 918.

strictly necessary may be understood. As the incorruptible has in its nature no liability to destruction, if it once exists ; but does not require to have the existence of its nature by itself: it is not the last cause of its own necessity ; whilst what is strictly or metaphysically necessary, since it is self-existent, has the last sufficient reason of its necessity in itself. Wherefore, the necessity of the one is dependent and hypothetical, that of the other independent and absolute.

The remarks premised, let us see how S. Thomas from the existence of the contingent demonstrates the existence of a necessary being.¹ We perceive in nature things which originate by generation and perish by corruption, and are, consequently, contingent. But what is such cannot always exist, since its duration is limited by generation on the one and corruption on the other side ; and for this reason once, that is to say, before its generation, it did not exist at all. If now all things that exist were generated and corruptible, there would have been a moment when nothing at all existed. For however many such generated beings may be supposed to exist, there was before each one of them, and hence also before the whole of them, an instant of non-existence. But in this supposition even now nothing would be in existence, because what is not existing cannot come into existence but by something that exists. Hence, as the existence of contingent, or of generated and corruptible beings is certain and unquestionable, the existence of a necessary being also is certain and undeniable.

Here, however, a serious objection is made. S. Thomas, with other eminent philosophers, admitted the possibility of creation and, consequently, also of generation from eternity ; which being supposed, it is not necessary that before the series of generated beings there was a moment of non-existence. We might deny this inference of eternal generation from eternal creation, as S. Thomas himself denies it in the *Summa Theologica* (p. i., qu. 46,

¹ S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3 : *Tertia via est sumpta est possibili et necessario, quæ salis est :*

“Invenimus enim in rebus quædam, quæ suntabilia esse et non esse ; cum quædam inveniantur generari et corrumpi et per consequensabilia esse et non esse. Impossibile est autem omnia, quæ sunt talia, semper esse, quia quod possibile est non esse, quandoque non est. Si igitur omniaabilia sunt non esse, aliquando nihil fuit in rebus. Sed si hoc est verum, etiam nunc nihil esset, quia quod non est, non incipit esse nisi per aliquid, quod est. Si igitur nihil fuit ens, impossibile fuit, quod aliquid inciperet esse, et sic modo nihil esset, quod patet esse falsum. Non ergo omnia entia untabilia, sed oportet aliquid esse necessarium in rebus. Omne autem necessarium vel habet causam suæ necessitatis aliunde, vel non habet. Non est autem possibile, quod procedatur in infinitum in necessariis, quæ habent causam suæ necessitatis, sicut nec in causis efficientibus, ut probatum est (in isto art). Ergo necesse est ponere aliquid, quod sit per se necessarium non habens causam necessitatis aliunde, sed quod est causa necessitatis aliis ; quod omnes dicunt Deum.”

art. 2 ad 8), and we might maintain that in this very place (S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3), he shows the impossibility of generated beings to exist without a beginning in time, although he adopts the opposite opinion in others of his works. Yet let us solve the difficulty without touching this controversy. Could even generable or contingent beings have succeeded one another from eternity, nevertheless each one of them, and hence also their whole collection, though infinite in number, would have been brought into existence from non-existence. But nothing can come into existence by itself. If, therefore, a non-contingent being did not exist, even now nothing at all would exist. As, however, many contingent beings most certainly exist, we arrive again at the conclusion that besides the contingent something necessary must exist.

The question now arises, by what kind of necessity that being exists which exists besides the contingent. Is it hypothetically or absolutely necessary? Does it bear the sufficient reason of its existence and thus also of its necessity in its own essence, or has it received existence and with it also necessity from another being? If we admit it to be of absolute necessity, an absolutely necessary being exists. If it is of hypothetical necessity, then, just on account of its dependency, it presupposes beyond itself another necessary being existing. This holds good not only with regard to one hypothetically necessary being, but also with regard to the whole of them, however many they may be; because in a collection that perfection cannot be found which is in no way contained in its constituent parts. The existence, therefore, of all the necessary beings that are dependent as to their necessity, preresquires the existence of a necessary being which, being distinct from them, is no more dependent, but independent as to its necessity and hence must be necessary by itself. Consequently, there exists an absolutely necessary being, which has the sufficient reason of its necessity, that is of its necessary existence in its own essence, and is the cause of the necessity of the incorruptible, and of the perishable existence of the corruptible.

By this way we have risen from the corruptible, which strikes the senses, to the incorruptible, which is simple and immaterial, and from this to God, the absolutely necessary being, as the cause of all necessary and contingent existence. We may, however, from this world also immediately infer the existence of the absolutely necessary being, directly considering its not being determined to existence by its own nature, and not regarding its corruptibility. For of those beings which do not exist by themselves both each single one and the whole collection require at last to be determined to existence by a being which has the sufficient reason of existing in its own essence.

As from the produced the unproduced, and from the contingent the necessary, so also from the existence of the finite the existence of the infinite is inferred. This we set forth as the third proof for the existence of God. It starts from the different degrees of perfection in which the beings of this universe are found to be, if contrasted with one another. But here we speak of pure perfections, to wit, of those which do not imply a limitation in their very conception. These again, as they are here considered, are of two kinds. They either by their different degrees constitute the different essences of beings, as, for instance, life, cognition, intelligence; or they are the common attributes of beings also of divers essences, yet exist in them in different degrees, as truth, goodness, wisdom, power, beauty. Both these kinds of perfection are comprised in being, the most universal of all conceptions.

If, then, we compare plant, brute, and man, life is in the brute more perfect than in the plant, and in man more perfect than in the brute; likewise cognition is more perfect in a rational than in a merely sensitive being.¹ Wisdom exists in a higher degree in the man than in the boy, and again in a higher degree in the learned than in the unlearned. The power of the intellect and the will is of a higher order than that of matter, and beings endowed with life are more accomplished in beauty than the inanimate. Thus perfection exists in the world in many degrees, beginning with matter as the lowest, from there rising to rational nature, and there again continually increasing. But the ascending degrees of perfection suppose one that is the highest, both in the physical and in the metaphysical order. For since whatever exists is determinate, the physical order—that is, the order of things existing—must actually contain so many and no more beings, so many and no more degrees of perfection, and hence one above which there is not another one. In the metaphysical order we can conceive in any kind of pure perfection a being which possesses the same in its fulness and without any limitation; and again above this another one more perfect cannot be. Thus we have in either order some-

¹ S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3. "Quarta via sumitur ex gradibus, qui in rebus inveniuntur. Invenitur enim in rebus aliquid magis et minus bonum et verum et nobile, et sic de aliis hujusmodi. Sed magis et minus dicuntur de diversis secundum quod appropinquant diversimode ad aliquid, quod maxime est; sicut magis calidum est, quod magis appropinquat maxime calido. Est igitur aliquid, quod est verissimum et optimum et nobilissimum et per consequens maxime ens. Nam quæ sunt maxime vera, sunt maxime entia, ut dicitur 3. Metaphys. (text 4). Quod autem dicitur maxime tale in aliquo genere, est causa omnium, quæ sunt illius generis, sicut ignis, qui est maxime calidus, est causa omnium calidorum, ut in eodem libro dicitur (text. eodem). Ergo est aliquid, quod omnibus entibus est causa esse et bonitatis et cujuslibet perfectionis; et hoc dicimus Deum." See also S. Theol., p. i., qu. 44, art. i.; S. c. gent. lib. ii., cap. 15; J. Kleutgen, S. J., Philosophie der Vorzeit, II. Band, n. 982-986.

thing most true, good, beautiful, powerful, perfect in life, cognition, intelligence; and as all perfections are realities, also a supreme, most perfect being. Yet whether or not that which is the highest in the metaphysical order exists also in the physical order, and constitutes its supreme degree, cannot be inferred from our argumentation thus far developed; it will, however, presently be understood from the inquiry we are now to make into the sufficient reason of the existence of beings differing in their degrees of perfection.

No being having an inferior or limited degree of perfection can be self-existent. For what exists by the very essence of a pure perfection cannot be limited, but must needs be infinite, because, essence and existence being in it the selfsame thing, whatever is comprised in the essence of such a perfection is realized in its existence. Hence it has not only a part or some degree, but the fulness of this perfection. Thus the true, the living, the beautiful that exists by itself is truth, life, beauty, without any restriction. This philosophical tenet, that the self-existent is infinite, and that, on the contrary, the finite cannot be self-existent, may be illustrated from another point of view. Since the existent is determinate as to its being, the self-existent must have a certain and definite degree of perfection by virtue of its own essence, this being the sufficient reason of its existence. But the degree of perfection, to which a being is determined by its very essence, is absolutely necessary to it, so that a lower or a higher degree would be even metaphysically impossible in it, and repugnant to its conception. Now the finite, on the one hand, does by no means with absolute necessity exclude a higher degree of perfection, at least within the range of its species, but rather must be conceived to be indefinitely perfectible; it, therefore, cannot exist, by virtue of its own essence. The self-existent, on the other hand, is not such as to exclude with absolute necessity the possession of infinite perfection, but, on the contrary, must be conceived as capable of it. For as infinite perfection is metaphysically or intrinsically possible, because it involves no contradiction in its concept; and as dependence on an efficient cause is an imperfection, and independence or self-existence a pure perfection, because implying no negation: it is evident that infinity in perfection can and must be possible only in the self-existent. This, therefore, must in reality be endowed with infinite perfection.

Since, then, all the beings that have a lower degree of perfection cannot be self-existent, and must, consequently, have been produced, they have come into existence by the infinite, in which all their reality is contained eminently. So the highest in any kind of pure perfection is the cause of existence and the source of being for all

the lower ; and what is the highest in perfection in the metaphysical or ideal order—the infinite—exists also as the highest in the physical or real order.

But may it not be objected that, if this be so, we must either admit as many infinite beings as there are pure perfections, or grant one to be produced by the other, which both imply evident contradiction ? Neither one nor the other inference is legitimate. Being, as it was already remarked, comprises all essences and all attributes, and, therefore, infinite being implies all infinite perfections, as conversedly every infinite perfection must be conceived to be infinite in its being. There exists, for this reason, only one infinite being, which is the cause of all finite beings that exist, in whatever degree and in whatever order of perfection. That this infinite being is to be called God nobody will deny, because no other conception expresses the Divinity so fully, and distinguishes it so well from any other nature as infinity in being.

This proof for the existence of God is handled with particular delight both in antiquity by Plato and Aristotle, and in the Christian era by St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and many other scholastics. Plato, however, with his school, has misrepresented it, by supposing that in any order of a perfection conceivable by a universal notion, in any species and genus, the highest and most perfect was the cause of the lower. Many grave errors followed from this false admission. Nevertheless Plato's leading idea was undoubtedly true ; his fault was that he did not distinguish between pure and mixed perfections, saying of them both indiscriminately what had to be said of the pure perfection alone.¹

Thus far we have demonstrated God to be the first cause, the unproduced, self-existent being, absolutely necessary as to His existence, and infinite in His perfections, the proofs for this truth being furnished by the very essence of the things of this visible world. Let us now prove Him to exist as the absolutely immutable being from the mutability of the universe, thus regarding rather His attributes than His essence, and starting also from the accidental qualities of the finite. This fourth proof, we are about to give, was in the ancient schools proposed in the following terms : "*From the things moved a mover unmoved is to be inferred.*" Some explanations are necessary for the understanding of this proposition.

The ancients took motion : first, for any kind of operation ; secondly, for any actuation of a passive power, whether successive or instantaneous ; thirdly, for the successive actuation of a passive power alone. This last was motion in the strictest sense, under which the change of position in space ranges itself as a particular

¹ S. Theol., p. i., qu. 6, art. 4.

species. Hence, to move a being is nothing else but to turn its passive power into act, or in other words, as the act means a perfection, and the passive power the capacity of receiving it, to move a being is to confer upon it a perfection which it did not possess before, but was capable of possessing. An instantaneous motion or actuation is the conferring of a complete act or perfection, which at once fills the capacity of a subject; a successive motion or actuation is the conferring of an incomplete act or perfection, which partly actuates the capacity of the subject, partly lets it unactuated, so that the entire actuation of the same is achieved only by a series of such incomplete acts conferred.¹ Yet thus we used motion actively; taken passively motion is identical with mutation, or the reception of a perfection; and hence an unmovable being is one that cannot undergo a change nor acquire a new perfection. The unmovable in this sense is also called a pure act, because it is perfection free from any receptivity; which freedom is necessarily founded on its independence and its fulness; for what is dependent and imperfect is of necessity also receptive. The demonstration, therefore, by which the ancients deduced the existence of the unmovable from the existence of the movable is the inference of the existence of the immutable from the existence of the mutable. Having besides remarked that here motion is taken for any actuation of a passive power, instantaneous as well as successive, we now set forth the argument itself.

There are things in this universe which change, or which are reduced from passive power to act, because they begin to be endowed with perfection which they did not possess before, but had only the power of possessing.² This is quite evident from their

¹ The Scholastics defined motion according to Aristotle: *Actus entis in potentia ut in potentia*, that is, such an act of the passive power of a being as leaves the power still potential or unactuated. This definition may be taken in a twofold sense. By the act which exists already in a passive power, and yet lets it unactuated, we may understand either *an inferior degree of a perfection*, still to be followed by a higher of the same species, or the *reception itself* of a perfection. In the first case, motion is taken for the successive actuation of a passive power; in the second, for any actuation of a passive power, successive and instantaneous. Suarez, Disp. Metaphys., 49, sec. 1, n. 9, 10.

² S. Theol. p. i., qu. 2, art. 3. "Prima autem et manifestior via est, quæ sumitur ex parte motus. Certum est enim et sensu constat, aliqua moveri in mundo. Omne autem, quod movetur, ab alio movetur; nihil enim movetur nisi secundum quod est in potentia ad illud, ad quod movetur; movet autem aliquid secundum quod est actu; *movere enim nihil aliud est, quam educere aliquid de potentia in actum*. De potentia autem nihil potest reduci in actum nisi per aliquid ens in actu; sicut calidum in actu, ut ignis, facit lignum, quod est calidum in potentia, esse actu calidum et per hoc movet et alterat ipsum. Omne ergo, quod movetur, oportet ab alio moveri. Si ergo id, a quo movetur, moveatur, oportet et ipsum ab alio moveri, et illud ab alio. Hic autem non est procedere in infinitum, quia sic non esset aliquod primum movens, et per consequens nec aliud movens, quia potentia secunda non movent nisi per hoc, quod sunt

successive actions ; for a new activity both requires in the agent, and effects in the subject acted on, a new perfection. But whatever is reduced from passive power to act is actuated by another being. This axiom is the main support of the whole demonstration and needs a careful examination, particularly as it is sometimes doubted of. We must, therefore, closely examine into the nature of passive power and its actuation. As passive power is the capacity or receptivity of a perfection, it always implies in its subject the lack of a certain perfection, whilst, on the contrary, actuation supposes in the cause which achieves it the real possession of the same perfection. For as to actuate something is to confer on it a perfection, and as nothing can confer that which it does not really contain, the actuating cause must already possess what the subject to be actuated is to receive. But the same thing cannot at once lack and possess one and the selfsame perfection, and, therefore, we must infer that the subject reduced from passive power to act is not the entirely sufficient cause of its actuation, but must needs be actuated from outside.

However, though this be true with regard to brute matter, it seems to be false with regard to living beings in general, the nature of which according to the Scholastics consists in self-motion, and to rational beings in particular, which determine themselves to action by their free will. To solve this difficulty, let it be well understood, that we did not say that the actuated subject cannot concur to its own actuation, but only that it is not the entire sufficient cause of the same. Living beings, in reality, have the faculty of producing acts in themselves and even of determining themselves with freedom ; but if there is a succession in their vital acts, their vital faculties are in themselves incomplete, and hence must, before they can bring forth their effect, be accomplished by the influence of an exterior cause. Many examples of daily experience confirm this assertion. Why does a plant not grow in winter, yet grows in spring, passing thus from potential to actual growth ? No doubt, on account of the influence of the temperature on its organs. Or why does it not grow in this, but grows when transplanted in that other soil ? Because the one furnishes it with suitable food, the other not. Again, why can we see certain objects only under certain circumstances ? Because they act on our eyes only in certain places and at certain times. Likewise, our intellect and our will

mota a primo movente, sit baculus non movet nisi per hoc, quod est motus a manu. Ergo necesse est devenire ad aliquid primum movens, quod a nullo movetur, et hoc omnes intelligunt Deum."

See also Sum. c. Gent., lib. i., cp. 13 ; Sylvester Maurus, S. J., *Quæstiones Philosophicæ*, lib. iv., *Quæstio Physico.-Metaphys.-viii.* ; J. Kleutgen, S. J., *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, II. Band., n. 912-917.

cannot produce new acts by themselves and quite independently, but must be determined or moved by the object thought of or desired. If we imagine a spirit independent, in all its acts, of any exterior object, containing in itself all truth conceivable and all goodness worthy of desire, we cannot conceive in it a change of thoughts or volitions. Thus just the objection taken from the living beings rather proves than upsets the principle laid down, "whatever subject is changed or reduced from passive power to act is changed or actuated by an outside cause;" not as if it could not by itself also concur to its actuation, but because, not being the entirely sufficient cause of the same, it must, in order to effect it, be accomplished from outside. Indeed, the accession of a new perfection to a subject is not conceivable, if this latter is supposed to be the sole and entire cause of it. For in this supposition the perfection would be in the subject, already before having accrued to it, since every cause must precontain the reality of its own effect.

If, then, whatever is changed or reduced to act, is changed or actuated by an exterior cause, the question is to be answered: "Whence had the cause actuating the mutable beings of this universe, the perfection by which it was completely enabled to actuate others?" It may have received such perfection from another being, and thus also have been reduced to act. In fact, in this nature we see changeable beings successively act on, and change, one another. So again we have a successive series of dependent actuating causes, since each subsequent one has received from the preceding the perfection necessary to actuate another one. But in such a series, be it even supposed to be infinite, there is of necessity a last, mediate, and first actuating cause implied, of which the mediate is so actuated by the first, as the last is by the mediate, and of which, consequently, neither the mediate nor the last can actuate anything, the first not preceding and being in act. For that which has produced the last actuation is the last cause; that which has actuated either the last or any other cause after having been itself also actuated from outside is a mediate cause. Each mediate cause by its very conception requires another cause by which it is preceded and actuated. But what each mediate cause essentially prerequires on account of its intrinsic dependence, also the whole of them prerequires. Hence they altogether presuppose an actuating cause existing beyond them and distinct from them; and this cannot be again actuated from outside, but has the perfection necessary to actuate others from itself. All the changes, therefore, or actuations of passive powers we perceive in this universe suppose a first actuating cause, which is the source of all perfections received by the beings changed or reduced to act, yet is itself endowed with them by its own essence, without any change or influence from an ex-

terior cause. It must, for this reason, as to its perfection be absolute, independent, self-existent, and necessary, and hence it is perfection itself free from any receptivity, a pure act. This absolute being, the first cause and source of all perfections received, we call God.

Before leaving this argument, it will not be useless to adjust a difference which seems to exist between Plato's and Aristotle's reasoning. Plato requires as the first mover of all one that moves himself; Aristotle, on the contrary, maintaining the principle that what is moved is moved from outside, infers a mover unmoved. In spite of these different terms they use there is, in reality, no opposition between them. Plato takes motion in its widest sense for any operation, also for intellection and volition, but supposes the first mover to be self-active and independent of any exterior cause. From what was said above it is evident he thus excludes from the first mover any kind of change. Aristotle by motion understands change or reduction from passive power to act, and hence teaches the first mover to be unchanging; yet, as the production of a change is, no doubt, an action, he also has to admit him to be self-active. Both Plato and Aristotle, therefore, arrived at the very same conclusion, either of them proving the chief attributes of the first cause, independent self-activity and immutability, though one of them speaks of self-activity explicitly and of immutability implicitly, the other, on the contrary, of immutability explicitly and of self-activity implicitly.

By the demonstration from the instability of the universe God was simply proved to exist as the absolute and immutable being; but neither the nature of His perfections nor the way of His acting on the mutable was made known. This will be obtained only by more particularly regarding the changes produced in this world. We therefore take the fifth proof for the existence of God from the order of the universe. For this order is, on the one hand, produced by reducing the passive power of material beings to act, and, on the other hand, supposes in its author intellect and free will. The argument is generally worded in the following terms: "From the order of this universe the existence of a highly intelligent Orderer is to be inferred."

That order exists in the universe nobody can deny. Are not in the minerals the atoms joined to one another in regular proportion? Are not all organic bodies, in general, governed by constant laws in their formation, as well as their activity? If we call our attention to the organic bodies, we find in them a great variety of organs, each one fitted for a certain vital function, and all of them united to one harmonious whole. The same form of organism regularly recurs in all individuals of the same species and in

all those which are generated by them. Centuries of study and observation have verified this unity and harmony of organic life, and bring it daily more to our cognizance. But if each particular being of this world is worthy of our admiration, the whole of them is much more so. The heavenly bodies, being put in motion, though each one follows its own direction, yet altogether constitute one great system, never disturbed, never getting into confusion. On earth the several bodies by mutual attraction increase in size, or form new substances, always according to the same laws. What is still more astonishing, all the numberless molecules of brute matter so combine with one another as to subserve the living beings and to furnish them with all the necessary means of their subsistence; and the system of the heavenly bodies is so built up and set in motion as always to foster or to renew organic life. A similar subordination we observe among the living beings themselves; for not only is one plant subservient to the other, and the lower species of animals to the higher, but also the whole mineral realm is subordinate to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the animal to man. This earth, indeed, is man's dwelling-place, adapted to his needs, and fitted to promote his well-being. In each single man, again, the lower faculties are subject to the higher, to the intellect and will, which tend to infinite truth and goodness; and all men together naturally incline to society, in order to help one another in the pursuit of happiness. Though the organic realm is continually dying in a great many individuals, yet it is always reviving in as many others, in the same form, and according to the same laws, so as to lose none of its species, and to render the death of those which perish beneficial to those which survive. Through a long series of centuries, this course of death and generation is going on with always the same uniformity.

It must, moreover, be borne in mind that this perfect order and unity is closely connected with the nature of things itself. The fitness, for instance, of the several organs for certain vital functions, their mutual dependence and combination into one living body, constitute the very nature of plants, animals, and their faculties. Again, that the organic beings of a higher order are in need of those of a lower order, and that these latter just answer their wants, entirely results from the essential constitution of both one and the other; that the molecules of matter always combine according to certain laws, and that they form bodies of certain active and passive qualities of a certain rarity and density, lies in the nature of their forces. To the organic beings the fitness for ever propagating their species is natural. In the system of inorganic bodies motion is as surely regulated and counterbalanced as in the

most artificial mechanism we can imagine. Its permanency, therefore, and unity has its cause in modifications, unchangeably like laws, impressed on matter. From this we conclude that this universe, by the very nature of its beings, its forces, its structure, combines to unity; that constant order with necessity follows its constitution, and is the object of the tendency of all its powers.

Now, whence this inborn impulse of the universe to order? From four different causes it has been derived by philosophers: from the nature of brute matter itself; from chance; from a higher power acting on matter with blind necessity; from a free and intelligent being. From the nature of brute matter it does not spring. The actual order of the universe implies a certain distance of the several bodies; a certain direction of their motion; certain combinations of their molecules and forces; for all this being changed, the present order also will be changed, or even entirely destroyed. But matter is first, owing to its inertia, quite indifferent to motion or to rest. It is as capable of one as of the other, and if once in rest it can by no means pass, by itself, to motion, and if in motion it cannot, by itself, come to rest. Secondly, matter is indifferent to any direction of motion, combinations of molecules, position in space, and distance between its parts. It follows therefore that matter itself is also indifferent to order or to confusion; to this or to that order; it follows that it could not put itself into action and effect by itself either the actual or any other possible order. Nor will it avail to object, that one molecule of matter may determine the other to action. Since, as I have said, all molecules are inert and inactive by themselves, none can exert any power on the other. Each one needs, before it can act, to be aroused from its inertia, and none is able to arouse others, all and every one of them being inert. Something, therefore, must, from outside, have given matter the impulse to that order which now exists in the universe.

Many atheists of ancient and modern times say that this something is chance. But what is chance? It may be taken in a two-fold sense. It means either the absence of any cause at all, or a cause not intrinsically directed to the effect it produces. Chance, taken in the first sense, is an absurdity. Nothing that is in itself inert and indifferent can be determined to action, to motion, to order, without the agency of a cause. A sufficient cause is for any effect of absolute necessity. Hence, if order resulted from chance, chance must be taken for a cause which is not intrinsically directed to the effect it produces. So, in fact, finite causes, both free and necessary, sometimes act. If two friends, without knowing of each other, go to the same city, they meet there, though their journey was not intended for such an effect. If a hurricane transfers a

house just where the proprietor likes to have it, this is effected, though the violence of the storm is not in itself fitted to comply with man's wishes. Such happenings are called chances, and it is evident that to the effect then produced, the cause was directed, not by itself, but only by the particular coincidence of exterior circumstances. Were, therefore, the impulse to order given to the universe by chance, a cause distinct from matter would, by acting on this nature, have combined its forces to a system without being proportioned in itself to unity and harmony in its effects. Is this possible in reality? Let us suppose that the different determinations worked on matter, by which order was put in all organic and inorganic beings, were effected by different actions either of the same or of several causes. In this case, all these countless actions would evidently not have been fit to bring forth harmony in so wide a universe, but after having been themselves reduced to unity, and thus intrinsically directed to order in their effects. For it is a well-grounded axiom that what happens by chance, and without being aimed at by the agent, occurs seldom, and only by exception, and that, on the contrary, what lies in the tendency of a power recurs regularly. Indeed, the effect to which a cause is in itself directed, must always be brought forth, unless it be impeded from outside; the effect, on the contrary, which does not result from the bent of the cause, but from the particular coincidence of circumstances, cannot happen but in rare instances. The actions, then, which have determined matter, being numberless and yet concurring constantly, uniformly, and everywhere, in putting harmony in this immense system of the world, cannot have agreed among themselves by chance, but must have been directed to order in their effects by their own intrinsic unity. Let us, therefore, rather suppose that one single action of one cause has impressed such determinations on matter, as constitute its tendency to the actual order of the universe. Might we then conceive that this one action has effected order by chance? Such an action would contain all the perfections of the many actions spoken of above, in an eminent degree, since they all would be reduced in it to perfect simplicity. But the many particular actions could not produce the order of the universe, unless united and directed to it, and this unity of them, and conjoint direction to order, is undoubtedly a very great perfection of theirs. Hence, also, this one action, which is supposed to have determined matter, must have been proportioned to order by its very nature and in an eminent degree.

To advance another reason for the impossibility to produce order by chance, every perfection of an effect brought forth must be precontained in its cause. But the order of the universe is a stupendous perfection; the highest accomplishment of things put in

existence, as wide and lasting as the world itself. Shall we then think that this great perfection was not contained in the nature or the tendency of a cause; that it was effected, no efficient cause being in itself proportioned to it; that to this widely extended unity in such a multitude of effects answers no unity in its cause; that this universal agreement of all the parts of the world has resulted from no universal principle? The absurdity of such an admission is apparent as soon as we apply it to works of art. For instance, to a clock, or to a palace, to a picture, to a book. The very harmony and unity of many parts, we are convinced, presupposes a particular perfection in the cause, just proportioned to this quality of the effect. For this reason, no sensible man will ever attribute such works to chance.

If, then, the cause, putting harmony in this material world, did not act by chance, but tended to order by its very activity and its intrinsic direction, how was it determined to such a tendency? Since we inquire into the last sufficient reason of this determination, it is to be understood that here we consider that principle of order which is determined by itself, and not from outside. But a being may be self-determined in a twofold way, either with necessity, if the determination springs from its self-existent nature, or with freedom, if it springs from its free will. From the nature of the cause which has acted on matter the determination to put the present order in the universe cannot have sprung. Two principles concerning this point are most certain. First, there are numberless orders realizable, whether we consider the absolute and metaphysical possibility, or the passive power and capacity of matter, and out of this countless orders possible, the actual is neither absolutely or relatively to the capacity of matter the most perfect. Secondly, whatever is ultimately determined to produce order by its own self-existent nature, is determined to produce the most perfect order, for any perfection of a being that results from its self-existent essence is infinite, as it was shown above, and no determination to produce order is infinitely perfect, unless it tends to the most perfect order. It is, therefore, not possible that the cause which has given this universe the impulse to order was determined to do so by its own nature, and hence, with necessity; but out of the many orders possible it must have determined itself to one with free choice. But the cause which determines itself with freedom is endowed with intellect and free will. The ultimate cause, therefore, of the actual order of the universe is not blind necessity, but an intelligent and free agent.

Another consideration will still more illustrate this conclusion. The supreme cause of order cannot be of the same nature as this universe, since in the one the tendency to order is produced, in the

other it must be unproduced. Order, therefore, was not brought forth in the world by generation or by communication of nature. But how can a higher being produce an effect quite different from itself in its essential perfections? How can a superior power, out of all the possible orders, determine matter to that order which at present exists in it? How can it so direct the material forces, so form the constitution of the organic beings, and so move the heavenly bodies, that every deviation is precluded, every confusion or collision avoided, and the course of the whole nature made constant and uniform throughout so many centuries? It is not sufficient that the entity of the effect be eminently contained in the higher perfection of the cause; no, also the very form of it must pre-exist in the cause. The cause tends by its action to the particular nature of the effect, and has for the special end of its activity the production of a certain form in the subject acted on; it must, to work order, direct the natures or forces which it shapes or modifies to certain and determinate effects; it must have present in their very peculiarity, both the deviations to be avoided, and the many systems to one of which it determines itself.¹ But as to their reality, and in their peculiarities, all these things cannot pre-exist in the cause of order, not only because this is of a higher nature, but also because the particular forms of all these effects to be obtained or prevented, and of all these orders to be realized, or not to be realized, are contrary to one another, and, hence, exclude one another from the same subject. If, however, as to their reality, their forms cannot pre-exist in the cause of order, there remains nothing else but that they are contained in it ideally; that is, that their ideas exist in the same, and direct its actions as models and rules. It is, no doubt, for this reason that we ascribe all artificial works of order to rational beings, and would, by no means, think a house, or a statue, or an engine, to have another cause than one endowed with intellect.²

If we now reflect on the perfection of the order we perceive in this wide universe; on its unchangeable regularity; on the simplicity of its laws; on the astonishing harmony of things, so different

¹ S. Theol., p. I, qu. 15, art. 1.

² The proof for the existence of God from the order of the universe S. Thomas gives in the following terms: "Quinta via sumitur ex gubernatione rerum. Videmus enim, quod aliqua, quæ cognitione carent, scilicet corpora naturalia, operantur propter finem; quod apparet ex hoc, quod semper aut frequentius eodem modo operantur, ut consequantur id, quod est optimum. Unde patet, quod non ex casu, sed ex intentione perveniunt ad finem. Ea autem, quæ non habent cognitionem, non tendunt in finem nisi directa ab aliquo cognoscente et intelligente, sicut sagitta a sagittante. Ergo est aliquid intelligens, a quo omnes res naturales ordinantur ad finem; et hoc dicimus Deum."—S. Theol., p. I, qu. 2, art. 3.

See also, J. Kleutgen, S. J., *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, II Band, n. 752, 921.

in their nature ; on the numberless multitude of complications that had to be avoided, of motions and combinations that had to be calculated ; we cannot but highly admire the greatness of the intellect which conceived, and the power which put in reality, such a system. We cannot but call this intellect and power divine, and thus acknowledge that from the order of the universe the existence of God, as the most wise Orderer, is evidently to be inferred, and that from the greatness and the beauty of the world, the eminent perfection of the Divinity is clearly made known.

By this proof, the idea of God we have acquired by the preceding demonstrations has become much more perfect. We obtain by it some faint conception of the infinite perfection of the first, self-existent cause, of the vastness of its sovereign power, of the extension of its knowledge, and the depth of its wisdom. Thus we know that God, being the fulness of all perfection, of all truth, and all goodness, with absolute simplicity, has put order in all His works at the imitation of His own unity ; and to some degree we understand how all the perfections which the finite beings receive by their changes, flow as from their ultimate and unchangeable source from Him, who, by his intellect, contemplates in His own nature the archetype of this universe, and by His will expresses it in the creation, moved by the love of His own infinite essence.

NOTE.—The reader will kindly excuse the following misprints in our first article on the "Existence of God :"

In the quotations of S. Thomas, instead of "q," read "qu," and instead of "F," read "7 ;" thus, for instance, instead of "S. Th., p. I, q. 85, art. 1," read "S. Th., p. I, qu. 85, art. 1," and instead of "q, F. 6, art. 1," read "qu. 76, art. 1."

Page 98, in the footnote, line 19th, for "individualiter existens," read "individualiter existentem."

Page 106, in the footnote, line 11th, for "Mgr. Huguin, before being promoted to the Episcopal See of Baguez," read "Mgr. Hugonin, before being promoted to the Episcopal See of Bayeux."

Page 110, line 27th, for "a priori," read "a posteriori."

Page 103, line 21st, a clause has been omitted ; read "First we heard them say that what is contingent has being and existence, not by itself, but by God, and hence is also not intelligible but in God, since the being of an object is also its intelligibility."—J. MING, S. J.

CARLYLE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude.

THOMAS CARLYLE was at once a maker and a breaker of heroes. He made them to suit himself, and after his own ideal. He broke them, also, to suit himself. He burst into the gallery of history with half the fanatic zeal of a Knox, and half the old Berserker madness. He smashed the accepted divinities that he found there with scornful shriek and Homeric laughter, and then set to work to build up a house of heroes after his own herculean fashion. His writings, when not historic, were didactic or prophetic. The world was all wrong; going head and heels to the devil in fact. His mission it was to set the world right, and show it what it should be, by his admonitions and wise counsels, illustrated by the example of the lives of his heroes, that to him were saints and demigods. It was not St. Peter or St. Paul, St. John, or any of the accepted saints of the Christian Church who were to be the guides of the people to righteousness, and a shining lamp to their feet; but St. Oliver Cromwell, St. Frederick the Great, St. Mahomet, St. John Knox, and others of that ilk.

When a man of very remarkable intellectual gifts and, in certain lines, an unsurpassed power of expression, has spent half a century, the whole of his literary life in fact, in telling the world that it was wrong and wicked, doing wrong things, living a wrong life, reverencing the wrong people, worshipping false gods, it is natural to inquire at the end: "Well, what have you taught us? Master, what do you tell us to do that we may be saved? We want to know and do the right. Only show it to us." Indeed, these questions were often enough put to Carlyle, long ago. But he somehow failed to answer them, though he never relaxed in his railing.

As a last legacy to the world he has left us his own portrait painted by his own hand; not dashed off at a sitting, but outlined and filled in through a long course of years, and as the shock of one event or another moved him to the work. The man who made so many heroes after his own heart, turned to himself and gave us, as far as could be given, the very essence of his being. He traces, with most minute and careful hand, the whole current and winding of his life,—its gradual development; the causes and events that went to make it what it was; its struggles, and fears, and hopes; its flashes of joy; its fits of overwhelming gloom; the scenes he witnessed in his journey through life; the

men and women who crossed it, for good or for evil. Such are the *Reminiscences* which form the subject of this article to the exclusion in the main of Carlyle's other works, which are known and have been judged upon long since.

What we here consider is not so much the works as the man behind the works; the being who constructed them all, and set the whole machinery in motion.

Mr. Froude's portion of the *Reminiscences* is the briefest possible. He has simply given a preface, explaining how they fell to him, and left them to tell their own full story. In this he has acted wisely. He was a close friend and, to some extent, a pupil and follower of Carlyle, to much the same extent, perhaps, as John Ruskin in his way. Froude, as is known, is a hero worshipper of the lusty flesh-and-blood school. This taste he doubtless caught from his master. The sympathetic care that Carlyle spent on rehabilitating the rather battered moral characters and natures of men like Cromwell and Frederick of Prussia, Mr. Froude devoted to Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. He has caught so much of the spirit of his master, and not a little of the master's unscrupulousness, in attacking those whom he chose to hate. To this friend and pupil, in the summer of 1871, Mr. Carlyle confided a very precious bundle of manuscripts, not all of which have, by any means, yet seen the light in these *Reminiscences*. The desire was that they should be published, or not, as Mr. Froude chose, after Carlyle's death. At the time Carlyle was daily expecting death, almost wishing, in fact, that it would come. His wife died in 1866; was brought home dead in her carriage to his door. He never wholly recovered this shock. The lady seems, by his own account and that of others, to have been in every respect an admirable wife and helpmate to him. She seems, moreover, to have been a woman of not inconsiderable culture, and of a native womanly wit and brightness, with a strong dash of Northern thrift and shrewdness. Carlyle was a poor man and his future very uncertain when he married her, in 1826. She in all their dark days (and of these they had plenty, the darkness being sometimes not a little magnified by Carlyle's native gloominess of spirit) never lost faith in her husband or in his future. Indeed, she helped very materially to buoy him up on the waves of despondency, under which he constantly threatened to sink and be submerged. The forty years of their wedded life, from 1826 to 1866, embrace the whole period of Carlyle's active literary career. All the letters that passed between Carlyle and his wife, together with many others to friends during the same period, were given to Mr. Froude, and are now in his possession. They are, necessarily, a rich literary treasure, for Carlyle was a very method-

ical man, and carefully preserved every letter, save those quite unimportant, that fell into his hand. Mr. Froude says of them: "He had preserved every letter which he had ever received of not entirely trifling import. His mother, his wife, his brother, and many of his friends had kept as carefully any letter from himself. The most remarkable of his contemporaries had been among his correspondents,—English, French, Italian, German, and American." And again: "His own letters are as full of matter as any of his published works." That is saying a great deal, and its truth remains to be seen. So far the *Reminiscences* certainly do not bear out this statement. "His friends," says Mr. Froude, "were not common men, and in writing to him they wrote their best." One may hope so and yet not hope so. The peculiar charm of letter-writing, as a rule, is not that one writes his or her "best," but his or her self, gives out, unconsciously and naturally, the heart-utterances of the man or woman writing, without a thought of printer's devil or foreign eye, beyond the correspondent. In common parlance, even literary people in their letters are supposed to drop the "shop." Fancy Plato, Thucydides, Livy, or, coming to our own age of literature, Macaulay, Newman, or even Carlyle himself, writing their "best" in friendly letters. There would have been literature, but no letters. There is one best to literature as there is another to letters, much as there is a best to oratory quite distinct from conversation; so much so, that Sidney Smith has recorded his appreciation of Macaulay's "flashes of silence." Just because Carlyle's friends were not "common men" it is to be hoped they did not write their "best" in their letters to him.

All this being said, with the sense in view in saying it, one can cordially agree with Mr. Froude beforehand, or, at least, hope that "of the many thousand letters in my possession, there is hardly one which, either on its special merits or through its connection with something which concerned him (Carlyle), does not deserve to be printed."

All, or most of these letters, are to come hereafter, under Mr. Froude's judicious editing. His purpose is to write a biography of Carlyle, using the letters, illustrated by his own personal knowledge, as the material. The *Reminiscences* that call for our attention stand quite apart from these. They are Carlyle's own, and complete in themselves. As Mr. Froude truly says of Carlyle, "The essential part of his life was in his works, which those who chose could read. The private part of it was a matter in which the world had no concern." Most true, but as Carlyle has given Mr. Froude free choice to publish to the world the private part of his life, as recorded in his own words, the world has a natural curiosity to look at this, in order to see what its hero was made of, as we

are looking now. The personal *Reminiscences* which we are examining give us this as apart from the other and more voluminous correspondence. Indeed, it is plain from many an intimation, and from Mr. Froude's own words, that the *Reminiscences* were especially prepared by Carlyle with a view to publication, though subject to Mr. Froude's decision. They are already published in swift haste, and set before the world. The world will form its own judgment of them. Of this particular portion of his trust Mr. Froude says:

"He is his own biographer, and paints his own portrait. . . . The *Reminiscences* appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so. . . . Nothing more remains to be said about these papers save to repeat, for clearness' sake, that they are published with Mr. Carlyle's consent, but without his supervision."

The lack of personal supervision is explained by the fact that Carlyle found in his state of health at the time "that the effort would be too much for him."

The ground being thus wholly clear, we can now look at our hero and maker of heroes, as depicted with extraordinary vividness and almost wearisome minuteness in his own words. Nothing could well be fuller, more honest, or more complete. It is plain from the outset that Carlyle, in common with certain extremely sensitive, perhaps, to some extent, disappointed natures, delighted in dwelling in himself, on himself consequently, when setting down, in plain black and white, for the benefit of posterity, his own feelings and experiences.

The story of his life leaves little to be desired on the score of completeness or fulness. It is full at times even to fulsomeness. He does not spare us the minutiae of his domestic arrangements, not to mention the pangs and twinges of his dyspepsia. Poor man! It is very dreadful to suffer so severely as he seems to have done from dyspepsia; but many a million men have suffered similarly since this world began, but have not thought it worth while to leave the record and details of the complaint as a special legacy to humanity. From dyspepsia he wanders often into the, to him and his wife, extremely interesting atmosphere of ironmongers, plumbers, carpenters, and all the necessary "lares and penates" of a modern household, with something of the same minute and earnest detail that he devotes to a description of Frederick the Great's face, or his father's cocked hat and complexion, or Oliver Cromwell's imaginary appearance and demeanor. The world will stand a certain amount of this sort of thing, in the shape of antique cocked hats, complexions, venerable pimples, and such like, but when the detail comes down to extensive variations on London

plumbers, carpenters, cooks, and the rest, much as it may regard Mr. Thomas Carlyle, his works, and the strugglings of his inner spirit, it is apt to say he might at least have spared us such frequent and copious accounts of his dyspepsia and household arrangements, which are the common complaints of half the world. At least the world does not reconcile so intense a dwelling on such matters with the making of a hero, still less with a maker of heroes and a man of rare intellect and power, who undertook to guide and reform the world by the easy process of informing it that it was composed mainly of fools. This was not an unfrequent charge of his; the inference, as long ago discerned, being that the maker of the charge cautiously refrained from including himself among the fools. It is well to be in the minority sometimes, and Carlyle was habitually in a minority. We all admire heroes, but we do not necessarily admire them peddling with upholsterers, ironmongers, real estate men, cooks, and hackmen, of which, and much more of the same sort, there is abundant writing in these *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle.

It is commonly said, that early surroundings and the bringing up of a person always cling to him, for better or worse, through after life. For instance, one brought up and educated as a gentleman will, to the last, even though he become a scamp, maintain something of the bearing and habits of a gentleman. So, one brought up in a humbler sphere will be likely to preserve some air of his early surroundings, especially if they are long continued. This is not necessarily always true of men; but in the main perhaps it is. In these days called democratic, where classes mix more easily, and caste is less strictly defined than it used to be in the greater part of the world called civilized, a man naturally fitted for it, other things being equal, soon feels and finds himself, by culture, and habit, and association, standing on an easy social level with what is called the "best" in society. In other words, they are gentlemen. Nature made them so at the beginning; association and natural refinement easily did the rest. It would seem, and his own *Reminiscences* give palpable evidence of it, that Carlyle never reached this point. So he came to scorn what he calls "fine society," something in itself by no means worthy of scorn. What he snarls at as "fine society" is simply the society of ladies and gentlemen, a social caste that was since the world began, and will be till the world ends. It prevails, in a sense, among savages, as it prevails among men who call themselves civilized. But Carlyle was born in a remote Scotch village, the son of a poor village mason, five years before "the stormy dawn of the nineteenth century," as Lacordaire styled it, burst upon the world. He was at his beginning a peasant, and the son of a peasant; and peasants

in those remote days were apt to remain peasants. In his *Reminiscences* he frequently alluded, with a sort of assertive pride, to his "peasant father," while in the sketch of that father he strenuously strives to show that he was or ought to have been something very much more than a peasant; and to elucidate this dives, with all the earnestness of a New England family eager to show that it had an ancestry among the motley and by no means noble crew that founded Plymouth Rock, into shady archives as far back as the grandfather, with the result of showing that the respected grandfather was rather lower, if possible, in social status than the father. But this is only, by the way, of our own hero and maker of heroes and self-appointed teacher of a world. Though our Lord, who in this world was the son of a poor carpenter, came of the royal house of David, we do not recollect that He ever emphasized this fact. He was content, in His human nature and surroundings, to be just what He was and what He made Himself to be.

But Carlyle was not of this type of heroic mould. Born humbly, he never was and never would be humble; not in the social grade simply, which after all is a matter in the main of accident, but in spirit, where the highest in social status may become and often are the most truly humble. From the first he resented his early surroundings and the difficulties they threw in his path of progress. Resentment is one thing, the purpose of overcoming and pushing aside natural difficulties is another and much nobler thing. And here, before examining his mental and moral process, let us say that Carlyle wrote each chapter of his *Reminiscences* by way of illustrating the effect on him that some professed blow or catastrophe wrought. It is not so much the fact in itself, as the effect of it on him. In all the *Reminiscences* there are only four sketches: one devoted to "James Carlyle," his father; one to "Edward Irving," his dear friend; one to "Lord Jeffrey," the famous reviewer; and one, in many respects the sweetest, best, and worthiest of them all, to his wife, "Jane Welsh Carlyle." To these is added a short appendix, commenting in a not too flattering manner on certain public literary characters of the time. In all these it will be found that not so much the subject of the sketches as Mr. Thomas Carlyle is the prominent figure throughout. They are more or less used as foils to show off his struggles and such triumphs as he claimed.

The sketch of his father, though intended to be filial and devout, pervaded with the spirit of the "pious youth" whom he depicts in his truly beautiful biography of John Sterling, comes on one with a sense of shock. Of a loved father's death and the effect of it on a son, a man gifted with rare intelligence, deep love,

reverence, and filial devotion, who shall speak? It is a common occurrence in this world, and too many bereaved hearts can testify to its terrible, unhealable sense of loss and pain. In this sense, perhaps, it only stands a little behind the loss of a mother or a wife. How does our hero-maker and teacher regard and use it?

He cannot say too much that is good of his father, and for this all praise be to him. His father he describes as "dear and worthy;" he finished his work in this world "as became a man;" he was "to the last the pleasantest man" Carlyle "had to speak with in Scotland." Fortunately for the son, as he filially records, his father "was summoned before he had ceased to be interesting—to be lovable." This will break on the ordinary sense as at least odd, not to say harsh, in a pious and loving son writing of his father. The more so when that father is set down by the son as one to whom he owed "much more than existence." "I owe him a noble, inspiring example," he writes; and "in several respects I consider my father as one of the most interesting men I have ever known." And doubtless with reason, for, according to his son's testimony, "he was a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with." In fact, "he was among the last of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce," and very much more of the same sort.

The reader will be already impressed with the sense of what a very remarkable being was the Ecclefechan "village mason," as Mr. Froude, with graphic brevity, describes him who had the supreme honor of being father to Thomas Carlyle. What a shock the loss of such a man must have been to a son who wrote and thought of him thus, may be judged from the fact that as soon as the news of his death is received the son rushes frantically off to pen, ink, and paper, to relieve his pent-up feelings to the extent of fifty pages of the *Reminiscences*. Some natures grief strikes dumb, and deaf, and blind to all save the presence of the dark sorrow that weighs down upon their lives, until God mercifully comes to lift it off and bid them stand up again in His hope-inspiring presence. Carlyle is troubled with no such puny grief as this. His pen skips nimbly over the fifty pages. He starts out by giving us what might be called a detailed and minute catalogue of his sensations, and actions even, on hearing the news. "The funeral is to be on Friday, the present date is Wednesday night," he writes. "I have written to my mother and to John, have walked far and much, chiefly in the Regent's Park" (not a stroke missing), "and considered about many things, if so were that I might accomplish this problem, to see clearly what my present calamity means—what I have lost, and what lesson my loss was to teach

me." "*My* calamity," that is the lesson always for Carlyle. He has written much twaddle about a certain "Everlasting Yea." His own "Everlasting Yea" is an everlasting "I."

After this begins the story, not so much of his father's life as of his own. As an instance of how very remarkable a person his father was, Carlyle, with his curious italics, states the fact, "it was he *exclusively* that determined on *educating* me." Is that so very remarkable a trait in a father, however poor? This "pleasantest man in all Scotland" we are further informed was "irascible, choleric, and we all dreaded his anger." "We had all to complain that we durst not freely love him. His heart seemed as if walled in; he had not the means to unbbsom himself. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him; that her affection and (with all their little strifes) her admiration of him was obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him. To me it was especially so." Furthermore, the education of the "man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment" of any it was Carlyle's lot to have met with is admitted to have been "altogether of the worst and most limited." This does not, nor need it, prevent his son from regarding him as "*ultimus Romanarum*; perhaps among Scottish peasants what Samuel Johnson was among English authors."

Enough of Carlyle's father. His grandfather and the rest of his family may be gratefully let drop. He is quite garrulous about them, and tiresome. He suddenly breaks off his narrative to say in a note: "About this hour is the funeral. Irving enters; unsatisfactory;" and then calmly resumes. Again he breaks off to add another note: "*Friday night*. My father is now in his grave, sleeping by the side of his loved ones, his face to the East, under the hope of meeting the Lord when he shall come to judgment, when the times shall be fulfilled. Mysterious life! Yes, there is a God in man. Silence! since thou hast no voice. To imitate him I will pause here for the night. God comfort my brother. God guard them all" With which praiseworthy reflections our stricken hero goes to bed and rises next morning to resume his amusing narrative of old John Orr, the village schoolmaster, who was "religious and enthusiastic (though in practice irregular with drink)." Religion goes very well with whiskey in Scotland, nor perhaps in Scotland alone.

Annandale, where Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, was situated, was not a cheerful place for a boy. "It was not a joyful life (what life is?), he says, "yet a safe, quiet one; above most others (or any other I have witnessed) a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative." He was parted from his father, sent to school in his tenth year, and "never habitually lived with

him afterwards." "He took me down to Annan Academy on the Whit-Sunday morning, 1806; I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in *Teufelsdröckh*." He tells us also how his father "called once or twice in the grand schoolroom, as he chanced to have business at Annan; once sat down by me (as the master was out), and asked me whether I was all well. *The boys did not laugh as I feared; perhaps durst not.*" In this last touch creeps out the sensitiveness of a nature not wholly free and noble. Why should he "fear" that the boys would laugh at his father? And if they did, what would be the natural thought and action of a noble-hearted sturdy lad? There are many touches of this kind, side-lights secretly illumining much of Carlyle's mode of life and speech, that show us the real man all unconscious to himself, and not nearly of so high or great a moral stature as he deemed his to be. Thackeray tells us somewhere that perhaps the person for whom he had most reverence on earth was the boy whose fag he was at school; and meeting him in after-life, he was quite astonished to find that he was only six feet high. Thackeray was exceptionally fortunate. The moral inches of most of our heroes are cut down wofully as we get nearer and nearer to them. Perhaps the worst service that a man can render himself in this world is to write his own biography. As long as he leaves other people to deal with him he is safe. If he finds enemies, as he is sure to do, he will also find defenders. But when he undertakes to do the business for himself he is pretty sure to make a sad mess of it. Self will creep out unconsciously, however heroic we may try to appear; and self is always small. So small, too, is human nature, that after worshipping at the shrine of a man for forty or fifty years, it finally goes away laughing to discover that its divinity is made of clay, and perhaps of rather common clay after all.

Carlyle's father destined him for the Church. This scheme, after a severe struggle with himself, Carlyle had the honesty to reject, for the simple reason that his religious way of thinking when he grew to man's estate he discovered to be not that of his father, nor that of Annandale. He took first to teaching for a living. Before his father's death, in 1832, Carlyle had married and gone to settle in London. After a short struggle with teaching, for which neither his temper nor his inclinations suited him, he resolved on abandoning it and venturing on the alluring but treacherous sea of literature. With that resolve, the life that most affects the world opens. He went out to it with the atmosphere of Annandale still clinging around him—an atmosphere that never left him, but chiefly helped to make the rugged, picturesque, homespun Scottish figure that he was a sort of nineteenth century John Knox, lifted from the plough to rebuke a

world that he considered given up wholly to corruption, baseness, and ease of life, yet hardly showing it how to live.

Two years after the death of his father, Carlyle's friend, Edward Irving, died. Carlyle has already written about their friendship and relations and given the record to the world, but in the autumn of 1866 he resumed the subject. Mrs. Carlyle died in the April of that year.

"Being very solitary," writes the bereaved and now old man, "and except for converse with the spirits of my vanished ones very idle in these hours and days, I have bethought me of throwing down (the more rapidly the better) something of my recollections of this to me very memorable man, in hopes they may by possibility be worth something by-and-by to some—not worth less than nothing to anybody (viz., not true and candid according to my best thoughts), if I can help it." Carlyle's active literary life was now ended, and it will be seen from the sentence here quoted that his style had by no means altered for the better since he took up the subject of his father's death. He had long since abandoned the sweet, clear, pure, and nervous English that he could so well command for the grotesque and the bizarre. It was motley, and about it hung a certain jingle of cap and bells, as though the wearer were consciously playing and grinning behind his disguise at the people who grinned at him. As usual, the recollections of "the very memorable man," Edward Irving, are chiefly recollections of the much more memorable man, Thomas Carlyle. It was natural, and indeed necessary, that it should be so, for the lives of these two men ran together at the beginning of their careers and never wholly parted save by death. For the rest, Carlyle is a much more interesting and important personage than Edward Irving. The generation of to-day has to consult biographical dictionaries in order to discover who this Irving was. They perhaps connect his name with an odd half-known religious sect called the Irvingites. They are not at all aware that Carlyle's friend was the founder of this hybrid sect, now rapidly dying out, and that in his day he was the famous young Scotch preacher who suddenly became "the rage" in London. But "rages" of this kind do not last long. Popularity turned poor Irving's head. He was going to reform the world, *via* the London duchesses, but the world proved too big for him, and his poor little farthing candle, that he mistook for the light of heaven, after a good deal of spluttering and noise and uneasy flickering, suddenly went out in very great darkness indeed and—some one else became the rage.

He was a man, however, of kindly and genial nature and of considerable oratorical power. "The force and weight of what he urged was undeniable," says Carlyle; "but there was a want of spon-

taneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be and to have been unwholesome to the honorable soul. The doors were crowded long before opening, and you got in by ticket; but the first sublime rush of what once seemed more than popularity, and had been nothing more,—Lady Jersey sitting on the pulpit steps, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc., rushing day after day,—was now quite over, and there remained only a popularity of the people, not of the plebs at all, but never higher than of the well-dressed *populus* henceforth, which was a sad change to the sanguine man." That was the trouble. It was a fine thing for the young Scotch parson to have a crowd of duchesses to convert and a congregation of celebrities hanging on his accents. But the duchesses grew tired in time and the celebrities found other amusements, and there was nothing left but a congregation of paltry human souls.

It is not our purpose, however, to follow Irving, but Carlyle. Irving was a steadfast friend to Carlyle through all his life. He had done not a little to help his less fortunate friend at the beginning of his career. Carlyle frequently expresses his sincere friendship for Irving; but though he records them, he seems to wince rather at the services of the latter. Thirty-two years after his death, Irving's friend, now famous, old, and having one would think all that this world could well offer to make his lot in it happy, takes up his pen to write a memorial of their friendship. Poor Irving, could he read it, might well exclaim, "Save me from my friends," or, to adopt a saying of one of Carlyle's heroes and saints, "Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle, the Lord deliver me from Thomas Carlyle."

Again he goes into the family history, and we quite agree with him: "Enough now for the genealogy—superabundantly enough." Old age, fame, and success did not soften Carlyle's heart; soured it rather. When his wife was taken from him he did not care to live any longer. He loved very few persons in this world, and with even his affection for them there was a large admixture of self-love, not to say sheer selfishness. Carlyle was teaching school at Annan when he and Irving first became acquainted as men.

"One attraction—one only," he tells us, "there was in this, in my Annan business. I was supporting myself, even saving some few pounds of my poor sixty or seventy pounds annually against a rainy day, and not a burden to my ever-generous father any more. But in all other points of view I was abundantly lonesome, uncomfortable, and out of place there." While in this pleasant position and frame of mind he came across Irving, and the long years that

had passed between never effaced the traces of the first feelings with which he met his after friend.

"I had heard much of Irving all along; how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as teacher." Carlyle was by no means splendidly successful in this capacity. "I don't remember any malicious envy whatever towards this great Irving of the distance." Here creeps out the man. Why should he have "malicious envy" towards Irving, or envy of any kind? The man was at the time a stranger to him, and there was no possible reason for envy save the starved feeling of an essentially small nature and narrow heart that finds bitterness in the thought, "this man succeeds where I fail." In fact he did envy him and confessed it. "As to his schoolmaster success, I cared little about that, and easily flung that out when it came across me." This he evidently thinks a trait of magnanimity. "But naturally all this betrumpering of Irving to me (in which I could sometimes trace some touch of malice to myself) had not awakened in me any love towards this victorious man." And this is our maker of heroes, who thus unconsciously testifies in a thousand similar touches to the petty jealousies and spites to which he was all his life subject. It is self from the first chapter to the last in Carlyle's life; and a particularly sour and loud-complaining self. Describing their accidental meeting at the house of a friend, he goes on in the same strain: "I was by some three or four years the youngest; and here was Trismegistus Irving, a victorious bashaw, while poor I was so much the reverse. . . . In the good Irving all this was very natural, nor was there in him, I am well sure, the slightest notion to hurt me or be tyrannous to me. Far the reverse his mood at all times toward all men." As a matter of fact they were simply speaking of Annan affairs; but the sensitive, self-conscious nature of the half-educated young man, for mere books do not constitute education, was prepared in advance to discover that everybody was looking at *him*, thinking about *him*, and looking down on him. "There was," he continues, "I conjecture, something of conscious unquestionable superiority, of careless natural *de haut en bas* which fretted on me." The truth is Irving had acquired more polish and had a gentler nature. This gave him manners which the other had not; and Carlyle was even at pains to make himself rude and offensive as he records, though he hardly seems to detect the rudeness in it. On the contrary there is a flavor of secret self-complacency in the contrast he draws between Irving and himself at this time. "No swagger in this latter (Carlyle), but a want of it, which was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. 'Far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several in the years now coming." Young men of this uncouth brand are apt to mistake

boorishness for sarcasm and offensiveness for manly independence. A native coarseness clung to Carlyle all his life and dimmed much that was very bright and noble in the man. He writes with extreme coarseness and savage jest about women at times in these *Reminiscences*, women, too, who were by no means unfriendly to him; and the same of course is true in his remarks about men. Everybody is set up or set down in exact proportion to the ratio of reverence with which they regarded Thomas Carlyle; and even supreme reverence does not always save them from the crushing wheels of this Scotch Juggernaut.

Irving forgave the rudeness. Carlyle confesses that whatever doubts he himself may have had as to his future reception by Irving, "he quickly and forever ended them by a friendliness which in wider scenes might have been called chivalrous." Irving invited Carlyle to a charge in his prosperous school at Kirkcaldy, which was gladly accepted. It improved Carlyle's position, gave him a cheerful and sincere friend, and opportunities for reading and study which he could not possibly have had at Annan. Gibbon he devoured. "I by no means completely admired Gibbon, perhaps not more than I now do; but his winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet so conclusively transpiercing and killing dead, were often admirable (*sic*) potent, and illuminative to me;" a fellow-feeling, doubtless.

What Scottish life was in those days (1817 about), may be judged from Carlyle's recording, "At Greenock I first saw *steamers* on the water; queer little dumpy things with a red sail to each, and legible name 'Defiance,' and such like bobbing about there, and making continual passages to Glasgow as their business." Odd as that sounds to modern ears, it is odder still to find that Greenock in this respect was in advance of London. "London alone still held back for a good few years; London was notably shy of the steamship great as are its doings now in that line." An old friend of his told him that about 1793 he used to see in crossing Westminster bridge "a little model steamship paddling to and fro between him and Blackfriars bridge, with steam funnel, paddle wheels, and the other outfit, exhibiting and recommending itself to London and whatever scientific or other spirit of marine adventure London might have. London entirely dead to the phenomena, which had to duck under and dive across the Atlantic before London saw it again, when a new generation had risen."

His description of his occasional rambles with Irving at this time are very good and racy. In one place he fell across a Mr. Campbell and his two sisters, "excellent lean old ladies, with their wild Highland accent, wiredrawn but genuine good manners and good principles." He took tea with the old ladies, and they had

quite a discussion in very high Scotch doubtless. "They were to my rustic eyes of a superior, richly-furnished stratum of society; and the thought that I too might perhaps be 'one and somewhat' (*ein und etwas*) among my fellow-creatures by and by, was secretly very welcome at their hands." And here is a description of the lady who became his friend Irving's wife:

"The eldest, Miss Martin, perhaps near twenty by this time, was of bouncing, frank, gay manners and talk, studious to be amiable, but never quite satisfactory on the side of *genuineness*. Something of affected, you feared always in these fine spirits and smiling discourses, to which, however, you answered with smiles. She was very ill-looking withal; a skin always under blotches and discolorment; muddy gray eyes, which for their part never laughed with the other features; pock-marked, ill-shapen triangular kind of face, with hollow cheeks and long chin; decidedly unbeautiful as a young woman. In spite of all which (having, perhaps, the arena much to herself) she had managed to charm poor Irving for the time being, and it was understood they were engaged, which unfortunately proved to be the fact."

Even if Carlyle had positive reason to dislike the lady—he gives no reason at all—surely a man's hand, not to say a friend's, might have shrunk from drawing such a picture of a woman, especially when that woman happened to be the wife of the man for whom he expressed so much esteem and affection. But there lay the skeleton in his secret drawer, and after letting it lie near a quarter of a century he produces it as an adornment to the memorial he erects to his dead and gone friend! Surely an act worthy of a hero and maker of heroes.

One breezy bit of Scotch scenery before we abandon it and descend once for all into the realms of London fog and chronic dyspepsia that Carlyle soon came to inhabit.

"I have had days so clear as in Italy (as in this Irving case), days moist and dripping, *overhung with the infinite of silent gray*—and perhaps the latter were the preferable in certain moods. [This is one of Carlyle's occasional dashes of nature's poetry in which he is in his way unsurpassed.] You had the world and its waste imbroglions of joy and woe, of light and darkness to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks over your shoulder hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatmeal porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness. Canny, shrewd, and witty fellows, when you set them talking; knew from their hill-tops every bit of country between Forth and Solway, and all the shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being a kind of confraternity of shepherds from father to son. No sort of peasant laborers I have ever come across seemed to me so happily situated, morally and physically well developed, and deserving to be happy as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatos nimium!* But perhaps it is all altered not a little now, as sure enough am I who speak of it."

"In the space of two years," says Carlyle, "we had all got tired of schoolmastering and its mean contradictions and poor results; Irving and I quite resolute to give it up for good; the headlong

Pierce disinclined for it on the then terms longer, and in the end of 1818 we all three went away, Irving and I to Edinburgh." This was only natural ; both Irving and Carlyle had the secret irresistible movement in them that stirred their souls to higher ambitions than the cramped walls of a Scotch school-room could inspire. Both were still poor enough in this world's goods, if youth, health, ability, and the resolute purpose to achieve something can be considered poverty. Irving's prospects were decidedly better than Carlyle's. "I," the latter tells us, "was beginning my four or five most miserable, dark, sick, and heavy-laden years ; Irving, after some staggerings aback, his seven or eight healthiest and brightest." It is hard to find a special reason for this strong and intelligent young man's way of viewing things save in the young man's peculiar nature. Like the majority of the young men whom the world has known to have accomplished something in the face of difficulties that manhood, even without genius, overcomes or brushes aside, Carlyle was entering on his first square stand-up fight with the world. He did not wholly shrink from the encounter in which he came off a victor, but he grumbled pitifully at having been put to the pains of going through it. "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of shy humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun a long curriculum of dyspepsia, which has never ended since!" This is by no means an uncommon experience in the world, even to the dyspepsia. Thousands of young men are going bravely enough through it now, and making nothing of it, and why should they ? As for dyspepsia, it takes a very famous man indeed, or an old woman, to trouble the world with the very frequent reference to it made by the heroic author of these cheerful *Reminiscences*. His native bitterness comes out in the intense recollection of his early struggles by the old man. "I was timorously aiming towards literature too ; thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some trifle that way by honest labor to help my finance ; but in that too I was painfully skeptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor downtrodden soul), and in fact there came little enough of produce or finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none, in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts, which are sad to me to think of, even now." Does the heroic spirit breathe through these lines, or anything at all encouraging to the "pious youth" whom Carlyle professed so much to admire ? Is it not rather a painful picture of Scotch thrift and moral cowardice ? Every young man's talents and opportunities are alike doubtful until he has tried and proved them. But that fact does not make his soul poor and downtrodden, unless he is so. Young men who expect to conquer the world in

their "first years," or even to turn in any large amount of "produce or finance" from their labors, are either asses or full of intense self-conceit. Carlyle is perhaps the most striking instance in a man of real power and intelligence of resentment at the sensible refusal of the world to recognize him as a heaven-born genius at first sight and before he had proved himself such.

For every successful or renowned man he comes across at this time he has, even in his ripe old years and under his white hairs, nothing but a flout or a sneer. The success of others seems to have been gall and wormwood to him by the side of what he regarded as his own failure. Doubtless some nonentities were puffed up as great guns in their day, for the world is foolish as well as wise in its generation. The self-contained man of power sees these nonentities, takes their true measure, laughs a little, perhaps secretly, to himself, and passes on calmly, knowing that the gaudy bubble which for the moment attracts the attention and admiration of the childish crowd, will soon burst and dissolve into its native nothingness. But Carlyle's gorge rose even at men worthy of fame, and whose names will last as long as, perhaps longer than, his own. Some of these strove to and actually did befriend him. That in itself was a grievance to his narrow and cross-grained nature. The truth is, as intimated already, Carlyle never shook off his beginnings. He felt poverty as a stain. The man who so bitterly railed at "fine society" confesses, notwithstanding his misanthropic disposition, that even the provincial society of the Glasgow of that day, into which he was beginning to be admitted, had a new charm for him. "These reviews of Glasgow, in its streets, in its jolly Christmas dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, were cordial and instructive to me; the solid style of comfort, freedom, and plenty, was new to me in that degree. The Tontine (my first evening in Glasgow) was quite a treat to my rustic eyes; several hundreds of such fine, clean, opulent, and enviable or amiable-looking good Scotch gentlemen sauntering about in truthful gossip or solidly reading their newspapers. I remember the shining bald crowns and serene white heads of several, and the feeling *O fortunatos nimium*, which they generally gave me." *Fortunatos*, because in Carlyle's eye they were fairly well-to-do in the world. Certainly these are not great *Reminiscences*, and hardly of a great *man*, however renowned and remarkable a writer the man who fussed and fretted about such littleness may have afterwards become. In his small despair at unfortunate circumstances and the trials that cross the lives of most men, he, in one instance at least, hints at self-destruction. Of an early friend of his who ended his life in this way, he says: "Frank was dead, and gone in the Roman fashion." This is our teacher talking and writing in the calm and gathered

wisdom of his declining years, not at all in his hot youth. "What other could he do now, the silent, valiant, though vanquished man? He was hardly yet thirty-five, a man richer in gifts than nine-tenths of the vocable and notable are." Not go in what Carlyle calls the "Roman fashion" surely, but live bravely in the quiet Christian fashion, and, with his riches in gifts, strive manfully to retrieve his broken fortunes. Mr. Froude may be credited with knowing well his friend. When Carlyle, on the death of the wife who ministered to his wants, delivered his letters and papers to Froude, he did so with a distinct view to their publication. He knew that men would be eager to write his biography. He was anxious that it should be done by himself. He had in fact already written it in these *Reminiscences*. The rest was left to Froude. He first intended to read and correct his proof-sheets. But ten years before his death Froude says: "The expectation of an early end was perhaps suggested by the wish for it. He could no longer write. His hand was disabled by palsy. His temperament did not suit with dictation, and he was *impatient of an existence* which he could no longer turn to any useful purpose." Why could a man of his knowledge and experience, even though stricken by years, by common human afflictions, and the ills that come to all of us with years, not turn what was left of him in life to some useful purpose? A man can surely do some good to his fellows without always astonishing them by the discharge of a literary bomb-shell or rocket.

Irving was "called" to London, to a church in Hatton Garden. Through his kind offices Carlyle was intrusted with the tutorship of young Charles Buller, who afterwards made some mark in the British Parliament. The Bullers were a wealthy family and proved useful friends to Carlyle. They helped at least to make him known, which was just what he required. Mrs. Buller he describes in characteristic fashion as "a Calcutta fine lady and princess of the kind worshipped there, a once very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy, and ingeniously intelligent woman of the gossamer kind." "Friends of mine," he adds, "in a fine, frank way, beyond what I could be thought to merit, he (Charles), Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted us." This did not prevent him from venting his spleen on them here and there. For instance, when the Bullers visited Edinburgh with a view to handing over their sons to his care, Carlyle remarks of one of the family, "a third very small son, Reginald, who was a curious, gesticulating, pen-drawing, etc., little creature, *not* to be under my charge (the italics are Carlyle's), but who generally *dined* with me at the luncheon-time, and who afterwards turned out a lazy, hebetated fellow, and is now a parson of Iroston, a fat living in Suffolk." Had the "gesticula-

tion" or "pen-drawing" of the young Arthur anything to do with this bitter reminiscence, or, granting its truth and more than its truth, was it worthy of Carlyle to set it down among his recollections of a family to whom he confesses to having owed so much?

"These English or Anglo-Indian gentlefolks," he says, "were all a new species to me, sufficiently exotic in aspect." It does not seem to occur to him that on his side he may have been a "new species" to them and not at all "exotic in aspect." But it is always easier to look at others than at ourselves, and Carlyle was very prone to this human weakness. "But we recognized each others' quality more and more," says our Scotch exotic, "and did very well together. They . . . saw a great deal of company (of the ex-Indian accidental English gentleman, and a native or touring *lion* genus, for which Mrs. Buller had a lively appetite);" which is delicate, to say the least; that is, as Carlyle understands delicacy.

He goes on to give us an account of his health, dyspepsia, and the state of his feelings about this time, all of which calls for no special attention. He had already caught the literary fever, or been caught by it. Schiller's *Wilhelm Meister*, and other such early and excellent studies, were being turned out. He began to yearn for London, the heart of literary life; "with London now silently ahead, and the Bullers there, or to be there." He was in love, too, at this time, with the girl he made his wife; and between love, dyspepsia, ambition, and the doubts resulting from the combination, poor Carlyle, like most poor young men under similar trying circumstances, seems to have had a pretty hard time of it. At least so he tells us to any extent. He went to London, stayed with Irving awhile, and by way of result treats us to a quantity of gossip, some of it small scandal about the people he then met there, most of whom are not known even by name to the present generation of readers, and are likely to be even less known to the generation to come. Here is his general verdict on Londoners: "In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to. Everybody has it like paper money, for the printing, and will buy a small amount of ware with any quantity of it." Yes and no. Flatterers of course will always flatter in London as anywhere else, and it is not necessary to pitch your sphere one step lower in order to find this out. There is no flattery among competent men and women. There is honest recognition of what is of worth in one, and friendliness for its sake; nothing more. And this is one of the sweetest of human rewards.

He paid his first visit to Coleridge, the poet, at this time. Those who have read his memoir of John Sterling will know all about his visits at that shrine. Coleridge was then in his quiet and rather

shady decline. Old age and renown are surely worthy of graceful recognition. Carlyle sets the aged poet down as a "puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, who hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest."

He met Charles Lamb, too, who was by all accounts one of the most genial of men, and who is at least recognized as one of the most sunny-humored and charming of essayists. But our descendant of Knox could either not understand or bear this quiet humor. "There was much talk and laud of Charles Lamb and his Pepe, etc. . . . At his own house I saw him once; once I gradually felt to have been enough for me." "There was a Mr. Fearn, 'profound in mataphysics' (dull utterly and dry)," as one may well imagine. There is a brief but graphic sketch of "a *Dr* Sir Anthony Carlile, of name, in medicine . . . who had defined poetry to Irving once as 'the *prodooction* of a rude *aage*.'"

Nobody pleased him so much "in this miscellany" as Proctor (Barry Cornwall), the father of Adelaide Proctor, some verses at least of whose pure and tender poems are known and endeared to most hearts among readers of English, and whose gentle human inspiration and feeling had the happiness of being chastened by the Catholic faith, which she embraced:

"A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Proctor, bodily and spiritually; manners prepossessing, slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound, honorable morality, and airy, friendly ways; of slight, neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially rugged little face, fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him, lids drooping at the outer ends into a cordially meditative and drooping expression; would break out suddenly now and then into opera attitude and a *Là ci darem la mano* for a moment; had something of real fun, though in the London style. Me he had invited to his 'garret,' as he called it, and was always good and kind, and so continues, though I hardly see him once in a quarter of a century."

This is the most hearty tribute to any stranger he came across in all Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. Can one not trace in it faintly the charming, yet far higher, spiritual lineaments of Proctor's sweet daughter?

This visit of Carlyle's to London lasted from June, 1824, till March, 1825. His own situation he describes as very wretched. "The accursed hag, 'dyspepsia,' had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking, living day a thing of ghastly nightmares." Mrs. Buller turned out to be "a changeful lady." He gave up his tutorship, but "money was no longer quite wanting," the only question was "what to do next?" He did the best possible thing,—took a holiday.

In the course of his holiday he came across "a cleverish and

completely hostile criticism of my *Wilhelm Meister*, of my *Goethe*, and self, etc., read it faithfully to the end, and have never set eye on it since."

It was a very bitter "dose" for him. He could not stand criticism.

"This man is perhaps right on some points," he tells us he thought to himself, "if so, let him be admonitory." "I did reasonably soon dismiss him to the devil, or to Jericho, as an ill-given, unserviceable kind of entity in my course through this world." This is the heroic vein again. He afterwards discovered that the "cleverish criticism" was written by De Quincey. It is needless to remark that De Quincey was never forgiven for his favor. Later on he met De Quincey, and found him to be "one of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly five feet in all. When he sat you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, '*Eccovi*—this child has been in hell.' " If so, he ought to have been a good judge of the brimstone in Carlyle's books.

He paid a flying visit, his first, to France, during this holiday, when to go to France even from England was still quite an event in one's life. The glimpse of the old Cathedral at Beauvais "went for nothing, was in fact nothing" to Carlyle. But Paris impressed him; though to his still half-rustic and wondering eyes "the curious *speckled straw hats* and physiognomies of the Faubourg St. (fashionable, I forget it at this moment), are the memorablest circumstances."

Louis XVIII. was lying in state as they passed through St. Denis. Chateaubriand's pamphlet, *Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!* was placarded all over Paris. Carlyle made no effort to see Chateaubriand, and wisely, in all probability. He knew but little French, which would have been a fortunate circumstance had they met, for they would scarcely have agreed.

"Washington Irving was said to be, in Paris, a kind of lion at that time, whose books I somewhat esteemed." . . . "I never saw Washington at all, but still have a mild esteem of the good man." Very conciliatory and gracious on Carlyle's part.

"Another day, nobody with me, and very few in the gallery (the Louvre) at all, there suddenly came storming past, with dishevelled hair and large besoms in their hands, which they shoved out on any bit of paper or the like, a row of wild Savoyards distractedly proclaiming '*Le Roi! le Roi!*' and almost oversetting people in their fierce speed to clear the way. *Le Roi*, Charles Dix in person, appeared accordingly, with three or four attendants, very ugly people (especially one of them who had bleary eyes and small bottle nose, never identifiable to my inquiries since). Charles himself was a swart, slightish, insipid-looking man, but with much the air of a gentleman, insipidly endeavoring to smile and be popular as he walked past; sparse

public indifferent to him and silent nearly all. I had a real sympathy with the poor gentleman, but could not bring up the least 'Vive le Roi' in the circumstances. . . . This was all I ever saw of the legitimate Bourbon line, with which and all its tragedies I was to have more concern within the next ten years."

The night before leaving Paris he visited the Theatre Français and saw Talma play. Talma was to him "a heavy, shortish, numb-footed man, face like a warming-pan for size, and with a strange, most ponderous, yet delicate expression in the big, dull-glowing black eyes, and is incomparably the best actor I ever saw." The play was Voltaire's *Œdipus*, and Talma died within about a year after.

Returning to England, Carlyle, after a little more wandering and having now fully resolved on adopting a literary career, went back to Scotland and married Miss Jane Welsh. This was in 1826. His married life is briefly summarized by Mr. Froude :

"He lived for eighteen months at Comley Bank, on the north side of Edinburgh. He then removed to Craigenputtoch, a moorland farm in Dumfriesshire, belonging to his wife's mother, where he remained for seven years, writing *Sartor Resartus* there, and nearly all his *Miscellanies*. In 1834 he left Scotland and settled in London, 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and there continued without further change till his death."

It may have been his marriage, or it may have been a combination of circumstances, but whatever the cause, Carlyle says of himself and his condition of mind in 1826 :

"This year I found that I had conquered all my skepticisms, agonizing doubts, fearful wrestlings with the foul, and vile, and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch ; had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be heaven, I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies, and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest, silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous, secular, and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being. What my pious joy and gratitude then was let the pious soul figure. In a fine and veritable sense, I, poor, obscure, without outlook, almost without worldly hope, had become independent of the world. . . . I had, in effect, gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though far oftener *eclipsed* and lying deeper down than then. Once more, thank heaven for its highest gift, I then felt and still feel endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business."

Happy man ! This was beyond question a divine height to attain. It is deeply to be regretted for the sake of that "poor humanity," whose sufferings Carlyle professed so copiously to lament, that he did not show them how to attain to this state of temporary beati-

tude or what led up to it in him. In what did it consist, this sublime state of being which the voluptuous author of *Faust* pointed out to him? What did he substitute for all the "isms" in which the poor, stupid world seeks refuge for its longings? Was it in Carlyleism, that mystic religion of the East, that enables a man by looking deeply into himself to see there his god? Not a word of light on the subject in all the *Reminiscences*, nor in any other writing from Carlyle's hand. As to the actual result on himself of having once for all attained "the eternal blue of ether" the reader has already seen sufficient evidence. We do not find that Carlyle ever changed in temperament, in his jealousy or contempt toward others, that his heart ever widened or softened in charity, that he became more humane or less resentful at fancied neglect, less emphatic on the subject of his dyspepsia, or less self-contradictory in his teachings thenceforward. All or any "temporal evil" was never "transient or insignificant" to him. From the crowing of a rooster, to the troubles of his household arrangements, or an uncomplimentary criticism of his writings, everything to the last had the most intense and bitter significance to Thomas Carlyle. Whatever touched him, in the remotest way even, touched him to the quick, and aroused that native bile and spleen of which he had an unusually plentiful supply. Where "the eternal blue of ether" came in on his life unless in a supreme self-complacency it is hard to see.

Indeed it was at this time and for a considerable period after that he was at work on *Sartor Resartus*, of which, and of his difficulties in finding a publisher for it, and his chagrin in consequence, the world has heard overmuch. The story is by no means a brave or inspiring one on the part of the author. It is steeped in the same characteristics that marked him in all things. He went to London with the manuscript, and found the London world very much taken up with the question of the Reform Bill. Closely allied to that bill, though he makes no mention of it here, was the question of Catholic Emancipation. These matters had no interest for Carlyle. To his mind, planted high in "the eternal blue of ether," there was only one supreme matter of interest at the time, and that was the publication of what is, after all, little more than a fantastic freak of a mind striving to work its way to the expression of something original, which should strike the reading world and announce its author as a great man and original thinker. But, in all respect for Carlyle's genius or intellectual power, or whatever name may be given to it, the judgment of the world at large and of men at least equally eminent as himself will be, that the passing of one or both of these measures was at the time, and through all time, of vastly greater moment and benefit to

humanity than the publication of *Sartor Resartus*, or, for that matter, of all his works put together. To him these questions were petty. "All men were full of the *Reform Bill*; nothing else talked of, written of, the air loaded with it alone, which occasioned great obstruction in the publishing of my *Sartor*, I was told. On that latter point, I could say much, but will forbear." And here follows a characteristic touch. "Few men ever more surprised me than did the great Albemarle Street Murray, who had published for Byron and all the other great ones for many years, and to whom Jeffrey sent me recommended. Stupider man than the great Murray, in look, in speech, in conduct, in regard to the poor 'Sartor' question, I imagined I had seldom or never seen!" The fact was, that the publication of *Sartor* was a very doubtful venture, as indeed it eventually proved. Had it been Carlyle's only work he would by no means occupy the position in literature that he holds to-day. Publishers are supposed to be practical men of business, who can gauge pretty well the tone and temper of the literary market, what is likely to rise and what to sink. But Carlyle, who in his early years grumbled not a little at the pecuniary award offered for his work, could not see that publishers possibly had an eye to pecuniary awards also. So he demanded back his "poor MS. from Murray, received it with some apologetic palaver, locked it away into fixity of silence for the present (my Murray into ditto forever)." *Sartor* afterwards appeared piecemeal in *Fraser's Magazine*, and both publishers and general readers grew tired of it long before its conclusion, a fact that Carlyle recognized.

Jeffrey, the reviewer, was very friendly to Carlyle, and needless to say, a useful friend, though Carlyle may have had characteristic misgivings on that score. He is described as

"A delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more so if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes, instinct with vivacity, intelligence, and kindly fire; roundish brow, delicate oval face of rapid expression, figure light, nimble, pretty though so small, perhaps hardly five feet in height. . . . his eyes looking archly, half-contemptuously out, in conformity to some conclusive little cut his tongue was giving. His voice, clear, harmonious and sonorous, had something of metallic in it, something almost plangent. . . . For the rest his laugh was small and by no means Homeric; he never laughed loud (could not do it, I should think), and, indeed, oftener sniggered slightly than laughed in any way."

The entire sketch of Lord Jeffrey is perhaps the best, as it certainly is, on the whole, the gayest in the volume. Carlyle makes him out to be a most amusing, bright, kindly, witty, and interesting character, which he doubtless was; "infinitely witty, ingenious, sharp of fence, but not in any sense deep, and used without difficulty hold my own with him." In Mr. Froude's future

biography Jeffrey is likely to play an important part; for there was much correspondence between the two at one of the most interesting periods of Carlyle's life, and the correspondence is all in Mr. Froude's possession. While Carlyle speaks contemptuously of Macaulay's "swaggering" review articles, he lays it down in his own orthodox fashion for all posterity that though

"Jeffrey was by no means the supreme in criticism or in anything else, yet it is certain there has no critic appeared among us since who was worth naming beside him; and his influence for good and for evil in literature, on the whole, has been very great. Democracy, the gradual uprising and rule in all things of roaring, million-headed, unreflecting, darkly suffering, darkly sinning, 'Demos' come to call its old superiors to account at its maddest of tribunals; nothing in my time has so forwarded all this as Jeffrey and his once famous *Edinburgh Review*."

Into the reverent sketch of Jane Welsh Carlyle, the writer does not purpose entering beyond a few quotations still illustrative of the lady's husband and of his contemporaries. The relations of husband and wife are quite removed from discussion or inquiry in this review. They seem to have been throughout of the best. The husband frequently records with sorrow that he never realized his wife's actual worth to him, her devotion, self-sacrifice, and love for him, till she was gone. Mention of her hardly ever crosses the page without an accompanying "Ah me! ah me!" sigh of sadness that in truth becomes at last a trifle wearisome to the reader. Her life, save that she was the wife of Carlyle, is in no special degree remarkable or different from that of thousands of excellent married ladies who will never have biographies written of them; though Carlyle records that "not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *cohue* of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." With which verdict as to her worth the lady may be safely dismissed. Much that her husband writes about her is, it must be confessed, garrulous in the extreme, with the usual enormous quantity of dry genealogy in all persons connected immediately with him.

On taking up their permanent residence in London the Carlyles soon made their way into the literary and social circles of the great city. John Stuart Mill was one of their earliest visitors, "one of the most interesting, so modest, ardent, ingenuous, ingenious, and so very fond of me at that time." As time wore on Carlyle considerably altered that estimate of his friend, and not for the better. "Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once or oftener." They are graciously set down as "a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb," and his wit mere "dilated insanity."

"He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle legs also in black, face and head finish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility, bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something too of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring."

Mill was of great use to Carlyle in preparing the *French Revolution*, and Mill's part in the mysterious destruction of the first volume of that work, which Carlyle had lent him to read, is again referred to here. The Sterlings, father and son, were frequent visitors. Henry Taylor, the dramatic writer, who knew everybody worth knowing, introduced Carlyle to many interesting characters, among others to Mazzini. "Mazzini I once or twice talked with; recognizably a most valiant, faithful, considerably gifted and noble soul, but hopelessly given up to his republicanism, his 'progress' and other Rousseau fanaticism, for which I had at no time the least credence, or any considerable respect beside my pity. We soon tired of one another."

Of money for the *French Revolution*, Carlyle first received £150 from Emerson as his share of the profits on an edition brought out in this country by the man whom some style the American Carlyle. After three years, "grateful England," as he puts it, paid him £100. He made more money at this time by his review articles than by his books. Mill started the *Westminster Review*, and Carlyle half-expected the editorship of it, which would have at least secured to him a regular income. The position was not offered him, and from that day forth Mill went rapidly down in Carlyle's opinion. "Worse I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself did as editor (sawdust to the masthead, and a croakery of crawling things, instead of a speaking by men)."

His lectures paid him well, but it was torture to his sensitiveness to deliver them. "By this time we were getting noticed by select individuals of the aristocracy, and were what is called 'rather rising in society.'" Lady Holland he viewed with aversion as "a kind of hungry ornamented witch, looking over at me with merely carnivorous views." At the least Carlyle would scarcely have made a toothsome morsel for the famous old lady. Going among the aristocracy he says had "its bits of benefits, bits of instructions, etc., but also its temptations, intricacies, tendencies to vanity, etc."

"Certain of the aristocracy did seem to me still very noble, and with due limitation of the grossly worthless (none of whom had we to do with), I should note at present that, of all classes known to me in England, the aristocracy (with its perfection of human politeness, grace of bearing and of acting, steadfast 'honor,' light address and cheery stoicism), if you see well into it, is actually yet the best of English classes. Deep in it we never were, promenaders on the shore rather; but I have known it too, and formed deliberate judgment as above."

Craigenputtoch, where *Sartor Resartus* was written, fell to his wife in 1842. This brought them in an annual income of about £200, and relieved them from what Carlyle calls "the pinch of poverty," and his own work, though it went on improving in remuneration, did not yield, according to his estimate, more than about a similar sum annually for the previous decade; hard worker as he was. "My books," he says, and doubtless with truth, "were not, nor ever will be, 'popular,' productive of money to any but a contemptible degree." His *Cromwell*, published in 1844, was more productive in this way than any of his previous works. On the other hand his *Latter-day Pamphlets* fell very flat, and small wonder to all the world save himself. They hurt him in every sense. His return to popularity he ascribes to his *Edinburgh Address*, one of the last notable things he did. Still he admits that "on the whole, I feel often as if poor England had really done its very kindest to me, after all;" and most persons will agree that the feeling was well grounded.

He had great respect and admiration for the Duke of Wellington, whom he saw at Bath House. "Duke was then very old, and hitched languidly about, speaking only when spoken to, some 'wow-wow,' which perhaps had little meaning in it; he had on his Garter order, his gold-buckle stock, and was very clean and trim, but except making appearance in certain evening parties, half an hour in each, perhaps hardly knew what he was doing." He gives a graphic picture of Leigh Hunt and his ways, and a much more kindly and lovable one than Dickens's harsh caricature. "Dickens's essential faculty" Carlyle considered to be "that of a first-rate play-actor. Had he been born twenty or forty years sooner, we should most probably have had a second and greater Mathews, Incledon, or the like, and no writing Dickens." As for Harriet Martineau, her "fine, clear head would have made her a quite shining matron of some big female establishment, mistress of some immense dress shop, for instance (if she had a dressing faculty, which perhaps she had not); but was totally inadequate to grapple with deep, spiritual, and social questions, into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting."

The composing of *Frederick of Prussia* was an immense and before the endsickening labor to him. His chief recreation during its composition was horseback riding; and he says "in all I rode during that book, some 30,000 miles, much of it (all the winter part of it) under cloud of night, sun just setting when I mounted." At the end he was heartily weary and sick of it. "Why do I speak of all this?" he asks. "It is *κόπος* to me, insignificant as the doing of a thousand centuries ago. I did get through, thank God; let it now wander into the belly of oblivion forever." So

much for "hugging unclean creatures (Prussian blockheadism) to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!"

The *Reminiscences* are drawing to a close, and doubtless the reader, as in truth the writer (if he may be allowed so far to obtrude himself) is not sorry for the fact. Mrs. Carlyle's health was failing, though her husband, sunk deep in the morass of his *Fredrick*, did not notice this. The first two volumes of the work were published in 1858. Fortune for over ten years prior to that date "had been on a quite tolerable footing, and indeed evidently fast on the improving hand." As he nears the end the *Reminiscences* of his wife grow almost incoherent, sadly so, and surely with abundance of excuse. Much of the matter becomes very trivial; the man's deep sorrow and bereavement had made him a child when writing on his lost wife. All this may be tenderly passed by, even to the episode of "Catholic sick-nurses" of his wife, of which he makes such curiously mixed mention. In his woe for his wife he never, characteristically enough, loses sight or misses mention of his own personal miseries, which were petty for the most part. All are duly catalogued and with painful minuteness. "The eternal blue of ether," which he told us he had so long ago attained, whence he could calmly look down on all the trivialties and passing trials of life, seems far enough off when he can write of this time:

"Dante's Purgatory I could now liken it to both of us, especially my loved one, both of us bent like corbels under our unbearable load as we wended on. . . . Dante's Purgatory, not his Hell, for there was a sacred blessedness in it withal; not wholly the society of devils, but among their hootings and tormentings something still pointing afar off towards heaven withal. Thank God!"

With all respect for Mr. Carlyle's feelings, expressed after the event, there was no reason at the time for this sort of desperate writing. Mrs. Carlyle was unquestionably in a dangerous state of health, but by no means a hopeless one. She could go about and ride and change her residence, as she frequently did, and she lived for about a couple of years afterwards. She took trips to the sea and trips to Scotland; but these various movements and Carlyle's attendance upon them added to his natural anxiety, seriously perplexed and worried him, seriously interfered with his labors, and for the first time perhaps opened his eyes to what he would suffer in losing his wife. As a matter of fact, her death occurred after paying a cheerful visit to some friends. Her lap dog was in danger of being run over. She stepped out of the carriage to attend to him, entered with him, and died in the carriage before reaching home. A tragical death enough, but occurring long after the date of which Carlyle writes in such impassioned strains of unnecessary and unwarranted despair. To how many an instance

of higher and deeper courage among unpretentious people can any one with half an acquaintance point within his own knowledge. Indeed Carlyle himself cannot have thought the case so desperate or have been quite so deeply plunged in hopeless misery as he would have us believe; for he mentions of their trip to Nithsdale, her telling him of the visit of a "Mr. Thomson (a Virginian who sometimes came)." He called one night and informed Mrs. Carlyle that "there is little doubt they will hang President Davis!"

Mr. Thomson, the Virginian, was a little out in his reckoning; but not so thought Carlyle. He was always over-eager to find evil where he wished to find it. "Upon which," he writes, "I almost resolved to write a pamphlet upon it, had I not been myself so ignorant about the matter, so foreign to the whole abominable fratricidal 'war' (as they called it; self-murder of a million brother Englishmen, for the sake of sheer phantasms and totally false theories upon the nigger, as I had reckoned it)." The whole tirade is eminently characteristic even to the imaginary "million brother Englishmen," and suggests its own comment. The pamphlet never appeared, fortunately for Carlyle, who was for the most part extremely unfortunate in his pamphlets. "In a day or two I found I could not enter upon that thrice abject nigger-delirium (viler to me than old witchcraft, or the ravings of John of Munster, considerably viler), and that probably I should do poor Davis nothing but harm." This general guide, philosopher, and friend of governments and humanity at large, and this arduous writer and student of history, could never see anything more in the terrible civil convulsion in this country than his "nigger" and his millions of "brother Englishmen." Had he written his pamphlet he would have done no harm to "poor Davis," but much harm probably to poor Carlyle.

"*Fredrick* ended in January, 1865," he writes, "and we went to Devonshire together, still prospering, she chiefly, though she was so weak." In the November of that year Carlyle was elected to the annual Rectorship of Edinburgh University. His wife did not accompany him on his journey thither. Professor Tyndall took him in hand. Like all speaking, this address was a torture to him. It was spoken extempore, was considered a very remarkable address at the time, and made much noise. The success was a great joy to his wife and did no little to restore public interest in Carlyle. Nineteen days after it (April 26th, 1866) she died in the manner described, and after her death Carlyle did little or nothing in the way of literary work beyond his *Shooting Niagara, and After*, of very doubtful excellence, and his letters to the *London Times*, on the Franco-German war, which to say the least were ill-timed if not brutal in their tone, and by no means sound in

their ferocious partisan reasoning. The German victory was well open to defence, but not in Carlyle's manner.

To the *Reminiscences* proper is added an appendix, containing other *Reminiscences* of various literary characters, which were begun at Mentone in January, 1867. They are written with a corrodng pen, with the peculiar kindness towards others that Carlyle habitually manifests, yet with unquestionable literary skill, and, save the sketch of Jeffrey, form really the most interesting portion of the work. Their tone and tendency may be judged from the opening sentence: "Many literary and one or two political and otherwise public persons, more or less superior to the common run of men, I have met with in my life, but perhaps none of them really great or worth more than a transient remembrance, loud as the talk about them once may have been; and certainly none of them, what is more to the purpose, ever vitally interesting, or consummately admirable to myself," and much more of the same sort. One naturally wonders who in the term of Carlyle's public career, as it may be called, up and subsequent to 1867, can have been "really great, or worth more than a transient remembrance" in England, unless, perchance, Carlyle himself. In this opening sentence speaks the whole man; the man who at the opening of his manhood held precisely the same feelings as regarded the then success, small and remote enough as it was, of his friend Irving.

He begins with Southey, and save for the viciousness of the spirit here indicated and which pervades the sketch, the picture is in other respects an admirable one, marvellously complete as the portraiture of a marked individuality. One can almost forgive its occasional unkindness for the sake of its unequalled skill in setting the subject before us in such vivid and real light. Nor is it by any means all unkind. Henry Taylor introduced him to Southey, and he describes the latter at their first meeting as:

"A man towards well up in the fifties; hair gray, not yet hoary, well setting off his fine, clear, brown complexion; head and face both smallish, as indeed the figure was while seated; features finely cut; eyes, brow, mouth good in their kind, expressive all and even vehemently so, but betokening rather keenness than depth, either of intellect or character; a serious, human, honest, but sharp, almost fierce-looking, thin man, with very much of the militant in his aspect; . . . in the eyes especially was visible a mixture of sorrow and anger, or of angry contempt, as if his indignant fight with the world had not yet ended in victory, but also never should in defeat. A man you were willing to hear speak."

There is much of finer effect that might be quoted from this sketch, but there is the picture of the man whose life was not of the happiest, and whose end was so tragic. Carlyle met Wordsworth when Wordsworth on his occasional visit to London was a "lion." Carlyle never liked "lions" too near the throne. To him

Wordsworth's "divine reflections and unfathomabilities seemed stinted, scanty, palish, and uncertain." Wordsworth seems to have taken no more especial notice of Carlyle than he did of the generality of people, literary and otherwise, whom he met. Neglect of this kind always told on Carlyle, and he never fails to show it in his *Reminiscences*. He affects a contempt, but it is the contempt of a man who feels he has been slighted and somehow passed by.

He notes with genuine admiration "the excellent sagacity, distinctness, and credibility of Wordsworth's little biographic portraits" in conversation of the noted men of the day. "Never, or never but once, had I seen a stronger intellect, a more luminous and veracious power of insight, directed upon such a survey of fellow-men and their contemporary journey through the world." Carlyle's father, he modestly tells us, was perhaps the one man superior to Wordsworth in these qualities.

The reader has now seen the most notable pictures in Carlyle's unique collection. He has also seen Carlyle's portrait of himself and can form his own opinion of the whole. The hero-maker and the hero-breaker is before him in the revealed secrets of his soul. Many of these, most of them in fact, seem to betoken a great but not an even or well-balanced intellect grafted on a rather mean and narrow nature. The noble intellect strove hard to rise to the level of greatness and truth; even did much in this way; but the native narrowness and pettiness, arising in great measure from early surroundings, whose memory and effect were never shaken off, constantly drew the high intelligence down, blurring its vision and making its way crooked and cross. So true greatness finally yielded to small self. The two can never stand together. The man who might have become a great teacher, and who assumed to be a prophet, became little more than a powerful scold. The reason for all this is plain enough. There can be no well-balanced intellect without a clear conception of and calm confidence in the truth: the truth given by the Creator, affirmed and made to live among men by his divine Son, Jesus Christ, and by him handed down forever to and through his Church as an unfailing light to the minds of all mortals. Without that there is no assured mental or moral stability in this world. The higher the intellectual gifts of a man, especially if he be not of an humble spirit, which Carlyle never was, the farther is he apt to wander away from the right path. Carlyle, after deep inner search and struggle, gave up the religion of his father, because he could not bring himself to believe in it. He never found another to satisfy the yearnings of his soul. So all became bitterness and doubt, despair almost, and he saw nothing worthy of supreme honor and standing in the world save

brute force, a doctrine that his pupil, Mr. Froude, another vagrant from the safe line of clear Christian faith, has learned from him. Hence his type of heroes: the Oliver Cromwells, Fredericks of Prussia, the chiefs of the French Revolution, and such like. He always kept the grace of faith in a supreme deity. But all the rest was vague, shadowy, uncertain, a vapory "eternal of blue ether." So his life went out without doing much good to the world. He has left behind him writings which possess little more than the glaring brightness and confused noise of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II., AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

IN January, 1879, we reviewed in a paper on the political and social outlook in Europe, a series of events which at that time already led to serious apprehensions for the future. And in an article on the internal condition of Russia published also in this Review, the state of society has been painted in its real colors. Nihilism had then already defined itself as the most destructive and most repulsive of the "isms" which form the bane of our days; it had then already spread terror and confusion, and called forth those terrible repressive measures which lent a new strength to any conspiracy gotten up for the purpose of putting an end to an unbearable tyranny. It will be remembered how in 1878 unsuccessful attempts at regicide made the round of Europe, as it were. Like a contagious disease spreads the seed of infection, so attacks upon crowned heads, even as failures, seemed to contain a virulent stimulus to try, at least. Now, that is to say, on the 13th of March, Nihilism succeeded in scoring a success, for as such, nay as a triumph, do the Nihilists contemplate the assassination of the late Czar. It is, therefore, much to be feared that no less a personage than the Emperor of all Russians, dead, mangled, mutilated, a true victim of revolutionary conspiracy, will serve as an incentive to perpetrate similar crimes on other bearers of royalty. If history will have to write but one epilogue on assassination during the remainder of this century, it will be due, we

take it, not so much to lack of energetic activity in the quarters where revolutionary ideas breed their miasmas, as to doubled vigilance and to great watchfulness and to utmost precaution on the part of the governments. It is, indeed, to be feared that revolution will attempt, at least, to give the dead Emperor companions in his grave. Fanaticism is now wild with a frenzy of success. The tragedy on the Catharine canal, as an event, is but the epitome of a protracted and intolerable chain of suffering, which made people wild with despair and threw them into the arms of that sinister foe of mankind, Nihilism. And it recalls the glaring defects with which Russian society has been afflicted so long, the enormous sufferings endured by over ninety millions of subjects, the deplorable condition of these millions under an absolute despotism, in fact all that drove the people to join issues with the Nihilists, not, however, in order to assassinate the Czar, but simply to seek redress of and relief from the oppressive rule of ages. And recalling all this, our perverted human nature, prone to injustice, is almost willing to pass an undeserved comment upon the sudden end of Alexander II. But with this inclination comes also back into our memory that grand dictum of antiquity, "*De mortuis nil nisi bene*," a touching appeal to those more tender fibres of human nature which man's fall has stunted, but which it has not been allowed to blot out of man's heart. The dictum has lost none of its beauty since the days of Christianity; if it stood before on a sublime basis, namely, the reverence for the dead, it has been put on a sacred basis since then by giving us as a higher motive for abstaining from passing severe judgments upon those that have passed away, the positive knowledge that the hour of death is also the hour in which each and every individual receives before the tribunal of divine justice the final irrevocable verdict, which holds good through the countless ages of timeless eternity.

The last years of Alexander II.'s reign have virtually been spent in an unceasing dread of foul murder; it was this dread, and alas not a vain dread, which inspired the sweeping severity resorted to as a means of procuring at least personal security. From the time of his accession to the throne at the close of the Crimean war, his reign was beset with enormous difficulties; he tried to inaugurate a new era for Russia, and though failing in much, he did accomplish much; his name will forever be connected with a most momentous period in the history of Russia and a period of hardly less importance in the history of Europe. He had to assume control of the reins of government when the state-carriage had no sound wheel. He found the chariot in a state of hopeless collapse, he endeavored to reconstruct it, he endeavored to remedy the crying injustices under which the nation groaned, and he failed

to accomplish all. Alexander II., pallid, cold, silent forever, has been buried already with imperial pomp. Assassination and obsequies have sunk into the past and belong to the department of history. Yet the silence of that dead tongue is a living eloquence, for this dead tongue uttered the words whose might freed twenty-three millions of human beings from serfdom. There is much in the reign of Alexander II. so utterly out of proportion with a measure like the emancipation of the serfs, that this great act of autocratic benevolence shines out all the brighter. In the line of Romanoffs, Alexander II., in spite of cruelty and arbitrary rule and sometimes grinding despotism, will ever rank as one of the most lenient monarchs. The last year of his reign shows forth a return of the same spirit as that which dictated the memorable ukase for the liberation of the serfs, in two acts: one is the abolition of that odious institution the Third Section, the other the abolition of the salt tax. And it appears almost certain that, had his life been spared, Russia would have been given by him a sort of constitutional government, framed for the peculiar wants of the great commonwealth, and adapted to its peculiar make-up. It seems, therefore, but just to remember only what is bright and sunny, and to sink into oblivion the dark side of a life, sad at best. Neither the good will, nor the personal kindness and benevolence and piety of the dead Emperor will be or can be forgotten by a people into the hearts of which he engraved his name when he restored twenty-three millions to the freedom of human beings. And with this tribute, which we felt it due to pay to one whose life and whose deeds are widely misunderstood, we will drop the veil over the past and turn our looks forward toward the ever-mysterious "what is to be."

Another czar sits on the throne; another czar found the imperial purple waiting for strong shoulders, not because nature's course had created a vacancy, but because once more violent death has been the fate of the last incumbent. What fate is awaiting him? What fate is awaiting the ninety millions under him? Does his crowned head appear to the Nihilists as another legitimate object of vengeance foul? Will his firm grip turn the reign of terror of the last decade into one of much-needed peace, internal as well as external? These and kindred questions solicit now the attention of the world, and offer so many grave problems for solution. A forestalling of Russia's future with any absolute certainty is, of course, out of the question. But it seems that acquaintance with the elements which will of necessity play a part in the formation of it, and determine in a measure its character, will help at least to the framing of an approximate estimate. And foremost in this respect appears that ghastly monster "Nihilism."

Nihilism, we hold, is an enemy of society which severity will fail to crush out, which leniency will fail to appease. It is widespread and counts fanatical adherents in every class of society; it has only a programme of destruction. Neither extent nor scope justify the supposition that it will one day disappear like an ephemeral plant. As a system, it is explained by its best-informed advocates as war upon society, war upon family, war upon marriage, war upon morality, war upon reverence of authority, war upon belief in God, nay, war even upon life itself; it is therefore the madness of political despair, and like madness an affliction the cure of which will require time and forbearance, a correct diagnosis, a careful watching of every symptom, and a removal of the causes from which it sprung. It is the wildfire of the spirit of revolution, which has intoxicated men, so that they no more act like rational beings, but like brutes devoid of the power of reason. It holds out no scheme of reconstruction; it presents us with no Utopian plan of what is to follow the deluge of murder and wholesale extermination at which it aims; it does not suggest what is to take the place of the old *regime* or who is to reorganize society anew; it proclaims death and destruction of all that is, and desires to eliminate authority of any shape, manner, or form.

The credo of Nihilism may be gathered from the following extracts from Bakounin's writings:

"The beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds you will never know what freedom is. When you have gotten rid of this belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world is due to the conglomeration of atoms in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then and only then will you have accomplished the first step towards liberty; and you will find less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented. The first lie is God, the second lie is right. Might invented the fiction of right in order to insure and strengthen her reign. Might makes and unmakes laws. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own might you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right. And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognized and to bring about the proper relations between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organization. Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad, for if an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created."

It is evident, therefore, that Nihilism holds virtue and vice to be conventional terms which represent no reality. It considers that liberty consists in contempt of law, order, and decorum, whereas liberty means freedom with limitations. Absolute liberty is not

only an absurdity, but the attempt to create it is a crime against the universe. Liberty implies restriction, as it also implies responsibility. It is not a matter of choice whether or not a man will be a member of human society. He becomes it as soon as he begins to live, and individual rights and social duties are correlative terms. When born he receives the benefits society bestows upon him in the care of the mother, in the obedience due to the parent, in the advantages coming to him from the organized state of society. In return for and in recognition of these, man becomes a debtor and has to assume the discharge of social duties. The cry of all "isms" against the restriction of government is hence the cry of the insane, of the lawless, of the assassin. Government is a necessity which springs from our social wants. Were there no limitation to liberty, no restraint of freedom, neither happiness nor society could exist; without restriction, liberty ceases to be liberty and becomes an unknown and impossible quantity. Yet these tenets of Nihilism have obtained, and they result from the fatal replacement of divine omnipotence by human omnipotence in the person of the Czar. For two long centuries the error enforced upon a conglomeration of semi-barbarous nationalities has worked its way slowly along, and now in Nihilism the last consequences have been reached. Peter the Great made practically God and Czar of one mould; he related the one to the other so closely and played with such overpowering success the part of earthly omnipotence that the Czar, head of the church, acquired, so to speak, the prestige of Deity. The masses were crude material, gifted by nature with pious leanings and credulity; the Czar spoke, and they believed. But Providence spoke likewise. However lenient its interference with the affairs of races for a long time may be, a moment arrives when time through history makes overtures, and not one ruler only, but a line of rulers were permitted to play as czars and czarinas with earthly omnipotence, of whom it must be said that their actions and their lives were well calculated to rescue truth and shake the terrible superstition into which the nation had been sunk. Again the more civilization advanced in Russia the more absurd and impossible became this belief into a close relationship between God and Czar. The evidences before the people in the way of tyranny of the worst type, licentiousness verging into depravity, crushing despotism coupled to free indulgence of every low brutal craving, these evidences generated a just contempt for omnipotence of every description. It shook the structure to the base which Peter the Great had artificially erected, and in falling, it buried beneath its ruins that other omnipotence which nothing can or will destroy. It was needful to part with a fatal hallucination and to free the captive mind from a gross superstition. But

the association having been what it was, the collapse of the greatness of the one brought in its train the presumptive collapse of the other, of that majesty whose non-existence has never yet been avowed without frightful consequences to the bold propagators of this egregious falsehood. Yet, once more, it is our opinion that with the belief in the Czar, the belief in God likewise passed away. Disbelief in the former opened the door for disbelief in the latter. Therefore the road to attack Nihilism in its very foundations is not to be sought in external reforms of society as such, but in the internal reconstruction of the members of that vast Russian society. And just as impossible and as undesirable as it is to restore the lost faith in the Czar—for this would plunge Russia only into the woes of a new birth—just as possible and certain is it that faith in God can be restored; for it needs only reawakening, it is a something that does not die within the human breast. What is needed therefore is the building up of man as man by true faith; religion, not as a mockery of half-inebriated village popes, but as a central force towards which the human heart naturally gravitates; religion, as a tower of strength which no storm can shake, as a palladium which protects and shields and wards off, and which at the same time enlightens and actuates and vivifies; religion, in short, which is capable of working out a radical change within, of starting the soul's life and of maturing its growth; that and that alone will successfully combat Nihilism, not in its serried ranks, but by sapping away its strength and cutting a clearing through the steep and dark proclivity of total negation. This wondrous efficacy is not the prerogative of the Russian church, where a servile priesthood combined with the civil power to do all toward discrediting any and all belief. It belongs but to one church, and that *one* even is disbelieved in by outsiders nearly all the world over.

Any effects which a vengeance swift and cruel may produce, can bear only the character of transient intimidation. Terrorism has never been able to destroy parties whose birthright cannot be questioned, however much their deformity is to be deplored. A deformed child or a child without sound mental faculties is not necessarily an illegitimate child. And so it is with Nihilism. Its existence as far as it betokens a remonstrance against wrongs freely inflicted, is very easily understood and in some respects justified; its form will forever be unacceptable to calm reason. Even if the new Emperor created a new third section, more powerful than the one which raised a storm of pronounced hatred in all subjects while it lasted, if he improved it in organization and material, and equipped it with all that genius can devise for its efficacy, it would fail to break the backbone of Nihilism. It would still more embitter the dissatisfied elements, knit the conspirators

closer together, and break out after a period of repression with all the greater violence.

On the other hand it is very doubtful whether reforms which would satisfy the nobility and reconcile the goodwill of the peasantry, reforms of a liberal character, which would pacify the disturbed pulse of the country—it is doubtful, we think, whether they would bring the Nihilists to their senses. For why should they be able to appease a hunger which is declared insatiable? We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the poison of Nihilistic doctrines would stop circulating because the autocratic power has changed hands, or because of some modifications in an absolute government. The czardom still exists, it rests only on younger shoulders, more determined and not less able than those of the unhappy predecessor. Alexander II. has been murdered, not because of his individuality but because in him authority was vested, and that selfsame authority recurs in Alexander III. Why then should he be less obnoxious in the eyes of those who aim at abolishing any authority, whatsoever? Liberal measures will, no doubt, gain large sympathies for him even in the ranks of Nihilists, but they will hardly induce the miscreant leaders of revolution to adopt a more human programme. It was, perhaps, a reflection of this kind which prompted the new Emperor to make all his subjects take an oath of allegiance not only to him but the present czarewitch, Nicolas Alexandrovitch, likewise. At any rate, so far as the term of existence of Nihilism is concerned, it seems safe to predict that it will not disappear until Catholicity will perform its peaceful mission unhampered throughout the realm, and restore gradually the lost mental and religious bearings in the individual. Judging the Pope's letter on the subject, it is not improbable that the relations between St. Petersburg and Rome will assume a more satisfactory character than it has been the fortune of the Holy See to bring about heretofore. The problem of Nihilism presents thus under no aspect a very hopeful, though not entirely hopeless outlook.

Much more cheerful prospects present themselves in other directions. While it is true that the government machine is not only corrupt in organization, but also organized in corruption, it is a field on which vast improvements can be and probably will be made. An abundant crop of high-towering weeds needs plucking out; better seed must be sown and a fresh crop of honest and efficient officials be raised. Nor is there any limit as regards the extent to which beneficial innovations are possible and necessary. No branch of the Russian bureaucracy is sound; all is rotten to the core. Hence the undertaking is one of tremendous proportions; it has in fact baffled more than one honest attempt at reconstruction

in the past. It requires not merely great ability, but above all an inflexible determination of purpose; a dogged following up of reform into the minutest channels. To this enormous and difficult task Alexander III. brings, it seems to us, the requisite qualifications. He is credited with firmness verging on stubbornness; his ability is unquestioned; he possesses, moreover, from the high civil positions held as a member of the highest council of the realm, familiarity with the most imperative needs; it is not unknown to him what evils cry most sorely for redress, hence it is fair to presume he will begin in the right direction. The expectation seems fully justified that reform will be not merely begun with a will, but what is more important, be also carried out with a will. We may therefore hope for an alleviation of the great sufferings of society in Russia, and consequently prognosticate an era of progress, not fictitious but real. Besides, the domain of ethics will not remain in the background. The domestic qualities and high-toned morality of the present Czar form a pleasing contrast to the private lives of most of his predecessors. A considerable change in the ideas of the court on the subject of morals will take place. The nobility will be compelled to observe with greater strictness the social injunctions from which many considered themselves exempt. And though it may at first be not more than a sheer outward compliance with a code of real morality, it will save the people to witness as a whole spectacles which by their grossness and their frequency undermined the fundamental notions of propriety. The enforced conforming with moral restrictions will gradually become a habit, and as such, gain a foothold and propagate itself. In no country does the individuality of the ruler, his character, his moral and religious tenets exercise greater influence than in Russia; for Russia is not only the most absolute, but likewise the most populous of all modern civilized countries. A Czar never can be a nullity; he must *par force* become a great figure in the history of his times, and play a prominent part either for good or for ill. The present incumbent must look beyond the conspiracies and assassinations of the moment, in order to launch his realm upon a career of real progress. The despotic form of civilization which prevailed for generations has made it a country only held by the sword. Russia contains many of the highest elements of national strength and greatness, and yet it is still but a vast barbaric commonwealth, without liberty of thought, without true development, without real advancement. The broad measure of beneficent reforms will, so it seems, be given at last to the people. It is highly improbable that the external policy will in any way change the friendly relations of the empire with the other powers. The Czar is fully aware that peace is indispensably requisite for the re-

organization of Russia in her internal relations. The abolishment of Siberia as a place of lifelong imprisonment for political purposes is said to be contemplated, and also a representative form of government. The people in Russia are entirely unfit for a republican form of government, or for a constitutional monarchy, with the same amount of liberty which most of the European states enjoy. Nor will the colossal empire be ripe for the next half century, at least, for either. A parliament would not signify what these assemblies mean in England, or in the Continental states of Middle Europe. But it would be the basis for a more healthy and more natural growth, and establish more direct communications between crown and nation. The reign of Alexander III., though he was called to the throne of a sudden by a ghastly and most deplorable tragedy, promises therefore well for the future, and inspires confidence and hopes rather than distrust.

If we look, however, in a larger sense upon the sad event which called forth the preceding remarks upon Russia; if we look at it as the outcome of the present social condition of Europe; if we recall the exceptional state of affairs in Germany, owing to the agitations of socialists; if we consider how France as well as England are engaged in coping with radicalism in various shapes, and how evidences of a diseased state of society are not wanting in Spain and Italy and Austria; if we remember that but a few years ago revolutionary movements, like a wave, shook, in form of riots, even the peace of this country; if we take all this in and cast a glance then upon the dead form of Alexander II., carried bleeding and mutilated into the palace of his ancestors, the assassinated Emperor then appears to us as a warning flambeau. He seems to cry out on behalf of his nation, on behalf of history: "*Redde mihi legiones meas*;" that is to say, "*Restore faith to the world*," and he seems to be a memento of what "*Vae victis*" implies for those who close their ears to the cry for faith. The decrees of Providence are issued with inexorable certitude. Before the crisis overtakes the human race, fair warning is given. Things will culminate ere long. Our age will be plunged into an abyss which one must needs shrink even to contemplate, or else it must freely and fully return under the tutelage of Him who gave Himself to the world, in order to rescue and save and protect, but, also, in order to possess the world.

CANTERBURY.

"AND who may he be?" asked a Greek archimandrite of the late very distinguished Mr. William Palmer, when that clergyman named the Archbishop of Canterbury. The question was pardonable if disrespectful. Canterbury is a cathedral town of Kent; and its Archbishop, if Primate of all England, was not much known forty years ago in the East. The present Archbishop is an exceedingly amiable gentleman, and is much esteemed for his personal virtues; but to say that he is Primate in any sense which is more real than that of an ornamental figure-head would be to prefer idle compliment before truth. He is Primate of the respectabilities of Protestantism. He is Primate of that embracing institution which excludes but little from its embrace besides "Popery." To quote the words of his Grace, which he uttered last September in the course of a long charge to his clergy: "The Roman Catholic Church, indeed, separates itself from us by so sharp a line of arrogant exclusiveness, built on a superstructure of false doctrine, that our hopes of influencing it must be very slight without some fundamental change in its whole system." His Grace said this immediately after avowing that the Swedish Lutherans, Moravians, Old Catholics, with the Syrian, Armenian, and Nestorian sects, and also the German, French, and Swiss Protestants, all gravitated instinctively towards Canterbury; thus leaving out in the cold but one only communion, the holy Catholic Church. No doubt this was a true statement of the position. All schismatics and sectarians, save only what are called Dissenters, interchange polite greetings with "Canterbury." Forty years ago, when Mr. William Palmer, to whom we have referred, was bent on a kindly mission to the East—hoping to connect the Church of England, in some way, with what was then called "the holy Eastern Church"—the Eastern bishops and priests knew but little of Canterbury, save as suggestive of some curious northern sect. Whether Canterbury was in Scotland or in Wales was not a question which afforded them interest. Possibly it might be some synonym of Anglicanism. And Anglicanism was in those days only known to the Easterns as an Episcopalian form of rank Protestantism. But in these days it is permissible that an Archbishop of Canterbury should lay claim to a higher appreciation. We can readily believe that, in the language of his Grace, "the Churches of the East implore our aid." The Church of England is known to be very rich, and the Eastern sects are known to be very poor; so that it is but natural that amenities should take an interested form, and that sympathies should be primarily material. More-

over, the Czar's Christians are just now so overridden, so broken up by jealousies and rivalries, that they may reasonably turn for succor to that opulent National Church, whose wedded bishops live luxuriously in ancient palaces. Canterbury has therefore become an Eastern fashion. No longer disdaining the hospitalities of Lambeth Palace, the Eastern clergy are disposed to be friendly; and waiving the old prejudice against Anglican Orders, "implore Canterbury's aid"—that is, money.

Imagining that Christian unity consists chiefly in amiability *plus* a tranquil indifference to Christian dogma, the Archbishop of Canterbury has caressed the sweet delusion that Protestantism is growing more and more united. How completely such an apprehension is at variance with Catholic principles, and how utterly it is ridiculed by men of thought, there need be no pains taken to show. The *Times* newspaper, which may be assumed to be Anglican, in the sense of patting comfortableness on the back, is obliged to laugh at the absurdity of calling Protestants united because they care little about dogma. "Unity to be real," says the great organ of the irresolute, "must have some purpose. Where the purpose is wanting, or so far as it is wanting, the union is so far a name, and nothing more, that it is scarcely worth contending for." And then the writer adds that "the clergy of the National Church may possibly have every virtue under heaven, save one"—which is the prime requisite of Church unity—"submission to Episcopal authority." If this test of clerical submission be applied to all the sects, or to all "the Churches" which have "implored the aid of Canterbury," we see at once that not a single clergyman of any communion would think of obeying Dr. Tait. *Ergo*, there is no Protestant unity. Every one can see this save his Grace of Canterbury. He alone seems to be deluded by amiability. Made archbishop by the last Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, his Grace would seem to imagine that an archiepiscopal dinner-party, at which courtly toasts are given and received, is the ideal of ecclesiastical unity. Such an entertainment was given at Lambeth Palace during what was called the Pan-Anglican Synod. Because the host blandly smiled, and the guests drank his wine, the mental and moral unities were thought complete. The next morning there would be a discussion upon doctrines, and the private "views" of the different bishops would be in conflict. The harmonies would be subjected to a slight shock. There would be a reaction in the direction of individualism. But his Grace would only remember that "the hundred Fathers of the Church who gathered under his roof at Lambeth Palace" were charmingly polite at the dinner-table, and chatted heresy, as they sipped wine, with equanimity. He would shut his eyes and shut his ears to

the utter hollowness of the whole proceedings, and believe only in the graciousness of hospitalities. It is certain that not a single guest would *obey* the mitred host, nor bow to his private opinions on any doctrine. The Churches of the East care as much for Dr. Tait as they care for M. Renan or M. Loyson. The Syrian, the Armenian, and the Nestorian sects value his judgments as they do those of Queen Victoria. They fully appreciate the whole philosophy of the "Establishment." Just as they know the meaning of Czarodoxy, its whole story and pretext and policy, so do they know the meaning of Elizabethanism, or, which is the same thing, Dr. Taitism. They have also possibly heard—at least such of their bishops as have been in England—of that versatile dignitary, the Dean of Westminster; and we fancy that, with every appreciation of Anglican "aid," they do not care much about Westminster "views." Let us glance, for a single moment, at this last Westminster phenomenon, so as to judge of its effect upon Eastern minds.

The Dean of Westminster has recently offered to throw open the Abbey Church to the preachers of Nonconformist English sects; and he has proposed, in perfect gravity, to found a new National Church, of which the symbol, or creed, shall be "no doctrines." Now the Eastern Bishops would not be parties to such a development. Nor, indeed, would the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is due to his Grace to say that he differs from Dean Stanley, in his private apprehension of Catholic unity. The Archbishop is in favor of allowing all doctrines—the more the better in the cause of holy freedom—but he would recommend a lofty indifference to the value of most doctrines, or rather he would deny that they have value. The Dean of Westminster goes further, and seems to disapprove of any doctrines, as positively fatal to the external unity of a National Church. The unity of the Archbishop is the unity of indifference; that of the Dean of Westminster, of negation. Yet, perhaps the Dean is the more reverential of the two. To say that there are doctrines, but that they do not matter, is more unprincipled—well, let us say, more inconsistent—than to deny, point blank, that there are doctrines. Still, the spectacle of two such combatants is somewhat puzzling. The Archbishop of *any* doctrines, and the Dean of *no* doctrines, may be allowed to fight it out to their satisfaction; but to the outside looker-on there is the suggestion of this question: "What is the use of either Dean or Archbishop?" If the sole mission of Anglican dignitaries is to teach indifference to doctrines, or to inculcate scholarly faithlessness and skepticism, why should there be deans and archbishops to do, for enormous salaries, what any well-educated layman can do as well? The unity of unbelief can be attained by the spread of

newspapers, of magazines, and of the Bradlaugh type of senators. Why have cathedrals, and parish churches, and some thirty thousand clergymen to effect the exact opposite of Christian teaching? Perhaps the answer is that even skepticism needs decorum. The institution of unbelief is at least imposing. "Established" improprieties become proprieties. A man in lawn sleeves bidding his hearers "not to care," makes carelessness at least gentlemanly and respectable. It creates a certain seemliness of disorder. And this is that Catholicity which the Primate of all England assures us is the beautiful boon of modern Protestantism. It is the special glory of the See of Canterbury to preside over it. We are hastening onward to that happy period when the test of the true Christian will be that he sums up all faith in polite carelessness. Not to believe, not to obey, not even to search, are the characteristics of that developed English Protestantism, which is declared to have fellowship with all the heresies of the earth, and therefore to enjoy Catholic unity.

"Nothing in our time tends to make the Archbishop of Canterbury a national pope," said the *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting on the Primate's charge. But if he has constituted himself a sort of Pan-Anglican Pope, *minus* the power or the will to teach anybody, we do not see why his pontificate should not be judged by that sort of criticism which we apply to all magnificent pretension. And since he takes upon himself to dethrone the Vicar of God, as a mere pretender to a position which is "Canterbury's," we may take leave to reply with such perfectly plain speaking as all overt acts of usurpation may justify. And, first, we should like to know by what precedent in English history, and especially in the history of the See of Canterbury, it can be shown that an Archbishop of Canterbury is the superior of the Bishop of Rome. If it can be proved that, in any primitive controversy, or in any controversy down to the middle of the sixteenth century, any Archbishop of Canterbury resisted "Rome," or claimed even to exist apart from it, we will give up the argument, and take our Pan-Anglican pontiff for all that he desires to be considered. But if, on the contrary, we find throughout history—the history of the archiepiscopal See of Canterbury—that its Archbishops have in every case obeyed "Rome," have never dreamed of questioning its supreme authority, but have rendered to it the most worshipful loyalty, then we shall have to protest that the nineteenth century Pan-Anglicanism is as pure an invention as the locomotive or the telegraph.

That the See of Canterbury was purely Roman for a thousand years—from the time of Augustine to that of Warham—it would be as easy to show as that William the Conqueror came to Sussex and fought successfully at the battle of Hastings. That the Apostle

of England referred every question to St. Gregory, just as he had received all authority from him, can be proved by the numerous questions and replies which are given in the printed works of St. Gregory: *e. g.*, *Epist.* 64, c. 3, p. 1183. That every subsequent Archbishop "held all Roman doctrine" taught primarily by the authority of the Holy See, it would be also just as easy to show as that Dr. Tait was made Archbishop by Lord Beaconsfield. It is by collateral, as well as by "Canterbury" history, that we can work out such facts to demonstration. When Suarez told the Protestant King James that "there was no other than the Roman faith known in England from the time of its first apostles till 1534," he said what no Protestant historian has ever ventured for one moment to dispute. There are fantastic theories about pre-Augustine Christianity, but there are none about post-Augustine Catholicity. As to what *may* have been believed during the Catacomb period, or even to the fifth or sixth century, High Church Anglicans have indulged in speculation; but as to what *was* believed from St. Augustine to Warham, there has been no grave or even plausible disputation. It suffices to say that for at least a thousand years, England, Ireland, and Scotland were "Roman Catholic." And if, during the earlier period—when, as Cardinal Newman has said, the Church was rather struggling for existence, than engaged in enforcing a perfect polity—there was just the difference between martyrdom and "development" which there is between a catacomb and a cathedral, common sense should suffice to dissipate such cavillings as can be drawn from the argument of "reserve." We do not, indeed, allow that there is the smallest fragment of testimony for quasi-Protestant Christianity in the first centuries; but what we are now discussing is the Christianity of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine to the Reformation. And it is on this point that we challenge every Protestant. The links of the demonstration are sufficient. Just as Warham, the last Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "I will do nothing without the consent of the Holy See," so St. Augustine not only wrote, but always acted, as the son and the subject of the Pope. "What should be my relations with Gaul and Britain?" inquired St. Augustine of St. Gregory. And he received for answer: "We have given you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul, because from ancient times the Bishops of Arles have received the pallium from our predecessors, but we commit all the Bishops of Britain to your charge, that the ignorant may be instructed, the weak confirmed by exhortation, the perverse converted by authority." And St. Augustine also begged of St. Gregory to send him relics, to be used in the consecration of altars; which was at once an affirmation of three doctrines: the union of Canterbury with the Holy See, the sacrifice

of the Christian altar, and the veneration and invocation of Saints. As the Venerable Bede relates: Pope Gregory, in replying to St. Augustine, wrote: "*Mos autem sedis apostolicæ est ordinatis episcopis præcepta tradere.*" And it must be mentioned—since much controversy has been occasioned by certain rivalries between England and Wales—that nothing which is handed down gives excuse for the speculation that any divergence in regard to *doctrine* ever existed. It was in the same year in which Pope Gregory wrote the above that the Abbot of Bangor could write to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "Be it known and without doubt unto you that we are all and every one of us obedient and subject to the Church of God and to the Pope of Rome." Though Catholic Welshmen were long isolated from Catholic Englishmen—through certain natural or social or political causes—there was no question about their mutual submission to the supreme and divine authority of the Holy See. And so again in regard to the Church in Ireland. In 592 St. Gregory wrote to the Bishops of Ireland that their safety must consist in their obedience "*ad matrem, quæ vos generavit, ecclesiam.*" (The Irish have seldom needed such a monition.) No matter what the natural jealousies might be, in regard to England and Ireland and Wales, the same loyalty to the Holy See was manifested by all countries—by St. Augustine, St. Patrick, St. David. It was perfectly natural, in primitive times, that the separation between different countries should cause some temporary and superficial isolation; but we never find that between England, Ireland, and Wales there was any controversy as to allegiance to the Holy See. Be it remembered that the Archbishops of Canterbury were further removed, in the year, say, 600, from the chief towns of Ireland and Wales than they are to-day from St. Petersburg or New York. Immense distances would create misunderstandings. But whatever the separation, in point of distance or of tradition, the clergy and the laity obeyed the Pope. This is the staple point of the whole controversy. When all bishops and priests were united to the Holy See, not only by their appointment but by their belief, any doctrinal divergence—as to a point once decided—would be, "in the nature of things," quite impossible.

It was in the year 679 that Pope St. Agatho wrote to the British bishops that in all times and places "the Apostolic authority" alone could mitigate disputes; "*unde ex auctoritate beati Petri apostolorum principis definimus atque statuimus,*" etc. The same Pope commanded that St. Wilfrid should be restored to his See; and the restoration was made "*jussu Papæ.*" So, too, he commanded Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and all his successors, not to interfere with the monastery of Glastonbury; and King Ethelred's decree in regard to its lands was signed by both Theo-

dore and St. Wilfrid ; with the affirmation that any one who should disobey would subject himself to the censure of the Pope. Dr. Tait, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, would probably designate such acts as "arrogant" and "exclusive" on the one hand, and servile or narrow-minded on the other. Yet it is certain that both Theodore and St. Wilfrid, could they have pictured the impossible anomaly of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, would have imagined that the world's end must have come, since divine empire had been turned upside down. Let it be mentioned that in 712—more than seven centuries before the Protestant apostasy—Birchwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, holding the second place to the Legate of the Holy See, decided, in regard to a question of vast importance, "*res defertur ad Pontificem Romanum.*" The language which would be now authorized by Dr. Tait would be "*res defertur ad magnum concilium Reginæ.*" But the believers in a Primitive Protestantism wish to picture a Primitive Anglicanism ; and some Anglicans will have it that, so far back as the sixth century, there was incipient British rebellion against Rome. To such an assertion the readiest evidence which is at hand is that of the records of the British Councils. In the "*Concilia Magnæ Britanniae*" of Wilkins, we have the proofs that in *all* the sacred synods of the early Church of England and Ireland, which were presided over by such acknowledged saints of God as an Augustine, a Patrick, a Paulinus, a Cuthbert, a Wilfrid, an Anselm, every doctrine now called Roman was affirmed, and every doctrine now called Anglican was not known. In 456—which is, perhaps, as "early" as we can reasonably hope to discover the historic traces of our primitive Christianity—it was decreed by a Council which was presided over by St. Patrick, that every cleric who was not tonsured "*more Romano*" should be suspended. "*Ex pede Herculem.*" It may seem a small matter to decree a Roman style of tonsure ; but the decree proves the recognition of Roman precedents. In 592, as we have quoted, came St. Gregory's letter to the bishops of Ireland ; in 601 St. Gregory's letter to St. Augustine ; in 679 Pope St. Agatho's letter to the British bishops ; in 680 the same Pope's letter to Archbishop Theodore. And so on, with but brief intermission, the constant mandates of the Holy See to the British bishops, and the constant confessions of those bishops of their supreme allegiance, form the staple of the recorded "*imperium*" of the early Church. It was in 730 that Pope Gregory II., when confirming the privileges of the See of Canterbury, wrote thus to all the bishops in England : "*Vos itaque fratres hæc apostolicæ auctoritatis mandata cum alacritate et subjectionis reverentia audite et suscipite ;*" adding : "*Sciat se contra, ipsum mundi Salvatorem, et beati Petri auctoritatem, niti, et ideo nisi resipuerit,*

æternæ damnationis sententiam incurrere." And in 745, the great St. Boniface—whose testimony is like whole volumes of historic import—wrote thus to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "We wish to preserve to the last hour of life our subjection to the Roman Church, we desire to submit to blessed Peter and his vicar, and to adhere canonically to all the precepts of St. Peter, that we may be counted among the sheep intrusted to him. . . . This is the duty of all bishops." Dr. Tait does not agree with such an estimate, though the then Archbishop of Canterbury did. But on what (historical) ground does he claim to differ? If it is certain that all the bishops of England, from the time of St. Augustine to the Reformation, held the doctrine of the Roman obedience to be "*de fide*," and if it is certain that they only believed it to be so because they knew it to be apostolic, and therefore "*primitive*," how can it have become possible that a doctrine should be false *now* which was true until the English Church was perfected? The theory of Dr. Tait is that the early Church was pure; that out of that purity grew the most hideous apostasy; that out of that most hideous apostasy grew the pure (Henry the Eighth's) reformation; that out of that reformation grew ten thousand battling sects, varying from Quakerism to Ritualism; that the sole resource now for still further reformation is an appeal to a semi-Christian House of Parliament; and that the sole hope of ever getting back to primitive truth is to sink the Church of England in the sea.

It would be true to say of every Archbishop of Canterbury, who filled the See during the space of a thousand years, that he could no more believe in a Church without the Pope than he could believe in Christianity without Christ. Probably Dr. Tait is of the same opinion, only he does not believe in a Church at all; he believes in political sectarianism. If he believed in a Church, he would address Pope Leo XIII. as Robert Winchelsea addressed Pope Boniface: "To the most holy Father in Christ, Boniface, by Divine Providence supreme pontiff of the Holy Roman and of the Universal Church, your devoted son, Robert, the humble minister of the Church of Canterbury, kissing your blessed feet, and with all possible eagerness to obey the papal commands and precepts." If he believed in a Church, he would require of the English bishops that they should address him with such a confession of faith as was made by the English bishops at the Council of Cloveshoe (A.D. 800): "Be it known to you (that is, to the Archbishop of Canterbury) that the faith which we profess is the same as was taught by the holy and apostolic See when Gregory the Great sent missionaries to our fathers." He would say with the Archbishop, and the suffragans of Canterbury (A.D. 1302), "The statutes promulgated by the authority of the apostolic dignity will be kept inviolate by all wor-

shippers of Christ." He would accept from Pope Leo XIII. the power which Pope Clement V. gave to Walter Raynold, of Canterbury, to "absolve persons canonically excommunicated." He would ask of Queen Victoria that she would do, in his case, what Edward III. did for Simon of Canterbury, and also for John Stratford—his successor—ask the Pope for the confirmation of his election. He would declare, with William Courtney, of Canterbury (A.D. 1383), "the glad submission of his See to the apostolic mandates." He would condemn all heretics, as Thomas Arundel of Canterbury, with his suffragans, condemned the heresies of Wycliff, according to his direction by the Apostolic Letters. He would, with Henry Chichele, of Canterbury, describe the Roman Church, in his pastoral letters, as "Mother and Mistress of all the Faithful of Christ." In the same language as was used by all the glorious archbishops, including such giants of wisdom and sanctity as St. Anselm, St. Edmund, St. Thomas, he would seek first to honor the Vicar of God, from whom all honor, all jurisdiction are derived.

It has been observed that to establish any sort of connection between the modern and the original Church of England would be a piece of engineering at the very least quite as difficult as to construct a bridge from Lambeth Palace to the moon. Nor is the connection more impossible in regard to the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy than in regard to almost every Catholic doctrine. If we take St. Anselm as a typical English archbishop—on account of both his sanctity and his wisdom—we do not find that between him and Dr. Tait there exists the smallest tangible plea for communion. Leave out the belief in the historical fact of the Redemption, and there does not seem to be one pile left to support the "bridge." "Nothing shall induce me," said the fearless Archbishop, when contending against his savage, though lawful Sovereign, "to deny obedience to my lord the Pope." "I maintain my fidelity and subjection to the blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles." "I will do all I can for peace and concord, preserving always due reverence and obedience to my lord Urban, who presides in the Apostolic See—and this is the usage of an Archbishop of Canterbury." It most certainly is not the "usage" of the present Archbishop; but no more is it his usage to believe in any Catholic doctrine in which St. Anselm most firmly believed. Just as St. Anselm begged the Pope to "govern the Church of the English according to the wisdom and authority of your apostolate;" affirming constantly that "the Church has been committed to the government of the Supreme Pontiff. . . . He who takes anything from the Roman Church commits sacrilege against all churches;" so did he affirm, in regard to every Catholic doctrine, the same belief

which is held to-day by Cardinal Manning. For example: "Nothing is equal to Mary; nothing, save God only, is greater than Mary. The Mother of God is our Mother." To St. Peter he would pray: "Faithful pastor of the sheep of God, Prince of the Apostles, Prince of the great Princes, who bindest and loosest what thou wilt . . . look upon the flock committed to thee." So again, in regard to Masses for the dead, he would pray for the souls of the faithful departed, that it (the Mass) "may be to them salvation, health, joy, and refreshment." Nor was his estimate of the marriage of English clergymen at all the same as Dr. Tait's estimate. In 1102, at a Council held in York, he decreed, in perfect harmony with the other bishops, that "no archdeacon, priest, or deacon should take a wife, or retain her if he had one." And, once more, in regard to relics, he received a present from the Bishop of Paris of a relic, which he publicly accepted; just as St. Augustine had received from Pope Gregory the relics which were destined for an English altar.

To construct a bridge, therefore, between Lord Beaconsfield's archbishop and a true Catholic, and therefore true English archbishop, would baffle the inventive powers of a theological Rennie, or the speculative audacity of a Trevethick. Things which are equal to the same thing may quite possibly be equal to one another; but people who are the exact opposites of one another can with difficulty be described as "equally Catholics." Yet such is the day-dreaming of our modern "Anglo-Catholics," that they imagine that they are "in communion with the Holy Catholic Church," because they hold the contraries of her teaching. It is needless to speak here of the new sect of the Ritualists—who would about as soon think of obeying the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of submitting their consciences to his guidance, as of seeking their jurisdiction from a Lord Mayor—since Dr. Tait, like his Protestant predecessors, has no more in common with the new Ritualists than he has with the Quakers or the Plymouth Brethren. He has no objection to be Archbishop of Heresy; but from violently earnest Anglicans on the one hand, or from too advanced freethinkers on the other, his position obliges him to hold aloof. He holds equally aloof from the theology and from the discipline of all primitive or mediæval archbishops. Between a St. Anselm, a St. Thomas, a St. Edmund, and a Dr. Parker, a Dr. Barlow, a Dr. Tait, there is about as much in common as between a Catholic Cathedral and a roadside Ebenezer or Mount Zion. The same degree of comparison, unhappily, holds good in regard to the state's relations to the Church. A King Offa, a King Alcuin, a "King Confessor," and an Elizabeth, a William the Third, a George the Fourth, might be all Christians on the same principle that the wind is the same wind whether it blow from the southwest or northeast. When Alcuin

reminded Athelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, that one of his predecessors had been "*apostolica auctoritate castigatus*," he only urged him to steadfast allegiance to the Holy See; but if Queen Victoria were to allude to such a subject, it would be to felicitate the hyper-Protestant Dr. Tait. Athelard could write to the Supreme Pontiff: "With the unanimous consent of our sacred Synod . . . I have enjoined that all the directions of the Catholic See be observed;" Dr. Tait would paternally warn Leo XIII. to abandon his "superstructure of false doctrine." Pope Celestine III. could receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also from his suffragan bishops the assurance of their "*debitam subjectionem*;" and Hubert of Canterbury, sitting in the Council of York, could tell the Pontiff that "in all things the authority and dignity of the most holy Roman Church was being kept inviolate;" but Dr. Tait would tell such Englishmen that their religion was a mistake; that they should have appealed to the Lord Penzance of their day; that they should have bowed to the Privy Council or to the Court of Arches; or that, in the absence of such institutions, they should have asked the House of Commons—or the "*micel synoth*," or "*wittena gemote*," or whatever the national council might be called—for a vote on the subject of Divine dogma, and for an act on the subject of "independence." Between the past and the present a "bridge," which could connect the two, would have to span the "great gulf" named in the parable.

But, between the archbishops and bishops of the Reformation, with all the prelates who followed in their footsteps, and the present occupiers of sees which do not belong to them, there is a most painful affinity and sympathy. The matrimonial Dr. Parker, who "kept his cradles going;" the lively-penned Sandys, who called the Pope "that triple-crowned beast;" the dogmatic Dr. Pilkington—"successor" of St. Cuthbert!—who called Pope Gregory VII. a "hell-brand," because he insisted on the celibacy of the English clergy; Archbishop Laud, the state chaplain of James I., who said meekly on his trial: "There is nothing against me till it is proved (which yet is not done) that I have positively denied the Pope to be Antichrist;" or Bull, or Andrewes, or Thorndike—probably well-meaning men—who said that the Mass and the invocation of saints could not be clearly distinguished from idolatry; that the Vicar of Christ was an impostor; and that it might be doubted whether the newly-born Protestants ought to communicate with the faithful English Catholics: all such prelates had undoubtedly much in common with the majority of the modern Anglican prelates; though between them and a Lanfranc, a Hubert, or a Stephen Langton, it would be simply impossible to "construct a bridge." Yet why insist on what everybody knows, and on what the Ritualists so profoundly deplore? All England is aware that

- the "Fathers of the Reformation"—their own Fathers, self-begotten, self-commissioned—repudiated with the most passionate abhorrence any sonship from the pre-Reformation Church; branding with such epithets as "idolatry, sacrilege, witchcraft, blasphemy, mystery of iniquity," every specifically Catholic dogma or tradition, and every specifically Catholic practice or ceremonial. And all England is aware that, for their faithfulness to "pure Popery," More and Fisher, Campion, Talbot, and Sherwood, with many hundreds of priestly and lay confessors, were dragged to the scaffold and were murdered. All England is aware that the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the true descendant—not of the Catholic martyrs and confessors, but—of their apostate impugnors and destroyers. All England is aware that just as St. Edward the Confessor sent his "due subjection and obedience to Pope Nicholas, the exalted Father of the Universal Church;" or just as King Canute, the Dane, said, "All the Archbishops of Canterbury go to Rome pro pallio secundum morem;" so Dr. Tait is the representative of the exact contraries, in all things, of what the pre-Reformation kings and bishops typified; and that he is either their, or his own, deep incriminator. And though it is sought, in direst despair, to prove *some* Catholic spirit in a few of the nominal successors of the Canterbury saints, the attempt only results in proving the exact contrary, as every critical student has understood. No Protestant archbishop has ever been a Catholic in any sense save that of his Christian baptism; while even the best of the Anglican prelates, and the most advanced of the Anglican writers—the Hookers, the Jewels, the Taylors, the Kebles—have all shown the cloven foot directly they have made mention of their first Christian duty—obedience. To what Church, then, to what communion does Dr. Tait now belong; with what kind of Catholicity can he clothe himself? The early Church would not have had him—Canute, the Dane, would have mocked him—the canonized and the uncanonized archbishops—of Canterbury or of any other British See—would have looked on him as a schismatic and a heretic; the Catholic martyrs of the Reformation, whom *his* heresies disembowelled, would have prayed for him, but would not have communicated with him; there was no communion in any country in the world which, previously to the Reformation, would not have shunned him; and now the only sect in his National Church which even pretends to believe in Church authority—the little moribund sect of the Ritualists—mocks his authority with even more bitter disdain than it shows towards the purely civil law courts. "Canterbury" is therefore his own Church. Even the *Times* newspaper, with the best intentions in the world, cannot extend to him the patronage of obedience. The rest of the Anglican bishops say,—*"Amiable Canterbury!"* The clergy of his own diocese take his

Charges into little bits, and try to put them together so as to mean something. "Is it not possible," they ask, "to find some doctrine, some intimation of where authority might possibly be, some suspicion of the existence of a See of Canterbury, as distinct from a Beaconsfield bit of patronage?" Hopeless inquiry! Lawn sleeves, Lambeth Palace, fifteen thousand a year, are the politico-social dogmata of the Queen's state chaplain. "O quod ludibrium de ecclesia facis!" But the "ecclesia" is only Queen Elizabeth's institution—her instrument for veiling her illegitimacy.

THE SCHOLARS AND THE BIBLE.

The Holy Bible, According to the Authorized Version. With notes, explanatory and practical, taken principally from the most eminent writers of the United Church of England and Ireland. . . . Prepared and arranged by Rev. George D'Oyly, B.D., and Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., Domestic Chaplains to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. First American edition, with notes, etc., by John Henry Hobart, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York. New York: T. & J. Swords, 1818.

Scribner's Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

The Bible Society and the New Revision. New York and London, January, 1881.

THE position of the Anglican Church is very peculiar. It convokes its most accomplished scholars to revise and perfect the vulgar edition of the Scriptures, practically sanctioned by three centuries of general use, and yet as the prominent speaker at the recent Episcopal Convention in New York declared: "The Episcopal Church never really *authorized* any version of the Scriptures, and in his opinion never would do so."* True, "King James's Bible" had been in everybody's mouth as the standard English Protestant version, yet the English Church had been careful not to formally guarantee its authenticity or its integrity. She knows that this would be to upset one of the radical theological principles of Protestantism, which makes the Bible self-accrediting, or at least its integrity a matter whereon the individual must judge for himself. It would never do either for a Church which has disclaimed inerrancy to teach in a matter of such deli-

* Catholic World, December, 1880.

cacy and importance. Dogmatic teaching without the consciousness and confidence of infallibility is too absurd not to be seen of shrewd Englishmen. On the other hand, of course, it seems inconsistent to set up for the guardian and guide of a large branch of Christendom, to claim to be a real department of Christ's Church, feeding his lambs with doctrine and sacrament, while confessing inability to testify even to the deposit of the written Word. Of the two inconsistencies they have chosen the latter. Verily the old mariner was not far *at sea* when, some one accusing the Pope of entering into political complications, he exclaimed: "Give me the Episcopal Church, which never interferes either with a man's religion or his politics!" Moreover, as I must remark, there is a wide difference between theory and practice in this connection. Although Protestantism holds the Scriptures to be their own witness, yet in reality Protestants receive them because the body of Christians have always held them to be God's word, so that it is on Church authority they act. It is easy to recognize divine wisdom in the sacred pages when you are told by your elders that it is there, but were it not for their testimony, handed down from the beginning, the Koran or the sacred books of India might occupy an equally prominent place in our literature with those which bear Solomon's name.

It may be objected that the Episcopal Church need not interfere in the matter, since the whole body of Christians accept the Bible. But each family in this great body (so to speak of them and it) has its own opinion as to what constitutes the Bible, and the Anglicans feel that they have no right to guarantee as the Bible what may be but a part of it. They know that more than half the Christians of the world reject their King James's version as a mutilated work, to say nothing of its fidelity as a translation, and they dare not assert against such a weight of authority that it is entire. If the Church does not assure us on the subject, we have nothing but criticism, and this is totally at fault as regards the authenticity of what are claimed to be sacred records, their genuinity and integrity. The greatest authorities are on different sides as to what works go to make up the Bible, and unless we give up the task as impossible, and admit that the Scriptures in their entirety have become a matter of mere surmise, we must fall back on the authority of the one Church that claims to teach us infallibly. This as regards the original texts and the question of their having been received by the Church as inspired; as to translations, it requires her divinely aided testimony to assure us that the new form really contains the same spirit which she recognized in the original; otherwise we might have a certain reliance on the work of the scholar, but we could never rest our supernatural faith on his

assertion,—all this for reasons that will be apparent from a glance at the difficulties of biblical criticism.

In the first place, we cannot compare our copy of the Scriptures with the autographs, that is, the original manuscripts of the sacred books. These have disappeared ages ago. A report, indeed, went around the newspapers lately that the London Bible Society had heard of a recently found autograph of one of St. Peter's epistles, and had sent to purchase it. Some years ago, too, a very old MS., dating perhaps from the fourth century, was discovered in a Greek monastery. If this be as ancient as Tischendorf thinks, it still lacks three hundred years of bringing us to the period of the New Testament writers. An obscure tradition tells that the autographs of Moses perished with the Temple at the time of the Babylonian captivity, and that Esdras dictated them anew under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, or, more probably, compiled and authorized a complete and perfect copy from the various ones then in the hands of different possessors. The book of Deuteronomy existed in the reign of Josias, seven centuries before Christ (IV. Kings, 22). The MSS. of the later books lapsed out of existence at remote but unknown periods. Of the New Testament, the autograph copy of St. Matthew was still extant in Origen's time and St. Jerome's, but corrupted by quasi-heretics called Judaizers. Peter of Alexandria says the autograph of St. John's gospel was still at Ephesus in the fourth century.

Let it be supposed that we discover the original documents, could we read them? A little consideration may show. *First*, as regards the Hebrew. The sacred books are not only the oldest specimens of Hebrew literature, but the only ones of that period; hence we can derive no aid from contemporaneous writers in our attempt at translation or paraphrase. Then the ancient Hebrew letters were very rude, and, like the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, bore some likeness to the objects they originally represented; as א *aleph*, an ox, שׁ *shin*, a tooth, etc. Esdras is believed to have replaced the cruder characters by the neater ones of the Chaldeans, of which these just referred to are specimens, after the captivity. There was no space between sentences, nor even between words. There were no vowels, so that the writing carried no sound with it, and was read by tradition only.* Some half a dozen letters resembled, and still resemble, each other so much that it was very easy to take one for another, thus changing the meaning. The great Oxonian Kennicott says the Jews dropped some of their many aspirates after the invention of vowels or vocal-points in the

* Hence דָּבָר D B R could be read as by St. Jerome DABBER, *speech*, by some DAHAR, *speech*, by others DEBER, *death* or *pestilence*.

fifth century after Christ, and replaced those by these. Josephus, Philo, Eusebius, and St. Jerome say that the verse in the Psalms and in Job is most perfect in metre and in rhyme. The distinguished scholars Calmet and Fleury could not see this, so difficult is it to read the Hebrew, the sound and prosody of which was perhaps better preserved in the time of those former authorities. However, Lowth, an English critic, proves that the Psalms are in beautiful measure. There was no punctuation in the ancient MSS. The text was divided into chapters and equal subdivisions of chapters only in 1430 after Christ, when Rabbi Nathan did this, following the plan of Cardinal Hugo in his Latin Bible. Hugo used letters to divide up the chapters, a trace of which manner is still preserved in the Roman Breviary, until finally Vatable, a Frenchman and Hebraist, introduced verses such as we now have them. The language of the Rabbins, sometimes called Hebrew, is entirely different from the ancient, being a barbarous Chaldaic, and in the six Targums or paraphrases of the sacred text, made in the first centuries of Christianity, this is mixed with Persian, Arabic, Greek, and Latin words. The Jewish academy at Tiberias in the fifth century A.C. invented vowel-points to represent the sound of words, and counted every word and letter in the Bible to preserve it, but thereafter learning languished amongst that persecuted race till the eleventh century. The first Hebrew dictionary was compiled in Arabic characters about the year 1030 by Rabbi Juda, and a grammar by Rabbi Jona. Rabbi Kinchi, in the twelfth century, and the authors of the Talmud show at large that the Rabbins learned the meaning of many words from the Arabic and other tongues by precarious and uncertain rules. John Forrets, a German Protestant, says that these Jewish-Hebrew books and commentaries have obscured and falsified the meaning of the text, rather than elucidated it. The oldest Hebrew MSS. of the Bible known are not over seven or eight centuries old. Rabbi Hillel's at Hamburg is 600 years. At Bologna there is a copy, bought of a Jew by the Dominicans in 1308, and said then to be old. The Vatican Hebrew text comes from about the tenth century. The chief printed editions are Kennicott's of England and De Rossi's of Italy, based on Soncini's of Italy, the latter done in 1488. All the MSS. and printed editions differ in some details from each other. The difficulty of reading the Hebrew then, considered in itself, is apparent. If we had not Greek, Latin, and other versions wherewith to compare it, it would perhaps be simply impossible. It is verified almost entirely by collating it with these.

Turning to the Greek text we find that all the sacred books of the New Testament were originally written in this idiom, unless it be claimed that St. Matthew's Gospel and the Epistle to the He-

brews were in the Syro-Chaldaic, the vulgar Hebrew of our Lord's time, the interpretation of which involves many of the difficulties inherent to the ancient tongue. In reading the Greek and the Latin, into which the text very soon passed, as these languages have not yet completely died, and are preserved to us in the excellent profane works of their respective nations, the obstacles to understanding the meaning are more within the power of criticism. Nevertheless it is well known that various and contradictory senses are applied by different grammarians to passages and words in the writings of most of the poets. The fact that new translations are constantly forthcoming of Homer, Virgil, and the rest, each claiming that fidelity which it denies to the others, is proof of this. Moreover, many terms in the sacred books are used to express ideas and dogmas which it is vain to compare with their counterparts in profane literature, and the meaning of which depends on the truth which the teaching Church divinely aided recognizes in them. For example: *Logos* in St. John's Gospel, *æternum*, *baptisma*, *liturgia*, *presbyter*, *episcopus*, etc. Criticism is infinitely discordant in determining the meaning of such terms, as well as in defining what is literal narrative, what is mere parable and poetic hyperbole. Let it be granted, however, for the sake of argument, that the Greek and Latin may be literally translated by competent linguists, and that a generally accurate version, reliable even independently of the Church's confirmation, may be obtained. The great and insuperable difficulty remains, when we come to decide, what is the genuine reading of the original in any particular place, what verses are genuine and what interpolated, what books and parts of books constitute the Bible? Here is where criticism fails and the infallible authority of the Church is clearly required. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Now the most learned men of the Christian era are entirely at variance on all the three questions set forth, as well as on a vast number of others. We, speaking from a critical standpoint and abstracting from the authority of the Church, depend on them for our knowledge. Therefore it is impossible for us to know the truth, as a whole, about the sacred Scriptures, without the teaching of the Church, their infallible accreditor.

Let us examine. As regards the Hebrew text of the protocanonical books, we verify this by comparing it, as to the Pentateuch, with the Samaritan version, which these heretics took with them at the time of their secession. Their MSS. are in the rude, old-fashioned hieroglyphics. It varies somewhat from the Hebrew, and has even changed a little since St. Jerome's day, as we know from his commentary on Genesis v. 25. Remarkably it substitutes Mount Garitzim for Hebal, evidently to give countenance

to the Samaritan heresy. Regarding the integrity of the original Hebrew, critics differ. What we have said of the peculiarities of the MSS. shows how easy it was for various opinions to arise as to the proper reading. It is quite possible, too, that some verses have dropped out of the text through oversight on the part of copyists, confused by repetition of similar expressions, etc., as the initiated can well admit. Thus the verse Exodus ii. 23 is not in the Hebrew now, though it is in St. Jerome's translation; neither is it in Cardinal Hugo's Concordance, because his Latin was doubtless from some other Hebrew Codex than the one St. Jerome used, and that of Jerome has not come down to our time. So of other verses. Psalm 95, verse 10: "The Lord hath reigned by the wood or tree;" the words "by the wood" are wanting in the Hebrew, as St. Justin complains in the second century.* So in Daniel ix. 26: "His people who will deny him shall be no more." This is not in the Hebrew, though St. Jerome says the Jews of his day recognized this text and translated it, "his kingdom which he intended to redeem shall be no more." Nevertheless St. Augustine proves, against the assertion of many apparently supported by facts, that the Jews did not intentionally mutilate the Hebrew, and that its defects are the result of inevitable mistakes and slips of penmen. Besides, the fact that the Vulgate contains here and there a verse not found in the Hebrew does not show this to be defective, for such verses might have been inserted by rash copyists, as often happened, a glossa or comment might have slipped from the margin into the text, etc., and the Decree of Trent, to which we shall refer, does not cover each verse, at least one not of importance in faith or morals. Comparing the Hebrew with the Greek, Syriac, Onkelos's Chaldee, the Vulgate, etc., it is found substantially entire and correct. The Vulgate has "embrace discipline" (Psalm ii.), so has the Greek; but the Hebrew has "kiss the Son" instead, if we know how to translate it. Where the Latin Vulgate has "foderunt manus meas," the Hebrew has "quasi leo manus meæ," כַּאֲרִי being substituted perhaps for כִּרְי (Psalm xxi. 17). On the other hand, where the Latin reads "vidimus eum quasi percussum a Deo," the Hebrew has "percussum Deum," or may be so rendered (Isaiah liii. 4). In his commentary on the second chapter of St. Matthew, St. Jerome cites the expression there contained, "out of Egypt have I called my Son," as proof of the integrity of the Hebrew text in his day, for this phrase is said by the evangelist to be found in a prophet, and is indeed to be read in Osea xi. 1, in the Hebrew, though it is not found in the Alexandrine version.

* The words "by the tree" are also wanting in the Vulgate and the Septuagint as it now exists, but we know that many of the fathers read them, and they are also in the old Roman and Gothic psalteries.

To pass, however, from the Hebrew to the Greek, we find that the principal version of the Old Testament into this tongue, used in the beginning of Christianity, was that of the seventy-two men who went down to Ptolemy in Egypt, about the year 285 B.C., and translated the protocanonical books, or at least the Pentateuch. St. Augustine says that this translation was received with almost as much reverence as if it were even inspired, and he himself defends it when it differs from the Hebrew as setting forth the mystic though yet true meaning, instead of the literal. It was considered exact by Philo the Jew, but it does not now exist. It was commented upon and the comments became confounded with the text; then corrections from other translators began, as when Origen corrected it by Theodotion's version; then these in turn were amended, until the whole was thrown into confusion and none could tell the original from the accruing. Origen, indeed, in order to explain certain discrepancies, says that the Hebrew had been altered. Aquila or Onkelos, an excommunicated Christian, rendered the Hebrew into Greek in 129 A.C.; Theodotion, an apostate, in 175; Symmachus, a Samaritan turned Jew, in 200. These all gave a color of opposition to the Church to their translations. Symmachus, for example, puts *νεανίς*, a *girl*, for *παρθένος*, a *virgin*, in Isaiah vii. 14. On account of the obscurity and error which crept into the Septuagint from the labors of these men, the wonderful Origen compiled his Hexapla or sixfold polyglot version, but St. Jerome says (in a letter to St. Augustine) only to make confusion worse confounded: "*confudit magis.*" St. Lucian, to bring a remedy, corrected the current Greek in 300, as also did Hesychius and Pamphilus the martyr, and different churches used all these translations. As a sample of different readings in the accepted modern editions of the Greek and those of the Latin Vulgate we quote that of I Corinthians xv. 51. Here our Latin version has "we shall all indeed rise again, but we shall not all be changed;" while the Greek reads: "we shall not all sleep, but we all shall be changed." Hence the opinion of some very grave fathers that certain of us shall not see bodily death if we survive until the last day. The received Arabic and Syriac versions agree with the Greek, the Ethiopic with our Latin. We have the text cited in various places of the fathers thus: "we shall all indeed sleep, but shall not all be changed." St. Jerome seems to have read it in each of these several ways, and now inclines to one opinion, now to another. It is impossible now to decide which reading is correct. Yet the text is so closely allied to dogma, that either we must say so much of the Scriptures is lost, or that the teaching authority has the power to recognize and guarantee the true reading.

The Vatican Greek MSS. was published with such amendments

as he thought proper by Cardinal Carafa in 1587 at the command of Sixtus V. It comes down from about 390 A.C. The Alexandrian Greek in the British Museum is thought to come from the year 396 or 496. It was published by Grabe, who corrected his proofs as seemed fit to himself. This Codex comes nearest to Origen's Greek in the Hexapla, is sometimes agreeing with Theodotion and Symmachus, and seems in the main to be the version of Hesychius. Both these famous MSS. are written in an endless series of capital letters an inch in height, without division of words or punctuation. Small letters, hence called italics, came into use in Italy only about the year 900.

The Vulgate is the chief Latin translation of the Scriptures, and, while accredited by the Church as sacred and canonical, is also defective in accidentals, like the original texts as we now possess them. Hence it was ordered by the Council of Trent to be corrected, and this was done, improved upon and done again. Yet many faults remain. Of the numberless Latin versions that called the *Old Italian* was chiefly in vogue before the Vulgate or *Common* one, but passed out of use, or else became embodied in the latter. Bianchini of Rome in 1748 published MSS. of its four gospels, which he discovered in various places. The Roman Missal contains some verses from it or some other more ancient translation than the Vulgate, and it may yet be entirely restored. Some contend that it is identical with what we call the Vulgate. Several translators worked at this, chiefly St. Jerome in the fifth century. Its psalms are not his work, as we know by comparing them with a translation known to be his. When this "greatest doctor" corrected the old version of the New Testament by the Greek, he found the Latin so defective that he wrote to Pope Damasus: "I have left many things untouched, lest my correction should be deemed excessive." Bellarmine thinks that Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Macchabees are not by St. Jerome. All the rest of the Old Testament is admitted to be his out of the Hebrew, with which the Vulgate agrees where the Septuagint differs. Nevertheless the Vulgate contains not a few expressions out of the Septuagint which are not found in the Hebrew, generally in I Kings and Proverbs. Besides, various editions of the Vulgate have different readings. Hence the Council of Trent ordered an edition as perfect as possible. Sixtus V. published one in 1591, but Clement VIII. purged it of at least two thousand faults one year later. These corrections do not concern anything substantial as regards faith or morals. Lucas of Bruges maintained that there were still four thousand misreadings. Isidorus Clarius said eight thousand. Bellarmine, one of the editors, wrote to the former: "We have for many reasons passed over much that seemed to need correction." The preface

of the Clementine edition says the same thing. Doubtless infinite labor was necessary, and each theologian having as good ground as the others for his opinion, agreement was morally impossible. Luther himself was so bothered by the variety of translations that he wrote in his book against Zuinglius: "If the world stands too long, it will be necessary, in order to preserve the unity of the faith, to recur to the decrees of the Councils, on account of the great diversity of translations and interpretations." The Vulgate is praised by Grotius, Rauch, Walton, the famous editor of the Polyglott Bible, and other outsiders.

We have brought forward these details in order to give an idea of the hopelessness of reaching certainty in regard to particular words in the Scripture. But if mere words here and there are of minor importance, phrases and verses cannot be said to be so, although theologians differ as to whether the Decree of Trent (session iv.), commanding us to accept the sacred books "with all their parts," covers each particular verse. There are verses in the Vulgate which are not in the Hebrew nor the Greek, and the Church does not place the Vulgate before these. To give an example or two in this regard, St. Thomas Aquinas rejects the verse, "And there are three which give testimony on earth," 1 John v. 8, as spurious. So, Matthew xxvii. 9, "which was said by Jeremiah the prophet, 'and they took the thirty pieces of silver:'" this is in Zachariah and not in Jeremiah. Of course it is probably a slip of the copyist's pen. But the famous verses of St. John, "There are three who give testimony in heaven," etc., are lacking in the most ancient Greek MSS., for instance, the Vatican and Alexandrine. St. Jerome says of the twelve last verses of St. Mark: "This is found in few manuscripts; nearly all the Greek ones want it." And so on. If we come now to parts of books and entire books, the difficulty increases. Maldonatus the Jesuit says of the history of the woman taken in adultery: "I have consulted many codices of the Greeks and only one contained it." Beza, on the contrary, "saw seventeen ancient codices, only one of which lacked it." St. Jerome tells us that the Greeks omitted reading it, lest it might tempt women to sin, and so it ceased to be inserted in the MSS. He says that some omitted the bloody sweat of our Lord, lest it might weaken faith in his divinity. The Armenians indeed rejected it as an interpolation for this cause. The Marcionites received St. Luke's Gospel, but not the first two chapters. The Ebionites rejected the first two of St. Matthew. Elias Dupin, a French theologian, wished to throw out the last six chapters of Esther, moved by the results of criticism, but the Archbishop of Paris obliged him to submit to the Council of Trent, as covering these in its expression regarding parts of books. These are only ex-

amples of the difficulty of assuring ourselves that certain parts of books are Scripture. But the main obstacle concerns the books themselves, of which many are rejected by some, nearly all by others. The Samaritans receive only the Pentateuch, which probably comprised the entire Canon at the time of their apostasy. The Jews reject all that part of the Bible which follows Malachi, besides parts of Daniel and Esther, all Wisdom, Tobias, Judith, and Ecclesiasticus. The Protestants are almost a unit with the Jews in this, and there is no doubt that they have a perfect right to their opinion, if the Church is not to decide. Hear St. Jerome for one as an authority, than whom no man of his day was more learned in these things. In his preface to the books of Solomon, he says: "As the Church reads Tobias, Judith, and the Macchabees, but receives them not as canonical Scriptures, so these two books (Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom) she reads for the edification of the people, not for strengthening her dogmas." Origen in the third century doubted the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of James and Jude and the second of Peter, yet was disposed to canonize the books known as Hermas or Pastor and Barnabas. Eusebius, the historian, in the fourth calls the Epistles of James, Jude, the second and third of John, the second of Peter, the Apocalypse, the Acts of Paul, Hermas, the Revelation of Peter, the Epistle of Barnabas, the doctrines of the Apostles and the Gospel of the Hebrews, all together "controverted or spurious." The Council of Laodicea in the year 360 does not mention the Apocalypse. Luther took it on himself to reject the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse as apocryphal. We read in the received books the names of many others which no longer exist, as the Book of Nathan the Seer, St. Paul's letter to the Laodiceans, etc. Besides there were many gospels going around, of which thirty-five still remain, and these were believed by many to be Holy Scripture. The modern German critics of the Hegelian and Tübingen school have decided that nearly the whole New Testament is spurious, whilst others among those redoubtable scholars of Fatherland admit its substantial authenticity, but insist that it is very much interpolated and corrupt. Modern criticism reckons no less than eighty thousand variations in the existing MSS., of which about fourteen hundred have been collated. Some think the codices of the East more reliable, others prefer those of the West. The Protestants in 1672 tried to form a combination with the Greek Church, but the patriarch Dositheus condemned them and their errors in a council held at Jerusalem, and in his answer recites the names of all the sacred books on the Canon of Trent.* Nevertheless we repeat that the greatest names

* "All these we hold to be canonical and acknowledge as sacred Scripture, for this has been handed down by ancient custom or rather by the universal Church."

of learning are on different and various sides of this controversy, as we have briefly shown. To speak of the Old Testament only, St. Augustine, against the opinion of some it is true, insists strongly that the Jews would not and could not corrupt their text. It was to them the most sacred thing in the world. They would not dare reject a sacred book. Yet while they reverence them as the work of holy men, they do not receive the deuterocanonical books as divinely inspired. Now how is a critic to convince himself that these are Sacred Scripture? He receives the protocanonical ones because he knows that, as St. Paul says, "the promises of God were given in charge to them," and that "they are the servants who carry the torch and books of the heir (the Church)," to use Augustine's simile; internal evidence will not assure him, as there is none whatever in Paralipomenon (Chronicles) which they receive, and a great deal in those of Solomon which they reject, and such a criterion would make many other works seem divine. There is nothing left but to admit that the Church succeeds the synagogue, and has the same or even a higher right to recognize and guarantee sacred writings. If the task were left to criticism the entire Bible would long since have been criticised out of all shape and form, would remain but a tangled mass of undigested vagueness.

What then are we to think of the Vulgate edition of the Sacred Scriptures? In the first place we are bound to believe that the books contained in it, and as in it contained, are sacred and canonical, and that it is indeed the Holy Scriptures; then, among Latin translations, it is declared authentic, that is, it is a substantially faithful version from the Hebrew and Greek; whence it follows that it being declared to be Holy Writ, the Hebrew and Greek are also such. Vega and Salmeron, theologians of Trent, Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the correctors of the Vulgate, and the ablest Catholic doctors so understand the decree of the Council in its fourth session. Vega says: "Its being declared authentic implies that it is not marred by any error whence pernicious doctrine in faith or morals may receive countenance." Salmeron tells us that "nothing was said of the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures; we can still use them as the real text of the sacred writings." There are those who hold that the books as contained in the Vulgate, being alone declared sacred and canonical, and the Church not having stamped the Hebrew or Greek with like sanction (although it seems to us that the authority conceded to a faithful authentic translation belongs much more to the original), therefore our Latin edition is the only one guaranteed genuine; but the fact that a Latin version is approved does not imply that the originals or other versions are underrated; they simply remain where they were, and in fact, with

the knowledge of Rome, the United Greeks, Armenians, etc., still use their own versions as being also genuine Scripture, and the Church may, when occasion offers, solemnly approve them, as the Holy See has confirmed the indorsement given by the Second Council of Baltimore (§ 16) to the Douay version for English-speaking Catholics. Speaking of translations, some one calls Luther's "rather a re-writing than a mere translation of the Bible; a transfusion of the original spirit into a new language, rather than a mere version of the letter." Every translation is indeed such a transfusion or re-writing more or less, and necessarily, for no language exactly resembles any other. There is great danger of changing the sense and losing the spirit of the original, and of the result those only can judge who are perfectly acquainted with both tongues. For them for whom a translation is necessary, divine infallible authority is necessary, that they may be assured of possessing the word of God and not that of man in the new work. Hence the Church forbids the issuing of such translations without her recognition and approbation. (Council of Trent, Session IV.)

We cannot insist too strongly upon the necessity of invoking the authority of the Church in all matters concerning the Bible. Inspiration is a fact that cannot be demonstrated, but must be testified unto by a divinely aided witness. If every book that contained truth and beauty were to be considered, from internal evidence, as inspired, many works of pure mathematics, poetry, and morals might claim the prerogative. Truth and beauty are God's. But no one pretends such a thing. Even though a prophet or the synagogue have testified to the inspiration of a particular book, for not all a prophet's writings are necessarily of this character, we still require a witness to rescue us from the doubt thrown on the identity of that book by lapse of time and by criticism. It is the need of such a witness in the person of the Church that we are concerned with in this paper, and not properly with inspiration. Before Christ the synagogue recognized the Scriptures as divine, received them from their writers, and publicly sanctioned them. This was done gradually according as the books were written. Even of the protocanonical books, Nehemias and Malachy were thus placed on the list after Esdras's death. They are received then not on the authority of that prophet, but of the Church. If the synagogue continued to flourish, doubtless it would in like manner have recognized Wisdom, Macchabees, and the rest. But it takes time for the Church to act and to finally define her belief. It takes time and great labor to verify the truth, and circumstances of various nature combine to delay a verdict. The invasion and conquest of the nation, the intrusion of usurpers into the Cathedra of Aaron, the failure at last of the high priesthood, all these go to

show why the Jews did not exercise the highest judicial authority competent to them. It is for the same reason that the Greeks do not hold an Œcumenical Council, because they are conscious of the absence of the head of the Church, and why the Episcopalians look forward to the day when all the branches shall be united even under the presidency of the bishop of Rome, before the Church can in their opinion safely and confidently teach. The Immaculate Conception was attacked and defended within the pale of faith for over a thousand years, the Infallibility of the Pope for several centuries. These dogmas were always believed by many in the Church, but yet remained *apocryphal*, that is hidden, and became articles of faith when they were placed on the list in the creed. So with the sacred books. In fact, if they had never been questioned we might still be without a formally proclaimed canon or list of them, for the Church does not define the truth until it is impugned.

Returning to what we were saying of Bible texts, it will doubtless be objected that those numerous verbal inaccuracies do not affect substantial integrity. If this is asserted of texts approved by the Church, we grant it. How do we assure ourselves of it critically? By comparing the versions used by the principal Apostolic churches with each other we find no discrepancy such as to overthrow a dogma of Christianity, at least inasmuch as sustained by Scripture, though if certain books are rejected the biblical authority for particular truths collapses, as is the case with the Epistle of St. James for extreme unction. We say the Apostolic churches, because when there is question of the Reformers' editions we are by no means prepared to admit essential accuracy. Words are the elements of sentences, that is of complete sentences. Now there being a difference in the words, variety in sentences or propositions follows, and indeed all biblical scholars know that of the Old Testament, translations in many places are so various as scarcely, if at all, to resemble each other. Take the verse in the 109th Psalm, which in the Vulgate reads: *Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ, in splendoribus sanctorum; ex utero ante luciferum genui te.* In the Douay version you have: *With thee is the principal city in the day of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day star I begot thee.* In the authorized version named at the head of this article it runs thus: *Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.* While in the Book of Common Prayer this is the version: *In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.* This as a single instance. You say the verse is not important

nor substantial. But without the authority of the Church and her living infallible teaching, how do you know whether it be substantial or not? The Quaker considers the verses commanding baptism of water to be non-substantial; the Unitarian those in which the Trinity is expressed; "the spelling, the paragraphing, the punctuation, the italicizing are all of immeasurable importance. . . . Doctrine resides sometimes in punctuation," says the January *Scribner*. Now none of these things are fixed in the Bible. Hence the translator must often take his choice of several possible meanings, read according to his preconceived notions, or else must consult the analogy of faith in the tradition of the living Church. According to Dr. Philip Schaff, quoted in the same magazine, there are twenty-four thousand discrepancies in the five principal editions of King James's Bible. This in one English version only, not older than the year 1609. Even though it be said that these regard merely accidentals, have we not great reason to fear that substantials have not escaped? The obelisk is entire although bearing the scars and stains of several thousand winters, but a man with twenty-four thousand shot-holes (let them be ever so small) in his body, or a book with as many acknowledged or probable errors, requires outside and unimpeachable testimony to convince us that he or it is withal substantially sound. Thus we heard a skeptic argue and we did not wonder. If the Bible remain indeed its own essential self, how can it be unless that the Church has carefully watched the translators and then corrected their grammar by her oral and written tradition? I believe indeed in the integrity of the Hebrew, abstracting from the authority of the Church, because with St. Augustine I am convinced that the Jews could not and would not lessen it, but I cannot accept a translation of it as God's word unless the living witness, divinely aided, reassures me. I dare not trust those doctors who admit so many "discrepancies," albeit they say in accidentals. So also I cannot rest my faith on the Greek as self-approving. Its fates have been so changeable that I have every reason to believe it does not exist in its original form. It may have been that St. Augustine himself was led by such considerations when he declared: "I would not believe in the Gospels unless compelled by the authority of the Catholic Church." (*Contra epistolam Fundamenti.*)

Thus far we have assumed that the erring children of the Church act up to the logical consequence of their so-called principles; their practice, however, will not be found in accord with these. In spite of their protests they receive the Bible, such as they have it, from the Church and by her authority, and those of them who remain attached to any particular communion interpret it likewise

according to the teaching handed down in that body. The magazine once before quoted speaks thus of the forthcoming Anglo-American edition of King James's Bible: "Curiosity is quite lost in the deeper feeling of hope that at last our feet may tread upon surer ground in the investigation of truth. . . . We must run the risk of being pronounced unnecessarily finical when we assert that nothing short of positive accuracy will content us in an issue of the Scriptures." It is to be feared that such contentment will never be reached. Already it is said that the Baptists refuse to accept any translation of *βαπτίζω* except "immerse." And why should they yield? Have they not as learned grammarians as the others? Or do these later scholars place themselves above the illustrious critics without number that have translated the sacred books in the past? "The chief anxiety," continues the before-cited monthly, "in connection with any kind of unauthorized issuing of a volume like the Word of God is found in the exposure to mistake and the liability to positive perversion." Experience indeed gives good warrant for such a fear. So the writer rejoices in the prospect of this new work, which he calls the event of this century, although to all Christendom outside of the English-speaking races it will be quite a small and indifferent event. The result of these labors will be but to add the opinion of another group of scholars, even these not agreed in all important points, to the numerous individuals and families of critics that have discussed the matter before. There may be a slight gain towards critical certainty, but we think we have shown that security from this source is quite hopeless, the more especially as we can perceive that all the while that magazine writers are appealing to the learning of those men and the authority of the Protestant churches which they seem to represent, each individual reserves to himself apparently to say whether "positive accuracy," with which alone he will be satisfied, has been reached or not. And we will not be surprised at all if the malcontents set about an entirely new and fresh version to supplant the work under way. There is inconsistency in the Reformers' system. While they accept authority they protest against it, and they set it up but to cast it down; and probably one of the issues of this present burst of critical zeal will be the rejection of some of the books they now accept rather than a continuance of that approach to the Catholic canon which they have been making since the days of Luther and his contemporary reformers. Truth, however, is mighty, and always working even while its enemies are unconscious of its influence. The Old Testament they profess to receive as the Jews do, because our Lord and His Apostles did not give a list much less an edition of its volumes, nor even quote from every one of them, but referred their hearers

to the existing ecclesiastical authorities, and mentioned the books as then received under the name of "Moses and the prophets." At the present day, Protestants in general, take the New Testament as the Council of Trent recites it, despite the differences of critics and of particular churches in ancient times. If they consider the Church a proper and divine witness in selecting our present canon out of the multitude of such writings, they should not be surprised at her taking up the books which the Synagogue revered but failed to canonize until her dispossession came to pass, as they would doubtless accept her decree if made before that climax in her career. Surely they are not waiting for the Synagogue yet to speak! All her authority has passed into the Church, and it is no more foreign to the Church's power to confirm the Macchabean books than to accredit the Epistle to the Hebrews. The truth for which we are contending compels even those who profess independence of her authority to write in Catholic strain, and we find Bishop Tomline thus quoted in Johnson's *History of English Translations of the Bible*, in praise of King James's version: "Happy has our English nation been, since God has given us learned translators to express in our mother-tongue the heavenly mysteries of His Holy Word, delivered to His Church in the Hebrew and Greek languages, who, although they may have been deceived and mistaken, as men, in some matters of no importance to salvation, yet have faithfully delivered the whole substance of the heavenly doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures, without any heretical translations or wilful corruptions." Here he ratifies the work of forty-seven of England's ablest scholars, takes it for granted that the Scriptures are the property of the Church, her passport given her by God, and acquits the translators of heresy and error. On whose authority? Certainly not on his poor own. Then he judges the authenticity and entirety of the Sacred Books, and the absence of heresy and corruption in that translation, by the authority of the Church which accepted, ratified, and, in a modified sense, authorized it. Though mistaken in the identity of the competent witness and also in the fact of his sect's possessing the whole Bible, he nevertheless agrees with us in admitting the true Catholic principle.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND—WHAT DOES ENGLAND MEAN?

FOR the past three months the British Parliament has been worrying at the Irish question. At the end of three months the combined wisdom and justice of the British Parliament has succeeded in passing a Coercion Bill, and lodging some twenty or thirty persons in Kilmainham jail.

This must be very encouraging to the Irish people who took Mr. Gladstone at his word and expected the remedial legislation from that Liberal statesman which he promised them. One of his colleagues, Mr. Chamberlain, informed the world not long since that the government went into office pledged to the eyes to do justice to the Irish people. The justice so far has taken the form of coercion, and the remedial legislation is still far off.

The meaning of the Coercion Bill which has been passed is, in effect, almost an absolute suspension of the liberties of the Irish people. The Lord Lieutenant has simply, on his own responsibility, to "proclaim" a district, any or all districts he pleases, and at the word the personal liberty of all persons in that district is at the disposal of any magistrate or policeman. They may be taken from their homes and lodged in jail on the mere strength of being "suspected" persons. Such is the salve for Irish wounds thus far applied by the Liberal government that went into office pledged to the eyes to do its best to heal those wounds. And still the Irish people are not happy, any more than the Russian people were happy when Russian districts were proclaimed and placed under martial law.

Here steps in the moralist to tell us: "Well, the Irish people have themselves to thank for coercion. Mr. Parnell and the Land League, and the 'obstructionists,' have done the work. Mr. Gladstone was willing, more willing than any English statesman before him, to do justice to Ireland. His Cabinet went with him, but the Land Leaguers with their agitation rendered peaceful living in Ireland impossible; and the obstructionists in Parliament made the progress of legislation impossible. The first duty of a government is to see that the law is maintained. The Liberal government did its duty magnificently. It coerced the liberty of action and of speech of the people in Ireland, and gagged the mouths of their representatives in the British House of Commons."

There is the whole argument in defence of the action of the British government. It is a very pretty one. Everything being thus satisfactorily arranged and the ground made clear, the government can now proceed to business if it chooses.

Precisely, if it chooses. It may not choose; and in the meanwhile, where stands Ireland? It seems to us that the state of Ireland is the chief question in this matter; the condition of the Irish people rather than the bickerings and mouthings on all sides in the British Parliament. Amid the din of the doctors the cries of the patient are drowned. While the legislative doctors are fighting over their nostrums and drugs, purgative and otherwise, for the cure of Ireland, she is dying. Mr. Parnell's, Mr. Dillon's, Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Bright's, Lord Beaconsfield's, or any other man's utterances are of comparative insignificance by the side of the "much-suffering" people of Ireland, as the Marquis of Salisbury, with the most meagre truth, described them recently. The much-suffering people are granted coercion. They ask for bread; they are given the triangle and the lash, and still they are not happy!

In the "words, words, words" of Parliamentary strife and platform declamation, several very important facts are lost sight of. To begin with, the form of agitation now in vogue in Ireland—the Land League. That is a perfectly legal organization, proceeding by methods strictly within the law to effect a reform in the Irish land laws as they at present exist. This will sound startling to some persons who are very much shocked at "Boycotting" and other "outrages." But these good people have already forgotten that a number of the Land Leaguers were put on trial before a jury of respectable Dublin citizens, men of place and property, who have the preservation of the law and of public peace as much at heart as Mr. Gladstone or Queen Victoria. Against the "traversers," as they were called, was arrayed the best legal talent that the Crown could muster, even at the cost of unfairness to the accused. The trial was very long and minute in its exhaustive search for evidence. Yet the accused could not be convicted of any offence against the law, and were acquitted in open court.

So much for the strictly legal aspect of the case. But a still more important fact is lost sight of. It is forgotten that the Irish people are after all agitating only for what Mr. Gladstone distinctly promised them, and what last year he actually, so far as he went, did give, and the House of Commons by a large majority agreed to give them. To be sure, Mr. Gladstone's measure was by no means all that was required, but it was another step in the right direction, initiated by him in his Land Act of 1870. The Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, introduced by Mr. Gladstone last year, and passed by the House of Commons, was an extension, a development of the principles of the Land Act of 1870, on the side of the Irish tenants. It was found that the provisions of that act did not protect the tenants from the arbitrary power of the landlord.

In other words, notwithstanding that the Land Act of 1870 was devised to protect the tenant from the arbitrary power of the landlord over himself and his property, it, to a very great degree, left him still at the landlord's mercy. Then came the terrible year of famine, 1879. At the best, the Irish tenant can do little more with all his labor and striving than "raise the rent." And the landlord, speaking of the Irish landlord as a class and an institution, stands always ready to raise the rent over the tenant's head. But with 1878-1879 came a stoppage of all sources of supply save such as came from the charity of the world. We are not told that the Irish landlord as a class or an institution abated his rent one jot during or since that period. He held over and bided his time. With the good harvests of 1880 and the influx of charity came money again and a ghastly show of "good times." In came the landlord to eat up whatever means the tenant had contrived to scrape together, and leave him a beggar as before. If the tenant did not pay he could quit or be evicted, and the landlord seized upon his substance by way of compensation for what, according to the letter of the law, the tenant owed him.

It was to prevent the too frequent recurrence of this pleasant practice and injustice sanctioned by law; it was to prevent the labor of a man's life or years going for nothing into the landlord's pocket at a moment's notice, that Mr. Gladstone introduced his Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The House of Commons saw the wisdom and necessity of the measure. The House of Lords professed to see neither and refused to pass it.

The House of Lords is the heart of the great land-holding interest in Great Britain and Ireland. It professed to see in this measure revolution, and perhaps it was right. Revolution is not a word to be frightened at. It is a thing often much needed in human affairs. When absolutely needed it will come. If public feeling is forced and pressed down too much and too long, it may find expression, explosion, and disaster; and that is the ordinary significance attached to the word revolution. But if allowed to work its way out by natural development, it becomes a new strength and force to society instead of a destroying agent.

Well, the House of Lords threw out this partial remedial measure of Mr. Gladstone, which the Irish people patiently and hopefully awaited. Those of the lords who opposed the measure, or some of them at least, professed to do so, not in a sense of injustice to the Irish people, but because the measure in their opinion would effect no good. Mr. Gladstone had already warned the House of Commons that unless they passed the bill he would not answer for the temper of the Irish people or the condition of the country; that, in fact, they would soon be likely to find themselves face to face

with something very much resembling an armed revolution. The warning was honest and earnest, but it had no effect on the lords. They threw the bill out contemptuously. The Irish landlords felt that they had the lords fast in their interest, and began evicting briskly. Parliament was prorogued; Mr. Gladstone fell seriously ill and was unfit for business. So the patient, deserted even by his physician, was left a prey to the old disease.

That was the condition of Ireland at the prorogation of Parliament last year. The people had been patient and expectant. They found their hopes laughed at. They had to wait on Providence, on the reopening of Parliament next year, and on the possible recovery of Mr. Gladstone, for the small measure of relief that the chosen representatives of the people of Great Britain and Ireland had already voted they should have at once, but which the hereditary legislators voted they should never have. What were they to do? They did what men should do. As the lesser portion of the legislature refused to grant them the help the greater had granted, they proceeded to help themselves, to use all the machinery of the law to bring about an improvement in what the action of the British Premier and British House of Commons acknowledged to be their intolerable condition of life.

So the Land League came into being, and the cry, "pay no rents that are unjust, but stick to the land, to your farms and holdings," began to be raised. It was the cry of no one man, but of a "much-suffering" people. It was the last issue of a question concerning the existence of the largest portion of the Irish people. The issue was forced on them by the action of the House of Lords and the exactions of the Irish landlords. The lords refused compensation for disturbance, and as a natural consequence they got disturbance without compensation. Mr. Gladstone's warning proved to be right. The Irish people soon showed itself to be in a desperate mood.

And here let it be said that the claim of the Land League leaders, that their leadership and direction of the agitation into a peaceful channel was the means of preventing bloodshed and armed strife, seems from all the signs and tokens to be in every way well grounded. Over and over again have they prevented rash strife with the police and the military. They have prevented the agitation from burrowing under ground and undermining society. Everything has been done and carried on in the light of day, in the presence of the police and the press. Catholic and Protestant clergymen have in turn and in common presided or assisted at the Land League meetings in significant numbers. There is not a trace of conspiracy or of underhand dealings in the entire

proceedings of the Land League agitation from the first moment of its formation to the present.

Instead of foolishly endeavoring to quell such a movement the English government should thank it for its services. The temper of the times is a quick and hasty one. Does any government in Europe in these days feel itself wholly secure? Does Russia, does Germany, does Austria, Italy, France? Does England itself, with its own land and labor problems to be solved, its territorial wars forever on hand, its Bradlaughs and Laboucheres openly advocating the abolishment of the House of Lords; and a by no means insignificant republican element in the heart of its own parliament? A crisis has been reached in the Irish land question. It was brought on immediately by the English government, though it has been long approaching. As already stated the temper of the Irish people became desperate in the face of hopeless redress of known grievances. Mr. Gladstone himself announced the fact beforehand. That fact fully in view, of a desperate people righteously exasperated by suffering, acknowledged wrong, and deceived hopes of relief, let us look honestly at a very important feature of the case.

In bringing in his Coercion Bill Mr. Forster, his colleagues in the government agreeing with him, acknowledged that he brought it in with the greatest reluctance. That is, it went against his nature to deprive the Irish people of their natural rights and liberties, as the Coercion Bill does deprive them. He justified so harsh a measure on the sole ground that the recognized law had failed to hold its own in Ireland. The power of the Crown had been superseded by the power of the Land League. The Land League ruled over the masses of the people where the Crown failed to rule.

That is a notable confession on the part of an English statesman, the Chief Secretary for Irish affairs. It in fact brings us back to the old days when in Ireland, outside the English pale, the Irish people were ruled by their own laws and chieftains. Mr. Forster does not stay to inquire who is at fault, the Crown or the people. He simply says that in such a conflict of authority the power of the Crown must be upheld at all hazards: even by the drafting of an army of thirty thousand men into the country, by an increase of the army of police, and by taking away the civil liberties of the people. That is the meaning of coercion and of the means adopted for enforcing it.

But what we would call attention to is the fact, stated by Mr. Forster, that the actual ruling power in the land had passed into the hands of the leaders of the Land League. Nothing is being defended here now. We are simply regarding facts and their actual possible consequences. Mr. Forster spoke truly. The Land League in Ireland had caught the allegiance of the masses of the

Irish people. They obeyed the behests of its leaders to the letter. What the League leaders told the people to do, that they did. When they told them to ostracize a landlord, the people obeyed. That is what is meant by "Boycotting." When they told them not to pay certain rents that they considered extortionate and impossible to be paid under existing circumstances, the people obeyed. When they told them to avoid all conflict with the police and military, the people obeyed, though in many cases they were only too ready to enter on such conflict. In fact, the Land League ruled.

Mr. Forster pointed to the result of this rule in the "outrages" that had been committed since the League was set in motion and became an engine of authority. At the same time the government allowed the League to have its way through all the fall of last year and right up to the opening of Parliament in January of the present year. It never interfered with the workings of the League. The government's reticence, at least during so long a period, and when constant demands for action were made on it by the English press, was so far a tacit acknowledgment that the League was working within the law. If silence gives consent, never was consent more fully given than by the British government through a period extending over many months to the workings of the Land League in Ireland. Long inaction on the part of a government must in such a case be regarded as encouragement, or at least recognition that those engaged in the agitation are not stepping beyond the bounds of law. And the trial of the traversers showed effectively that the government was right in this reserve. The Leaguers kept within the law.

After so long a period of inaction it was certainly startling to find the Chief Secretary for Ireland come into the House of Commons one day with a bill intended to put a stop to the very agitation that the government had so far recognized. It was the more startling from the fact that the speech from the throne, at the opening of Parliament, did in so many words promise to grant to the Irish people just what the agitation had all this time been striving to attain. The speech from the throne promised in effect remedial legislation in the land laws. It went beyond this. It promised local self-government in the Irish counties, and such an adjustment of the whole system of Irish legislation as should give to the Irish people an honest interest in and hold upon their own land. This was, in scope, a wise and patriotic measure, and was, in words at least, the words of the head of the English state, a virtual concession in advance of the chief Irish demands. The Crown said, in fact, to the Irish people: "You are right. We have been wrong. We will right the wrong. What you ask is just and reasonable, and shall be granted."

After this steps in Mr. Forster, one of the chief members of the government,—who went into office pledged to the eyes to do justice to the Irish people,—with his Coercion Bill, to punish the people for asking, in the manner that the government had quietly allowed them to ask during the half-year preceding, just those things which the Crown promised to concede ! It is a pleasing picture, and one peculiarly characteristic of English statesmanship. Over this statesmanlike measure rose the memorable parliamentary battle that the world has witnessed with sad yet half-amused wonder. Mr. Parnell, the parliamentary chief of the Land League, gathered his little band of thirty members or so about him, and with adroit persistency and courageous ingenuity and calm resolve, did obstruct the entire business of the Parliament of Great Britain rather than consent to allow the liberties of his people to be thus signed away by act of Parliament. Honor to him and to his brave little band ! will be the sentiment of all men who feel what liberty is and know its cost and priceless worth. The Coercion Bill was equivalent to putting the Irish people in jail. The men who fought such a measure, inch by inch, in the face of overwhelming odds and the tumultuous clamor of the English nation, not all of it happily, deserve well, not only of their own country, but of manhood wherever manhood exists.

They actually beat the government and the Conservative opposition allied against them. To silence them it was found necessary to frame new and dangerous parliamentary rules, which the Conservative opposition already regret and are prepared to reject. The new rules are in effect a quashing of free debate. To silence the Irish "obstructionists" it was necessary to frame a measure to gag parliamentary minorities ; and by this means Mr. Forster, after three months' labor, succeeded in passing his Coercion Bill.

And now to return to the reason he gave for having it passed : that the Land League had superseded the law in Ireland. He got his agents to draw up a list of "outrages" traceable to the Land League. He made a merciful provision that the Irish constabulary should load their guns with buckshot instead of bullets when firing on "the mob." Let us not be mistaken here. No man is more worthy of respect than Mr. Forster, save in his Irish statesmanship. He is a most intelligent, fair-minded, humane, and tender-hearted gentleman, a Quaker in religion, and a truly liberal man in politics. No man probably wishes to do better to Ireland than he, but he has gone astray and lost his head, and every new step he takes only sinks him deeper in his own Irish bog. The buckshot is an instance of his mistaken good-feeling. Any one knows that a charge of buckshot into a crowd would be much more dangerous and destructive than the apparently more deadly discharge

of bullets. In his despair he had his list of "outrages" prepared. A formidable list it looked when first brought into the House of Commons, but on examination the outrages dwindled down most remarkably in numbers and in character. Mr. Forster himself had to acknowledge that very many of them were not traceable to the Land League, that the majority of them were trivial offences,—writing threatening letters and such like,—and that in many instances the same offence was reported in four or five different ways, thus making in the report four or five different "outrages."

Some of the outrages were serious offences against law and order. There can be no question as to that. Some murders of landlords or land agents have been committed, about half a dozen in all, within a year in Ireland, and other murders attempted. Crimes of this kind are of course deplorable in every sense, and no defence is attempted to be set up for them here. One remark may be made, however. So far as the taking of life by violence goes, we in this country who are so shocked at reading of the shooting of an Irish landlord or agent, once in six months say, very placidly take our regulation morning murders with our coffee. Often half a dozen at a time are reported in the daily newspapers, and it takes a very extraordinary murder, indeed, to call for more than a passing comment from us. This by way of comparison; not at all is it to be understood as defence or excuse.

Still, not one of these murders was traceable to the Land League. One and all were openly disavowed and condemned by the Land League. All crimes of violence have been from first to last denounced by the League as an organized body, and not in words only, but in act and fact. The loud words of individual members of the League here and there have so far broken no bones. But now comes the most important point of all which it is right for men to look at.

The Irish people, with their disappointed hopes and accumulating hardships, were in a desperate mood. As Mr. Forster said, the recognized law in Ireland yielded to the power of the Land League. This League within an incredibly short time had at its beck, at its word of command, large masses of infuriated people goaded to desperation, with hunger or starvation on one side and a prison on the other. Thousands on thousands of men, with wives, children, helpless fathers and mothers depending on them for support, and seeing the means of support snatched from their hands by laws that the very lawgivers themselves acknowledged to be unjust; this maddened army was in the hands and ready to obey the word of their leaders. Suppose those leaders, imitating the leaders of revolt in Italy, for instance, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, and others, whom English statesmen and Englishmen and English-

women received with popular ovations and huzzas; whom English royalty itself received with scrupulous honor; suppose the Irish leaders had imitated those other leaders of revolt whom all England accepted as heroes, and urged the men at their command to deeds of violence, what then? If this method of dealing with tyranny and oppression is good in Italy, why not in Ireland? There is certainly equal provocation in Ireland. There will not be wanting apologists, not so much of the act as of the inevitableness of it, in the English press for the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. Tyranny begets violence; that is English logic when dealing with other powers than England. Multitudes of Irish tenants are in quite as bad a way to-day as were ever the Russian serfs. Suppose they took a hint from the times and the methods that Englishmen approve elsewhere, and actually did begin to blow up, burn and destroy, would such action be unexampled in human history?

And what kept them from doing this? What saving power restrained these thousands of desperate men? First of all, their religion, which English power and English statesmen for centuries down to fifty years ago did all they could to tear out of their hearts. Secondly, the ministers of that religion, who for centuries were the objects of persecution to the English government, and to this day are the objects of suspicion, insult, and ridicule to the English people and press. Thirdly, their present political leaders, notably Mr. Parnell and his band.

This article is not intended as a defence of Mr. Parnell, if Mr. Parnell needs defence. Mr. Parnell is a young man who has raised himself to a position of vast responsibility. Young men in such positions of trust, where the responsibility is the guiding of an exasperated people through a crisis of great danger, unless they be very extraordinarily gifted by nature or grace, are more likely than not to make disastrous mistakes. So far Mr. Parnell has kept a restraining hand on the angry multitudes who follow his lead and look to him for the word of command. The English government by its action and the taunts and jeers of men like Sir William Harcourt, who imagine themselves statesmen because they can frame an epigram, seem resolved on driving this young leader the wrong way, even into the conspiracy from which he has thus far held himself and his followers free. Nine months of waiting and three months of parliamentary wrangling have given Ireland a Coercion Bill instead of even the faintest show of the reforms promised first by the British Premier, and promised still more fully and distinctly in the speech from the throne last January. These are dangerous days to tarry too long with promised reforms, still more dangerous to reform honest people by way of the lash, as

though they were criminals. Since the Coercion Bill has passed the attitude of the Irish people is remarkable. They are quiet, but not calm; sullen, but not cowed or subdued. There is an angry discontent under it all that is extremely dangerous, and which invites those spirits of social disorder that are more active and numerous in our own days than they ever before were in this world. This is the work, not of the Land League, but of British statesmanship, of the buckshot and coercive policy, of the military force and the armed police; of terrorism and sustained wrong instead of justice and right. The Irish people have thus far kept themselves within bounds. They will not keep so forever. Where the ordinary methods of redress fail, extraordinary methods are resorted to, as the world knows; and even Irishmen are liable to follow desperate examples when pushed beyond all human endurance. There is still some hope of a return to peace and goodwill if Mr. Gladstone introduces at once his long-promised new Land Bill, and frames it in a just and generous spirit. Had he only begun with this, instead of yielding to the senseless clamor in favor of coercion, the Irish people would be already pacified, and the threatening aspect of the present situation of the country would have been wholly avoided. Irishmen may be excused for thinking themselves quite as worthy of consideration as the African Boers. They want to live freely and at peace in their own land. As matters stand they cannot live at all.

NOTE.—Since the above article was printed the announcement comes that Mr. Gladstone has at last (April 7th) introduced his too-long-promised Land Bill. A summary of its contents is sent by cable, and judging by that summary it is difficult to see, at the moment at least, what prevented Mr. Gladstone introducing the Land Bill simultaneously with the Coercion Bill. Such an action on his part would have put an end to the Land League agitation, or at least taken its bitterness out of it. As it is, the Irish members have already expressed their approval of the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's speech, and of the leading features of the bill. Already, also, the Duke of Argyle has shown his bitter opposition to it by leaving the Cabinet. This action of his, and the opposition of other members of the Cabinet, may explain, to some extent, Mr. Gladstone's delay in bringing in his bill. The Premier confesses that the chief reason for his bringing in the bill is because the Irish land laws contain peculiar provisions which prevent the prosperity of the Irish tenant. That statement in itself tells the whole story, and justifies any legal agitation against such laws. This will be sufficient for the common-sense of all men, save men of the temper and personal interests of the Duke of Argyle. Laws that prevent the prosperity of a people ought to be abolished, and it is the duty of statesmen to wipe out such laws. It is rather a late discovery for an English statesman to make with regard to Ireland. Much grave trouble would have been avoided had the discovery been made earlier, and the remedy applied. Even now it is uncertain, notwithstanding the willingness of the Irish members to co-operate with the government, whether the bill will pass. If it does not pass, if it is thrown out by the House of Lords as the other remedial measure was thrown out last year, one shudders to contemplate the result.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

“**W**ORDS, idle words!” cries the poet; and yet, what more powerful instruments for weal or woe, for good or evil, do we possess than these same words at which he thus rudely scoffs? Comparing their respective power as wielded by the speaker and the writer, the advantages would seem at first sight to be considerably on the side of the latter, for the words of the writer endure in tangible form, whereas those of the speaker, let their eloquence be as the kindling flame, are like the sighing of the wind, which, when it has delivered its message, dies away into the land of silence. But the land of silence is also the land of souls, where the voices of the unseen make themselves audible, and words translate themselves into actions. It is a great mystery, and one but inadequately considered, this vocation of the tongue; and when the day comes for revealing to the world the hidden forces that have influenced its destinies, it may be that we shall be surprised to learn how much more, comparatively speaking, has been accomplished for mankind by the words that have left no written record, than by those which have lived on in the pomp of printed books.

This vocation of speaking in the silence has fallen more especially to the share of woman, whose ministry, omnipresent and omnipotent, should be, as Frederick Ozanam says, “like that of the angels, always felt, but seldom seen.” It was thus that she exercised it when the Church was young and woman kept faithful watch over her cradle, when saints and martyrs were tended by devout widows and virgins, and those elect ladies whom the apostles delighted to honor. Later, we see the same influence working prodigies on the throne and in the cloister, foundling schools and hospitals, and monasteries, those grand medieval institutions which have come down to us as the most precious inheritance of the Church, and our own consolation and trial in evil days.

In the eighteenth century we see woman standing up against the tide of infidelity, clinging to the faith as to a treasure rescued from the wreck, and holding it in safe-keeping until the storm was laid. And in this nineteenth century of ours, with its unquiet skepticism and passionate doubts and yearnings, she is still at her post, still “teaching men by blessing them.”

Amongst the women of these later times who have accomplished this mission in the silence of home-life, Sophie Saymonoff, better known to the world as Madame Swetchine, holds a place entirely her own, exceptional and uncontested. Born at the close of 1782, she was, as it were, the outcome of two epochs, as she was destined

to be the representative of two nationalities. Catharine II. was reigning in Russia, and under her vigorous sway the torpid empire of the Czars seemed on the eve of awaking from the sleep of barbarism to pursue those peaceful conquests which it had begun under Peter the Great. France was already heaving with the throes of that revolution of which Europe still feels the shock, and whose progress Russia was watching with an interest only the more intense because it was checked in its utterance by those deep-laid fibres of inherited fear which made sympathy with the wrongs of nations high treason for a loyal Muscovite. Potunkin was at the height of his power, but Catharine was calling round her the most cultivated and trustworthy men of the empire to aid her in forming the genesis of a new era, and amongst these her choice fell upon M. Saymonoff, a quiet scholarly man, who lived amongst his books at Moscow. He was named to the perilous and honorable post of private secretary to the Empress, and removed at once to St. Petersburg, where he took up his abode in the Palace of the Hermitage with his two little daughters. Sophie, the eldest, the heroine of our sketch, was seven years old at the time. She was a child of such keen sensibility and precocious intelligence that, although carefully sequestered from the brilliant life into the midst of which she was transplanted, the sudden change from calm old Moscow to the exciting atmosphere of a palace, must have had its influence in developing and coloring her mind. The strength of her character even at this early age is revealed to us by two traits mentioned by her biographer, M. de Falloux. When about eight years old she was seized with a great longing to possess a watch, a very ambitious desire for a child in those days, and her father promised that on her eighth birthday she should have one. The days were counted with feverish impatience, and when at last the great day came Sophie's delight in her gift was rapturous; but suddenly the thought occurred to her, that it would be a fine thing to give it up. She went straight to her father and said: "I have been thinking that there is something even better than having a watch, it is to make the sacrifice of it;" and she put the longed-for gift into M. Saymonoff's hand. He looked at her for a moment, then, without saying a word, locked up the watch in his desk, and Sophie went back to her dolls.

Her father, who was an amateur of bronzes, statues, etc., had a collection of mummies in a cabinet near his library. Sophie was in mortal fear of these mummies, and used to run past the door without daring to look in at them. She became suddenly ashamed of her weakness, and determined to conquer it; so one day she walked straight up to one of the dreaded creatures, seized it in her arms, and hugged it with such violence that she and the mummy

fell to the ground. The noise brought her father into the cabinet, where he found the child half fainting from terror and exhaustion. But she had conquered her fears, and never again had the slightest return of them.

Events, meantime, had progressed rapidly in France ; the breath of the revolution, which was blowing from the central furnace to surrounding nations, had travelled to Russia, and penetrated even the sacred precincts of the palace, where the sympathy of courtiers was no longer paralyzed by dread of the sovereign's frown. It had become the fashion, in fact, to applaud the triumph of those grand principles in whose name the long-suffering nation had risen against the ancient *régime* ; and now the rights of man were discussed freely at the Hermitage, where it was *lieu porté* to weep over the wrongs of an oppressed people in presence of the fiercest autocrat of the world. This indirect education produced its effect on little Sophie's mind, and her father was startled on coming home one day to find the schoolroom ablaze with wax lights, the illumination having been extemporized by his daughter in honor of the taking of the Bastile and the release of the French captives.

At the age of fourteen Sophie was fluent in Russian, English, French, German, and Italian ; she was fairly advanced in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and had acquired a rare proficiency in music and painting ; the only item omitted in the list of her accomplishments was religion. The idea of a higher life had as yet found no place in her education ; her only notion of God and her relative duties as a creature being gathered from the pageants and empty forms of the Greek ceremonial.

She was sixteen when Catharine II. died, struck down in the midst of those schemes of pleasure and ambition which she pursued with the same restless ardor to the last. Paul I. succeeded to the throne, and Sophie Saymonoff was named maid of honor to the Empress Maria. No greater contrast could have been found to the violent and imperious Catharine than this gentle young princess, who reigned over all hearts by her loveliness and sweetness, subduing even the brutal temper of her husband, whose rage fell in her presence when the stoutest of his bayards fled or trembled. The young wife's angelic patience and abnegation amidst the trials which this half-mad egotist inflicted upon her was Sophie Saymonoff's first lesson in the school of suffering, and her first initiation into the secret of the vanity of that figure which the world calls happiness.

Her own path stretched out before her, flowery and smooth. Nature had dowered her with every womanly gift but the sovereign gift of beauty. She was not merely plain ; she was ugly. The charm

of her mind and the winning grace of her manner made you forget this, however, and she fascinated all who came in contact with her. Noble, and wealthy, and youthful suitors competed for her hand, but her father's choice fell upon General Swetchine. He was forty-two years of age when Sophie, at seventeen, became his wife. One trait will suffice to give the measure of the man to whom her destiny was intrusted.

When an officer of the Emperor's Guard, General Swetchine was charged with the execution of a cruel and iniquitous sentence. Paul I., in one of those fits of passion which, while they lasted, resembled a diabolical possession, condemned a colonel of his guard to the knout. When General Swetchine arrived at the Place d'Armes the condemned man stood bound, and naked to the waist, awaiting his presence to give the word of command. The young officer went up to him, and handing him back his sword, of which he had been ignominiously stripped, "The Emperor restores this to you," he said, "and sends you his pardon; but you must leave St. Petersburg within an hour." He then walked back to the Emperor: "Sire," he said, "I bring you my head. I have disobeyed your orders; Colonel — is free. I have given him back life and liberty. Strike me in his place." Paul seized him by the arm with both hands, but after a moment of fierce struggle, his better nature conquered. "You have done well," he cried, "but see that this does not get wind in St. Petersburg."

General Swetchine was not only brave and noble, as this incident proves; he was distinguished and courteous, a man of cultivated taste, and capable of appreciating the gifted young wife who was committed to his care. M. Saymonoff died soon after the marriage, and this grief, the first that Sophie had yet known, was the door through which God entered into her life, although He was not yet to take entire possession of it.

She now took a leading position at the Russian court, which for a moment claimed to be the most brilliant in Europe. Many members of the old *noblesse*, driven out of France by the revolution, had sought shelter in Russia, where they met with cordial hospitality. The most exclusive houses opened their doors to them and the *habitués* of Versailles found themselves nowhere more at home than in Madame Swetchine's *salon*. This period of calm social enjoyment was, however, abruptly brought to an end. The violence and cruelty of Paul roused a spirit of hatred in the minds of his courtiers, which culminated at last in a plot to murder him. The secret was communicated by the chief conspirator to General Swetchine, who answered the confidence in a manner worthy of him. The next day he was named senator, and the day after that deposed and dismissed the court in disgrace. Very

shortly after this Paul disappeared mysteriously, and Alexander replaced him on the throne. His advent brought the rights of man again into fashion; a new era set in, and with it arose a healthy current that blew through the stagnant air of Muscovy, threatening for a moment the old, corrupt system with death, suppressing great armaments, inaugurating a right of commerce, and opening the hitherto closed doors of office and honors to industry and talent. General Swetchine was not, however, recalled to any position in the palace, and his wife's only link with the court now was her affection for the Ex-Empress Marie, who sought Madame Swetchine's co-operation in carrying out her numerous acts of benevolence.

Reading had always been Sophie's great delight, and now, at the age of nineteen, she found herself at leisure to devote a great portion of her time to it. The nomenclature of the books she read during this second year of her marriage alone includes a long list of Greek and Latin classics, as well as all the good English, French, and German authors of the eighteenth century. And we must remember, that with her reading meant study; every book left her hands carefully annotated, and whole volumes of closely written extracts and commentaries showed how conscientiously she had appropriated the contents. This steady intellectual culture was preparing the soil for that spiritual seed of which, so far, the soul of the young student had been entirely bereft. The sower who was to scatter the seed was now close at hand.

God sends certain souls into this world with such strong traits of family likeness, that when they meet they at once recognize one another as kindred. Madame Swetchine met one of these kindred souls in the Comte de Maistre, Ambassador to St. Petersburg from the King of Sardinia. M. de Maistre was a man of genius, an accomplished diplomatist, but above all a Christian of the antique Roman type. Madame Swetchine's imagination was attracted at once by the degree and power of his mind, while her soul was unconsciously drawn into sympathy with the religion which his austere and noble life faithfully embodied. It seems strange, indeed, that, young as she was, she should so long have withstood the influence of this master mind, and remained satisfied with the phantom of religion that she constructed for herself. Her first active step in the direction of truth was the changing her actual benevolence into reverent and practical love of the poor; her next, a drawing closer to God by prayer. Her mind was, however, as yet too firmly locked by prejudice for her to dream of breaking loose from the bonds of schism.

As time went on, each day accumulating the interests of her life, full of varied and noble pursuits, but also infringed upon by

social claims that she gladly would have set aside, it became more and more difficult for Madame Swetchine to pursue her philosophical studies as closely and fully as she desired, so she induced General Swetchine to hire a country-place, called the Campagne Bar-iatinsky, where she proposed spending a year in complete solitude. There was a well-stocked library in the castle, and it was partly the plan of her campaign to digest the whole of this library before she returned to St. Petersburg. She confided her programme to M. de Maistre, who disapproved of it, and told her so.

"You will never arrive by the road you have chosen, madame," he wrote, in answer to her letter, July 31st, 1815. "You will kill yourself with fatigue; you will groan without unction; you will become a prey to I know not what arid vehemence, which will eat into the fibres of your heart without ridding you either of your conscience or your pride. You are reading Fleury now, a man condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff, to know what you ought to think of the Sovereign Pontiff, my good Madame; but when you have done with Fleury, I advise you to read Marétti, who has refuted him; you can then read Felronius against the Holy See; and then, as an impartial judge, who hears both sides of the case, read the anti-Felronius, Abbé Zacharia; these are only eight octavo volumes, a mere trifle. After that, Madame, you will study Greek, so as to know precisely the meaning of that famous *Hegemonia* which St. Irene attributes to the Church of Rome in the third century, so that you may understand whether the word means *supremacy* or *principality*, *authority* or *jurisdiction* of the Church of Rome. Cardinal Orsini having undertaken to refute Fleury, found so many errors in him that he decided that a good ecclesiastical history would be the best refutation of a bad one, and therefore he set to work to write it. He died at the twenty-first volume in quarto, which does not finish the sixth century. Believe me, Madame, read these twenty-one volumes, or else you will never have your mind at rest," etc.

This letter, written in a spirit of ironical defiance, was interpreted by Madame Swetchine in literal earnest, and she at once set herself to following out the plan of study to which M. de Maistre here dares her. The dark winter days and long winter nights found her at work on Fleury's twenty-four volumes to begin with, and 450 pages of closely written notes testify to the conscientiousness with which she performed her task, the others following in due course. At the end of six months the triumph of faith was so far secured that a breach was made in the wall of unbelief; the divinity of our Lord became a self-evident truth to Madame Swetchine, and she began to practice the Greek religion with great fervor. This dawn of faith could not, however, satisfy her soul, now drawn by irre-

sistible yearnings to the full light of eternal truth. She gave herself up for hours each day to prayer and meditation, thus preparing herself for the grace that was at hand. We are left in ignorance of the precise moment and form in which it came to her. Her extreme dislike to speak of herself, or to reveal the secrets of her spiritual life, deterred her, no doubt, from keeping any notes of the travail of her mind at this time, and the only mention made of it is a few lines in volume 10 of her annotations of books made at the Campagne Bariatinsky :

"August 31st, 1815. Blessed day! when the mists of my mind were somewhat dispelled by the *fiat lux* which a heavenly voice sounded in the depths of my conscience. The unclouded light has not yet penetrated fully into the darkness, but the beam that heralds it shows me at least the road that I am to follow. My God! Thou dost grant me as many graces as I have opposed obstacles to them in my soul. My God, may Thy will be done! Inspire me, it is Thy truth that I am seeking, that I seem to have found, that I adore. Rather than go astray, let me die! This in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ, that I implore this grace; it is through His Cross and Death that I hope to obtain it. Tuesday, a quarter to twelve."

The only allusion as to how the battle went after this is a note scribbled in pencil on a stray bit of paper, not even inserted in a journal: .

"My last Greek communion in the chapel of St. Petersburg, June 29th, 1815, was made with the sole intention of obtaining the solution of those doubts that remained to me. God, in His goodness, did not fail in the choice of the means, and on the 27th October of the same year I made my abjuration."

Her conversion was kept a secret for some time, out of consideration for General Swetchine. The convert made her first confession in her own drawing-room, with wide-open doors, and in terror every moment of being detected. This mystery, so repugnant for every reason to Madame Swetchine, might have been indefinitely prolonged had not an act of crying injustice on the part of the Emperor suddenly impelled her to sacrifice all considerations of prudence to an impulse of generosity. The Jesuits, driven out of France in the eighteenth century, had been received in Russia almost triumphantly by Catharine II., who placed them at the head of several colleges; Paul continued the same favor towards them; Alexander II. had opened to their zeal the heroic mission of Siberia, and sought the counsel of some of the most distinguished members of the society, when suddenly his weak and troubled soul, buffeted about between the morbid mysticism of Madame de Krüdener and the sterile doctrine of Greek orthodoxy,

took fright at the growing influence of the order, and he issued a decree, banishing every Jesuit at once from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and after a short delay from the empire altogether. M. de Maistre gave an eloquent voice to the indignation which this arbitrary measure awoke in all generous hearts, and his protest so far prevailed, that a sum of money and a set of furs were sent from the imperial treasury to every Jesuit before he started on the long winter's journey.

The publication of this ukase was the signal for Madame Swetchine to proclaim herself a Catholic. She drove at once to the convent where Father Rosaven lived, and placed herself at the disposal of the community in every way that her help could avail. The news of her conversion made a great sensation in St. Petersburg, but, to the surprise of all, especially of the culprit herself, the Emperor, who had hitherto treated her only with the regard which she received from every member of the imperial family, now drew her into a cordial intimacy, which finally ripened into friendship. But this friendship, which the Czar felt proud to proclaim on every occasion, awoke bitter jealousy amongst those who would gladly have won the same perilous prerogative. The most malignant hatred did not dare utter a word against Madame Swetchine herself; the enemy, therefore, attacked her husband. The conspirators, whose overtures he had scornfully rejected, had not forgotten the affront, and were merely biding their time for revenge. It had come now. An old grievance, some misdemeanor committed by a subaltern of the general's under his former administration, was rooted up and malignantly distorted. He at first treated the calumny with silent contempt, but finding that it was gaining credence he announced his intention of leaving St. Petersburg. This was what his enemies wanted. The Emperor seemed pained and annoyed, but with characteristic weakness he let things go their way, and took a tearful leave of Madame Swetchine.

Although General Swetchine did not at once settle down definitely in France, his rupture with his own country as a home may be said to date from this departure, and we may now, passing over fluctuating events, follow Madame Swetchine into that adopted country where she was to find a wider field of influence than had been open to her amidst the splendors of the Russian capital and its narrowing palace walls.

Many old friends were waiting for her in Paris, inquirers who remembered her hospitality in St. Petersburg and were glad to see her amongst them. The *salon* of the Duchess de Duras was one of the first that drew her within its circle, and a pretty anecdote is told of her meeting there with Madame de Staël. They dined together, but Madame Swetchine, with her usual timidity, had not

dared during dinner to address the illustrious Frenchwoman, who, misunderstanding this reserve, went up to her when they had withdrawn to the *salon* and said: "I have been told, Madame, that you wished to make my acquaintance; is this true?" "Assuredly, Madame," replied Madame Swetchine, "but it is always for the king to speak first."

General Swetchine hired a house in the Rue St. Dominique, looking south over a wide stretch of gardens, that gave an air of country quiet to one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. In this charming home was formed, out of the rich and heterogeneous elements of Madame Swetchine's social life, that *salon* which was to exercise such a far-reaching influence on the society of her time. A *salon* is a curious institution, a combination of divers ingredients, some opposite, even antagonistic, but held together by a sympathetic attraction which can be neither defined nor analyzed; it is, indeed, a growth rather than an institution, for it cannot be founded like a school or a party, but comes gradually into life, obeying spontaneously some law like that which compels the rays to converge to their focus, the weight to gravitate to its centre. One woman will create a *salon* where another, apparently better fitted to succeed, will fail, the secret of success and failure equally baffling explanation. In the case of Madame Swetchine, no one who had the *entrée* of her charmed circle had far to look for the cause of its powerful attraction. Her own individuality drew to her all that was worth attracting. Her mind united the vigorous grasp and power of concentration of a man with the delicate grace and subtle *esprit* of a woman. Her gift of sympathy must be called supernatural. It knew no limitations. Nothing was too high or too low, too remote or too small for it to embrace. The learned and the simple, the spiritual-minded and the worldly, all came to her, certain of meeting with the same prompt and full response. Whatever might be the voice that spoke, whether it was the whispered confession of a guilty conscience, the complaint of a broken heart, or the jubilant song of happiness, it found in Madame Swetchine a listener whose ear was open to the many-toned music of humanity. Her *salon* never assumed the character of a literary, or political, or even, in the technical sense, a religious centre; it was a centre where minds and hearts and souls met and expanded, as in a genial clime.

"An hour's conversation with you illuminates my heart," wrote Père Lacordaire to Madame Swetchine in her old age. It is not to be wondered at if many minds of his stamp were conscious of the same illuminating charm, and we see, in effect, the most distinguished men of every European capital counting it a favor to be admitted to her intimacy. But much as she delighted in this

intellectual intercourse, her preference for it never interfered with the humbler claims of those who came to receive and had nothing to give in return. "The smaller you were the more she made of you, and yet there was never the least tinge of patronage in her manner," says one who had experienced her kindness. "I have been shown into her *salon* when there was a ring of celebrities about her, and before I had time to recover from my shyness I found Madame de Montalembert, or Donoso Cortez, or some other distinguished personage, drawing me quite naturally into the conversation." The charm of her own conversation lay chiefly in its entire simplicity. She was naturally very timid, and when she began to speak there was a certain hesitation in her manner, but it wore off as she grew animated. It was often remarked by those who knew Madame Swetchine best that she never volunteered a direct advice. Her reserve was the result of a theory of hers that God only owes us the grace of inspiration when we are appealed to for an answer. Even when thus appealed to, she was slow to reply, owing to her genuine mistrust of her own judgment, but when she spoke the trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. There was an irresistible sway of authority in her words, and those who sought her counsel in critical and important concerns were unanimous in bearing witness to her lucid wisdom and shrewd common-sense. Nor is this surprising. It is not men of business, properly so called, who are always the safest guides in the intricate affairs of life; their gaze is fixed on too narrow a horizon; it is most frequently those who are withdrawn from temporal things, but whose eyes are illumined by the contemplation of eternal truths, who are best fitted to discern and to direct others in the things of this world. Humility could not blind Madame Swetchine to the fact that she possessed in no ordinary degree that *intellecto d'amore* which gives its possessor such a power over the minds of others; she acknowledged it and held it reverently as a talent of which she would have to render account. Her words penetrated and controlled even rebellious hearts with a force that was indescribable. One of her own sex, who had a long experience of their potency, said to the present writer: "The most infatuated lover did not long to be alone with his beloved more than I did for a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Swetchine. I used to feel a thrill of joy when I arrived and found her by herself, and felt I had a quarter of an hour to be alone with her." Apart from the grace and strength of her mind, the charm which she exercised arose in a great measure from her capacity for concentrating her interest in whatever claimed it at the moment. She gave herself up to you with a quiet energy of sympathy which excluded every other preoccupation for the time being, and gave you a sense of rest in her companionship which is

incompatible with a listener whose attention is divided. But this *intellecto d'amore* is a treasure which they who hold must ransom at a price. Madame Swetchine's door was besieged from morning till night by persons of all classes and ages, coming for that cup of living water which is as the elixir of life to human souls. Her own life was devoured, and to a certain extent sacrificed, to these ever-increasing demands, which she answered unflinchingly to the last, as we shall see.

As a very young woman she began to suffer in health, but for the last fifty years of her life these sufferings amounted to a slow martyrdom. She was afflicted with disease of the liver, disease of the heart with a tendency to dropsy, and she was subject to violent neuralgia, which exhausted what little strength her other ailments left her. Yet, amidst these accumulated infirmities she preserved unruffled her sweetness and serenity, and a charm of gayety that made her presence fatal to *ennui*. She would receive visitors and give them her whole attention while undergoing agonies of pain which they never even suspected, nor did any one, even her servants, detect at such times the least sign of irritability or impatience on her countenance. The testimony of Cloppet, her faithful butler, who was thirty years in her service, speaks with a *naïve* eloquence that carries conviction with it.

"The more I think of it, Monsieur," he writes to M. de Falloux, "the more convinced I am that his dear lady shortened her days in her desire to render services to every class of society, and in making herself the slave of all. Here is a proof of it. In the morning, after Mass, when I was serving her breakfast she would say to me, 'I am very busy, I have a great deal of writing to do, and many things behindhand; I forbid the door to everybody, without exception. I beg of you *let no one in*.' Then, on rising from the table she would say to me, with a smile, 'You know, Cloppet, if there were anybody who positively wanted to see me, especially any poor person who comes from a distance and could not conveniently come again, you will let them in.' A moment after she would turn back from the drawing-room to say, 'I forgot that Madame So-and-so asked to see me alone.' By and by, one or two letters would come begging for a rendezvous to see her alone; then it would be some one just arrived from the country, or passing through, who begged to be let in for one minute, which lasted till the next came. Then, at three o'clock, her door was open to anybody, and the crowd came and stayed till seven. I have many a time seen her go to table worn out with the fatigues of the day, and people were flocking to the house again before the *soirée* began. Often she would come away from the table without having finished her dinner. This went on from six o'clock in the morning

till one, and sometimes two o'clock, after midnight, and yet she lived amidst friends who loved and cherished her ; but they did not see that they were wearing her out, especially during the last five or six years. Ah ! Monsieur, everybody was so happy to see and to hear her, for I don't fear to be gainsaid when I declare that she had a most charming conversation. She had a talent of speaking to every class in their own language. She knew so well how to comfort the poor in their wretchedness and the rich in their domestic griefs, to cheer up the poor afflicted folk, to encourage mothers of families who came for advice about their children. I used to see those who came to her for consolation going away with a cheerful countenance."

Cloppet said the simple truth when he declared that his mistress made herself the slave of all. The forbearance which she displayed to those who intruded so remorselessly on her time, was even exercised with the same imperturbable gentleness towards a class of offenders who generally receive small pity, the bores. "How often," exclaims M. de Falloux, "we have seen some scientific don come in and take possession of her *soirée*, and devote it to airing his own theories. Sometimes, just when the conversation had become interesting and she had warmed it with delight, the door would open to admit some *blasé* loungeur, or some humble acquaintance, a stranger to society and topics of general interest ; but never did these bores, these tyrants, or inopportune intruders provoke the slightest sign of annoyance from the hostess. The humble guest was never sacrificed to the proud one, the bore to the entertaining person, the poor to the rich."

Antagonistic elements came together sometimes in this sympathetic circle, and afforded play to Madame Swetchine's kindly and spiritual tact. M. X. and M. Z., for instance, were on a permanent war footing. If M. X. arrived first, he took possession of the hearth-rug and held forth on some knotty point concerning Oriental languages ; but the moment M. Z. appeared on the threshold, he collapsed, and, skulking round by the armchairs, made for the door. Madame Swetchine would follow him with a kindly glance, and sometimes pluck up courage to pick a fight with the conqueror.

The *soirées* of the Rue St. Dominique, generally devoted to earnest conversation on all subjects of interest, were often enlivened by the apparition of some young *élégante* on her way to a ball, and then it was charming to see the grace and condescension with which the venerable lady in her attire of Quaker-like simplicity would turn to admire the fashionable *toilette* of her young visitor ; she whose subtle and vigorous mind loved, according to her own expression, "to plunge into metaphysics as into a bath," would

proceed with the utmost gravity to examine the details of a costume when her criticism was invited.

Her natural sagacity, combined with her extraordinary power of sympathy, enabled her to read souls and characters with a *coup d'œil* that sometimes looked like clairvoyance. Persons who came intending to give her their confidence were startled to find her in full possession of it; an opinion, a passing exclamation, sometimes a look, had sufficed to betray their secret before they were aware of it.

But Madame Swetchine's sympathy and service were not limited to those of her own class; her devotion to the poor was to me full as perfect, tender, and generous. When she came to reside in Paris, the Abbé Desjardins, her confessor, put her at once in communication with the most interesting *Œuvres* in the capital, and she became his most valuable helpmate in his labors of charity. Her morning began at daybreak, and before eight o'clock she had made her round of visits to the poor, toiling up the steep stairs to their garrets, in spite of her painful infirmities, that she might have the pleasure of offering her gifts in person and those words of love and encouragement that were more helpful to many than gold and silver. And she would take as much pains to give them pleasure as to relieve their necessities, employing all her ingenuity in finding out what they would best like for their *fête* day; for an old soldier she would procure a picture of some battle in which he had fought; for a sailor it would be a sea-fight; to the sick she would carry pots of flowers, and arrange them carefully in the best place, as if it were for some dear friend. But the poor were her dear friends, and this was the secret of her influence with them. She looked upon them as her benefactors, and when she received any special grace or blessing, her gratitude took the form of some act of kindness towards them. On being relieved from grievous anxiety about her sister, the Princess Gargarin, she sent off Cloppet to ask the Sisters of Charity for another poor person to look after, and when he returned with the gift of a paralytic old woman, Madame Swetchine exclaimed in delight: "Now, Cloppet, we will call this one '*Ma Sœur!*'" And the paralytic never went by any other name in the household. A poor couple who were adopted as a thank-offering for the peace after the Crimean War were christened "*La Paix.*" The refuge for the deaf and dumb claimed perhaps the first place amongst the many charitable institutions that shared Madame Swetchine's helpful interest. She took into her house a beautiful deaf and dumb girl called Parisse, who, for a time, by her violent temper and waywardness, severely exercised her benefactor's patience; but Madame Swetchine by dint of sweetness and wisdom triumphed at last over the untamed nature, and

Parisse became devoted to her with a faithfulness of affection that Madame Swetchine repaid with gratitude as characteristic as it was touching. She took her "*chère muette*" with her in her visits of charity, and used to speak of the comfort it was to have the support of her strong young arm without being obliged to talk.

Her annual visit to Vichy, which for years had become a necessity, was always the occasion of some new charitable interest. One day she saw a little boy begging on the roadside; he was lame, paralyzed in one arm, epileptic, and in his whole appearance repulsive to the last degree. Madame Swetchine took pity on the poor outcast, conveyed him herself to the hospital, where she undertook to pay a pension for him. Gilbert became passionately attached to her. Every year he stood waiting on the platform to welcome her with the wild demonstrative joy of a dumb animal. When she was leaving he would watch the train out of sight, and then stand for hours looking up at the windows of her house with streaming eyes. In the midst of her immense correspondence with the leading minds of the day she made time to write to the poor simpleton, giving him rules of conduct, lecturing, and encouraging him. He made great progress under her fostering care and the kindness of the sisters; but their efforts could not triumph over disease, and after many years of a life of great suffering poor Gilbert died, followed even beyond death by the tender compassion of her whom he called his angel benefactress. She had made provision for him in her will, in the event of his outliving her, and now rendered him the last service in her power as the following letter tells us. This to the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity at Vichy:

"MY DEAR, KIND SISTER: I cannot tell you what a grief this is to me. I really loved that poor child, whose heart, in its simplicity, must have been so agreeable to our Lord. I am consoled by the reflection that he is now set free from suffering, and by the thought of his increased fervor, which struck me, this seemed, my dear sister, your indulgence, your compassion, and that of your sisters, above all, your example, were the means granted by the divine mercy to secure his salvation. I thank you all once again for your goodness to this poor, dear boy, in whose intercession I place great confidence. We have reversed our relations; a few days ago I was a support to him; now he is one to me."

We have glanced at the twofold character displayed in Madame Swetchine's life, that of the accomplished woman of the world and brilliant centre of society, and the devout Christian lady. Her relations with many distinguished men have also been hinted at, but her friendship with Père Lacordaire forms in itself so remarkable an episode, that we cannot, even in this cursory sketch, dismiss it with a passing mention.

Those were troubled times on which the Russian convert had

fallen in France. The revolution, after having broken off violently from the Church, had thrown a bridge across the gulf, and was showing a disposition to treat on favorable terms with the enemy. But the time had come for the Church to assert herself, and secure a footing of independence upon some more solid foundation than the favor of a government whose very existence was imperilled by the vice of its origin. The Catholic party rallied itself for a vigorous effort, M. de Montalembert and the Abbé Lacordaire unfurling the flags as standard-bearers. At the most perilous hour of the crisis Lacordaire and Madame Swetchine met, and his sense of the importance of that meeting he thus expresses to her: "You appeared to me between those two dissimilar periods of my life as the Angel of the Lord appears to a soul hovering between life and death, between heaven and earth."

The character of her relations with the illustrious Dominican form an incident unique in the history of the Church. If the friendships of St. Jerome and St. Paula, and many other parallels, suggest themselves to us, we are reminded at once that in the present instance the relations were reversed, the Christian woman of the world being the counsellor, and the religious the one counselled. Madame Swetchine was fifty, the Abbé Lacordaire thirty, when their acquaintance began. She assumed towards him at once the position of a mother, and the tender wisdom with which she watched over and guided him through a long course of years and most critical circumstances forms as beautiful an example of woman's highest mission on earth, as history has furnished to the world. When the young priest, loyal but overbold in his Utopian dreams, went to plead his cause before the Holy See, Madame Swetchine followed him with bated breath, and pleaded with him against dreaded possibilities as if her life had hung upon the issue. As we see her wrestling with God for this child of her adoption, we are reminded of the mother of St. Athanasius crying out with that impetuousness of faith which tolerates no denial: "I have but one son, and with God's help I will have that only son a true son of the Church!"

We know how Lacordaire rewarded this maternal anxiety for his highest good. "You were given to me," he wrote, "at the most trying moment of my career, and thanks to you I got through a pass by which I shall never return. What I had missed up to that time was not so much friendship as counsel. For ten years I had been directing my life by myself."

When the combined efforts of jealousy, timidity, and ignorance succeeded in interrupting the conferences of Notre Dame, and the Abbé Lacordaire withdrew to Rome, there in peace and solitude to strengthen himself for future combats, he kept Madame Swet-

chine informed of his life in detail. She urged him to devote as much time as possible to study, so as to sink deep the foundations of the great work, as yet unrevealed, which, from the first, she felt convinced he was to accomplish.

"Profit well by this precious solitude," she wrote to him; "your studies appear to me excellent. Are there no books that would help you? Tell me what you want or wish for, without considering whether you will wish for it to-morrow. I am glad to be your 'man of business;' every office is included in real friendship; it is multiplicity in unity, as our Germans say."

The publication of M. de Lamennais's *Affaires de Rome* was a call to the Abbé Lacordaire to emerge from this studious solitude and break the silence to which he had condemned himself. M. de Lamennais's book was not merely an insult to the Church, it was a violent appeal to the popular passions of the day. "I would rather be in chains than do what he has done!" cried Lacordaire in holy anger; and his loyal heart gave utterance a few days later to that magnificent defence of the Holy See, entitled *Lettre sur le Saint Liège*. He forwarded it direct to Madame Swetchine, who, as soon as she had read it, took it to the Archbishop of Paris. Here an unexpected obstacle occurred. Monseigneur du Guélon considered the tone of the defence too uncompromising, and shrank from allowing it to be published. Madame Swetchine wrote at once to soothe the ardent spirit of the writer, and prepare him for the disappointment. "I read your MS. with delight," she says; "I found it full of passages of incomparable beauty, and of a charm all your own. Your standpoint is mine. My entire separation from the world, with which I am profoundly disheartened, leaves me accessible really to no interests except those of the Church in which I have taken refuge. . . . Her policy, as developed by you, appears to me to be that of the common Father of the faithful, and in substance my adhesion to it is as complete as my admiration for the greater portion of it. But this tribute, sincere and just, does not prevent me, dear friend, from seeing that certain parts here and there would have required closer finish. . . . Some of the ideas also strike me as equivocal, wanting in that rigorous precision, that absolute rectitude, which we exact from the priesthood, slight blemishes, which it only needs your presence to correct." . . . This criticism, and the prohibition of the archbishop, were accepted in that spirit of magnanimous humility which lent so pure a lustre to the genius of the future son of St. Dominick.

The Abbé Lacordaire held on his divinely illuminated way, greater in obedience than in his grand intellectual gifts, and remained perfectly silent until the voice of authority called him back to France and bade him reascend the pulpit of Notre Dame. But

his mission as an orator alone did not satisfy Madame Swetchine. "You must have a definite position; you must not remain alone," was the ever-recurring burden of her song. And when the conferences were over and the preacher sent back to Rome, she still argued against this persistent seclusion. "Yes, solitude, but not isolation. Solitude, with its calm and freedom and full possession of self; but isolation would rob you of many subjects, and above all of the contact with men which is so valuable to those who are to live with them and for them. In every condition and place those divine words find their application, 'it is not good for man to be alone.' By and by, when irrevocably you will have become a master in your turn, when age and experience shall have ripened your rare talents, even then, my friend, it will still not be good for you to be alone. Do what you will you must have disciples who will acknowledge your immediate influence, who will be confided to you by the supreme authority, or else a family of brethren with a common father over them. I have an ardent desire for your perfection, but I am bent on no fixed form regarding it. 'Serve God and do as you like.' The world, solitude, preaching, writing, dignities in the Church, entire renunciation—all seem to me equally good and full of blessed opportunities—all except isolation, when, separated from everybody, you will run the greatest danger of all in the impossibility of separating from yourself. My dear friend, do you forgive me? Truly, my friendship must be utterly incorruptible to withstand the seduction of your will." "Love me always, and don't weary of the storms of my soul," entreated Lacordaire of this incorruptible friend, and the answer came in a feebler assurance of tenderness: "I cannot doubt but that your soul, so mysterious, so pure, so simple, is a special object of divine predilection. My joy would have been to praise you always, but my affection has no need of this; it may be even that these violent shocks to which you expose it now and then renew the first adoption with fresh strength. Like Rachel, I might call you the child of my sufferings, and you know that suffering does not dishearten us poor mothers."

Madame Swetchine never shrank from the responsibility of her influence over the Abbé Lacordaire's mind, but when with child-like *abandon* he urges her to exercise it freely, assuring her that no one has a like power to guide and enlighten him, she answers deprecatingly: "If at times I have accepted this power that you attribute to me, it was without confidence in myself, and simply that another might not seize it. I made myself your ballast, and I held you by the tail of your coat so as to slacken your pace when it wanted to become too rapid, or too brusque."

The young priest's strong predilection for the isolated life he

was leading in Rome was unexpectedly favored by an invitation from the authorities there to preach the Lent in the Church of St. Louis, a circumstance which, giving the sanction of obedience to personal inclination, justified in Madame Swetchine's eyes, a choice of which she had hitherto disapproved. "I have never been possessed by any *idée fixe* as to where your perfection lay," she wrote to him, "so that this indefinite separation, which may be eternal, though it grieves my heart does not disturb my mind. So long as you are given up wholly to God and to his Church, the 'do as you will' escapes from my heart with an impetuosity that guarantees its sincerity." Though no earthly consideration could induce Madame Swetchine to refrain from speaking out the truth to her friend, this frankness cost her a great deal; she even sometimes feared her uncompromising opposition might prove too great a strain for his impetuous nature, and she pleads with him for forgiveness. "It is truth, my child, which has saved our friendships. . . . We have said to one another everything that could be said. It may be that we have not always understood each other; but faith can scatter the clouds and sees clearly through all obscurities. . . . My child, my friend, let us respect this link and never break it. When we are young we do not realize the havoc and the grief of a broken friendship. Even when it has not been altogether our fault, it is a painful weight, and conscience lies so near our heart that whatever affects the one must trouble the other."

Nothing ever came to trouble this friendship, which had its root in God and in the union of whatever things are pure and lovely and of good report. The very differences of opinion which divided them were but an additional element of interest between them. Though Madame Swetchine never mixed herself in politics, she had, as may be supposed, very well-defined political principles, but, so finely balanced was her judgment, that Père Lacordaire declares he knew her long and intimately before he discovered on which side her personal sympathies lay. How little her legitimist views were tainted in his opinion by "that deplorable idolatry which has lost the house of Bourbon," is evident from such remarks as the following, numbers of which occur in his letters to her: "I am going to pray for you before the relics of the three kings—(at Cologne)—you would rather they were three shepherds, but that I cannot help."

The quiet tenor of Madame Swetchine's life, full of intellectual interest and the charm of innumerable friendships, was unexpectedly interrupted by a most painful incident. The malignant jealousy which had worked against General Swetchine under the Emperor Alexander, had found freer play in his absence under Nicholas. An old grievance of some thirty years' date was again raked up,

the mind of the Czar was poisoned against him, and one winter's day the post brought him an imperial order to leave Paris forthwith, and take up his abode in some obscure town of the Russian Empire at a considerable distance from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The general was too stunned at first to face the calamity; but his wife rose up bravely to meet it. The command of the despot was received with the dutiful alacrity she might have shown towards a parent whose love and wisdom were beyond doubt, even when they took the form of unexplained severity. No doubt this blind unquestioning obedience was in a great measure the result of early training and that inherited vassalage from which neither faith, nor experience, nor her clear-sighted perception of the evils of despotism had emancipated Madame Swetchine's soul, and which proved, too plainly, how groundless were the fears of Nicholas that "in becoming a Catholic a Russian ceased to be a loyal subject." In this crisis, however, there were other sources from which she drew her unfaltering courage, as we see from the following note found in her journal :

"That terrible day, whilst waiting for the arrival of my visitors, I withdrew to my little chapel, and began to recite the office of the Crucifix. I prayed with the most extraordinary fervor, so much so, that when I was at the door, I turned back, and looking toward the tabernacle, I said, 'My God, I have never before prayed to you like this!' An hour later, I was plunged in an abyss of anguish, and through the confusion and chaos of my misery my thoughts flew back suddenly to the prayer which had so transported me, and I said to myself, *it was the viaticum of sorrow!*"

The following letter, written to an intimate friend at the time, shows us the spirit in which Madame Swetchine accepted the sorrow for which she was thus fortified :

... "I can never be unhappy, dearest friend, in the sense which the world gives to that word. . . . If I could but say the same of my husband, I should be even tranquil and consoled; but his concentrated grief is more than I can bear. The first day he was absent from our home I was seized with terrors such as the greatest tortures can give no idea of. . . . He tried at first to put me off going with him, but he yielded to my inexorable determination to accompany him everywhere and always. . . . I have no doubt or anxiety as to the means wherewith Providence will supply for all that is taken from us. We are in all places under that All-seeing Eye; there is no exile for those who trust God and love Him. So far, nothing has got wind here, I am glad to say. I will never suffer compassion for us to take the form of amazement and indirect blame at such seeming severity. In my misfortune, I will never forget that I am a Russian amidst French. God knows that a murmur, a complaint, so much as a word of criticism against my sovereign, has never escaped me. I can hold up my head and say this from the bottom of my heart; I will never let my speech give the lie to the innermost feelings of my soul. I find in the spirit of my religion a twofold reason for obeying. . . . I mean to neglect no means of obtaining from the kindness of the Emperor the favor of remaining here; but whatever he decrees, he will find in us faithful subjects, profoundly respectful towards a will which we regard as the will of heaven. My husband's letter to the Emperor only ventures to implore a delay until the spring. If we do not obtain it, we shall set out immedi-

ately. . . . Our books, pictures, furniture, nothing of all this is transportable for people going on a journey of eight hundred leagues, drifting blindly they know not whither, and who are too old, too afflicted, and too disheartened to dream of setting up a home. The sentence will only allow of our pitching a tent, while waiting to fold it for a winding-sheet."

Thanks to the indefatigable exertions of their friends at court, the delay was granted, and Madame Swetchine, resigned and courageous, set out alone to St. Petersburg, to plead her husband's cause at the feet of the Emperor. She was absent six months, but the aim of her journey was accomplished, and after traversing Russia in the most cruel time of the year, she returned with her husband's rehabilitation. It was six o'clock in the morning when she reached Paris, and before driving home, she stopped at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in the Rue Montholon to pour out her thanks to God, and receive the ashes,—for it chanced to be the first day of Lent,—and then went on to the Rue St. Dominique, where she sank exhausted, a prey to illness which for three months kept her hovering between life and death. Those who were with her during this year of intense anxiety and emotion, saw no change in her manner, no alteration in her angelic sweetness, no faltering in her perfect abandonment to the will of God.

The little chapel in which Madame Swetchine had received that Viaticum of Sorrow was one of the greatest joys and consolations of her life. The Archbishop of Paris granted her the right to keep the Blessed Sacrament there permanently, and she left nothing undone to prove her sense of this magnificent prerogative. The resources of art and wealth were pressed by her ardent devotion into the adornment of her little sanctuary, which those who remember speak of as a shrine let down from heaven. She had devoted her costly jewels to beautifying the sacred vessels, and on her return from this terrible expedition to Russia, her diamond cipher, worn as maid of honor to the Empress, was incrusting in the base of a silver statue of Our Lady as a thank-offering. This exquisite sanctuary was a precious resource to her friends as well as to herself. Père Lacordaire delighted in it. "Men understand very little about worship," he says in one of his letters; "see what a difference there is between the piety of men and of women? Would a man ever have created your chapel?" He loved to say Mass there, and to make little discourses to the privileged few whom it could contain. Père Gratry, Dom Gueranger, Bishop Dupanloup, Père de Ravignan, the Abbé Bantain, in fact, the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the day came to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice there frequently, and break the bread of the word to Madame Swetchine and her friends. We can fancy with what loving vigilance she performed her office of sacristan. Once, the

lamp of the sanctuary went out during the night; the incident is related in one of her little diaries: "What I have suffered from the dread of failing towards the majesty of the God of love, my well-beloved guest, is not to be described. Many a time my heart has been ready to burst with a sudden pang of terror and of love! And yet" And she goes on to tell how she had looked at the lamp, and decided that it would last without trimming, till morning, when lo! on entering the chapel soon after dawn, she saw that it had gone out, and her "heart was seized with a pain that was not free from the sting of self-reproach."

Madame Swetchine, notwithstanding her unbounded influence over General Swetchine, never had the consolation of seeing him united to her in one faith; he remained true to the church in which he was born. Having reached the green old age of ninety-two, one morning, in the year 1851, as Madame Swetchine was going to read the newspaper to him, he fell dead by her side. Her grief was so inconsolable as for a moment to threaten her reason. Those who knew her best now realized for the first time how large a place her husband had filled in Madame Swetchine's life; not that she had seemed wanting in love for him, but it might be in something which love may miss when too much energy flows from the central claim.

This death left her now free to devote more time to the contemplation of things eternal, and she henceforth prolonged her absence from Paris through the whole summer, and spent October and November in a convent, absorbed in prayer and spiritual exercises.

But this growing life of solitude did not lessen her interest in the lives of others, or the larger life of the world around. She loved her country passionately, and France only a degree less. When the war broke out between the two nations, it affected her like a domestic grief. The fall of Sebastopol struck her to the heart, though the news was conveyed to her by one whose tenderness acted as a salve upon the wound. Mrs. Craven heard the great news at the British Embassy, and went straight to her beloved friend in the Rue St. Dominique. Madame Swetchine read the tidings on her visitor's agitated face the moment she beheld her. "*Sebastopol has fallen!*" she exclaimed, and her countenance showed how deep was her emotion; but not a word escaped her.

The death of the Emperor Nicholas called forth a striking proof of that magnanimity of soul as well as that curious superstition of loyalty which, in Madame Swetchine's case, threw a glamour over the faults, even the crimes of the sovereign.

. . . . "His death has fallen on me like a thunderbolt," she

wrote to the Princess Marie of Baden. . . . "The idea that this grand reign should some day end had never presented itself to my mind. Every day fresh details reach us, most solemn and touching, of this deathbed, where such great examples have been given us. The elevation of the Emperor's soul revealed itself there to the world as it first revealed itself on the day of his accession to the throne."

When Madame Swetchine uttered this dirge over the dead Czar and his "grand reign," it was evident that loyalty had blotted out from her remembrance the cruelty which had drenched Poland with the blood of its noblest sons, and pressed so heavily on the peasants throughout the entire Muscovite Empire that those miserable beings were reduced to the condition of ill-used cattle; yet this latter truth, at least, had been constantly kept before her. She had been repeatedly urged to sell her property in Russia, with the serfs attached to it, but had persistently refused to do so, declaring she would never alienate this living inheritance of her father, but do her best to alleviate their sad lot, and hand them down in good condition to her sister, the Princess Gargarin. She kept vigilant watch over her peasants, from afar, and received an account of what passed on the estates from friends, as well as from a trustworthy agent. The following letter from one of her friends will be read with interest:

"I contrived to get a confidential visit from one of the runaways from your estate at Nijni. I gave him rendezvous from my balcony under cover of a densely black night, so as not to be seen or overheard by the servants sitting up in the anteroom." Speaking of the serfs on another estate, Saratoco, he goes on to say: "After the first explosion of their joy, they went on to tell me of their griefs, the injustices, the cruel exactions, the forced marriages, etc., they had to suffer from the steward." I asked if they had spoken of these abuses to M. X. "No, M. X. does not question us, and we dare not open speech with him," was the reply. A young man, tall, and with a singular expression of countenance, made his way up to me through the crowd, and with his eyes full of tears, said: "But who amongst us dare tell the truth? I am the son of Ivan XXX, who passed his life in suffering. He was five-and-twenty years in Siberia, separated from his family, because, wishing to do right, he revealed things which the steward had done." The like would happen to us if we told the truth. "The poor fellow was right. I myself worked hard for three years to get Ivan out of Siberia. He came back four years ago; but he is only the shadow of himself."

Madame Swetchine had reached her 75th year, and her health, which, for the last fifty-five years, had been a source of constant

and increasing suffering, now showed signs of a final breaking up. The annual water-cure of Vichy had long kept her alive almost by a permanent miracle; "we will make a god of Vichy, as the ancients used to say," wrote Père Lacordaire to her at once, but the god seemed to have come to the end of his power, and his votary, quick to recognize the fact, set her face heavenwards and prepared for the end that was approaching. Neuralgia, added to all her chronic maladies, had long made her life a veritable martyrdom; the undaunted strength of her soul and her resolute will enabled her to battle through the day without changing any of her habits, or closing her door for one hour more than usual against the friends who, as Cloppet said, "were killing her, though they did not know it." But when the night came, nature vindicated her rights and was revenged for the strain put upon her during the day. On lying down Madame Swetchine generally fell into a sound sleep, from which she was soon roused by violent suffocation; still half asleep, she would fling herself out of bed, and falling against the furniture, inflict severe bruises on herself. She would walk up and down to obtain relief, and while still struggling with feverish agitation and oppressed breathing, would continue some train of thought she had been pursuing in the day, standing now and then at her desk to make a note in pencil. When the day began, all traces of this struggle were gone; she received her visitors with the same cheerful welcome, and made no sign or complaint. The Comtesse de la Rochejacquelein, daughter of her friend the Duchesse de Duras, placed at her disposal the fine old Chateau de Fleury for the summer. The profound stillness of the park, with its waters and its moated towers, soothed the invalid, whose love of solitude grew deeper as she neared the goal. Her friends knew this and forbore from intruding upon her unless she called to them. Mrs. Craven was amongst the few thus favored. "Blessed day!" wrote the sister of Alexandrine, after a visit to Fleury: "Madame Swetchine urged me to reserve to myself at all seasons some hours of entire freedom every morning. The quality of time is, she declares, different then from all other times."

The summer days were bearing her swiftly to the end. Her weakness increased with her sufferings. She noted the progress of the decay with her accustomed clear-sightedness; but so little did she betray this, that those nearest to her believed her in total ignorance of her danger.

On her return to Paris, she grew suddenly worse, and M. de Falloux was sent for in haste. The servants warned him not to say why he had come, as their mistress had no idea of her real state. He could scarcely believe this, it was so unlike her. She received

him, however, just as usual, and though evidently in great pain and exhaustion, was full of interest in a variety of subjects, and never once alluded to her own condition. M. de Falloux went away perplexed, and in a sense disappointed, but the next morning Madame Swetchine said to him cheerfully when he came in, "My dear Alfred, I want to have a talk with you about my last wishes." And she proceeded to tell him where and how she wished to be buried, discussing the details with the utmost coolness, as if it were some ordinary subject of conversation. "My friend," said M. de Falloux to Cloppet, as he passed out, "there is nothing to hide from her. She knows all about it, and a great deal more than we do."

A severe crisis came on that morning, but her doors were open at the usual hour, and in spite of her painful breathing, she joined in the conversation going on around her. The nights had become delirious, but even in this extremity, her mind dwelt above its own disarray; she distinguished clearly reality from delusions, standing aloof from the mental chaos, "like a soul in dreams, weaving the wondrous tale it marvels at," and would describe in the morning the strange phantoms that had visited her through the night, processions of the living and the dead, who spoke to her, and whom she answered saying: "You are phantoms of my overheated brain; I will outlive you."

Père Lacordaire was informed of her state, and arrived in Paris without delay. The meeting was a great joy to Madame Swetchine. Both felt it was to be their last on earth, and each strove to make the other feel how precious it was. Père Lacordaire was more sonlike than ever in the filial tenderness of his manner, and his presence so revived Madame Swetchine that she at once made a rally which cheated those around her into the belief that immediate danger was past. He said Mass every morning in her little chapel, where she received Holy Communion as Viaticum, spending three-quarters of an hour of thanksgiving in a prayer of ecstatic devotion, and, in spite of all remonstrance, remaining on her knees the whole time she was in the presence of the blessed sacrament. On the 1st of September, Père Lacordaire said Mass once again for the last time, and after a long conversation with her in private, he took leave of his beloved friend, and set out for Sorrèze by an early morning train. Madame Swetchine bade him farewell with more than usual tenderness, but without any visible emotion, and without making the slightest effort to detain him.

The next day a terrible crisis came on, and the Curé of St. Thomas d'Aquin was sent for. It was the hour when her afternoon receptions began, the door of the *salon* stood open, and after the Curé arrived, several friends came in, and going upon

their knees, joined silently in prayer. Madame Swetchine was sitting up in her little camp-bed. M. de Falloux was supporting her head with both his hands, her features were swollen and convulsed, and hoarse inarticulate sounds escaped from the chest that was heaving with the distress of suffocation. M. le Curé, before administering extreme unction, spoke a few touching words of exhortation, upon which Madame Swetchine, triumphing for a moment over the throes of the body, lifted her right hand with an emphatic gesture of assent. All those present preserved a profound silence as the sacred rite proceeded, but when the priest pronounced the words "for all eternity," and the dying woman, concentrating her energies for a supreme act of faith, gasped out in a loud voice, "*Yes, for all eternity!*" sobs broke forth unrestrainedly from every one in the room.

Mrs. Craven was amongst these privileged spectators. Her faithful instinct had hurried her up from the country unwarned, and led her straight to the Rue St. Dominique on reaching Paris. A young Dominican arrived just as extreme unction had been administered, and M. le Curé signed to him to approach. "This is Père Chocarne," he said to Madame Swetchine, "bless him and in his person Père Lacordaire, and all the children of St. Dominique."

She was now suffering so terribly that dissolution seemed imminent, but the doctor came in and made two incisions in the feet, which afforded almost instant relief; the water which had flooded the lungs and the brain found an outlet, and breathing and the power of speech returned.

They carried her to the open window after awhile, and she sat enjoying the balmy summer evening, the foliage and the birds. "Ah!" she said, to M. de Falloux, "if God leaves me here a little longer I shall enjoy life, but if he deigns to call me to himself what feeling can I have but gratitude to Him?"

"I have often heard you say that resignation is not enough," observed her friend.

"No, because it is distinct from the will of God," she replied; "it is the difference between union and unity; in union there are still two; in unity there is but one, and that is how we should be with regard to the divine will."

Then, consenting to speak of herself for a moment, she went on to say: "My great, I may say my only trial for many a long year has been not knowing or not understanding what the will of God was concerning me. But for that matter, I have full confidence in his mercy, and confidence seems to be the only way now for me to glorify Him."

During the terrible crisis of the morning they had placed her

in a comfortable *fauteuil* instead of the hard, high-backed wooden chair which she always used. When she discovered the fraud, she said to Mrs. Craven, "Will you believe it, my dear Pauline, I have only now found out the meaning of the word comfortable! What penitential laceration I have inflicted on all the people who have been coming here during these years, making them sit in chairs with wooden arms! I beg their pardon for it. Only it is rather late," she added, with a smile.

A great change had taken place in her before the next morning. M. de Falloux was so struck by it that when he entered the room he knelt down by the little iron bed, and, unable to conceal his emotion, gave free vent to it. Madame Swetchine, with a countenance illuminated by faith, bade him lift up his heart and look to the home where they would soon meet. And here there occurs one of those traits which remind us of our great Christian workers of the early Church. When St. Macrina was dying, her brother came to bid her farewell and strengthen her through the last passage; but at the sight of her sufferings, as she lay on her lowly penitential couch, his courage failed him, and he fell upon his knees by her side weeping bitterly. Then, the dying saint, rising above the pangs of death, gathered up her ebbing life to rebuke his faltering faith, and spoke such burning words of divine love as inflamed her brother's heart and consoled him for her departure.

Madame Swetchine had adopted the habit, not uncommon with her countrywomen, of not sleeping in a bedroom, but having a little bed rolled in every night to the *salon*. It now remained there permanently, but its presence was the only sign of illness visible in the large, elegantly furnished room. Not a medicine-bottle, not a glass even was to be seen on any of the tables. When she wanted a drink to allay her feverish thirst, she looked at Parrisette, who sat in a distant corner, her eyes riveted on the face of her benefactress, ready to glide to the bedside with her noiseless step at the least sign. Every morning the invalid had herself dressed with her usual care, and carried in a chair to the chapel, where she heard Mass and received Holy Communion as Viaticum. One morning, believing herself quite alone, she began to pray aloud, breaking out from the very fulness of her heart into a thanksgiving of ardent love. A friend, coming softly in, overheard the ecstatic outpouring, but crept away without betraying her presence. A note from her beloved "Paulinus's" journal gives us a last glimpse of Madame Swetchine in this sanctuary where she had communed with God for so many years. "I arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning. She was in the chapel. I went in and took a pew down in front, so that I might see her well when I turned round. I did so when the priest came down to bring her Holy

Communion. He first addressed to her a few words of exhortation. I saw the rapt expression of her face as she listened; I saw her ardent look of fervor at the moment the host was approaching her lips. Then I looked no more. I went to receive communion myself, bringing away a memory of that dear face that clung to me all day, that will cling to me while I live, for that look was the last I had of her on earth."

The end was now at hand. As night closed in she grew delirious, but even in its wanderings her mind dwelt in its native element of light. "Ah! truth, truth," she exclaimed, lifting up her voice in tones of strange energy, "better a hospital bed with truth, than all the splendors of this world without it!" Friends had remained to keep this vigil of eternity with her. A priest was in an adjoining room, helping her soul with his prayers, and from time to time coming in to pronounce the absolution over her. At midnight she counted the strokes and murmured, "My God! have mercy on me!" Then all was silent until five o'clock, when hearing the hour strike, she said, "It will soon be time for Mass, I must dress myself and be ready." She made a faint effort to rise, but her head fell back, and her soul passed softly into the presence of God.

"I saw the river which must be passed in order to reach the kingdom of heaven, and the name of the river was suffering. And I saw the boat which takes so many across that river, and the name of the boat was love."

It is now more than twenty years since Sophia Saymonoff crossed that river, and joined the crowd of blessed witnesses, who, singing the song of their deliverance, stand calling to us, and holding up the light which guided them to the eternal shore. Her departure was a beacon put out in the dark places and the withdrawal of a staff to many; but though the voice of their friend is silent, her words of wisdom live, treasured in many hearts. A soul like Madame Swetchine's leaves an undying echo in the world, and we who knew her not, can hear it, and, hearkening to the silent call, we answer, "Up heart, and sing!" and we go on our way cheered by the memory of this *donna di virtu*, who believed and suffered and loved.

THE GEORGIA NEGRO BEFORE, DURING, AND
SINCE THE WAR.

AFTER the fifteen years that have elapsed since the late war in the United States conviction has come to almost all minds at the South, as well the less as the more thoughtful, that the abolishment of negro slavery, in spite of the disastrous terms with which it was enforced, will become an inestimable good to the whites. The writer of this article, a native of the State of Georgia, therein residing from his birth until the year 1867, an owner of inherited slaves, one who accepted with gratitude to God the peace, with all its attendants, proposes to relate in brief somewhat of the conditions coming within his own observation of the negroes, especially in his native State, before, during, and since the war. Him it has sometimes amused, more often saddened, to notice the surprise in men, intelligent, just, and benevolent, both in the Northern States and in Great Britain, at what he has had to say in casual conversations upon the subject. A well-remembered instance is that of an afternoon meeting, not long ago, with a gentleman of the County of Cheshire at the mansion of a common friend, near the village of Lynn. This gentleman, once a member of Parliament, a political and personal friend of Mr. Cobden, apparently well versed in British and European politics, listened with pleased surprise to an account, whereof what is hereinafter told is a brief recapitulation, of a household in which the writer had been reared, which so far from being exceptional was closely assimilated by a majority, at least in the section of Middle Georgia wherein this household was located, and wherein dwelt the greater portion of slave-owners and slaves in that State.

The negroes of Middle Georgia, like their masters, were descendants, for the most part, of Virginians, and with both races there has ever been a love and veneration for the land of their ancestors. Among the planters there was not one among many hundreds who was, or ever had been, what was commonly called a negro-trader. The accessions to the slaves, besides their natural increase, were mainly by importations from Virginia, on principles similar to those on which such importations had been conducted three-fourths of a century ago from the States farther North. Of these planters at least nineteen-twentieths lived in the midst of their slaves. A few there were who dwelt in the villages and towns, having their plantations outside, which, however, they often visited, and sometimes there sojourned for considerable portions of every year. Upon these plantations the discipline was of a kind

that led to domestic enjoyment which is vainly to be sought now. The negro is the most dependent, as he is one of the most affectionate and grateful of beings. For his master and his master's children he had a devotion that somehow was always incredible to outsiders, as were also the conditions, physical and moral, to which it led.

But I will describe in detail the household to which especial reference has been made.

In the rear of the master's mansion, forming two adjacent sides of a square, were the negroes' cabins, some of framework, others of hewn logs, the interstices chinked with boards and mortar. Behind these were small plots of ground assigned for gardens, which were worked in leisure hours, and afforded vegetables in abundance. On this plantation, containing about sixty slaves, nearly everything necessary for its living was produced. The crop of corn (Indian maize) was usually from three to four thousand bushels; of wheat and other small grain fifteen hundred, the pork twelve to fifteen thousand pounds, the cattle averaging a little more, and the sheep a little less, than one hundred heads. The keys to the corncribs were kept by the negro foreman, and that to the smokehouse (containing the year's supply of meat, flour, lard, salt, etc.) by the cook. These keys, especially the latter, the master might not see one time within a month. The care of what was behind the locks to which they belonged was assigned to these slaves, and it was kept with a fidelity that was seldom questioned, and that never faltered. This woman dispensed the supplies for the whole family, white and black. The allowance to laborers was a half pound of bacon each a day, except during the summer months, when this was sometimes increased to three fourths of a pound. Bread and vegetables were distributed proportionately. In the mansion there was one door the key to which was habitually carried by the mistress. This belonged to the pantry containing sugar, sweetmeats, and such other dainties as children are tempted to purloin. Besides this, neither by day nor by night, was a door usually shut or opened in any way other than by a bolt, the turning of which could be done easily by the youngest. Of the animals on the place, only the poultry and the horses were locked in at night, and the latter not within their stalls, but by one fastening at the lot gate. Cattle, sheep, and swine roamed at will in the pastures, fallow lands, and woods.

In this family domestic discipline was such as resulted easily from unanimous accord of the right of unquestioned control over children and servants to the father and head of the family. Of complainings there were none. Thefts were most rare, and when occurring, mostly for an occasional chicken, or handful of

sugar, or (what was much more serious) a wallet of cotton, carried at night, in exchange for tobacco or whiskey, to a dishonest small white trader,—that principal pest of Southern plantations. The care of the sick and the aged was not different from that of the whites. Many a time had the owner or his wife, or one of his children, sat through the night at the bedside in these cabins when the sick were in extreme peril, and apprehension was felt of neglect from the somnolency or carelessness of their black attendants. In such a state family affections were cultivated, and indulged to a degree not known or believed except among those who have been their witnesses and recipients. In this household the slave admired and honored his master above all mankind. His master's children were loved with a love equal to that which he felt for his own, and when a death occurred, whether in the "big house" or the cabin, the grief in all hearts was for a loss common to them all.

Of such a kind was the average of country plantation-living in Middle Georgia. Not that therein as elsewhere there were not partialities, preferences, and rivalries as to the comparative claims of young masters and mistresses, and the bids to follow them on their attaining to maturity and moving away. The separation among families has often been commented upon unfavorably. The truth is that such separations were less frequent than they were supposed to be, and incomparably less unhappy. Upon the marriage of one of the family, or departure for other cause, those who were given out were such usually for whom such pre-arrangement had long been satisfactorily made and understood. Yet many a time have those who were left at the native homestead looked with feelings approaching the invidious upon those who went out joyously with their young masters to new homes. Members of families among negroes were less distantly and less painfully separated than those among whites, and a majority of such separations were made to the entire satisfaction of the negroes themselves, to whom, on removals of the whites from some to other sections, the choice was commonly allowed, and then most often declined, of making exchanges that would prevent such separations. To the young negro, as sometimes to the young German, Irishman, or New Englander, change and adventure had their attractions, the same which induce the young of both sexes to choose life-partners among those who reside, not most near to their native places, but at varying distances from them. Yet, in the one case, what was not and could not be in the others, the grief, what grief there was at parting, was alleviated by the thought that the emigrant, whether to regions near or remote, went forth under the lead of one compe-

tent to guide and defend, and bound to such offices by the ties, not only of interest, but of family affection.

The enjoyments in that simple life were as abundant and unalloyed as those of the poor in any age. The plenty of necessary things ever possessed, the surety of its continuance in all contingencies, the entire freedom from all responsibility, imparted to the Georgia negro a merry-heartedness that made his life seem almost like a perpetual childhood. The negro is by nature musical. Especially does he love the song. It was rare in the times whereof this writing is done to see a negro, young or old, male or female, who did not habitually sing at field-work. Sometimes it was the corn-song, but more often the hymn; seldom in chorus, but generally as the plough or the hoe was followed, each sang aloud or crooned lowly, always lining (or *giving out* as it was called) the hymns which had been learned. Such music would sometimes be re-enacted in the short interval between their supper and bedtime. The great gala time was "the corn shucking." In that period a planter who had his corn shucked in the daytime was regarded, by both black and white, as selfish and mean. The usual rule was to dump the corn, when gathered and hauled from the fields, upon an open space in the horse-lot, in a semicircle. When it was all collected, a night for the shucking was appointed, and the negroes, men and boys, from the neighboring plantations were invited to assist. Never were invitations more eagerly expected nor more promptly accepted. At the gathering two captains were appointed, who, choosing sides, divided the corn-pile, and the opposing armies shucked from either end towards the fence-rail that had been planted in the midst. It was an entertainment, ever fresh, to witness the rush with which such a combat was fought, and the rapidity with which thousands of bushels were shucked. During it all the song was never silent. One voice, powerful beyond belief, would lead, and the multitude answer in chorus, that was heard two, sometimes three, miles distant. When all was over the crowd would march with never-abating song out of the lot into the yard, sometimes (if he were not too aged or too sombre for such apparent levity) going into the mansion, and, seizing the master with his chair, lift him upon the shoulders of the captains, and bear him in triumph around the quadrangle. Long before midnight the supper would have been discussed and all be at their homes and asleep.

The time does not suffice to speak of the great "laying-by" barbecues in midsummer, nor the full week of Christmas holidays, the feastings and sportings which the old-time Georgian of either race will remember with fondness throughout life.

Forty years' observations and experiences in the midst of such

living induce the writer to believe that, so far as the negro himself was concerned, his living was attended by as little of suffering, at least in his physical being, as any considerable portion of the poor among mankind have known at any time. Instances, indeed, there were of meanness and oppression, as in all states of society. Yet these instances were rare, for the threefold reason that it behooved the pecuniary interest of bad men, alike with good, to treat well their slaves, that the common law of public opinion condemned and disgraced the bad, and that the State laws provided indemnity against such men to any who would furnish their slaves with the necessary things that their avarice withheld.

As for the statutory prohibitions against book-education, though not entirely defensible in the writer's opinion, even upon the ground of the solicitude provoked by outside interference, yet they *sounded* incomparably worse than they operated; and there was no instance, it is believed, wherein any one was ever punished for their violation. The hereditary public sentiment was on the side of full justice and liberality to the negro, and just such an amount of intellectual development as was possible to his capacity and suited to his condition. In the cultivation of this sentiment the masters of Middle Georgia spent their days in the midst of their slaves; if sometimes in too much ease and inactivity, at least in uninterrupted peace and tranquillity, and their rights behind doors, open or unlocked, in security more absolute than if they had been guarded by bands of Prætorian cohorts.

Such were the main conditions of negro slavery in the great slave belt of Middle Georgia before the war. Persons at the North and in Europe were surprised at the continued fealty of the slaves during that unhappy period. Certain, indeed, it is that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation made no perceptible change in their relations with their masters. While the latter were engaged in the conflict, often hundreds of miles distant, their wives and children, so far as their own slaves were concerned, felt the same security upon the plantations as at any time before ever a gun was fired. In the first year of the war hundreds of youth were followed by their own proper body-servants; and during that whole struggle the anxieties and fears, the griefs and lamentations for losses of every kind were common in those households where there had ever been a community of good and evil fortune. Not to be forgotten is the fidelity unrelaxed with which these slaves served their masters' wives in the continued prosecution of the work, and their care of the stock of all kinds upon the plantations. The panic raised by the defeat of Hood at Atlanta, and the advance of Sherman towards the sea, fell alike upon those of all conditions; and not one in ten thousand, whose masters were making their last

ineffectual efforts at resistance, refused to accompany their masters' younger sons or their neighbors in withdrawing their portable property from before that devouring march. When the war was over the first sentiments of commingled sadness at defeat and gratitude for peace were shared between the master and his slave.

At this juncture that calamity apparently as disastrous to the Southern people as all the losses of the war, befell,—the assassination of President Lincoln. That large spirit, so without pride or resentment, so unboastful and compassionate, that had commiserated errors he considered it his duty to suppress, what might he not have done for his country with its dissevered parts reunited and at peace! Inexpressibly dire was the horror felt by all thoughtful minds in the South when he was murdered in circumstances so nefarious. The resentment in the North, just, indeed, except in its implication of even tacit participation in the horrid deed of any beyond the frenzied perpetrator, was a sore evil to the whole country.

The history of the early days of President Johnson's administration is familiar to all. The effect of the policy of reconstruction then inaugurated was to multiply proconsulships beyond limit, until not a county-town in the State was without its lieutenant, who, with his squad of ten or fifteen men, was set to rule those with whose language it often happened that he had little, and with their temper no, acquaintance. Then came on, with startling suddenness, that change in the deportment of the negroes which it is yet sorrowful to remember. The dealings of these petty subalterns seemed as if they had been born into the world for their ignoble work; to humiliate the white man, exalt above him his former slave, taunt, often, the latter with his slowness in seizing the facilities extended to him, lead him to violate his contracts, steal and rob from his employer, and otherwise maltreat him in every way that a provoking spirit could invent. Fortunately for the whites these lieutenants could be conciliated occasionally by a five-dollar gold piece or a bottle of peach brandy. Then, sometimes tired out with such petty warfare, meeting no hostility among the Southern soldiery whom they had so often encountered on the field of battle, they conceived disgust for the negro, openly avowed that too much ado was made about him by the government, and occasionally, when called upon to notice outrageous conduct of specially violent men of that race upon plantations, they would tie up by the thumbs and ply the cowhide in a way quite unknown to a Georgian.

In such a state of things the surprise ought to be that the two races were not alienated more widely and forever. A multitude of human beings, without lands and houses, ignorant, improvident, yet greedy and passionate, sedulously persuaded that in this revo-

lution they, who had been at the bottom, were entitled now and destined to rise to the top in their political, civil, and social being, feeling themselves to be backed by the great nation whose arms had prevailed in the mighty struggle, learning for the first time that that struggle had been maintained for the purpose of their special exaltation, what was it that prevented yet greater alienation? For always it has been so that those who have preached to the poor and ignorant that their poverty and ignorance have been inflicted by others than themselves, have found eager listeners, among whom the boldest and most wicked could be made ready for reprisal and revenge. A few among that class to whom Andrew Johnson had appealed, destined henceforth to be forever known as *scalawags*, joined the ranks of the ascendant party. What might have resulted beyond what did result from these influences, but for reasons hereinafter mentioned, God only knows. The sudden emancipation and enfranchisement of this people was a gross mistake, both of statesmanship and philanthropy. Thitherto the wise and humane had labored only for the gradual abolishment of slavery, even when the slaves were of the same race as their masters, and the wisest had warned against the disastrous consequences of sudden movements in that direction. In this instance, the evil was exacerbated by the disfranchisement of the most gifted among the whites, and especially by that studied array, partly through legislation and partly through missionaries, of race against race, inculcating among the negroes the belief that, henceforth at the South, one or the other must be subjected or exterminated in order to secure the peaceful prevalence of the other. Yet noxious as these sorry military subordinates had been, we could not foresee that the ununiformed, the untitled, the unwarlike, who followed in their tread, and destined to a longer sojourn, were incomparably more so. The *carpet-bagger*, like the scalawag, has become historic. He ought, for he was a power in his period, and accomplished an astounding quantity of unpunished wrong. Not, whatever he was, that he was not better than the scalawag. Not to him, as to the latter, were the associations of home, and kindred, and natural regret for a cause that had been as dear as unfortunate. He was simply a shameless plunderer of what little had been left to a people of whom, though he had not seen them in battle, he had heard that they were brave, and he assumed to believe that they deserved yet further punishment for their efforts to overthrow a government, the best that the world had ever seen. With him and with the negro, the poor scalawag, betrayer of his tribe, turning his back upon all that was especially fond in its traditions, coalesced, and that triumvirate of rapacity, ignorance, and perfidy made a career unique in the history of mankind. None outside, and not nearly all inside know what that career in its ful-

ness was. They know somewhat of the conflagrations of dwellings, and gin-houses, and fields, and fences, and woods; the destruction of cattle, and sheep, and swine; but they know little of that monstrous crime of which the negro, in his exaltation, has become madly fond,—the destruction of female purity. The sense of family honor and delicacy has withheld from public knowledge all instances of this kind, except such as, from their peculiar atrocity, made public themselves. In that first season of intoxication, the negro had developed a feeling towards the white female, the promptings to which no age or condition, from prattling childhood to palsied decrepitude, withstood, when no other bar was interposed. For a brief time it seemed, indeed, as if a war of races might soon be at hand.

What prevented this dire calamity was the courage and prudence of the Southern whites and the timely recognition among the negroes of the instinct of self-preservation, by returning to their former and only friends. It was well for the Georgia negro that he who had once been his master could not be brought to feel towards him the slightest sentiment of fear, beyond that which all have for the secret injuries of malefactors. If there had been fear of race towards race, and the whites had been led to believe that one or the other must be exterminated, the question would have been settled speedily, and the African forever removed out of American politics.

But there were no such fear and no such belief. To such outrages as I have mentioned, punishment, speedy, condign, terrific, ensued. For nothing which the whites might apprehend from a government however strong and vindictive was to be compared with endurance of such as these. The *institution* of the Ku Klux Klans, so grossly exaggerated, had for its object the silent rectification of abuses that the laws could not reach with sufficient speed and certainty. In that season of madness the negro had to be made to unlearn much of what he had been most wickedly taught, that incendiarism, rapine, and rape led unto death, instant and horrific. And he did unlearn speedily both this and the delusion that himself was to be enriched by confiscation, and become in his turn the master of the white man. Superadded, the old affections between the whites and their former family servants began to revive. The most thoughtful among the latter began to see, and the boldest of these began to avow, that hostility between the races meant extermination, and extermination not of the whites.

Meanwhile the "wards of the nation" must subsist upon other than expectation, which had dwindled in time to "forty acres and a mule." The swine and the sheep had disappeared in the ostensible squirrel and bird huntings, and the cattle were kept within limited

and guarded inclosures. The negro *had* to work, and work produced its legitimate result in sobering his mind and leading to the conclusion that to himself, as to any other freeman, landless and moneyless, neither more nor less, work was the prerequisite for the obtainment of food, and raiment, and shelter.

It is sad even yet to contemplate the temporary confusion among this simple people after the first disappointment of their hopes of attaining power and riches. The carpet-bagger, employing a cleverness not possessed by the lieutenant or the sergeant (who had acted at first mainly for the "fun of the thing," but afterwards became disgusted), had received their savings of silver—for the negro was ever a hoarder, however inconsiderable, of hard money—for schooling, marriage fees, fees of initiation into "Rising Sons of Liberty" societies; and now he and the scalawag plied them for continued support of these societies, ever urging their necessity with pleas that, unless the whites were continued at least in disfranchisement, they would restore slavery and add to its bonds and exactions.

In this condition of things the State of Georgia found one pre-eminent advantage in the fact aforementioned, that the main body of slaveholders had resided in the midst of their slaves. Super-added to the old habits of affection from continued association was the superior intelligence which such slaves had acquired, compared with those who dwelt in large bodies upon plantations, the habitations of whose owners were at a distance. This circumstance, though by no means peculiar to that State, was more remarkable than in any other among those where the two races approximated equality in numbers. The time never has been when a Georgia planter could not secure sufficient or nearly sufficient labor, and the question of bread, and meat, and clothes, and houses must the sooner be ascertained and a reasonable understanding be had between the land-owner and the land-worker. The town negro might live upon his wits as one of the leaders of clubs in aid of the yet promised upward movement, appropriating (after the purchase of the flags and the music) the weekly contributions of the members. But the country negro must work from Monday morning at least until Friday night, and be content to come in upon a Saturday with his quarter of a dollar, and listen, with vague concern, to harangues upon the horrors of the past and the various possibilities of the future. It was curious but not greatly surprising to observe the majorities, approximating unanimity, with which they continued for some time to vote according to instructions of the town leaders and their white confreres. As the time elapsed, however, while the townsmen continued in party alignment, the countrymen began to realize in their dull understandings that their interests and those of their employers were common and inseparable.

The following instance is inserted here parenthetically. At a political gathering on July 4th, 1866, of more than a thousand negroes in one of the old counties of Middle Georgia, several boastful and *quasi* incendiary speeches had been made by leading black politicians, when a young negro man who had been the slave of the writer of this article, and had been taught the rudiments of education by his master's children, rose and electrified the audience by remarks on this line. He told his fellows that the idea of hostility between the races was the idea of those who were ignorant of the interests of both, or hostile to them. "If this idea is true," said he, "then we of the black race are doomed to extermination, for we are the weaker, and in such a conflict, my friends, I tell you the Northern white man would join the Southern, because *blood is stronger than water*. If I believed in such hostility I would take my wife and child and sail with the first steamer that will leave Charleston for Liberia. It is because I do not believe in it that I mean to stay here where I was born, and that I mean to be the friend of those whom I consider most capable and willing to befriend me." That young man afterwards became a leading minister in one of the religious sects, and is beloved and respected by a very large number in both races.

In fine, according to the law that intellect, culture, and courage must prevail in any society destined to peaceful and happy existence, the rule passed, with ever-weakening resistance, into the hands of the whites and the better class of negroes, with such results as are now observed only to be felicitated by just men everywhere. Some of these results are to be found in the increased education of the negroes, increased ownership of lands and houses, increased raising and allowing to run at large of cattle, swine, and sheep, and increased reception and rendition of the offices of good neighborhood. These results do not include and, however augmented, never can produce social equality. The Georgia negro well knows that this is impossible, and as a rule he has ceased to desire it. In that understanding, wisely and for benign purposes created inferior, there has been lodged the conviction that his best friend is his master of old, between whom and himself his interests will be to continue henceforth the relationship which, after vain promises and senseless efforts for greater and impossible things, has been established.

In this tripartite coalition only the carpet-bagger realized, and now somewhere lives in a style superior to the expectations, if not the ambitions, of his youth. He feels, and he knows that whatever men may say about him, he is a better as well as more prosperous man than the scalawag. The negro, though less happy than before the war, pursues his way with less complainings than most of the

landless among superior races. Seldom is heard the hymn in the cornfield, and almost never the corn song. For now, not as of yore, he is thinking of the morrow. Yet, with the subsidence of his stormy passions, so unhappily aroused by those who neither knew him nor loved him well, nor even pitied him, in his gradual return to the grateful dependence suited to his simple nature he is learning to enjoy the good which that relationship is capable to impart. When he votes at all, generally, and of his own accord, he votes with those whom he knows and esteems the most, on whose prosperity depends his only sure prospect of continuing in possession of the comforts necessary to the continuance of his being. Like other men whose living is eked from the daily labor of their hands, he has come to see the irreconcilability between the separate and *class* exercise of the right of suffrage with the preservation of cordial relationship to his employer. He knows now full well that the white man, accepting the result of the conflict, would not re-enslave him if he could, nor oppose his rising to any condition of security and prosperity which it may be the will of God for him to attain.

The strangest mistake, after all, that has been made by the dominant party in the country, is that which did, and to some extent does yet, impute unpatriotic motives to the persistent adherence of the South to its former leaders. The South never had, and the North ought never to have had, confidence in the men who consented to take those oaths which swore to conditions that, if possible to be true, disqualified them for responsible employment. The best minds of the South prayed as well as fought for the success of Southern arms, and it was not with hopes of renewing a decided contest, but because they were their best representatives, that they persistently chose those whom, in all exigencies of peace and of war, they had trusted without being betrayed. In the last election for Governor of Georgia, the former slaves of General Colquitt, a multitude in numbers, though residing in a county distant from his abode, with none to persuade or hinder, voted for their old master. A kindred feeling to that which made him governor sent Stephens and Cook to the House and Gordon to the Senate, returned at the North Hayes and Dix, Burnside and Ewing. This conduct was honorable in both, for both were obeying the instincts of all peoples in choosing for their leaders those whom they regarded as their bravest and most heroic. Such action comports with the common sentiment of mankind. When the insurrection in Lusitania had ended by the death of Viriathus, on the application of his murderers for payment it was answered that it was not pleasing to the Roman people for a general to be assassinated by his own soldiers. Yet later, when the republic was in its

dying agonies and the empire at hand, the poor slave who had betrayed Sulpicius was ordered by the victorious Sulla, first to be paid his promised reward, and afterwards hurled from the Tarpeian rock. Less tragic, less remarkable, has been the lot of the scalawag, but not far less unhappy. By those whom he made such sacrifices to serve he is thrown an occasional dole in a petty department clerkship, requiring little capacity, less confidence, and no responsibility; by those whom he forsook, though forgiven and commiserated, he is left—to himself, with no grudge for whatever he can find to enjoy in such an existence.

What has been said thus far was mainly respecting the material being of the negro. As to his religion, unfortunately there is little that is favorable to be told, yet that little is considered by the most thoughtful of those minds who know him best as for the most part on the side of his condition anterior to his enfranchisement. His slow advancement in religious growth was not owing to measures, either in public or domestic rule, which hindered or delayed it, but to circumstances which affected both races. The early settlers of Middle Georgia, especially its leading citizens, were from the State of Virginia, and their ancestors had been mainly of the Episcopalians. These finding no Episcopalian organizations near their new home, when they united with any religious denomination at all, usually did so according to accidental circumstances. Very many of the most gifted among these were not church members at all. Even those who were and who dwelt in country neighborhoods had but one Sunday in the month, when the regular meeting day came around, whereon they could attend upon public religious exercises. The preachers, at the expense of whose ignorance many a pleasant jest was wont to be indulged, obtained, except when at the houses of the brethren and friends, rather a feeble living from their work. In time young men of education became divines, but their ministrations were mostly confined to the towns and villages, while the monthly or occasionally a semi-monthly service was held in the country meeting-houses. Thither on some Sundays, on others not, country gentlemen would ride with their families and, along with other neighbors, going and coming discuss politics, the crops, neighborhood news. As for the negro, he was ever a church-goer. He loved the Sunday clothes, the crowd, the singing, and many of them earnestly tried to practice the professions which they made. Slave-owners who were not church members had a profound respect for genuine piety and felt it to be their duty to encourage their families, black and white, in their efforts to "get religion." But in such a state of society religion must make slow advancement. In that society manly and womanly honor ran as high as in any country at any time. The charities that succored

the poor, visited the sick, consoled the bereaved, were common and most bountiful. What was needed was an authorized guidance, which those sensitive minds would have gratefully accepted if they had known that it was in existence, and was ready and eager to receive them into its benign hand. But the hereditary hostility of the old Virginia to the Catholic Church followed her emigrant sons, and they, church-members and non-church-members, regarded the Pope as Antichrist (whatever that might be), and his children as idolaters, vaguely, indeed, and without great acrimony of judgment. Adherents of liberty of all sorts, many a one would have contended that the gentleman from Rome was entitled to his opinions, as he was liable to all the risk. Yet, many a man, brave, generous, true-hearted as ever lived, who would attend a religious meeting not more than one or half a dozen times in the year, and say his prayers less often, would vaguely console his conscience in not being a member of any church organization, with the reflection that on the Antichrist question he was as sound as the most pronounced, and so hoped to escape the eternal fires. It is mournful to think how many men of as high a type as this world has ever produced thus spent their lives, practicing every duty to mankind, and omitting duty to God, because of not knowing in their honest hearts the sort of worship which He required. Not that there were not instances of intense anxiety, even in the state of youth and vigorous manhood, and many a sensitive intellect was broken by the despair of finding, amid so many conflicting opinions, the one true interpretation of God's will from the Holy Bible, its only allowed guide.

Now the negro was rarely in this condition. He was ever a cordial, even a partisan believer. His religion was of the sort hearty and exuberant. Not that he ignored or avoided sad themes. On the contrary, they were his favorites. His delight was the contemplation of death and hell. This was one reason why he preferred a black to a white preacher. The latter usually did not employ in his discourses quite enough of fire and brimstone, nor ring loudly and long enough on general pathetics. On a Sunday, when a white man might be holding meeting within a mile or two, he would prefer, if he could obtain a pass, to walk six or eight miles to hear a negro hold forth on a funeral, ever the great theme of the negro preachers, where he would open his great mouth, and cry, and sing, and shout, and feel as if he was growing fat upon the abundance and the sweetness of his religion. Yet, observation had taught the whites that this kind of piety must not be allowed to become excessive, because it led to the neglect of sublunary things that were necessary, and other week-day diversions that were inconsistent with Sunday devotions. It was remarkable that their standard of personal piety was higher among the laity than among the clergy.

It was always a serious, a most puzzling question with slave-owners, what could be reasonably done for the negro's religious condition. That question never was settled, and because the slave-owners knew not what could be done for their own condition. It never could have been settled in a society wherein the whites were ever in a state of incertitude as to the way in which truth, undoubted, infallible, was to be sought and found. This incertitude made the slave-owner, in his honest heart, feel himself to be an insufficient guide to his slave, except to set him an example of rectitude, industry, and respect for God, trying to trust the slave's soul to the chances of his own, hoping for the best for both, yet fearing the worst. When that slave became sick, he tended him with that assiduous care bestowed upon his own child. When he died he wept over his dead body as a friend weeps over his dear friend, and hoped that God was extending mercy to his soul. When himself died, the slave who survived felt a like grief and indulged a like hope. How many, how many of both races, having faithfully performed the obligations known and recognized to be due to one another, yet lived without piety and died unbaptized? In such a career the harm that was done resulted from ignorance of the truth. He who claimed the liberty to accept one dogma of faith that was propounded to him and reject another, or reject all, allowed similar liberty to his dependents of both races. It was an ignorance that seems to us invincible, and we hope that it will be so adjudged at the great day.

What change has been made in the religious condition of the negro since his enfranchisement is considered by those who have the best facilities for judging not to be for the better. His ancient preference for preachers of his own race cleaving yet closer to him he has been able to gratify to the full, and negro preachers are sufficiently numerous to satisfy all demands. The ancient standard among these, if we may credit the reports of those who most thoughtfully and philanthropically study the condition of the race, instead of being elevated has been further lowered. Meeting-houses have been multiplied and church-membership increased, and sable divines expatiate with tireless lungs and tongues on immortal themes. If a man from the North were to attend one of their country Sunday meetings he would be entertained by a sermon that, in spite of its brimstone and other platitudes, would have more unction than he might have expected, and he would hear singing that would make his very hair rise. Yet if he should linger long in the neighborhood he would find that much of this devoutness with that day's sunset had fallen into abeyance till the next meeting-day, and he would hear of practices on the part of some of those most prominent in these exercises, some of which would make him laugh and some tend to make him weep.

The lead that the negro has taken upon himself, or assigned to another negro, is conducting him upon a curious road. Where that road is to end we can only speculate; but we are sure that it must diverge further and further from the religion of Christ. For sixteen years he has had the exercise of civil and political liberty without molestation. Such aids as the state has rendered to education he has enjoyed in common with the whites. Yet during these sixteen years in the qualities which constitute manhood, even such a manhood as he is capable to attain, he has not improved, while in his moral being he has declined. As to the advance that he has made in material prosperity, so much of it as is not merely apparent (as is the greater part), is due mainly to the examples and the counsels of his former master, who is now his neighbor, and not to his own provident plans and his command of industries and skill. If that neighbor were to leave him and remain away for as much as two years, never did he long for anything as he would long for his return. Yet this is the old negro, or the negro of middle age, who learned in the time of slavery the value of such examples and counsels. The young negro, grown up since that time, in general, regards himself superior both to his father and his father's neighbor, and beyond the work indispensable to the procurement of things necessary to his present subsistence, sits, and lies down, and saunters in expectation of obtaining the fulfilment of his other wants by the exercise of his wits, joined with those of his coevals of his own kind, when they shall be further developed and sharpened by time and the increased facilities that he persuades himself time is destined to bring. The irregularities which this sauntering existence produces are crowding both the penitentiary and the lunatic asylum to a degree that is appalling, and they are leading to apprehensions that the negro is destined to relapse into the barbarous condition of his ancestors.

Need it be added what is the great need of this man in his moral being? or must it be said that this need is the Catholic Church? How would his simple, docile mind yield itself to that teaching whose universality serves to accommodate itself to all understandings! How would the confessional lay open his heart and reveal its wants to the priest, whose commission enables him to heal men of all conditions, the gifted and the humble! How soon and how effectually instruction, unerring as simple, authoritative as mild, would silence those blatant guides, under whose blind leadership both they and their followers, in ever-increasing numbers, are falling into the ditch! That such is the destiny of a people to whom we are bound by ties of so many fond recollections, we pray, we hope, and we are fain to believe.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHURCH; OR THE PERSECUTORS OF RELIGION. By *Rev. W. Gleason*, Rector of St. Anthony's Church, California; author of the "History of the Catholic Church in California." Printed at the New York Catholic Protectory, West Chester, N. Y. 1880. Two vols., 8vo.

By the publication of this book the reverend author has done a good and serviceable work for English-speaking Catholics. There has been hitherto nothing, or scarcely anything of the kind, accessible to them in their own language. And he is further entitled to their gratitude because he has brought before them, for their instruction and edification, one of the chief glories of the Catholic Church, which has been hitherto somewhat neglected, or never adequately, so far, presented to the consideration of English speaking Catholics.

Most Catholic writers love to dwell upon such glories of the Church as are visible on the surface to any reader of history, her conquest of Imperial Rome, with its world-wide dominion, her overthrowing of the renowned Greek schools and their philosophy, her subduing and civilizing of the barbarous Northern hordes. Others hold up to admiration the wonderful gifts with which God has blessed her, the holy lives and heroic virtues of so many of her children, the miracles they have wrought for the benefit of their fellow-men, or the many wonderful interpositions of God's power to shield His Church from the "gates of hell," when they seemed on the point of prevailing against her. And all these prove conclusively enough that she is the special object of God's love and unceasing care. These glorious triumphs of the Church seem to be the favorite theme of most of our writers, especially of those amongst us who write, chiefly or in part, for non-Catholic readers. This view of the Church is just and true; no one will deny it. But it is not the only one. There is another view, to human eyes a sad and gloomy one, but to the eye of faith no less glorious than the other, which seems more attractive. It is the consideration of the Church in her trials and sufferings, in her sad day of persecution, not in her happy hour of deliverance. It consists in contemplating her, not with feelings of regret or compassion, but of admiration, joy, and triumph, as she stands out on the pages of history, hated, vilified, persecuted, and pursued to death for Christ's sake by wicked men. And that history is nothing more than the verification of divine prophecy.

Whoever reads attentively the New Testament will see plainly stated there that to suffer persecution is no less a mark of Christ's true Church than to be one in her doctrine, Apostolic in her origin, or Infallible in her teaching office. Nothing can be more distinctly set down in the promises or prophecies of Christ and His Apostles than this, that the Church is to suffer as long as He is with her, and He is to be with her to the end of time. She was to be hated of all men, perpetually condemned and slain for His sake. If He came, the bearer not of peace but of a sword, it was on the body of this earthly Spouse that sword was to fall heaviest and work most havoc. And what was true of the Church was to be true likewise of her children individually, even when the Church was seemingly breathing the air of peace or temporary respite from the attacks of her enemies. Every one, says the Apostle, who has made up his mind to live piously in Christ Jesus, must undergo persecution. But this persecution the Church and her children are not to

regard as a misfortune. They are not to call it hardship or calamity, nor merely do their best to bear with it as a stern decree of their Lord and Master, whose will is law for all His creatures. No; but they must welcome it as a special favor and privilege; recognize in it an evident token of His love and the real source of their own happiness. "Blessed are they," he says in His Gospel, "who suffer persecution for justice sake. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad." Leave to the world its miserable stock of joys and fancied pleasure. It is your portion "to lament and weep." And it is only in these tears that you are to seek and find your true happiness. (Matt. v. 10-12; John xvi. 20.)

The Pagans of old used to taunt the Church with her suffering condition. They looked upon it as a mark of Heaven's disapprobation. The so-called religious world of to-day, which is largely made up of infidelity disguised under a nominal profession of heresy, does the very same thing. The heathen, who knew not God or His revelation, is entitled to our pity, and may have found in it some excuse before the judgment-seat. But what can be said to excuse his successor and modern representative who calls himself a Christian, who has not only read the Scriptures, but boasts of understanding them better than God's own Church? Neither his Christian name nor his pretended knowledge of Scripture can alter the fact that he is thoroughly at heart a Pagan. He hates and vilifies the Church, because she is hated and vilified by the world. That she is gainsaid and persecuted everywhere, by society—fashion, the press, political power—is, to his eyes, a visible token of her reprobation. And he uses it frequently as an argument to present her to others in an odious or contemptible light, to reject any claim on her part to a hearing, to discourage and deter his friends, relatives, or dependents from seeking rest in her bosom for their troubled souls. And each of them, false Christian or open unbeliever as he may happen to be, lends a willing hand to the world in its unceasing effort to thwart, fetter, and persecute the Church. His aim, as it is his hope, is thereby gradually to bring about her ruin. Little does he think, poor silly man! that he is meanwhile bearing witness, unconsciously, to her truth and divine origin; that he is only a blind instrument in the hands of an All-wise providence, working without will or knowledge, but effectually, to fulfil the promises of God for the glory of the Church, and, unfortunately, for his own destruction.

These are the principles that underlie the valuable work of Rev. Mr. Gleeson, and that inspired him in writing it. Let others prefer to sing the glorious triumphs of the Church. He chooses rather to portray the painful stages by which she reaches this glory, to show her divine character in the heroism of her martyrs, in her faithful fulfilment of Christ's prophecies. While others call on us to admire the glorious Bride of the Heavenly King he holds up to our veneration the faithful Spouse of the Man of Sorrows.

The reverend author does not profess to have written for the benefit of the learned world. Hence, in quoting the *Acts of the Early Martyrs*, or other documents of Church history, he avoids all critical discussion. In this he has acted wisely, as all such questions, while giving an appearance of dry learning to a book, mar its general usefulness. While drawing from the best and most authentic sources, he never forgets that he is writing for ordinary readers, whether Catholic or Protestant. And his book, written in a sufficiently pleasant-flowing style, will instruct and edify them. He shows in his two volumes how the Church has fared at the hands of the world in all ages and in all countries; in

Pagan Rome, in Armenia, Abyssinia, and Persia, in China and Japan, as well as in the countries that boast of their modern civilization,—Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and the mongrel republics to the south of us that are a disgrace to the Catholic and Spanish names.

We hope that this work will meet with the favor it deserves from Catholic readers, and thus fulfil the author's pious intention of stirring up in their minds, not only admiration of the Church in her sufferings, but also a lively practical feeling that their own true happiness, as well as a substantial token of their predestination, consists in suffering with her and for her sake. Even our non-Catholic friends who have goodwill and some desire to know where is Christ's true Church may learn from its perusal that she is more likely to be found amongst the martyrs and confessors of every age, and those who "weep and lament" in fellowship with them, than amongst those who "rejoice" and are not ashamed to boast of their "rejoicing" with this world.

It is not unlikely that a book of this kind, so well adapted for general reading, may reach a second edition. Hence we venture to suggest a few things that might be altered or improved. First of all, the word "Persecutors," in the very title, should be replaced by "Persecutions." It was not the author's intention to discuss the history or paint the character of our persecutors, or to chronicle their lamentable fate. This has never yet been fully done in any work, though it has been touched on by our early Apologists, and partially treated by Lactantius (or Caecilius) in his book *De Mortibus Persecutorum*. Yet it would be a most useful and instructive theme for any Christian writer; and there could be no higher tribute paid to the excellence of our holy religion than by an impartial examination of the character of its persecutors during the last eighteen hundred years. What a fearful array of unhallowed knaves! What a hateful "Rogues' Gallery," royal though it be, from Nero of Rome down to Alexander of Russia! The object, however, of our author was not to discuss the character of the persecutors, but to narrate the blows and stripes they inflicted on God's Church.

The second chapter of the work seems to us to be out of place. It treats of the civilizing influences of the Church, and tells, in glowing language, how she destroyed Northern barbarism, elevated woman, and freed the slave. All this is as true as admirable, but it is hard to discover its connection with the main subject. It cannot fail to remind more than one reader of the *purpureus pannus* of which Horace speaks. The chapter mars in a great measure the unity of the volume; but it has other defects, also, which should be corrected if it is allowed to remain. There are in it some expressions which should be modified, while others might be safely omitted. It often happens that, while indulging in rhetoric, one loses sight of accuracy in doctrine; and this is the case with our author in his second chapter. He speaks (pp. 27, 28) of slavery amongst the ancient Romans, and tells us how, owing to Christian influences, it had been considerably diminished in Europe as far back as the eleventh century, and how it had totally disappeared in the beginning of the sixteenth. But "this unworthy system," he adds, was revived by Spain, countenanced by England and her colonists, and (he might have added) warmly welcomed and indorsed by the Puritan grandfathers; aye, in some cases, the very fathers of the men who now pretend to groan over the unhappy African. "The system," he goes on to say, was condemned by Paul III., Urban VIII., and finally by Gregory XVI. Now all this is apt to mislead the unwary reader. The author surely never meant to affirm, against all law and theology, that domestic slavery, an-

cient and modern, and the traffic in slaves, or slave-trade, are all one "system," and that "system" condemned by solemn enactments of the Catholic Church. However wicked our Southern slaveholders may seem to his eyes, he must acknowledge that they had some little portion of common-sense, and it may be, too, some little share of our common inheritance from Adam, self-love and self-interest. Yet it is a notorious fact that they made a broad distinction between the slave-trade and domestic slavery. Even before the year 1800 they passed laws by which the one was protected and the other declared a felony. And this they did on general principles of philanthropy, unlike their Northern brethren, who abolished slavery and the slave-trade merely because it had ceased to be a source of gain. And in the old days, when we possessed what might be truthfully called a commonwealth, slaveholding Southerners and Northern Puritans joined hands in passing laws which made it a crime either to rob a man of his natural freedom or to steal him away from his lawful owner.

From an ethical point of view the difference is very clear. There is nothing wrong, nothing *intrinsic malum* in domestic slavery, as it existed in the South before the war, but there is and ever was something wrong, *intrinsic malum*, in the slave-trade. And this would be true even if the latter had not been condemned by the Church. The Church only decides moral questions when they come before her in a practical shape. As long as they are not presented to her in this form they remain decided by her general principles. What Paul III., Urban VIII., Benedict XIV., and Gregory XVI. condemned was not domestic slavery, but the slave-trade.

The author seems unwilling to recognize this distinction, for on p. 26 he states more than once (in text and footnote) that "the Church made the manumission of slaves a duty and religious obligation." This is far from correct. If a Christian manumitted his slave she regarded it as a noble and truly Christian act, and recognized it as such by a special religious function. So she did likewise when a man gave up his children or his property to the service of God and His Church. But who would conclude from this that such giving up of children or earthly goods was in her eyes a "duty and religious obligation?" In both cases she was recognizing, rewarding, and honoring a voluntary offering, not enforcing an obligation.

It may seem out of place for us to dwell so long upon this point, otherwise so clear and evident. But there is a reason for it. We live in an atmosphere of heretical and infidel cant, and this cant has been growing louder and fiercer (for cant is tigerlike in its ferocity as well as stealthiness) ever since the late war between the States. It has permeated the whole country. It has worked its way into the minds of not a few of our Catholics, and we hear its echoes in the deliberate utterances of our grave men no less than in the novels of our young literateurs and the juvenile spoutings of the club-room. It is time to put a stop to all this, and to remind our young Ciceros and Grattans that the doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church is as independent of American political progress as it is of German *kultur*, or any other form of European atheism.

Another fault that we have to find with our author is this. In drawing from French sources he has allowed himself to be drawn into the French spelling, or misspelling rather, of proper names. Thus we are introduced to such chimerical personages as the Emperor Constance (Constantius Chlorus) and to such martyrs as Apien and Datif. The holy patroness of Augsburg is disguised as St. Afree (Afhra or Afra).

The two illustrious martyrs of Edessa, whose heroic deeds have been the perpetual theme of all the Fathers and poets of the Syrian Church, are Frenchified into Guric and Samone. This is not a matter of much importance, but it offends propriety, and may mislead a reader who has already met with these saints under their true names in Alban Butler, or other works of the kind. The note on p. 326 may be made historically accurate by simply substituting the word "baptism" for "conversion."

THE ENDOWMENTS OF MAN. Considered in Their Relations with His Final End. A course of lectures by *Bishop Ullathorne*. London: Burns & Oates, 1880.

This is an admirable work, instinct with Christian philosophy and redolent of the ancient patristic learning, yet harmonizing with the conditions of more recent thought. The title conveys but an imperfect idea of the wide range these lectures take in discussing the gifts and supernatural destiny of man. They embrace the most momentous questions of human life for time and eternity, problems which reason unaided could only guess at, but could not solve. Faith alone holds the key to the solution of these mysteries of humanity, the elevation and fall of man, the providence of God, the origin of evil, free will and grace, the punishment of sin, the corruption and regeneration of mankind. Such are the themes to whose exposition Bishop Ullathorne devotes a mind stored with theological erudition and the philosophy of the best schools, and a style as pure as it is vigorous. If there is in this volume much of the learning of others, whom the author modestly calls "more authoritative writers," it has passed through a process of assimilation which neither they nor the Bishop's readers could have any reason to regret. A very good specimen of the constructive method of teaching, which is followed throughout, is to be found in the lecture on "Why Man was Not Created Perfect?" The ground is carefully levelled off, the foundations are laid broad and deep, the walls rise stone upon stone, arch springing above arch, till the whole building stands complete and imposing in its grandeur. There are other lectures, such as that on "Creation and Providence," or that on "The Regeneration of Man," in which the defects of this method are more apparent. For, to use the critic's privilege of grumbling, we shall take the liberty of saying that the synthetic method *has* defects. It is not the most favorable to clear, precise, well-defined issues. It builds up a splendid edifice, if you will, but many will retain only a vague recollection of the process, and a rather ill-defined impression of the general result. In some of these lectures the reader is fairly bewildered with the number and rapid succession of great thoughts crowded together. It is not that unity is wanting. There is unity, but it is in the midst of so great a multitude and variety that the mind is strained to retain, if not to follow, what it reads. It is a genuine case of "l'embarras de richesse." Not that we would prefer a more meagre fare, but there are some who would rather have less at a time.

When the occasion offers, Dr. Ullathorne refers to the errors of our own times, which he refutes, not by direct argument, but by teaching what they deny. It will be noticed that he speaks in no complimentary terms of men who "love darkness better than the light."

Thus, in the first lecture, on the "Nature of Man," speaking of "the scientific dreams of men who refuse to have God in their knowledge," he says:

"Their treason against God has destroyed their dignity as men. Like Satan in the Book of Job, they have gone round the world and through it to seek the knowledge of man, yet what is open even to the ignorant and poor has escaped them. We may well say to these friends of humanity, as Job said to his consolers: 'Miserable comforters are ye all!' If they only knew something of themselves, they might know God. If they only knew something of God, they might know themselves. . . . When naturalists tell us that man differs from the very noblest ape by a thumb, or a planted foot, or a large convolution of brain, we do not deny these or any other distinctions of the kind, but we feel our nature insulted. When the positivists come with eloquent pens to assure us in glistening sentences that we have no soul or life beyond the grave, we are reminded of the glistening folds of the serpent in which Satan came to ruin mankind. For heaven they give us a skull decked with flowers, and for our present consolation they offer us the worship of a corrupt and perishing humanity. But the immortal life within us springs up with indignation to repel these horrors. When the pantheist tells us that man, with all his weakness, with all his evil propensities and vices, is an emanation, or an evolution, or a scintillation, or some other manifestation of the one Divine and Eternal being, we know that reveries like these come of the high fever of intellectual pride, confusing the object with the subject, and attended by some grievous disorder of the moral sense. We turn from these brainsick reveries to the light of common-sense for refreshment, and seek comfort in the revelation of God. If these monstrosities of the mind strike sensible men with astonishment, they may also teach the great lesson that we stand as much in need of the virtue of humility to keep us reasonable and safe in our common-sense as to keep us in faith with God."

Let the reader compare with this the opening paragraphs of the eleventh lecture, on the "Fall of Man," and he will be in a condition to understand the author's tone of mind towards "that infidel theorizing which besets the scientific men of our age." Their sophistries he lays bare with the severity of a pastor who knows that they are the ruin of many weak souls. Thus, on page 21:

"To separate what is mysterious in man from what is obvious, and to attempt his reconstruction by a process of elimination, is the most unphilosophical, the most unscientific of all methods of investigation. The materialists know well that, in their own proper science of matter, they cannot put aside the unknown qualities and quantities, for which they are unable to account. If some scientists give their thoughts so exclusively to material things, and immerse their minds in material imagery, until they can no longer recognize the operations of spiritual nature, not even their own, there is another class who pursue their mental abstractions, and who live so exclusively on the phenomena of their mind and imagination, that they no longer recognize material substance. Turned from God upon themselves, and involved within their own shadows, they see not half themselves; confounding the subjective mind with the objective truth, they sink into the miserable gulf of pantheistic delusion. But, whether by dwelling exclusively in sense and losing sight of soul men become materialists, or whether by dwelling exclusively in mental abstractions men lose sight of matter and become phenomenists, or whether by confounding subject with object they become pantheists, they, in each case, present us with a monster at which our reason revolts, and which our common-sense refuses to recognize as man. The positivists, by a similar deficiency of intellectual light, confound God with universal humanity, but with a humanity that they pronounce to be mortal in every part; yet they impiously set up this humanity for our deification. What can we learn from these dreary, barren, and inflated speculations but that, as we have said already, we stand in need of Christian humility to know both God and ourselves?"

Again, on page 83:

"How miserable then is the lot of those who muffle themselves in the unhappy delusion that they cannot know God, who is open to their knowledge, as well as to every rational creature! The knowledge of God is the only sure foundation of every other kind of knowledge. What prevents their knowing God but the pride that closes their heart to Him, and darkens their understanding? The light that makes God known is near the sight, even when far from the vision of the understanding, for that light is in the summit of every mind and in the depth of every conscience. But there are men who, in the pride of fancied superiority, look always downward, and look always away from the divine superiority, or, if they glance upwards now and then, the sensual veil of creation is upon their sight, and the superior light of their mind is as far from their understanding as any star is from the earth. They see it is a point of light, but they know nothing of what it contains."

In a like strain he describes, on pages 188-89, the delirium of human pride in attempting to substitute for the conscience which represents God "the unenlightened instincts of the inferior man." But our limited space forbids further quotation.

In his lecture on the "Nature of Man," Bishop Ullathorne follows on the lines of the Fathers, with an eye chiefly to the spiritual nature and sublime destiny of man. This is, probably, the reason why he takes issue with the Aristotelian definition of man, as repugnant to his sense of man's dignity. Those who regard the subject from a purely philosophical standpoint, which even a Christian philosopher may do without reproach, will hardly admit the force of Dr. Ullathorne's objections, or accept as adequate any of the substitutes with which he proposes to replace it. That the old definition of man as "a rational animal" is open to abuse by materialists and pantheists may be true, but it may be doubted whether any of the definitions he prefers will close the way to all the errors of heresy, or false philosophy about the nature of man. The fault, it seems to us, lies not in the definition, but in the false science. Man may, no doubt, be correctly defined, as the Bishop defines him, to be "a composite creation of soul and body, with the soul as the form of the body." But this is a definition of man by his physical parts, not by his metaphysical essence. There are, it is clear, many ways, more or less perfect, of defining as well as of describing man's nature, but when it comes to a strictly metaphysical definition, it will not be so easy to show that the old one is defective. It would do man a wrong, as our author thinks it does, by classifying him with the genus *animal*, if it did not add the specific difference *rational*, which lifts him immeasurably above the whole class of *mere* animals. God, it is true, introduced a new and more solemn form of creation in the words: "Let us make man;" but why? Not because this creation should not in any manner touch upon those which had preceded it, but because he was about to produce the masterpiece of his six days' work, a being that should combine all the lower forms of creation with a higher form, a spiritual nature, making him akin to the angels. And the Scripture says: "Man became a living soul," to indicate wherein man bears the impress of the divinity, the image and likeness of God.

The definition of man by De Bonald, which Dr. Ullathorne looks upon with some favor, is open to several objections. It is far too vague to be a good definition. "*Intelligence*" is not the most accurate expression for man's rational nature. "*Organs*" is not an exact equivalent for man's body. There are other organs besides those of the human structure, and even in man it is not strictly true that all the organs serve the intelligence. Besides, it leaves undetermined the nature of the bond existing between the "*intelligence*" and the "*organs*," whether it is external or internal, whether "*intelligence*" is the substantial form of "*organs*" or uses them as a mere extrinsic instrument.

The truth seems to be that the Bishop's objection to the Aristotelian definition arises chiefly from the familiar or vulgar use of the word *animal* to denote a *mere* animal, or brute, in a sense derogatory to the dignity of human nature. In the schools the word has no such meaning, and it is hardly to be expected that an unscholarly prejudice should avail to alter a definition consecrated by time and usage. Metaphysical definitions are for the schools, not for common use. In works intended for religious instruction or spiritual reading, other forms of expression may serve better to throw out in the clearest light the dignity of man's spiritual part, and its immense superiority over his animal nature. Most

of those selected by Bishop Ullathorne from the Fathers are very well suited to this purpose, and are rendered in English with masterly skill.

One of the chief beauties of this volume, in addition to the sustained elevation of thought and the bold grasp of large subjects, is the apt and forcible use of Scripture and the Fathers. The Bishop's erudition reaches out on every side, and presses into his service writers the most widely separated in time and character. Ancient and modern, Christian and Pagan, philosopher and ascetic, all are welcome, if they will bear witness to the truth he is expounding, confirm a position, strengthen an argument, or sum up a statement. If the reader would like to see a good specimen of the author's manner, combining devotion with instruction, in a style strong, clear, and flowing, let him turn to the paragraphs on "Mercy," at the close of the lecture on the "Fall of Man and the Redemption of Christ."

Like all works of erudition and deep thought, this book is one that should be kept near at hand, to be consulted and read again and again, for the more carefully it is studied the more will its merits grow upon the reader. Those will appreciate it best whose previous studies have made them no strangers to these great topics. To them it will be spiritual reading, as well as enlightened instruction, "enlarging their souls and animating their piety." By the side of such a work as this, how mean and puerile are even the best productions of our "advanced thinkers" on the problems of humanity,—poor, weak pipings of an instrument out of tune, compared to the solemn harmonies of the "deep majestic organ." Could the disciples of positivism be induced to study these lectures, and had they the grace of humility to understand them, they might learn at last the true value of life, and why life is worth living.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION IN ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS. By *George F. Seward*, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.

The subject of this work is one of great importance. The question whether Chinese immigration should be prohibited, or left a hindrance to take whatever proportions present or future circumstances may give it, has been the subject of fierce contention in California, and may become at no distant day a matter of practical concern to the people of other parts of the United States. To the discussion of this question Mr. Seward seemingly brings advantages which few others possess. His residence in China and the special privileges connected with his official position there gave him exceptional opportunities for studying the habits and character of the Chinese in their own country. That he has largely profited by those opportunities we fail to discover from the book now before us. Its material seems to have been culled mainly from reports of various committees of investigation and from that part of the testimony taken by those committees which was most favorable to the Chinese. Adverse testimony, of which it is well known a large amount exists, seems, for the most part, to have been systematically excluded. In the few instances in which Mr. Seward refers to it in his work, he seems to have done so in order to explain it away.

This necessarily gives Mr. Seward's work a one-sided character and greatly detracts from its value. It resembles the brief of a lawyer who has carefully noted whatever will strengthen the side of the case he has been retained to defend, rather than an impartial discussion of the subject. It is full of statistics and of quotations of the testimony of merchants, bankers, contractors, and employers of Chinese labor, but the

testimony is mostly, as might naturally be expected, one-sided ; and, wherever opinions are expressed or facts cited of an adverse character, Mr. Seward labors to lessen or destroy their force.

This, however, is what the preface to the work leads his readers to anticipate. With commendable candor, the author apprises the public that he takes up the subject not as an open or debatable question, but as one on which his own mind is fully made up. His work, therefore, is not written for the purpose of laying before the public facts and suggestions which will aid it in arriving at a true solution of the social and political problem which the subject involves, but in order to lead the American people to adopt conclusions which the writer in his own mind has already reached and which he desires to enforce upon his readers. The following quotation clearly shows the correctness of these remarks :

"I approached the examination of these questions with a strong feeling that the United States ought not to interfere unnecessarily with (Chinese) immigration, because in doing so we would depart from principles well established in our national life, and because arbitrary interferences with natural processes prove, as a rule, unavailing and injurious. As I proceeded I became satisfied that no necessity existed for such action. I found, in brief, that the Chinese have been of great service to the people of the Pacific coast ; that they are still needed there, but in a less important measure ; that the objections which have been advanced against them are in the main unwarranted ; and that the minor evils incident to their presence may be readily abated under existing treaties and within the lines of ordinary legislation. I found also that the fears of a large emigration which have been entertained are unnecessary and groundless."

This is a frank avowal and does credit to Mr. Seward's candor. His work is not palmed off upon the public as a broad impartial discussion of the general subject of Chinese emigration, looked at from all possible or actual points of view ; but as an argument in favor of that side of the question which the author adopts and which he employs all his ability in defending. We may add that though his ability seems limited and his views narrow, yet he brings to the advocacy of his side of the question all the zeal which a retained advocate could exhibit.

It is scarcely necessary to say that persons who are opposed to limiting or obstructing immigration from China to the United States will find in the work before us materials with which they can sustain and strengthen their argument. On the other hand, those of our readers who are disposed to look at the subject impartially and with relation to the broader and deeper questions the subject involves as regards the interests, both material and moral, of our laboring classes and the principles of Christian civilization, will find nothing in this work to aid them in their investigations or reflections, except so far as they may obtain assistance by the examination of what can be gained from a zealous but rather narrow and contracted exhibition of a single side of the question. Justice requires us to say that the author in his preface expressly warns his readers that he deals *only* with "the social and economical aspects of Chinese immigration," but his treatment of the subject even under the limitations he has stated is in the one-sided way which his own statements indicate.

We regret that the author has thus narrowed the scope of his work. The subject of Chinese immigration is a subject of much greater moment even in its economical aspect and in its relations to the industrial interests of our country than is usually represented, at least by writers east of the Rocky Mountains. In its social aspect it is of still deeper importance, connecting itself intimately with considerations of morality and religion that, in their bearing upon our welfare as a people, far outweigh all political and commercial issues (which the author excludes

from his work) that are or may be supposed to be concerned in the determination of the question.

Mr. Seward's argument in favor of unrestricted Chinese immigration to the United States rests on three propositions: first, that man has a natural right to "change his home and allegiance;" secondly, that the presence of the Chinese in the United States is not injurious either socially or economically; thirdly, that the fears that have been entertained of the immigration of the Chinese in large and in increasing numbers are groundless.

The first proposition may be conceded, subject to its proper limitations, without at all supporting Mr. Seward's conclusion. Whatever right man may have to change his home and his allegiance, it is very certain, first, that Chinese immigrants as a class do not transfer, or seek to transfer, their "*homes and allegiance*" to the United States. They come here with an entirely different desire and purpose; secondly, it is an indisputable truth that every nation and people possesses the right of forbidding the entrance upon its domains of persons whose presence it considers injurious to its prosperity. This principle has been violated, we know, in a number of instances by governments claiming to be civilized and Christian, but we are not aware that its truth has ever been successfully impugned. The second proposition is really the only one of importance to the subject. For if Chinese immigration is not injurious, either socially or economically, to the people of the United States, its continuance, or even increase, is not to be deprecated or feared.

To the support of his main proposition Mr. Seward brings a formidable array of testimony and of statistics; but unfortunately for his cause they are obviously arranged for a purpose, and where opposing facts are stated or adverse testimony quoted, it is done in a way that deprives it of its legitimate force. He labors to show that the presence of the Chinese in California was not injurious to its interests, because "cheap labor" was needed for the development of the material resources of that State. The same argument might be urged for introducing Chinamen into Pennsylvania, New York, New England, or Ohio. With cheaper labor mines could be worked that are now closed; mills and factories could be multiplied; manufactured products could be increased both in variety and amount, and could successfully enter markets from which their cost now excludes them. But with all these results would it be an advantage to the *people* of the United States to have labor thus cheapened? Public opinion outside of that which prevails among those immediately and solely interested in the accumulation of wealth unhesitatingly answers, No. The cheapening of labor might and probably would produce the results mentioned, but this would simply beggar the majority of the people of the United States. It is not from low wages but from the high wages commanded by labor in the United States that our prosperity as a people has resulted, enabling the humblest artisan to earn a decent livelihood. Cheapen labor amongst us and comfort would disappear from the homes of the most frugal even and industrious of our laboring men, and squalid poverty with its usual concomitants and consequences would take its place. The aggregates of our manufactures and of our exports would increase, and that increase would swell the exhibits of our banks and increase the wealth of capitalists, but it would degrade in social rank all who were dependent on labor for a livelihood, and reduce the greater part of the people of the United States to a position similar to that which laborers occupy in Europe, a position of hopeless poverty and abject dependence.

This truth Mr. Seward evades rather than fairly meets. He shows or tries to show that the Chinese were necessary in California to build its railroads, and that fruit culture and certain kinds of farming and manufacturing could not be successfully carried on without the cheap labor of Chinamen. But all this may be conceded, and yet the objection still remains undiminished in force that cheap labor, while it may develop and increase material production, is detrimental to the interests of the majority of the people of our country.

The questions connected with the morals and religion of the Chinese, and the utter want of harmony between their civilization and our own, Mr. Seward touches on at some length. But his treatment of these questions seems to us superficial as well as one-sided. The exhibit he gives of Chinese morals and religion is not a description of their actual habits and practices, but a statement of their speculative philosophy and theology, which it is perfectly well known enter but slightly and with no purifying or elevating power into their practical life.

It would exceed the space at our command to mention in detail the fallacies which enter into Mr. Seward's general argument. We cannot refrain, however, from briefly referring to one. He laboriously gathers statistics to show that the number of Chinamen in the United States is much less than it is commonly supposed to be. From this he infers that their presence cannot have the effect of lowering wages. This is a sheer delusion. Experience, based on what has occurred and is constantly occurring, shows that it does not require a *large* number of persons willing to work for lower wages to excite competition and cheapen labor. A *small* number of persons willing to do this, and ready to take the places of discharged workmen, always produce this effect. It certainly has been produced in California by the presence of the Chinese, and it only requires the presence of a limited number of them elsewhere to bring about a like change.

THE BRAIN AS AN ORGAN OF THE MIND. By *H. Charles Bastian, M.D., F.R.S.*, Professor of Pathological Anatomy and of Clinical Medicine in University College, London; Physician to University College Hospital, and to the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic. With one hundred illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1880.

The subject of this book is one not only of great importance in itself, but one respecting which the scientific world is now specially concerned. In favor of the work before us it may be said with truth that from beginning to end it is highly interesting. The author has studied to condense his matter, and seems to have taken great pains to show how much may be said in small space. He ranges over a wide field and trenches on the departments of physiology, anatomy, psychology, and pathology, but he has done this plainly for the purpose of gathering material to support his positions and not to pass beyond the limits of the immediate subject, or promulgate radical views. From Chapter I. to Chapter X. he seems to be entirely at home in the subjects treated of, viz.: "The Uses and Origin of a Nervous System," "The Structure of a Nervous System—Nerve Fibres, Cells, and Ganglia," "The Use and Nature of Sense Organs," "The Nervous System of Mollusks," "The Nervous System of Vermes," "The Nervous System of Anthropods," "Data Concerning the Brain, derived from the Study of the Nervous System of Invertebrates," "The Brain of Fishes and of Amphibia," "The Brain of Reptiles and of Birds."

Chapter X. ushers us into the region of metaphysics, and naturally enough "The Scope of Mind" is discussed with special regard to its

"subjective" and "objective" states. Mind, according to Dr. Bastian, is not an independent immaterial entity. He holds that it does not correspond to anything real and positive. He does not affirm this in so many words, but its deduction from what he says is easy.

What the term "mind" really means is declared by him to be merely "assumptive." He speaks of "conscious states" and "mental phenomena" as dependent upon "the properties and molecular activities of nerve-tissues." From this he argues that molecular activity is the cause of thought. But if this be the case nutrition is destined to play a very important part. We then should only have to feed an individual in a special way to make him a thinking being. According to this theory, too, the condition of a lunatic would have to be regarded as that of perverted nutrition, and when under treatment he should be made to cultivate an "unbounded stomach." Institutions for the insane might experiment and see whether the theory would "hold water," a consummation devoutly to be wished. We have in view what is distinctive.

For the purpose of specification, a faculty is that in which is concentrated a power, there it resides. Nerve activity may convey an impression, which is or is not recognized. If the latter, has the molecular impulse been transmitted to another arrangement of cells in the brain? We think not.

We may be met here by a complexity, which it is supposed should be explained in detail. Hardly will this ever be done. It is admitted that the state of the nerves is organic, whether referable to a parent state or not, but we can say that this condition is defined, and it will, I think, be allowed us to say that just so can any other state admit a parallel. What if gradation serve to show no distinct line of separation between simple and complex, the fact remains that specific conditions are part of an existence; if the individual be dead, the brain is dead. A "law of limitation" indicates a purpose, and this in its very nature implies a reality, capable of attaining an end. Can we therefore speak of the brain as we would of a machine where friction is all-important, yet is not its action, nor its implied movement? Of necessity friction is peculiar to it and belongs to it, but there is not a tooth in a wheel used but must obey a defined principle, and this action is true of the smallest cell in a leaf. Give to each nerve-cell the honor due, and its specific action is distinct. Thus can we speak of the "nerves of sense," and in like manner of "nerves of sensation" and of "movement." As the brain is supposed to represent the most highly organized type of nerve-tissue, we needs must recognize that it has a definite purpose to serve in the physical economy, and if it is capable of originating action thus in a parent state no matter what the faculty may be that is used, it gives evidence that though dependent it fulfils a definite purpose, possesses specific character and "entity."

The subject is interesting, but we will pursue it no further, as undoubtedly we would, like the author, have to extend our research and treat of the qualifications that necessarily are connected with it, leading us again to the "law of limitation."

Chapter XI. treats of "Reflex Action and Unconscious Cognition," and the remaining chapters respectively of "Sensation," "Ideation and Perception," "Consciousness in Lower Animals," "Instinct: Its Nature and Origin," "Nascent Reason, Emotion, Imagination and Volition," "The Brain of Quadrupeds and some other Mammals," "The Brain of Quadrumana," "The Mental Capacities and Powers of Higher Brutes," "Development of the Human Brain during Uterine Life," "The Size and Weight of the Human Brain," "From Brute to

Human Intelligence," "The Internal Structure of the Human Brain," "The Functional Relations of the Principal Parts of the Brain," "Phrenology: Old and New," "Will and Voluntary Movements," "Cerebral Mental Substrata," "Speaking, Reading and Writing, as Mental and as Physiological Processes," "The Cerebral Relations of Speech and Thought," "Further Problems in Regard to the Localization of Higher Cerebral Functions."

The appendix discusses "Views Concerning the Existence and Nature of a Muscular Sense." The style of the work is admirable in a literary point of view. The illustrations are well executed, and the general make-up of the book is excellent.

THESAURUS BIBLICUS, OR HANDBOOK OF SCRIPTURE REFERENCE. Compiled from the Latin of *Philip Paul Mertz*. By *Rev. L. A. Lambert*. Waterloo, N. Y., 188c.

The diligent study of the Sacred Scriptures is enjoined by the Church upon its clergy both for their own edification and that they may be better prepared to instruct the faithful, to convince the doubting, to correct mistakes of those who unintentionally are in error, and to expose and refute heresies. It is recommended to the laity because, to use the words of Pope Pius the Sixth, it is "exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times."

Nothing, therefore, can be more untrue than the charge so persistently made by Protestants that the Catholic Church prohibits or discourages the study of the Holy Scriptures by the laity. The Church, as all Catholics well know, and as all others might easily know were they willing to be correctly informed, inculcates the highest reverence for what she has always taught is the written word of God. And not from want of reverence for sacred Scripture, but because of it, she prohibits false and corrupt versions, and with unceasing care and vigilance guards the manner in which even correct and approved versions shall be studied.

The utility of a work, therefore, like the one before us is obvious. It is frequently important in studying the Sacred Scriptures, whether for personal edification and instruction or for purposes of controversy, to be able readily to refer to all the passages that bear upon a particular subject. It is specially to the reverend clergy both a convenience and an aid to have at hand a work like this from which, as occasion requires, they can quickly obtain numerous quotations from the sacred text to illustrate and enforce their exhortations or explanations of Christian doctrine. To intelligent laymen, constantly brought, through their business or social relations, into contact with Protestants and other non-Catholics, it will be a valuable help in meeting objections, false charges, and sophistical arguments against the Catholic religion.

The work before us is well planned and the plan is well carried out. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order, so that each one can be quickly referred to. The texts quoted under the several subjects, with the verse and chapter and book of Scripture in which they are found, are judiciously selected and arranged. The advantages of all this are evident.

The first laborer in this form of biblical literature is said to have been a native of England, named Allotto, whose work was published at Antwerp in the year 1551. He was followed by Philip Paul Mertz, who, after his conversion from Lutheranism, was ordained to the priesthood,

and labored very faithfully in several parishes near Augsburg. Besides several ascetic and polemic works and a number of catechetical treatises, he undertook, at the instance of the great biblical scholar, Laurentius Veith, S. J., the work of compiling an improved and enlarged *THESAURUS BIBLICUS*. In carrying out this undertaking he greatly improved upon the crude materials left by his predecessor, and made many important additions, so that the *Thesaurus Biblicus* as it came from his hands was practically a new work and superior to anything that had previously appeared in print. His work was first published at Augsburg in 1731. A number of other editions followed: three at Augsburg, two at Venice, and two at Paris (1822, 1825).

The present work is a compilation from the latest Paris edition, but the preface informs us that the original has not been slavishly followed. Inaccuracies have been corrected; the matter of some subjects has been condensed, that of others enlarged, and copious references to several subjects omitted in the original have been supplied.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with Critical Introductions by various writers and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by *Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A.*, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Vol. III., Addison to Blake; Vol. IV., Wordsworth to Dohell. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1880.

These two volumes contain specimens of the poetical productions of all the poets and many of the versifiers of Great Britain and Ireland from the latter part of the seventeenth century to the present time, excepting writers who are still living. The purpose of the work, to furnish in small compass a fair idea of what has been accomplished during this period in the form of poetical composition, is successfully carried out. Selections have been made from every poet or versifier of any note, and from some of no note whatever, fairly exhibiting their respective peculiarities of style and thought. Introductory sketches, designed to be partly biographical, but chiefly critical, precede the selections from each writer. Some of these sketches are valuable and show nice critical taste and sound judgment. Others of them are trashy and superficial, and some worse than worthless in the ideas they express and the judgments they pronounce. As a specimen of the last we quote the following from a superficial review of Byron's poetry by J. Symonds:

"Mazzini breaks at the end of his essay on Goethe and Byron into the following vindication of the poet (Byron's) claim: 'The day will come when democracy will remember all it owes to Byron. England, too, will, I hope, one day the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by her—which Byron fulfilled on the Continent; the European rôle given by him to English literature, and the appreciation and sympathy for England which he awakened amongst us. . . . From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe.'"

A more complete mixture than this of utter falsification and nonsense it would be difficult to produce.

Included, too, among the "poets" are a number of mere versifiers of whose productions the public not only are, but we doubt not will ever remain, in happy ignorance. From those of England's poets, however, who have deservedly won a high and permanent place in public estimation, the selections presented evince care and discrimination, and

afford data for correctly estimating their respective merits and peculiarities of genius or of talent!

WETZER UND WELTE'S KIRCHENLEXICON, oder Encyclopædie der Katholischen Theologie und ihrer Hulfswissenschaften. Zweite Auflage in neuer Bearbeitung, unter Mitwirkung vieler Katholischen Gelehrten, begonnen von Joseph Cardinal Herzenröther, fortgesetzt von *Dr. Franz Kaulen*. Mit Approbation des Hochw. Capitels-Vicariats, Freiburg. Erstes, Zweites, und Drittes Heft. Freiburg im Breisgan. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. 1880.

This is a reprint of one of the most valuable contributions ever made to Catholic science and theology by German *litterati*. The first edition, published like the present at Freiburg, 1847-1856, was in twelve volumes, and the names appended to the articles show that Germany's best and brightest scholars had lent their aid to the work. Hefele, Gams, Mayer, Bendel, and others whom we cannot take time to remember, besides Wetzer and Welte, were amongst the contributors. It is now not only reprinted, but considerably improved, and brought up to the full requirements of modern science. Professor Hergenröther was engaged by the publishers to take charge of the new edition, but his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal, and his consequent Roman residence, have made the publishers turn it over to the hands of Dr. Kaulen, one of Germany's best and most orthodox divines. Cardinal Hergenröther, though he is editor no longer, has contributed several articles, and by his side we find the illustrious names of Binder, Jungmann, Philip Hergenröther (the Cardinal's brother), Zämmer, Probst, Thalhofer, and a host of others, whose names are known through all Europe. No ecclesiastical library can dispense with this valuable work. Mr. Herder, of St. Louis, is the American representative of the German publishers, and the portions of the book published so far in pamphlet form cost only thirty-five cents a piece, which is a mere trifle, when we consider the Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew characters that have been used in printing. All our seminary libraries ought to possess a copy of this work, than which there can be none better for constant reference. We have often used the old edition with delight and perfect satisfaction. The new one will, of course, be much better and more satisfactory.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. Translated from the German of the *Rev. Dr. J. Schmitt*, of Freiburg-in-Breisgan, Germany. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

Napoleon the First has left it on record that the happiest day of all his eventful life was the day of his first communion. That day is doubtless the most important in the lives of all of us did people only regard it in the true sense. Preparations for first communion cannot be too careful. The mind needs to be enlightened as to the reality of the great fact, the great solemnity, which is about to take place, and in which we are about to participate; to realize as far as possible its meaning and its worth. It is most necessary, therefore, to have preparatory manuals to assist the instructors in the important matter of preparation. The original of Dr. Schmitt's well translated volume has already reached a fifth edition in Germany; which speaks sufficiently for its popularity there. It has the approval of the Archbishop of Freiburg, and is warmly recommended by his grace to the clergy of his diocese. It is based on the plan of the instructions for Penance and the Holy Eucharist con-

tained in Deharbe's Full Catechism, No. 1, a translation of which is published by the Catholic Publication Society. Nothing more need be said to commend the work to the careful attention of the clergy and of teachers.

SEVENTY-THREE CATHOLIC TRACTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

This volume, which is composed of all the Catholic tracts ever published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, may be set down as a collection of truths in nutshells, and nutshells not too hard to crack for Protestant jaws. The tracts are excellent; they are brief expositions of Catholic truth and practice set in a popular way, calculated to catch the eye of any reasonable person, or for that matter even of persons who are unreasonable. Since 1866 more than four millions of these clever little doctrinal bulletins have been shot over the country, it is satisfactory to find, with good effect. "We know," says the preface, "of Protestants converted and received into the Church by their means. Countless prejudices against our religion have been removed, even when persons have not been led to become Catholics. Their minds have thus been prepared for accepting the truth at some future day." Nor are the tracts by any means intended for Protestants only. Catholics will find abundance of matter for instruction in them, and priests excellent hints for sermons or lectures. "Some of the ablest writers in our country," says the preface, "have contributed to this work. . . . Eminent prelates and learned theologians, men who have a world-wide reputation, have written many of these tracts." That they could hardly have turned their powers to better use any one will be convinced on picking up this most welcome and entertaining volume.

MORAL DISCOURSES. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C. (Second edition). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

The volume before us contains twenty earnest, concise, and pointed discourses on the following subjects: Baptism, What Evil Is, Mortal Sin, Duty of Parents, Scandal, Christmas Day, Good Friday, Corpus Christi, Love of our Neighbor, Death, Day of Judgment, Purgatory, Blessed Virgin Mary, Society of the Sacred Heart, Grace, The Proud Pharisee, Humility, The Angels, Temperance, Prayer.

In each of these sermons the author has a distinct purpose and aim, which he pursues with a steadiness of purpose that never falters, and a directness and cogency of argument that it would be very difficult to resist. But the letter of Archbishop Croke to the author, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the work, describes as well as commends the work better than we could. He writes as follows:

. . . "In my humble judgment it is that exactly what I should wish such a work to be. Though perhaps originally meant for, and, I dare say, addressed to, plain and unpretending people, to those good and faithful and truly Catholic congregations that throng our parish churches on Sundays and holidays, your 'Discourses' might have been spoken in the very highest places, and will be read, I have no doubt, with much spiritual profit by persons of every condition and class. I admire the style of your sermons, their simplicity, force, and lucidity."

Among the other commendatory letters prefixed to the work we notice those of Cardinals Manning and Newman, and of the Bishops of Limerick, Kildare and Leighlin, and Salford.

THE HOME RULE CANDIDATE AND OTHER STORIES. FOLLETTE AND OTHER STORIES. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

Those in search of bright, healthy stories, not too long to weary and not too profound to bewilder, need not travel beyond these two volumes of reprints from *The Catholic World*. They are by various authors, written in every style and on every kind of subject. But the whole is excellent of its kind, and the kind is exceptionally good. Of the many volumes of short stories republished from the magazine in which they first appeared, these two are among the best. "The Home Rule Candidate," by Mr. Nugent Robinson, is one of those semi-political Irish stories on subjects of the day, full of bright delineation of Irish character and rippling over with mischievous drollery. The same clever author's hand may be traced in other and shorter sketches, such as "Phil Redmond," "Blanche Blake's Choice," "His Irish Cousins," "Tom French's Christmas," etc. To say that "Follette" is from the pen of Miss Kathleen O'Meara is alone sufficient to attract attention to a powerfully written story of out-of-the-way French peasant life. Of the rest there is not a sketch without merit, and some are exceptionally entitled to attention.

DE RELIGIONE ET ECCLESIA. Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas habebat *Camillus Mazzella*. Soc. Jesu in Gregoriana Universitate Studiorum Præfectus et Theologiæ Professor, Academiæ Romanæ S. Thomæ Aq. Socius e decem Urbanis. Editio altera. Romæ: ex Typographia Polyglotta S. Congreg. de Prop. Fide. 1880. Large 8vo., pp. 914.

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Arranged by *Charlotte Fiske Bates*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1881.

This is a compilation of extracts from Longfellow's writings, prose and verse, for each day of the year. The selections are set opposite the names of distinguished or prominent persons who were born on those days. In most instances the passages have been chosen with a view to indicating some trait or characteristic in the persons opposite to whose birthdays they have been placed.

THE PRACTICE OF INTERIOR RECOLLECTION WITH GOD, DRAWN FROM THE PSALM OF DAVID. By *Father Paul Segneri*, S. J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

This little work was compiled by the celebrated Father Segneri for his own personal use. It is now published for the first time in English, and cannot fail to comfort and strengthen and edify every attentive reader.

THE WILL OF GOD. Translated from the French. By *M. A. M.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

An excellent little pocket manual of pious reflections and admonitions, given in the brief colloquial style made familiar by the "Following of Christ."

GRADUALE DE TEMPORE, et de sanctis juxta ritum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, cum Cantu Pauli V. Pont. Max. jussu reformato. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnati; sumptibus chartis et typis. Friderici Pustet. Small 4to.

This is one of the magnificent liturgical works, published by the house of F. Pustet, which has stood the test of hostile criticism, and fully vindicates the confidence reposed in this publishing house by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Vol. VI.—JULY, 1881.—No. 23.

THE SOUL AND EVOLUTION.

Habit and Intelligence. By J. J. Murphy. Second edition. Macmillan, 1879.

Problems of Life and Mind. By G. H. Lewes. Trübner, 1880.

Life and Habit. By Samuel Butler. Bogue, 1878.

Evolution, Old and New. By Samuel Butler. Bogue, 1879.

Unconscious Memory. By Samuel Butler. Bogue, 1880.

Evolution, Expression, and Sensation. By John Cleland, M.D., F.R.S. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1881.

Ouvres Complètes de Diderot. By J. Assézat and Maurice Tourneux. Paris: Garnier Frères, 1875-1877.

GREAT indeed is the difference between the appreciation which philosophy receives now and the estimation in which it was held some forty years ago. In this latter part of the nineteenth century we find philosophical questions discussed on all sides with the greatest interest, and there is no, even monthly, journal of any repute which does not from time to time put forth a more or less decidedly metaphysical article. Nevertheless we sometimes meet with a restatement of the old objection (to such questions) which grounds itself on the fact, that therein our attention is again and again called to the same fundamental questions by fresh thinkers. This seems to show that no real progress can be possible in such a pursuit; for were it possible, could questions which seem for a time finally settled be thus repeatedly reopened for fresh discussion? In defence of philosophy we might call attention to the disappointment which often attends well-meant efforts in other fields of human activity, which must nevertheless continue

to be assiduously cultivated. How often do not the results of political changes disappoint the expectations of their best informed and most zealous supporters? But the reply is obvious. The conditions of human life are too complex to admit of safe predictions as to the total results of such changes; for, granted that any given political change shall produce the main result directly aimed at, how many indirect and unforeseen consequences may not also ensue with more or less disastrous effect upon the total result? Justly, then, it might be replied that the difficulties attending sagacious political foresight are no excuse for non-success in the region of pure intellect, and that the non-success of philosophy is shown by its want of progress and by the absence of such stability as is a necessary condition for all progress. The systems of Descartes, Kant, and Hegel were each greeted with a chorus of praise and happy augury. Each has indeed produced important consequences, but certainly not the consequences predicted. The same may be said of the systems of the many other gifted men who have made a name in modern philosophy,—Spinoza, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Schelling, Oken, Cousin, Reid, Hamilton, and the many others whose names will readily occur to our readers. There is, then, much truth in the objection above referred to, and it must be admitted to apply to most of the philosophy with which the reading public has a general acquaintance. Nevertheless we venture to affirm that the objection does not apply to all systems. We affirm that it does not apply to one which is the main (we would say the only) truly philosophical system. The system we refer to can boast of a continued growth through many centuries. It arose when the subtle Greek intellect had begun to weary itself in fruitless attempts to explain the mystery of the universe it loved to contemplate, now by the aid of a single idea, now by some form of materialism. From the midst of that mental chaos arose and towered the gigantic mind of Aristotle, and order became established. From that day to this the peripatetic system, which his genius developed, has never lacked devoted adherents. Gathering to itself the profoundest and most acute intellects of the mediæval period, and subsequently enriched by the labors of later thinkers, that system, though for a time obscured and too generally unappreciated, has been gradually regaining favor, and now promises once more to direct the minds of men from Quebec to Buenos Ayres and from Inverness to Mindanao. Among the many claims of different Supreme Pontiffs on the veneration and gratitude of posterity, few will exceed that of Leo XIII. as the zealous restorer and promoter of the study of this philosophy. The failure of the many exemplary French controversialists in their struggles with the Materialists of the eighteenth century was largely due to the extent to which the view of such thinkers as Descartes and

Mallebranche had been allowed to replace the traditional philosophy in the education of the clergy. Far different will be the result when the impetus given by our present spiritual sovereign has had time to spread and do its work, and shall have formed a new generation and produced thinkers saturated with peripatetic doctrines, and able to freely express them in the ordinary language of the culture of their day. We deny, then, altogether that the charges of instability and want of progress apply to this philosophy. At the same time no reasonable man could expect that in such a subject as philosophy any conspicuous progress should take place such as that which we see in the physical sciences. The latter repose upon the reiterated observations of, and experiments amongst, a multitude of new and ever freshly grouped phenomena. But the main facts upon which philosophy reposes were fully as open to observation four or five thousand years ago as they are now, nor were minds wanting as able to appreciate them as are our own. It will be long before we shall be able to dispense with Greek models in art and literature, nor perhaps will the earth ever see again an intellectual society such as once was that of Athens.

If these views be correct, a wise thinker will not even desire to claim fundamental novelty for any philosophical doctrine he may promulgate, but rather seek to master any leading problem of his day by means of new applications of old principles. Such a thinker, far from following the example of so many moderns and seeking to construct his philosophic edifice from foundation stone to topmost pinnacle entirely by himself, will recognize the fact that a stable structure of the kind can only be raised by building upon the solid foundation of antecedent teachers.

Such was the course pursued by our modest predecessors of the emphatically philosophic ages in the developments they gave to the palace of science. One such philosopher has been content, as it were, to enlarge a loophole into an oriel window; another has raised some turrets to a more commanding elevation; a third has devoted himself to the improvement of internal communications; while a fourth has spent himself in the adornment of some chamber of his choice. It is in the footsteps of such workers that we would seek to follow.

The very opposite course is that which most recent speculators have pursued, and the consequence naturally is that modern philosophic progress (if "progress" it can be called) takes place emphatically by "action and reaction." An illustration of one such oscillation—one now taking place before our eyes—is afforded by the works, the titles of which head this article. In them we see more or less distinct signs of the growing revulsion against that purely mechanical explanation of nature which was the ideal of Descartes, and which, as regards living beings, has culminated in

the hypothesis of "natural selection." The fashion of late has been, and amongst the less advanced still is, to regard the idea of "*matter in motion*" as giving us a truer and deeper conception of the realities of the world than the idea of "*intelligence acting with purpose*." But by degrees the facts of nature have forced one observer after another to admit that the attempt to exclude "intelligence" and "purpose" from the activities of the living world is inadmissible. "Pitiless logic" has indeed led some materialistic¹ writers to accept the extreme consequence of their principles, and to affirm that (since they are conscious automata) their own reason can in no way be a cause of their own actions. To healthy minds, however, this consequence can be but a proof of the absurdity of the principles whence it necessarily results. It is not wonderful that persons who are convinced that their own actions neither are, nor can be, directed by their own intelligence to rational ends should fail to see "intelligence" and "purpose" in external nature. But the normally constituted mind will not contemplate the admirable organization of such an animal as the horse, the dexterous nest-building of the bird, or the provision by the mother insect for the future welfare of a progeny she is never destined to behold, without recognizing that somehow and in some sense "intelligent purpose" is therein made manifest.

The intellectual vision of mankind is, however, like its bodily vision, not free from defects inherent in the mechanism which subserves it, wonderful as are the accuracy and range of either power. Our intellect, directed by our will, may be compared to a well-appointed microscope which is able, now to show clearly the outer surface of some transparent animalcule, now to reveal the details of its structure at successive depths beneath that surface. But with our highest powers we can only explore these strata successively, and as each stratum is brought into focus, the stratum which before was clearly seen becomes in turn indistinct. Thus it is both with regard to the highest truths our minds can reach after, and with the progress made, as one school of opinion succeeds another, just, again, as it is only by combining intellectually, the views obtained as we bring the different strata of a microscopic object into focus, so it is only by carefully pondering over the teachings of the past and combining it with recent knowledge that we can obtain a complete grasp of such higher truths as our intellect has been constructed to attain to. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if some excellent persons who have come to perceive the incompleteness of one popular and partial view of things turn at once to some other view, not less partial, without pausing to seek

¹ Not precisely "Materialists" because they profess a sort of idealism. This idealism is, however, but an affair of parade. Practically they are Materialists, and so may be well spoken of as "materialistic."

for a complete conception which may embrace and harmonize the truths exhibited by the several partial views. Truth, indeed, must be discoverable in each such apparently discordant view. It is not likely that able men should write mere nonsense; nor, on the other hand, that a variety of independent thinkers should fall into the same error, unless that error was the incomplete expression of some really important truth. What is the natural antithesis to the error which would exclude all intelligence, all purpose, and all will from the actions of the sentient animal world and from the unconscious operations of organized nature? Surely it is the attribution of intelligence, purpose, and will to the very animals and plants themselves, and even to the being and operation of mere inorganic nature. Thus the recoil from the former conception, when its unreasonableness comes to be realized, tends to overpass the golden mean and to result in an error of a directly opposite nature. The golden mean must be the recognition of the truth contained in both these opposed conceptions. Our endeavor, therefore, will be to make evident what we believe to be this conciliating truth. This truth, we think, may be expressed as follows: The organic world is, in one sense, not only unconscious but devoid of intellect, and, therefore, also devoid both of purpose and of will; yet, in another sense, it is, as it were, a very incarnation of intelligence, replete with purpose and palpitating with volition.

That the revulsion from one of the above described views to the other is now actually taking place, is a fact clearly recognized by others besides ourselves, the following words¹ will show: "We are growing conscious that our earnest and most determined efforts to make motion produce sensation and volition have proved a failure. And now we want to rest a little in the opposite, much less laborious conjecture, and allow any kind of motion to start into existence, or at least to receive its pacific direction from psychical sources: Sensation and volition being for the purpose quietly insinuated into the constitution of the ultimately moving particles."

These mental attributes are, however, far from being only quietly insinuated into the material constituents of bodies. Their presence there is openly and unequivocally affirmed, as we shall presently see. The central point of the whole controversy is the question: *What is instinct?* In what sense may the intellectual conceptions and the purposive volitions, thereby manifested, be said to be those of the animals performing instinctive actions; and in what sense are such actions divorced from consciousness? If intellect and will are absolutely therein present, it seems to follow that they

¹ The Unity of the Organic Individual, by Edward Montgomery. Mind, October, 1880, p. 477. Quoted by Mr. Butler in Unconscious Memory, p. 274.

may be attributed to inorganic nature also. If they are only therein present in an analogical sense, but are absolutely those of another being, then, *a fortiori*, must all such "intellect," "purpose," and "volition," as the lower orders of creation display, be also the "intellect," "purpose," and "volition" of that other being. As Schelling has said: "Thoughtful minds will hold the phenomena manifested in animal instinct to belong to the most important of all phenomena, and to be the true touchstone of a durable philosophy."

But in order to see more clearly what we are about, let us consider certain actions, which all persons will agree to call "instinctive." Let us, for example, consider those of the carpenter bee. In order to protect her eggs, she will excavate in wood a series of chambers, one above another, separated by partitions; the lowest chamber communicating with the exterior. She lays an egg in each chamber, beginning with the lowest. From that lowest the offspring escapes by the passage left for it. The inhabitant of the chamber next above gnaws through the floor of its dwelling, and makes its way out by the same path as did its predecessor. The inhabitants of the superior chambers then act similarly in succession. Evidently this complex nest has been constructed with a view to the future actions of the progeny; but as evidently the young mother could have no conscious knowledge of the series of actions which were to ensue when she made it. Again, the wasp *sphex* will hunt about till she finds some thriving caterpillar or corpulent spider, which she pounces on and stings in a certain spot, so as entirely to paralyze it, yet without killing it. This done, she stows away the helpless victim along with her eggs. Why is this? Because the shapeless grub destined to emerge from her eggs will need for its nourishment living insect food—food which, unless thus paralyzed, it would be quite helpless either to pursue or grapple with. One species of wasp thus preys on a large kind of grasshopper, which she stings and then throws on its back, bending back its head, so as to get at the delicate membrane between the joints of its armor. This is then bitten through, and a special nervous ganglion (there concealed) is reached and mutilated, and so the wasp's purpose is effected. Another kind covers the cell in which her progeny is concealed so carefully with sand that human eyes cannot distinguish its place. Yet she knows it, and comes from time to time to give fresh food to her young. While it remains thus hidden, she is always able to find her carefully concealed treasure; but if the surface of the earth be removed, and the passage to the cell be left open, then, instead of her finding her way more easily, she becomes quite at a loss, and does not even seem to recognize her offspring. Here we have a case of

purely instinctive activity. As to the *sphinx* above noticed, can it be said that the parent insect had any conscious knowledge of the purpose of its actions? Evidently this is impossible; but no less impossible is it not to see intelligent purpose and foreknowledge in her every action. How constantly do moths and butterflies lay their eggs on plants which will be useful to their young, but which are useless to the parents themselves. It may even be that the parents do not feed at all, and it would be a strong thing to say that they recollect what they did before they entered on the chrysalis condition, and that they consciously foresee that their eggs will give birth to creatures such as they themselves once were. Still more incredible is it, however, that a grub should foresee the shape of that body into which it is destined to be transformed, especially when this is widely different in the two sexes. Yet the grub of the female stag-beetle, when she digs the hole wherein she will undergo her metamorphosis, digs it no bigger than her own body; whereas, the grub of the male stag-beetle makes a hole twice as big as its own body, in order to leave room for the enormous jaws (its so-called "horns") which it will have to grow.

Again, let us consider the actions of the caterpillar of the Emperor moth. "It eats the leaves of the bush upon which it is born; at the utmost has just enough sense to get on to the lower sides of the leaves if its begins to rain, and from time to time changes its skin. This is its whole existence, which certainly does not lead us to expect a display of any, even the most limited, intellectual power. When, however, the time comes for the larva of this moth to become a chrysalis, it spins for itself a double cocoon, fortified with bristles that point outwards, so that it can be opened easily from within, though it is sufficiently impenetrable from without. If this contrivance were the result of conscious reflection, we should have to suppose some such reasoning process as the following to take place in the mind of the caterpillar: 'I am about to become a chrysalis, and, motionless as I must be, shall be exposed to many different kinds of attack. I must therefore weave myself a web. But when I am a moth I shall not be able, as some moths are, to find my way out of it by chemical or mechanical means; therefore I must leave a way open for myself. In order, however, that my enemies may not take advantage of this, I will close it with elastic bristles, which I can easily push asunder from within, but which, upon the principle of the arch, will resist all pressure from without.' Surely this is asking rather too much from a poor caterpillar; yet the whole of the foregoing must be thought out if a correct result is to be arrived at."¹

¹ From Von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious* as translated in Mr. Butler's *Unconscious Memory*, p. 165. Therein also the example of the Stag-beetle's grub is cited.

It is in the class of insects that we find "instinct" most strikingly exemplified. But it is clearly present both in the highest animals, and in creatures so lowly that it is a question whether they really merit to be called animals. The Rhizopods are creatures many of which are but minute and irregularly shaped specks of living jelly, without structure and without organs, save that they from time to time protrude portions of their substance (to serve as arms or fingers) which portion they can again withdraw within their shapeless bodies. As Dr. Carpenter says,¹ "We can scarcely conceive that a creature of such simplicity should possess any distinct consciousness of its needs, or that it should be directed by any intention of its own; and yet results of the most singular elaborateness have been found to be wrought out by these minute 'jelly-specks,' which build up 'tests' or casings of the most regular geometrical symmetry of form, and of the most artificial construction. Suppose a human mason to be put down by the side of a pile of stones of various shapes and sizes, and to be told to build up a dome of these, smooth on both surfaces, without using more than the least possible quantity of a very tenacious but very costly element in holding the stones together. If he accomplished this well, he would receive credit for great intelligence and skill. Yet this is exactly what these jelly-specks do on a most minute scale; the tests they construct when highly magnified, bearing comparison with the most skilful masonry of man. From the same sandy bottom one series picks up the coarser quartz grains, cements them together with phosphate of iron secreted from its own substance, and thus constructs a flask-shaped test having a short neck and a single large orifice. Another picks up the finest grains and puts them together with the same cement into perfectly spherical tests of the most extraordinary finish, perforated with numerous small pores at regular intervals. Another selects the minutest sand-grains and the terminal portions of sponge-spicules, and works these up together,—apparently with no cement at all, by the mere laying of the spicules,—into perfect white spheres, like homœopathic globules, each having a single fissured orifice. And another, which makes a straight many-chambered test, that resembles in form the many-chambered shell of an Orthoceratite, the conical mouth of each chamber projecting into the cavity of the next,—while forming the walls of its chambers of ordinary sand-grains rather loosely held together, shapes the conical mouths of the successive chambers by firmly cementing together grains of ferruginous quartz, which it must have picked out from the general mass."

¹ Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, p. 41, quoted by Mr. Murphy in *Habit and Intelligence*, p. 409.

Mr. Murphy remarks¹ as to these phenomena: "It would be difficult to imagine any clearer proof of unconscious intelligence than these, especially the last; and they appear inexplicable as results of either self-adaptation or natural selection. They would be so even if this architectural power were possessed by only one species; but the difficulty of so explaining them is greatly, perhaps we may say indefinitely, increased by the variety of the structures." Reserving our objections to the expression "unconscious intelligence" as here used, these remarks are perfectly just and reasonable.

Turning now from creatures so greatly inferior to insects to other creatures which are much higher than insects,—namely, birds,—we find that Mr. Spalding has experimentally shown that chickens, two minutes after they have left the egg, can follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects and peck at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. He has also proved that they can instinctively judge of the direction of sounds, and will readily run towards a hen hidden away in a box, apprehending her position by the sound of her "call" alone. He has besides ascertained that some young birds have an innate, instinctive horror of the sight of a hawk and of the sound of its voice. A young turkey which he had taken under his care when it was still chirping within its uncracked egg-shell, was, on the tenth morning of its hatched life, eating its breakfast from his hand, when a young hawk in an adjacent cupboard gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. "Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door, right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes." The same observer found that swallows, titmice, tomtits, and wrens, after having been confined from birth so that they could not use their wings, were capable of flying successfully at once, when liberated, on their wings, having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible.

Even in man, there are many "instinctive" actions, such as that by which the infant first sucks the nipple, and that by which it swallows the thence extracted nourishment the first time it fills its mouth therewith.

But admirable as is the precision of instinctive action, it is not absolutely invariable; and is, generally, the more capable of modification the higher is the animal possessing it. It is indeed liable to be affected by such understanding (sensuous cognition) as the

¹ *Habit and Intelligence*, p. 410.

higher animals can call into play. No unprejudiced observer will question that animals can acquire a serviceable knowledge of external objects and of the material relations (relative positions, etc.) of such objects, or that they can thence draw practical conclusions. Wherever such a power exists, it might be expected to modify instinctive actions, and therefore we cannot reasonably be surprised to find birds sometimes building their nests in a manner slightly different from that of their race, whether as to situation or materials. In animals then, we undeniably meet with true instinct which is occasionally modified by such cognitive power as they may have, and such "instinct" appears to be an innate power of performing intelligently purposive actions (in response to sensations and imaginations excited by sensations) for ends not consciously foreseen and intended by the animals which perform the actions.

How is this blind but admirably calculated activity explicable? Evidently there is "reason" somehow in it; in what way may its presence there be most rationally regarded?

Mr. Murphy and Mr. Butler with Professor Hering and von Hartmann, believe that this "reason" exists absolutely, though unconsciously, in the very animals themselves.

The ordinarily received belief, on the other hand, is that the "reason" manifested in instinctive actions, is the Divine reason of the Creator who has implanted such powers in his sentient creatures. But those who are so happy as to be able to accept this belief are not thereby dispensed from inquiries as to the *modes* in which that Divinely implanted power energizes, and into any secondary causes which may be therewith connected.

Let us first consider the hypothesis of innate, unconscious intelligence as the cause of instinctive actions. Now, it is plain that no intelligence could act so as to adjust "means" to "ends," except by the aid of memory. No mere instantaneously existing intelligence could carry on a series of consecutive actions for a distinct purpose. Therefore the presence of an "unconscious memory" is a necessary condition¹ of "unconscious intelligence." This has been seen and admitted by the authors whose works we are here considering, and by Professor Hering, and it will simplify our task if, before directly addressing ourselves to the problem of "instinct," we first consider "memory."

Now "memory," as an ultimate part of our intellect, is incapable of explanation. We all know that it exists; we all know that we every now and then direct our attention to try and recall something which we know we have for the moment forgotten, and

¹ Mr. Herbert Spencer declares (*Psychology*, Vol. I, p. 444) "memory" to be "a kind of incipient instinct," and "instinct" to be "a kind of organized memory." How far this is true will appear later on.

which we instantly recognize when we have recalled it. When we reflect, we also see clearly, that we are the same person we were yesterday, and that we can recollect some of the events of that day. Besides this kind of voluntary memory, we are sometimes startled by the flashing forth into consciousness of something we had forgotten, and which we were so far from trying to recollect that we were thinking of something entirely different. Thus, for example, a man deeply engaged in studying metaphysics may come upon a name which recalls into vivid consciousness the recollection of an old sweetheart. Here, then, we have a second variety of memory in which the conscious intellect comes into play.

But we often perform acts such as the following: We start to go to a shop situate in a distant part of our native city. As we go along we get immersed in speculations as to the probable effects of some political event on the price of stock. All the sights and sounds about us become lost to consciousness, or only arouse it feebly and instantaneously. We are, as they say, "lost in thought." Yet we do not miss our way along the familiar road; each turning, each crossing, is accurately effected, and it may be we are only roused from our reverie by the sight of the shop we set out to reach. Again, a young lady has by much labor and persevering attention, acquired a perfect facility in playing, on the piano, Chopin's Second Nocturne. While she is playing it she talks to a gentleman who she thinks is near making her an offer. Her consciousness is absorbed in attending to his words, his tone and manner, with mental side glances at possibilities as to fortune, temper, and other matters. Yet she never falters in her playing, nor do the long-practiced delicate distinctions as to the force and prolongation of pressure with which the different keys should be struck, for a moment fail. The dreamy tenderness of the simple melody loses none of its beauty; yet her consciousness is so far from being directed to the actions of her fingers that, were she so to direct it, the probability is that her execution would be thereby impaired. Almost every one who plays the piano knows how often a melody once learned, but now in part forgotten, can be best recalled by studiously turning the mind away to something else, while an effort is made to play it automatically.

Can these effects be said to be due to memory? Most certainly they can, for ordinary speech so employs that word; and we are said to "remember perfectly" what we can automatically effect with absolute accuracy.

Let us note, however, that though these actions may be performed unconsciously, we have nevertheless the power of intellec-

tually noting them when they occur and as they occur. In the same way the reminiscences that rise unbidden into consciousness are duly noted by it when they have arisen; so that all these powers have a distinct relation, of one kind or another, to consciousness itself. The unconscious memory of the pianist (while unconscious) is called "memory," analogically, the type of "memory" being that conscious memory, the recognition of which alone enables us to affirm that such a thing as memory exists at all. We may, then, to prevent ambiguity, distinguish such "unconscious memory" as "*sensuous memory*."

But, upon the recurrence of certain sensations, our organism constantly and accurately repeats a variety of other acts, which acts never rise into consciousness at all. A man, wrecked on an island inhabited by savages, and long dwelling there, may at first have the due action of his digestive organs impeded by the unwonted food on which he may have to live. After a little, however, the evil diminishes, and in time his organism may have "learnt" how to correspond perfectly with the new conditions. Then, with each fresh meal, the alimentary canal and glands must practically "recognize" a return of the recently obtained experience, and repeat its freshly acquired power of healthy response thereto. Can "memory" be properly predicated of such actions of the alimentary glands? It can be so predicated only by a strained analogy, such as is permissible in poetry, but not in sober science. It is not "memory," because not only is it divorced from consciousness as it occurs, but (unlike the finger-action of the pianist) it cannot anyhow be made present to consciousness.

Again, a boy at school has had a kick at foot-ball which has left a deep scar on his leg. That boy, now become an old man, still bears the same scar, though all his tissues have been again and again transformed in the course of seventy years. Is the constant reproduction of this mark an act of "memory," or can it, in any reasonable sense, be said to be due to memory? Evidently, if such actions as these are to be called acts of "memory" at all, they must, if we would avoid the greatest confusion, be distinguished by some very distinct term from all those acts in which consciousness can possibly intervene.

Besides, then, such repeated human actions as can be properly said to be due to memory, there are other actions which are capable of due repetition under the stimulus of sensation or innervation, and which are more or less modifiable by circumstances, but which cannot be said to be acts of, or due to, memory in the proper sense of that word.

But there are a number of phenomena which appear to be of an intermediate character; a multitude of actions which are at first

performed as the result of study and with the undoubted aid of memory, come subsequently performed in an automatic manner. Reading and writing are excellent examples of such a transformation. We have also many instances of curious lapses and recoveries of memory. But no example can be brought forward of acquired actions coming to be performed with such absolute unconsciousness as are those unfelt responses of our visceral organs by which they continue to repeat acts the facility to perform which has been gained by physical experience.

It appears then that we may distinguish in ourselves four kinds of repeated actions:

A. Those which result from voluntary effort, and which we may distinguish as due to true volitional memory: *Recollection*.

B. Those which arise spontaneously in the intellectual memory, and which we may distinguish as due to involuntary action: *Reminiscence*.

C. Those which are carried on without consciousness, but the power to perform which was gained through conscious memory, and which can be performed consciously. Such actions, while out of consciousness, must be quite distinguished from conscious memory, as *memory improperly so called* or *sensuous memory*. Such a power in ourselves may enable us to understand the memory of irrational animals.

D. Besides the above three kinds of repeated actions, we may distinguish others which may be only very remotely, if at all, compared with memory, since they can never be brought within consciousness. Such are the actions of the alimentary canal, before referred to, or those by which a scar is perpetuated. If such actions were to be called "memory," in any sense, they would have to be distinguished as acts of "organic memory." Such mere "organic repetition" may be distinguished as acts of "*organic habit*."

Animals show plainly that they have a certain power of memory, but we have no need to attribute to any of them, even to the highest, true consciousness. That animals are "conscious" in the sense in which that term is commonly and loosely used, is of course to be admitted. They have sensations, imaginations, sensuous cognitions, and emotions, with a power of grouping these into most complex aggregations. The animal has its undoubted psychical activity, and feels itself a unity, all its varied sensations converging to a common psychical centre. As Mr. Lewes has well said,¹ "It has sentience, but not consciousness."

What then is "consciousness?" As we know it in ourselves, it is the perception of self, not as a vague feeling of unity (a mere syn-

¹ Physical Basis of Mind, p. 362.

thesis of sensations and sensuous relations), but an intellectual separation of the conscious being from all that is external to it. It is most evident when we, by a reflex act, perceive our own thought and perceive that it is ours. Every one must admit that we *have* this intellectual power; and since we have it, it is no wonder that such intellectuality flows over into (as it were) and accompanies all our higher psychical activity, direct as well as reflex. Every one must also admit that we have the power of abstraction—of knowing relations *as* relations; the past *as* past, and the future *as* future. In a word, man is a creature “looking before and after.” He is capable of knowing his successive states of feeling *as a series*, and of synthesizing perceptions, anticipations, and recollections in a single intellectual act. This is what no animal can do, and thus a deep gulf yawns between the conscious and the unconscious.

How then may we explain those seemingly contradictory experiences which show that even in us “the conscious” continually lapses into “the unconscious,” and that we may actually in ourselves detect habits and quasi-instincts in the very making—use being “second nature?”

The explanation does not seem to be far to seek. Let it be once conceded that there is in man an intellectual power or principle, different in kind from the cognitive faculties of animals, yet subserved by an organization similar to that of animals, and all difficulty disappears. Our rational energy—our active intellect—has the power of voluntarily attending to and so developing its own action, as subserved by those sensuous acts which support it and which exist (though without true intellect) in animals also. Thus by attention the intellect can by degrees knit together physical actions (such, *e. g.*, as those by which we read or write), and so voluntarily form a sort of new instinctive habit. This once sufficiently done, the higher psychical activity which temporarily accompanies such actions may be withdrawn, in order to be applied to other work—to fresh conquests, as it were, if mere animality. When thus withdrawn the organism is, in a certain sense, left free and abandoned to its mere automatic quasi-animal activity, the merely instinctive organic process (which had been developed by intellectual attention), then going on automatically and unconsciously. Were it not for this power which we have of withdrawing the exercise of our higher psychical powers from one form of activity to expend it on another, our intellectual power would be absorbed and wasted in the merest routine work, and we could either make no progress, or could only progress with extreme slowness and almost unconquerable difficulty. Hence the great advantage of the use of symbols, and hence the unconsciousness with work comes to be done, the power to perform which has

only been acquired through the intervention of laborious and reiterated acts of consciousness.

To return to the question as to the nature of instinct. We are now in a position to state accurately in what sense "memory" can or cannot be predicated of various kinds of actions.

If we once extended the signification of the word "memory" to a power of repetition altogether beyond consciousness and beyond what we have distinguished as "sensuous memory," we may be logically compelled to extend its use very widely. If we allow that the instinctive actions of animals are due to true "memory," we cannot well refuse the same appellation to the repetition of visceral, or merely organic and unfelt animal actions, and—since we may fairly say that anything must "know" what it "remembers"—we may be driven to use the term "knowledge" in a sense as vague and wide as we have already used the term "memory." To this question we will return; but in the meantime we must affirm that Mr. Butler is not only perfectly logical and consistent in the startling consequences which he deduces from such principles, but also that gratitude is due to him for the force and vigor with which he has brought those consequences forward.

Adopting the principles he has, he is quite consequent in representing as he does, that not only the actions of adult animals are full of knowledge and purpose; but that the same qualities exist in its immature and embryonic condition.

Thus he says: ¹"There is no man in the whole world who knows consciously and articulately, as much as a half-hatched hen's egg knows unconsciously." "The chicken grows a horny beak-tip, because it knows that it will want it." Again, he affirms: ²"Each step of normal development will lead the impregnate ovum up to, and remind it of its next ordinary course of action in the same way as we, when we recite a well-known passage."

But this position leads him to still stranger consequences, in which, moreover, he is supported by the authority of Professor Hering. He not only, on the one hand, attributes unconscious intelligence and purpose to the several component cells of which any organism³ may be built up, but, on the other hand, identifies as being but one single individual, the parent together with the offspring.⁴ With respect to the inheritance of parental peculiarities, Professor Hering⁵ declares it to be "as wonderful as when a gray

¹ *Life and Habit*, p. 61.

² *L. C.*, p. 207.

³ *L. C.*, Chap. VIII., "subordinate personalities."

⁴ *L. C.*, Chapters V., VI., and VIII.

⁵ In his lecture delivered at Vienna, on May 30th, 1870, and translated in *Unconscious Memory*, p. 123.

haired man remembers the events of his own childhood, but not more so; since the young organism is but a continuation of the parent organism, so that we may say the same organized substance is again reproducing its past experience."

The identity of succeeding generations is an opinion which was, however, independently arrived at by Mr. Butler; he says:¹ "A chrysalis is much one and the same person with the chrysalis of its preceding generation, as this last is one and the same person with the egg or caterpillar from which it sprung. You cannot deny personal identity between two successive generations, without sooner or later denying it during the successive stages in the single life of what we call one individual; nor can you admit much personal identity through the stages of a long and varied life (embryonic and postnatal), without admitting it to endure through an endless series of generations." If, therefore, organic life had a single origin, "all living animals and vegetables are in reality one person, and unite to form a body corporate, of whose existence, however, they are unconscious. There is an obvious analogy between this and the manner in which the component cells of our bodies unite to form one single individuality."²

Of course with this community of life and unconscious intelligence, community of unconscious memory is included, and instinct becomes inherited memory.³ Thus not only the development of the individual, but also the evolution of each new species is due to purposive but unconscious actions, due that is to the activity of the creatures themselves, who unknowingly will the requisite changes. This is also the belief of Professor Hering, who says: "An organized being stands before us as a product of the unconscious memory of organized matter. . . . Thus regarded, the developments of one of the more highly organized animals represents a continuous series of organized recollections concerning the past developments of the great chain of living forms, the last link of which stands before us in the particular animal we may be considering."

Mr. Butler says:⁴ "Can we, or can we not see signs in the structure of animals and plants, of something which carries with it the idea of contrivance so strongly, that it is impossible for us to think of the structure without at the same time thinking of contrivance, or design, in connection with it?" He strongly affirms "design," but who is the designer he presents to us? He answers:⁵ "We can and do point to a living tangible person, . . . who did of his own cunning . . . scheme out and fashion each organ of the human

¹ Unconscious Memory, p. 251.

³ Life and Habit, chap. XI.

⁵ L. C., p. 30.

² L. C., p. 80.

⁴ Evolution, Old and New, p. 1.

body. This is the person whom we claim as the designer of the this body, and he is the one of all others the best fitted for the task by his antecedents, and his practical knowledge of the requirements of the case—for he is man himself. Not man, the individual of any given generation; but man in the entirety of his existence from the dawn of life, onward to the present moment. In like manner, we say that the designer of all organisms is so incorporate with the organisms themselves—so lives, moves, and has its being in those organisms, and is so one with them—they in it, and it in them—that it is more consistent with reason and the common use of words to see the designer of each living form in the living form itself, than to look for its designer in some other place or person.”

But why stop at the limits of the organic world? If we are to see unconscious intelligence, memory, and will in every plant, and in every cell of every plant, why not also that inorganic matter by means of which the organic world lives, which enters into its substance, and so becomes living matter? This inorganic matter not only preceded the existence of living matter, but on the non-theistic hypothesis, was the originator and producer of all that living world, which is so instinct with purpose, thought, and will. Mr. Butler carries his consequences to their legitimate conclusion. He tells us that whereas he had before¹ identified “life” with “memory,” and had said that “matter which cannot remember is dead;” he now would modify the words last quoted, because they would imply that there is such a thing as matter, which cannot remember anything at all. He declares² that now he “can conceive no matter which is not able to remember a little, and which is not living in respect of what it can remember.” He “would recommend” his “reader to see every action in the universe as living and able to feel and remember, but in an humble way.” He, in fact, affirms that “there never yet was matter without mind, however low.”³

It is not improbable that some of our readers may be tempted to throw down these pages, deeming them filled with quotations of opinions which, if not put forward in joke, are too manifestly absurd to merit serious consideration. But it would be a great mistake, so to despise these opinions, and to regard these citations as useless. For just as Mr. Lewes truly says: “There are many truths which cease to be appreciated because they are never disputed,” so there are many errors⁴ which are best exposed by allowing them to run

¹ *Life and Habit*, pp. 299 and 300.

² *Unconscious Memory*, p. 272.

³ *L. C.*, p. 215. He adds: “Nor mind however high without a material body of some sort.” Mr. Butler thus seems to be approximating to Spinoza with his universe of one substance, having two attributes—one extension, the other thought.

⁴ *Problems of Life and Mind*. Problems II., III., and IV. of 3 Series, p. 85.

to a head. Moreover, it would be a proof of little knowledge, as well as of narrow sympathies, to think slightly of a man on account of the consequences which follow from his system, unless we have made sure that we are in no way entangled in the very same principles that he is, and only differ from him, in that we lack the vigor and acumen to deduce from them those logical results which seem to us so startling.

Moreover, there is much truth, and most important truth, in Mr. Butler's general contention. Far, then, from disesteeming such a writer, we should be grateful to him, however much we may, with the kindest sympathy, regret that he has not yet seen his way to adopt other principles which would lead to widely different results. But before proceeding further let us endeavor to see clearly what we mean when we say we "*know*." Mr. Butler asks:¹ "What is to know how to do a thing?" He answers: "surely to do it;" and he represents (as we have done) how, when many things have been perfectly learnt, they may be performed unconsciously. From this he infers:² "That perfect knowledge and perfect ignorance are extremes which meet and become undistinguishable; so also perfect volition and perfect absence of volition, or perfect memory and utter forgetfulness. . . . Conscious knowledge and volition are of attention; attention is of suspense; suspense is of doubt; doubt is of uncertainty; uncertainty is of ignorance; so that the mere fact of knowing or willing implies the possession of more or less novelty or doubt."

In a very amusing chapter on "conscious and unconscious knowers," he says:³ "Whenever we find people knowing that they know this or that, . . . they do not yet know it perfectly." In certain notes he adds:⁴ "We say of the chicken that it knows how to run about as soon as it is hatched, . . . but had it no knowledge before it was hatched? It grew eyes, feathers, and bones, yet we say it knew nothing about all this. . . . What then does it know? Whatever it does not know so well as to be, it appears, unconscious of knowing it. Knowledge dwells on the confines of uncertainty. When we are very certain we do not know that we know. When we will very strongly, we do not know that we will."

Now the fact is there is great ambiguity in the use of the word "*know*." Just as before with the term memory, so also here, certain distinctions must be drawn, if we would think coherently.

A. To "know," in the highest sense which we give to the word, is to be aware (by a reflex act) that we really have a certain given perception. It is a voluntary, intelligent, self-conscious act; par-

¹ Life and Habit, p. 55.

² L. C., p. 18.

³ L. C., Chap. II., p. 42.

⁴ Unconscious Memory, p. 30.

allel to that kind of memory which we before distinguished as "recollection."

B. We also say we "know," when we do not use a reflex act, but yet have a true perception—a perception accompanied by consciousness—as when we teach and in most of our ordinary intellectual acts.

C. When we so "know" a thing, that it can be done with perfect unconsciousness, we cannot be said to "know" it intellectually; although in doing that thing our nervous and motor mechanism acts (in response to sensational stimuli) as perfectly as, or more perfectly than, in our conscious activity. The "knowledge" which accompanies such "unconscious action" is improperly so called, except in so far as we may be able to direct our minds to its perception, and so render it worthy of the name—as we have seen, we may direct attention to our unconscious reminiscences, and so make them conscious ones. As then we have distinguished such acts of memory (while unconscious) as sensuous memory, so we may distinguish such acts of apprehension, while unconscious, as *sensuous cognition*. By it we can understand what may be the "knowledge" or "sensuous cognition" of mere animals.

D. Besides the above three kinds of apprehensions, we may distinguish others which can be only very remotely, if at all, compared with knowledge, since they can never, by any effort, be brought within the sphere of consciousness. Such are the actions of our organism by which it responds to impressions in an orderly and appropriate, but unfelt manner—the intimate actions of our visceral organs, which can be modified, within limits, according to the influence brought to bear on them, as we may see in the oarsman's hand, the blacksmith's arm, and the ballet-dancer's leg.

If such actions could be spoken of as in any sense apprehensive, they would have to be spoken of as "organic cognitions," but they may be best distinguished as "*organic response*" or "*organic correspondence*."

That the inorganic world, no less than the organic, is instinct with reason, and that we find in it objective conditions which correspond with our subjective conceptions, is perfectly true; but when once the profound difference between mere organic habit and intellectual memory is apprehended, there will be little difficulty in recognizing the yet greater difference between "organic correspondence" and the faithfulness of inorganic matter to the laws of its being.

That the *absence* of consciousness in actions which are perfectly performed, does not make such actions into acts of "perfect knowledge," is demonstrated by every calculating machine. No sane

person can say that such a machine "possesses" knowledge, though it is true that it "exhibits" it. Similarly there seems to be good reason for refusing to apply the terms "memory" and "intelligence" to the merely organic action of animals and plants.

But the belief that memory, intelligence, and will operate unconsciously throughout nature, has an important bearing on the question as to the mode or origin of new species of animals and plants, the advent of which from time to time—or some kind of "evolution"—geological evidence renders simply indisputable. Before proceeding further to address ourselves to the hypothesis of unconscious intelligence, it will be serviceable to glance at this question, the consideration of which will help us to justly appreciate that hypothesis.

The question we would consider is the following one: "Have new species been the product of intellect and volition,—*i. e.*, of design,—or have they solely resulted from the blind operation of physical forces?"

There are, as Mr. Butler points out,¹ three possible views as to evolution:

(1.) The view of those who uphold "Natural Selection" as the main agent in the work, and who deny the existence of design in nature.

(2.) The view that design and purpose exist in a Creator, distinct from his material creation.

(3.) The view that design and purpose are imminent in the world, but exist there unconsciously, save in man, and do not otherwise exist at all.

The question as to the value to be assigned to "Natural Selection" is indeed no trifling one. As Mr. Butler says: "The battle is one of greater importance than appears at first sight. It is a battle between teleology and non-teleology, between the purposiveness and the non-purposiveness of the organs in animals and vegetable bodies."

And now in entering upon this question, we may call the attention of all persons interested in the history of the idea of evolution to the injustice which has been done to Diderot. A claim may be indeed made for his recognition as the earliest proclaimer of views recently made popular. Mr. Butler has done his best, and has done well, to recall to recollection the too little recognized merits of Lamarck and others, but Diderot's rights, as in many respects an anticipation of later views and as a predecessor of Lamarck himself, do not seem to have fallen under his notice. Yet to us they appear to call for full, if tardy recognition. Diderot,² like his

¹ *Evolution, Old and New*, p. 31.

² *Unconscious Memory*, p. 287.

² See his *Ouvres Complètes*, vol. ix., p. 271.

modern successors, rejected final causes and fully accepted the doctrine of the unity and continuity of nature. He proclaimed the extermination of the feeble by the strong;¹ the generation of functions through organs² and the development of organs through a sense of need;³ the self-adaptation of organisms to their environment and to internal and external conditions;⁴ the action of heredity;⁵ the indefinite modifiability of organisms and the absence of any plan or purpose in evolution, which process he conceived to be due to the action of physical causes only. In a word, we find in him just that collection of misread truths and short-sighted negations, which has become popular since the publication of the "Origin of Species."

But Diderot was also a partisan of that very unity of nature—that attribution of sensibility even to inorganic matter—which Mr. Butler is now inclined to believe in. He says (L. C., pp. 267, 269, etc.): "This sensibility, if it is a quality essential and common to all matter, it follows as a consequence that the stone feels. Why not? It is hard to believe that it does. Yet for him who cuts, strikes, and dresses it, yet does not hear it cry out, I should like you to tell me what may be the difference then between a man and a statue? Little enough; one makes marble out of flesh and blood and one makes flesh and blood out of marble. But after all one is not the other. Just so, what you call *vis viva* is not potential energy. Would you then recognize two forms of sensibility parallel with active and potential energy? That is precisely it."

As to "Natural Selection" we have elsewhere⁶ expressed our conviction that it is a "puerile" hypothesis, due to a mind replete *indeed* with a knowledge of biological facts, but one as deficient in philosophical power as abounding in expertness in weaving his facts into a tangle which it needs almost as much dexterity to unravel.

This is plainly Mr. Butler's opinion. He remarks:⁷ "I assure the reader that I find the task of forming a clear, well-defined conception of Mr. Darwin's meaning, as expressed in his 'Origin of Species;' comparable only to that of one who has to act on the advice of a lawyer who has obscured the main issue as far as he can, and whose chief aim has been to make as many loop-holes as possible for himself to escape through in case of his being called to account." He notices Mr. Darwin's remark that "natural selection is the most important means of modification" as follows:⁸ "'Means' is a dangerous word; it slips too easily into 'cause' the use of the word enables Mr. Darwin to speak of natural

¹ L. C., p. 428.

² L. C., p. 264.

³ L. C., pp. 330, 336.

⁴ L. C., p. 267.

⁵ L. C., p. 419.

⁶ Lessons from Nature.—Murray.

⁷ Evolution, Old and New, p. 358.

⁸ L. C., p. 345.

selection as if it were an active cause (which he constantly does) and yet to avoid expressly maintaining that it is a cause of modification." "It is plain that natural selection cannot be considered a cause of variation; and if not of variation, which is as the rain drop, then not of specific and generic modification, which is as the river; for the variations must make their appearance before they can be selected."

In truth the real cause to be explored is the *cause of variation*. "Natural selection," which is a metaphorical expression for the destructive agencies of nature, cannot evidently be asserted to be the cause of variation, all that it can be asserted to do is to cut off variations in different directions, on a field of indefinite variability, and so, as it were, to "cut-out," species and genera. Therefore that which is the *cause* of variation, as that which supplies the material upon which alone "natural selection" can act, must be the true *origin* of species; and that it *really is such*, Mr. Darwin himself has virtually admitted in saying that "abrupt, strongly marked changes" may occur, "neither beneficial nor injurious" to the creatures exhibiting them and produced by "unknown agencies" lying deep in "*the nature of the organism*." Since these changes are neither beneficial nor injurious it is obvious that natural selections must be simply *impotent* in their regard. But what can be the real cause of these changes the existence of which is thus admitted?

It is surely wonderful (considering the keenness of his sight for all physical phenomena) how mole-eyed Mr. Darwin is as regards the manifestations of intellect in the organic world, and even as to its character in man himself. Very different are the views of Dr. Cleland¹ who tells us that, "Development both in the individual and in the totality of life, is not only a development from a simple beginning, but a development towards a completed whole. There is morphological design, and when in any line of development the design is completed, the evolution ceases, although, by the operation of the environment or external circumstances, variation may continue to occur and degenerations of diverse kinds may take place." As to the notion that a mere mechanical explanation can ever suffice, he observes:² "This notion, often put forward with much dogmatism and with unnecessary rancor, must be set aside because there are phenomena, such as morphological plan, which cannot possibly be referred at any future time to physical laws, but indicate spirit."

Mr. Murphy entirely rejects natural selection as a sufficient cause for the origin of species, and asserts the existence of an organizing

¹ Evolution, Expression, and Sensation, p. 7.

² L. C., p. 10.

though unconscious intelligence.¹ He quotes with approval² Mr. G. H. Lewes's rejection of natural selection which is as follows :³ " At each stage of differentiation there has been a selection, but we cannot by any means say that this selection was determined by the fact of its giving the organism a superiority over rivals, in as much or *during all the early stages, while the organ was still in formation, there could be no advantage accruing from it.* One animal having teeth and claws developed will have a decided superiority in the struggle over another animal that has no teeth and claws ; *but so long as the teeth and claws are in an undeveloped state of mere preparation, they confer no superiority.*"

" The sudden appearance of new organs, not a trace of which is discernible in the embryo or adult form of organisms lower in the scale,—for instance, the phosphorescent (organs of such insects as the glowworm) or the electric organs (of some fishes),—is like the sudden appearance of hard instruments in the social organism, such as the printing press and the railway, *wholly inexplicable on the theory of descent*, but explicable on the theory of organic affinity."

This " organic affinity " Mr. Murphy justly declares to be a mere synonym for " organizing power " which, as thus used, explains nothing, and suggests a misleading analogy with chemical affinity."

Mr. Alfred Wallace himself, though as firm a supporter as ever of that " Natural Selection " which he independently excogitated, has, nevertheless, remarked : " In so far as Mr. Darwin denies the necessity of any such power (as that superintending individual development), and maintains that the origin of all the divers forms and types and all the complex structures of the organic world are due to identically the same laws and processes as are adequate to produce the different species of *Rubus* or of *Canis*, from some ancestral bramble or dog respectively, his opponents here undoubtedly are well worthy of being argued out in the courts of science."

But what " Natural Selection " is absolutely impotent to explain, is the first origin of such wonderful powers as those of sight and hearing. We do not mean the *organs*, but the special *psychical modifications* or *feeling themselves*. An organ of sight might doubtless be manufactured from an organ of touch, if an innate capacity for sight already there existed in a latent condition. But it is simply impossible that natural selection should give rise to any such latent capacity. As Dr. Cleland says :⁴ " The very existence of vision and the other senses points to their being an unknowable

¹ Habit and Intelligence, p. 596.

² P. 403.

³ Physical Habits of Men, pp. 110, 117.

⁴ Evolution, Expression, and Sensation, pp. viii, 21 and 87.

territory whence, and not from the material world, they take their origin." . . . "No more than Lamarck has Darwin considered that it is not a sensitive nerve alone which is required to begin vision or any other special sense, but a capability of the consciousness to be modified in a way altogether incomparable with the equally incomprehensible affection which constitutes general sensation." . . . "To me it appears plain that the idea of vision must have previously existed before it could form part of the consciousness of any animal;¹ and in the evolutions of organs of sight I am compelled to recognize in the simple forms the early stages of a morphological design, moving forward in definite directions to accomplish a mode of contact between the external world and the consciousness of animals, the idea of which already existed."

He also points out, as was pointed out in our "Genesis of Species," that an admirable organ of sight has not only been developed on two different types of structure—that of the insects and that of the back-boned animals—but also that the very same type has been independently evolved in back-boned animals and in the cuttle-fishes. The fact that while the mode of formation of the retina is wonderfully different in the two cases, yet the results attained are still more wonderfully alike, only makes the extraordinary teleological coincidence the more remarkable, proving as it does that the two similar optical instruments must have been independently evolved. As Dr. Cleland observes:² "It is impossible to conceive that by any process of modification in successive ages the one kind of eye could have grown out of the other."

In fact the objection made long ago by Paley, against all such views as "Natural Selection," has here been answered. He truly said:³ "No laws, no course, no power of nature which prevail at present, nor any analogous to these would give the commencement of a new sense; and it is in vain to inquire how that might proceed which would never *begin*."

Mr. Butler attempts to reply to this by imagining inhabitants of another world who contemplate a man of science using a microscope, and who dispute together as to its mode of development. But the comparison does not meet Paley's point which concerns not the *organ*, but the *sense* of vision. Mr. Butler further replies by saying that a wish can originate a power, which wish was nevertheless originated by such power: "Both coming up gradually out of something which was not recognizable as either

¹ The word "consciously" as here used loosely, merely implying that we term "convenience."

² L. C., p. 83.

³ Natural Theology, Ch. XXIII, quoted in *Evolution, Old and New*, p. 46.

⁴ *Evolution, Old and New*, p. 47.

power or wish." But most certainly such indeliberate progress does not take place with respect to any human mechanical invention, and certainly not with respect to the microscope. An intellectual preconception is invariably the starting-point in the invention of every machine made by man.

The many sudden changes which have been ascertained to occur in organisms, all tell against "natural selection" and in favor of those views of evolution which declare "design" (whether conscious or unconscious) to be manifestly therein present. Amongst such instances referred to by Mr. Murphy¹ are the following: A poppy which produced a crown of secondary capsules—a peculiarity reproduced by its seed; a *Datura tatula* which had smooth instead of spring capsules, and all the seeds of which, for six generations, reproduced the peculiarity, while hybrids between it and the spring form reverted to one or other of the two parent types; pigs with solid hoofs; moss and plain roses suddenly appearing, the one from the other; a new form of peacock (the black-shouldered) which breeds true and marked and permanent new wild varieties of deer.

The effects of changed conditions favor this mode of specific origin; thus,² "*Ficus stipulata*, grown on a wall, has small, thin leaves, and clings to the surface like a large moss or a miniature ivy. Planted out, it forms a shrub, with large, coarse, leathery leaves."

Mr. Wallace has pointed out some of the curious direct effects of external conditions on organisms. He tells us³ that in the small island of Amboina, the butterflies (twelve species, of nine different genera) are larger than those of any of the more considerable islands about it, and that this is an effect probably due to some local influence. In Celebes a whole series of butterflies are not only of a larger size, but have the same peculiar form of wing. The Duke of York's Island seems, he tells us, to have a tendency to make birds and insects white, or at least pale, and the Philippines to develop metallic colors, while the Molaccas and New Guinea seem to favor blackness and redness in parrots and pigeons. Species of butterflies which in India are provided with a tail to the wing, begin to lose that appendage in the islands, and retain no trace of it on the borders of the Pacific. The *Æneas* group of Papilios never have tails in the equatorial region of the Amazon Valley, but gradually acquire tails, in many cases, as they range towards the northern and southern tropics. Mr. Gould says that birds are more highly colored under a clear atmosphere than in

¹ Habit and Intelligence, pp. 163 and 179.

² L. C., p. 244.

³ Tropical Nature, pp. 254-259.

islands or on coasts—a condition which also seems to affect insects, while it is notorious that many shore plants have fleshy leaves. We need but refer to the English oysters mentioned by Costa, which, when transported to the Mediterranean, grew rapidly like the true Mediterranean oyster, and to the twenty different kinds of American trees, said by Mr. Meehan to differ in the *same manner* from their nearest American allies, as well as to the dogs, cats, and rabbits, which have been proved to undergo modifications directly induced by climatic change. But still more strange and striking changes have been recorded as due to external conditions. Thus it is said¹ that certain creatures of the crab and lobster class (certain crustacea) have been changed from the form characteristic of one genus (*Artemia*) into that of quite another (*Branchipus*), by means of diluting the salt water they inhabited with fresh water. The latter form is not only larger than the former, but has an additional abdominal segment and a differently formed tail. Such changes tell strongly in favor of the existence in creatures of positive, innate tendencies to change in definite directions under special conditions. “Natural selection,” however, can never serve to account for the initiation and preservation of the incipient stages of many organs which at first are and must be useless, however useful such organs may be when once developed. Neither can it account for the beginnings of such complex instincts as some of these we have described. How, again, could it account for the appearance of teeth such as those of the Cape ant-eater? But for a full statement of such difficulties as these, the reader must be referred elsewhere.² Here there is no space even for their enumeration.

From “natural selection,” then, let us turn to consider the hypothesis of the evolution of new species by “unconscious intelligence.” As to this, we cannot refuse to admit that irrational beings have, as a fact, worked towards rational ends, and have themselves, by their intimate organic processes of nutrition, growth, and reproduction, unconsciously attained results such as demand an intellectual cause. The world of life is no chaos. Stability and order reign over it as we see it now. In spite, moreover, of the remains of extinct species intermediate between different existing forms, no naturalist can doubt but that, if he could see the world as it was at different periods of its geological history, he would find there also stability and order, similar to what we see at present. Granted that they have been even gradually evolved, they none the less have a relative permanence. There are definite

¹ See the Physical Basis of Mind, p. 125 (note).

² See the Genesis of Species.

"kinds" of animals now, and our experience tells therefore in favor of there having always been such definite, though different, "kinds" of animals, whatever periods of slight change (how many soever transient forms) may have existed between the various stages of stability—the various true species.

But a process of evolution more or less closely analogous to that which geology shows us to have taken place in the past, physiology shows us to take place before our eyes to-day. It is the fact that a process of evolution is carried on in the generation of every individual animal—a process essentially similar to that marked and well-known process of transformation which we see in the frog and the butterfly. Animals mostly attain their adult condition by passing through a series of developmental stages, in which they have a generalized resemblance to creatures of various, more or less, inferior kinds.

Now, reason demands a cause not only for the occurrence of phenomena, but also for the order which it detects in their occurrence. Wherever it detects constant and regular coincidences, it spontaneously seeks for some cause adequate to produce them, and this the more imperatively, the more complex and involved the coincidences may be. But when this order and these coincidences relate to the future—when they laboriously prepare the way for existences which as yet are not but the advent of which alone explains the preceding labor, then, indeed, our intellect imperatively asks the cause of phenomena which possess such a quasi-prophetic character. Indeed, to most men, as Schopenhauer says, the "final cause" is more interesting than the "physical cause;" we care more to know *why* the blood circulates than for the details of the structure of our bloodvessels.

Concerning the phenomena of individual development, Mr. Alfred Wallace has written the following significant words:¹ "No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement, the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusk, a frog, and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development, with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvelous process may also determine the initiation of those more important changes of structure, and those developments of new parts and organs which characterize the successive stages of the

¹ In the *Nineteenth Century*, for January, 1880, p. 96.

evolution of animal forms." This is most true, and it is what we have before more than once urged.

The really important question then is, What is this "unknown power" which thus governs the evolution of each individual animal? Is it the creature itself? The better to be able to answer this, let us look carefully into the nature of an animal and see of what it really consists.

Each living creature consists of an aggregation of bodily parts and of functional activities, which are evidently knit together into a unity. Each is not only a visible unity, but is somehow the seat of some unifying power which synthesizes its various activities and is a principle of individuation.¹ Here we have an activity which has no organ, but (as Mr. Lewes has pointed out) is the activity of the body as one whole. This activity is no extra organic force, but an *intraorganic* force, so that it and the visible body of the animal possessing it are together "one thing." They are "one" as the impression in stamped wax and the wax itself are one, though we may ideally distinguish between the two. Our very common sense assures us that a living creature is not a mere piece of complex matter, played on by physical forces from without, which transform themselves in passing through it, but that its activities are the manifestations of a peculiar imminent principle. This principle, indeed, is inseparable from the material element, but, as the true *dynamical* principle, may far more truly be said to be the animal itself than the mere matter of its body can be so called. In every action, then, of every living organism, we have these two sides: the active, immaterial, imminent principle, the $\psi\chi\chi$ or soul,² and the matter, the motions of which are the indication of its activity—the activity, *i. e.*, of the essentially active constituent of the bifold unity, the two aspects which can be thus ideally distinguished.

¹ Dr. Cleland remarks (L. C., p. 134): "The mere tissue-life in individual corpuscles will not account for the phenomena of development, without the addition of a larger life or a formative principle common to the whole individual. . . . No one has yet reduced, in a satisfactory way, any of the properties above mentioned as belonging to corpuscles, namely, irritability, contractility, nutrition, and reproduction, to the laws of unorganized matter; and having regard to that circumstance, and to the complicated phenomena of development of higher organisms, exhibiting series of changes unlike anything in the organic world, it is legitimate to conclude that in living beings there is a superadded element acting on the textural units individually, and that such an element controls likewise the development of the organism. The neoplasms of the pathologist afford abundant example of corpuscular life breaking loose from the central control, by means of which it is utilized in health for the construction and continuance of definite organs."

² This word must not be understood in its modern, unphilosophical signification of a substance memERICALLY distinct from an animal's body, but in its old and proper Aristotelian meaning.

In every animal, then, we meet with a chain of physical phenomena, accompanied by a chain of immaterial energies, some parts of which are known in ourselves as "thought and feeling." The chain of physical phenomena consists of the actions of that side of the one living whole which we call its body. The chain of immaterial energies consists of the actions of that side of the one living whole which we call its principle of individuation, "psyche" or "soul."

It is plain, then, that no link of this double chain can be omitted on either side. Mr. Alexander Bain has said:¹ "It would be incompatible with everything we know of cerebral action to suppose that the physical chain ends abruptly in a physical void, occupied by an immaterial substance; which immaterial substance, after working alone, imparts its results to the other edge of the physical break, and determine the active response—two shores of the material, with an intervening ocean of the immaterial." This is good as far as it goes, but the converse is at the least as contrary to reason, namely, a break in the immaterial chain, bridged over by the intervention of a physical substance.

The necessary existence of this double series has been so clearly seen by some thinkers that they have been led to deny the possibility of the action of one series upon the other, and to maintain that men and animals are mere conscious automata, and that neither thought nor feeling can be real *causes* of physical actions.

But no owner of a dog, who has the least sympathy with his beast, or who has ordinary powers of observation, can doubt the truth of the adage, "the burnt dog dreads the fire," or fail to perceive that both actual pain and the reminiscences of pains formerly suffered, really govern those physical acts by which it shrinks back from a fireplace when the fall of a few hot cinders revives them in imagination.

But what does our consciousness tell us as to ourselves? We *know* that a feeling of pain may lead us to walk towards the dentist's, and that it is our knowledge² of possible consequences which

¹ See his *Mind and Body*, p. 13.

² As to the certainty that it is the *intellectual activity*, and not the material accompaniment of such activity, which is the efficient cause of such actions, Dr. Cleland well observes (*L. C.*, p. 13): "If a servant whispers in your ear that there are robbers in the house, there will be cause of much less vibration of the drum of your ear and consequent action of the auditory nerve than by the loud ringing of a dinner bell; but there will possibly result very much greater mental disturbance. The stimuli in both cases would be applied to the same nerves; and no physical theory can represent it as possible that the channels taken in the brain by the irritation conveyed along the nerves would vary according to the meaning of the sounds. It is plain, therefore, that the physical stimulant in sensation does not lie in the same relation to the mental changes immediately following, as does the charge exploded in a gun to the flight of the bullet. . . . These are undeniable facts, though not what a confiding public has been always taught in science lectures."

makes us try to dissuade some young friend from visiting a gaming table.

Can anyone be found who, after hurrying home on being told that his house is on fire, will seriously maintain that it was not the comprehension of the information received which made him so hurry home? To say such a thing is to deny the teachings of consciousness. It is to deny what is most evident in favor of what is much less so—some speculative hypothesis. If we do not *know* such a thing as this we know nothing, and discussion is useless. As Mr. Lewes says:¹ "That we are conscious, and that our actions are determined by sensations, emotions, and ideas, are facts which may or may not be explained by the reference to material conditions, but which no material explanation can render more certain." The advocate of natural selection may be asked: How did knowledge ever come to be, if it is in no way useful to its possessor, if it is utterly without action, and is but a superfluous accompaniment of physical changes which would go on as well without it?

But, as we have already seen, very many of our bodily actions are often, and others are always, performed unconsciously. The immaterial principle of individuation (or soul) then evidently, in our own case, acts with intelligence in some actions, with sentience in many actions, but constantly also in an unperceived and unfelt manner. Yet we have seen that it undeniably intervenes in the chain of physical causation!

We may then, by this, well understand how that *immaterial reality*—the principle of individuation—may intervene (with sentience or without it) in all the actions of animals and plants. As to the difficulty with respect to the interaction of two parallel series such as those we are considering, we may compare the effects of their reciprocal influence to the alterations produced by heat in the shape of a ring, formed of two inseparable metals which contract unequally at the same temperature—alterations in either constituent affecting the compound whole, and therefore affecting the other constituent also. In the words² of Professor Hering, we may say that, in animals, the immaterial processes become functions of the material of organized substance, and inversely the material process becomes functions of the immaterial processes, "For when two variables are so dependent upon one another in the changes they undergo in accordance with fixed laws that a change in either involves simultaneous and corresponding change in the other, then the one is called a function of the other."

This principle of individuation, then, presides over the changes

¹ *Physical Basis of Mind*, p. 383.

² See *Unconscious Memory*, p. 103.

incident to the development of each individual. What is the true meaning of these changes? As there is this absolute correspondence between structure and function—as absolute as that between the convexities and concavities of the same curved line—it is manifest that the principle of individuation of each kind of creature must correspond with its bodily organization. To every kind of creature must be absolutely restricted its own kind of imminent principle. As is the body, so is the soul; a change in either one must be accompanied by a corresponding change in the other. Now the body of an animal has at first only an organization like that of some microscopic fungus. It has no trace of an organ of any kind—a *fortiori* of an organ of animal life. It can then be animated by no higher “principle of individuation” than that of some fungus; it has, in fact, but a vegetal psyche. As the process of development proceeds, a series of successive organizations are evolved in it, and with them, therefore, must be evolved a corresponding series of principles of individuation. Moreover, while each such principle in turn presides for a time over the developing embryo, such principle must be the main agent in preparing the way for the advent of its successor.

In the development of the individual, then, we see a process of singular and surprising change, during which a series of transitory forms successively appear and disappear, and so affect a true process of continued evolution—bringing about a precise, definite, and predetermined end by the operation of internal powers, which are called into exercise in accordance with their own internal laws by the stimulus and co-operation of the various physical forces.

Here is, we believe, the truth contained in the views of those who assert the existence of “unconscious intelligence” in animated nature. There is indeed an intelligently acting, immaterial principle innate in each individual living organism, and therefore, as applied to irrational organisms, there is full truth in Mr. Butler’s assertion¹ that “there was never yet either matter without [such principle], however low, nor [any such principle], however high, without a material body of some sort; there can be no change in one without a corresponding change in the other.”

This teaching accords with that of the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas tells us that in the development of man himself, the germ is at first animated by a merely vegetal soul, afterwards by an animal soul, and only at last by that rational, immaterial principle which makes it human. Each soul, or form, according to this philosophy,

¹ Unconscious Memory, p. 216. Mr. Butler uses the word “mind” where we have put words in brackets. But we have made the change because we do not believe that he means by “mind” what we do. “Mind” properly denotes the phenomenon of human consciousness—the rational soul energizing both corporeally and consciously.

recedes and disappears simultaneously with the advent of its successor, and each comes into existence at the moment the pre-existing matter is proximately fit for its reception. After the recession of the first or vegetal soul, and before the advent of the rational power, the embryonic body is not a human body, but is that of an irrational animal, though of a kind such as nowhere else exists in *rerum natura*. Moreover, in each case the temporarily existing principle prepares the matter it informs, for the reception of the form which is to succeed it, and thus at the same time prepares the way for its own disappearance and lapse into mere potentiality—the accession of one form being simultaneously accompanied by the recession of its predecessor.

Let us now review the process of specific evolution in the light thus gained, and see its bearing on the three conflicting views as to evolution which are here discussed. And, in the first place, let us try to answer the questions: “In what sense are the different kinds of being evolved *different*?” “In what does their ‘difference’ essentially consist?”

The really more essential constituent of every living creature—being its “principle of individuation,” it must be the distinctions between *these* that really constitute distinctions of kind, and the external difference between creatures which our senses can perceive are serviceable but as indices of the profounder distinctions existing between different inner principles.

But we have seen that in the evolution of the individual, successive inner principles may prepare the way (as according to St. Thomas they do in man prepare the way) one for another. Since such inner principle is the animal *par excellence*, it is *its* action which must be the main cause of such change, though its action is doubtless stimulated and aided by environing agencies.

Surely then we may conclude that in the process of *specific evolution*, it is the “inner principle,” “substantial form,” or “psyche” of any given organism which (stimulated and aided by external conditions) so modifies the intimate action of the generative system, that the matter thence produced may become apt for the reception of a new form of life—a new species. And how small a change may be needful to effect this! As Professor Hering observes:¹ “An infinitely small change of position on the part of a point, or in the relations of the parts of a sequent of a curve to one another, suffices to alter the law of its whole path, and so in like manner an infinitely small influence exercised by the parent organism ‘on the germ’ may suffice to produce a determining effect upon its whole further development.”

¹ Quoted in *Unconscious Memory*, p. 121.

According to this conception of internal force—the action of the psyche—we have the evolution of species by means of unconscious, intelligent action innate in the organism—not, however, by any means excluding, as we shall see, an external directing conscious intelligence. We have thus a process of “*specific genesis*” (or evolution by internal force) which is apt to be stimulated or modified by external conditions—including, of course, those distinctive agencies symbolized by the term “natural selection.” This process of specific genesis may be termed “the evolution of new species by PSYCHOGENESIS.”¹

This conception appears capable of harmonizing the doctrines contended for by the conflicting schools of Evolutionary Philosophy. It harmonizes them in the only mode by which conflicting theories can ever be (where they can be at all) satisfactorily harmonized—namely, by accepting the affirmation of each and eliminating their negations.

By this process, in the first place, Divine creative action in the formation of each several kind of creature, far from being obscured, is made more evident than before. The secondary or derivative creation,² “*per temporum moras*,” distinguished by the great Saint Augustine from that instantaneous primary creation which took place “*potentialiter atque cansaliter*” in the beginning. God is thus recognized as making use of his living creatures as his instruments in this secondary creation.

Thus we have really in evolution, no true *descent* of kind from kind, although evolution takes place by means of physical generations.

Thus every species is distinct in its origin, and there is no confusion of kinds; and if the transitional steps may now and again seem to us to have been small, they have not therefore been purposeless, and as it is with the individual, so it is with the species. The changes of the process of individual development, the succession of forms of subordinate rank—are in each and every case, a process carried on according to definite internal laws, to fulfil a precise and predetermined end. Similarly the successive changes in the development of species, have been directed to definite ends; as we may see by the diversified creation around us to-day. The world about us is, as before observed, no incoherent mass of unstable, indistinguishable forms. It is inhabited by a vast multitude of animals and plants of plainly distinct kinds, however difficult it may be in a few genera to define their component

¹ For further details as to this process, and for more detailed arguments on this subject, see the present author's work, “The Cat; an introduction to the study of back-boned animals.” C. Scribner's Brothers, N. Y., 1881; and John Murray, London.

² See Lessons from Nature, p. 492.

species. As we find it to be the case now, so we may reasonably suppose it to have been the case before. We do not find fossil remains, such as would be inconsistent with specific distinctness through their minute intermediateness of character. Living species, generation after generation, faithfully reproduce their kind; only occasionally exhibiting such deviations and exceptions as are sufficient to render the occasional productions of new species an imaginable process.

It is true, as we have seen, that some speculators believe in the substantial identity of all nature. Mr. Butler is one of those inclined to accept the belief, not only that intelligence and unconscious memory are actually present in every particle of even inorganic matter, but also the belief that all animals and plants are really but one individual being. Unity, however, cannot be predicated of the multitudinous objects, animate and inanimate, presented to our senses, save by neglecting to note their differences and abstracting their resemblances solely, and also by denoting these their resemblances by terms which are inadequate and misleading.

The late Mr. G. H. Lewes has forcibly pointed out the fallacy of such a process. He says: "Psychological—Metaphysical speculation, untrammelled by the distinctions of sensible experience, easily arrive at Panpsychisms. The hypothesis rests upon an arbitrary extension of terms, and upon an exclusive selection of one order of conceptions. By a sufficient elasticity of terms, we may easily reduce all diversities to identity; all things are alike if you disregard their points of unlikeness . . . stretching terms, it is easy to identify life molecular change, and then conclude all things to be living. But the biologist must protest against such manipulations of conceptions. For him life expresses a vast class of phenomena, never found except in definite groups of substances, undergoing definite kinds of molecular change. The crystal is not alive, because it does not assimilate, reproduce itself, and die. Any one choosing to stretch terms, may say that molecules live because molecules exist. But in that case we shall have to create a new term for the mode of existence, which is now called life. . . . Playing such tricks with language, we may add: Why should not a lamppost feel and think, since it is subject to molecular changes, consequent on impression? Why should not a crystal calculate? Does not oxygen *yearn* after hydrogen? Has not hydrogen the property of humidity? These questions seem absurd, yet they are only naked presentations of what some philosophers have clothed in technical terms, and their readers have accepted with confidence. . . . And why this reliance on the law of continuity? That law is simply a deduction from the conception of quantity, abstracted from

quality by mathematical artifice ; it is one abstract idea of existence, irrespective of all concrete modes of existence. It has its uses ; but note, first, that it is an ideal construction, not a real transcription ; secondly, that not only is it an ideal construction, which once framed becomes a necessity of thought, although it is detached from and contradictory of real experience. It is also in the very nature of the case only applicable to abstract existence and not to concrete modes of existence. See how these considerations nullify the application of the law to the gradations and diversities of organic phenomena. If continuity is a necessity of thought, not less imperiously is discontinuity a necessity of experience, given in every qualitative difference. The manifold of sense is not to be gainsaid by a speculative resolution of all diversities into gradations. Experience shows us sharply-defined differences, which make gaps between things. Speculation may imagine these gaps filled, some unbroken continuity of existence linking all things. It *must* imagine this, because it cannot imagine the non-existence coming between discrete existence. . . . Turning from the metaphysical to the biological consideration, it is plain that the characteristic phenomena observed in organisms are not observed in anorganisms ; and even in cases where a superficial appearance seems to imply an identity. An investigation of the conditions shows this not to be so. The actions of a machine often resemble certain actions of an organism. But when we come to understand how both are produced, we understand also how the products are really very different. We deny that a crystal has sensibility ; we deny it on the ground that crystals exhibit no more signs of sensibility than plants exhibit signs of civilization ; and we deny it on the ground that among the conditions of sensibility there are some positively known by us, and these are demonstrably absent from the crystal. It is in vain to say sensibility depends on molecular change, therefore all molecular change must in some degree be sentient change ; we have full evidence that it is only special kinds of molecular change that exhibit the special signs called sentient ; we have as good evidence that only special aggregations of molecules are vital, and that sensibility never appears except in living organism, disappearing with the vital activities, as we have that banks and trades' unions are specifically human institutions. On the first head, that of evidence, we must therefore pronounce against the hypothesis of panpsychism."

"How about its philosophic advantages ? To some minds eager for unity, and above all charmed by certain poetic vistas of a cosmos no longer alienated from men, the hypothesis has attractions. But while its acceptance would introduce great confusion into our conceptions, and necessitate a completely new nomencla-

ture to correspond with the established conceptions, it would lead either to a vague mysticism enveloping all things in formless haze, or to a change of terms with no alteration in the conceptions. By speaking of the souls of the molecules, we may come to talk of the molecule as men 'writ small;' we may assign our controversial passions to the torrent, and our dogmatic serenities to the summer sky; we shall see volition in the magnet, and contemplative effort in morphological changes. If we escape this, and regard the life and sentience of inorganic bodies as only the lowest and simplest state of consciousness, undistinguishable from what we now call motion, except that it has an infinitesimal quantity of consciousness; and if from inorganic bodies, we pass to simple organisms, from these to organisms more and more complex, the soul enlarging with each stage of evolution; well, then we have returned once more to the old point of view; the broad lines of demarcation, which our classifications fix, remain undisturbed, and all modes of existence known to science are recognized as such. Into this scientific system, the metaphysical conception of uniform existence has obtruded itself and borrowed scientific terms; but the obtrusion is a comparison, not an illumination."

But even he who asserts that all animals and plants are really but one individual, must admit that all are not equally individual; must admit that his own son (if he has one) is not part of himself in the same degree, in the same sense, as his own arm is part of himself. Thus the differences we all recognize remain, and the only real change is the introduction of a different terminology, and one calculated to mislead by inducing us to take no note of, or to disregard, real differences.

Therefore not only are different kinds of creatures really distinct, but the individual distinctness of offspring from parents must be maintained. What results from this as regards "memory" and "intelligence"? The distinction between "memory" and "organic habit" has been pointed out, and the necessary dependence of "intelligence" on "memory" is evident and indisputable. Offspring do indeed reproduce the characters of the parents from whence they sprang, and this repetition may be spoken of as a form of "organic habit," but it can never be fitly called "memory." If then "memory" is not thus innate in the organisms themselves, neither can intelligence be therein innate. Where then shall we look for that self-conscious intelligence which manifests itself in the implanted "organic habits" and "instincts" of living organisms? It must be external to such organisms, and it must therefore be in God; and thus we come to the third of the three alternatives enumerated by Mr. Butler,—an alternative re-

jected by him. What objections are then to be urged against this third alternative?

In the first place we may remark, with Mr. Sully,¹ "Surely the fact that the motive principle of existence moves in a mysterious way outside our consciousness, no way requires that the All-One Being should be himself unconscious."

Mr. Butler's objections to the Theistic conception of nature are expressed as follows:² "We turn then on Paley, and say to him: 'We have admitted your design and your designer. Where is he? Show him to us. If you cannot show him to us as flesh and blood, show him as flesh and sap; show him as a living cell . . . it is not in the bond or *nexus* of our ideas that something utterly *inanimate*³ and inorganic should scheme, design, contrive, and elaborate structures which can make mistakes . . . Nevertheless, we will commit such abuse with our understanding as to waive this point, and we will ask you to show him to us as air, which, if it cannot be seen, yet can be felt, weighed . . . give us half a grain of hydrogen . . . or if you cannot do this, give us an imponderable, like electricity, or even the higher mathematics; but give us something, or throw off the mask and tell us fairly out that it is your paid profession to hoodwink us in this matter if you can, and that you are but doing your best to earn an honest living.' " Again he says:⁴ "I have a strong feeling as though . . . the material universe is always and everywhere sustained and directed by an infinite cause, for which to us the word 'mind' is the least inadequate and misleading symbol.⁵ But I feel that any attempt to deal with such a question is going far beyond the sphere on which man's powers may be at present employed with advantage. I trust, therefore, that I may never try to verify it, and am indifferent whether it is correct or not." . . . "I could neither conceive of such a mind influencing and directing the universe from a point as it were outside the universe itself, nor yet of a universe in any present or past stage as existing without there being present—or having been present—in its every particle something for which mind should be the least inadequate and misleading symbol."

Mr. Murphy expresses himself as follows:⁶ "For the reasons here stated, we conclude that vital intelligence is the same throughout; in other words, that the unconscious intelligence which

¹ Westminster Review, new series, vol. xlix., p. 151, cited in "Unconscious Memory," p. 139.

² "Evolution, Old and New," page 29.

³ The italics are ours.

⁴ L. C., p. 371.

⁵ Quoted by Mr. Butler from "Lessons from Nature," p. 300.

⁶ Habit and Intelligence, pp. 411-414.

directs the formation of the organic structures is the same which becomes conscious in mental actions. The two are generally believed to be distinct; conscious mental intelligence is believed to be human, and formative intelligence to be divine. This view leaves us room for the intermediate region of instinct; and hence the marvellous character with which instinct is generally invested. But if we admit that all the intelligence manifested in the organic creation is fundamentally the same, we shall reasonably expect to find such a gradation as we actually witness, from perfectly unconscious to perfectly conscious intelligence; the intermediate region being occupied by intelligent but unconscious motor action; in a word, by Instinct.

"If it is true, as here maintained, that the intelligence which adapts organic structures to their functions is fundamentally identical with that which becomes conscious in the mind, it follows from the mere statement, that the intelligence which forms the lenses of the eye is the same which, in the mind of man, has discovered the theory of the lens; the intelligence that hollows out the bones and the wing feathers of the bird in order to combine lightness with strength, and places the feathery fringes where they are needed for the purpose of flight, is the same which, in the mind of the engineer, has devised the construction of iron pillars hollowed out like those bones and feathers; and the Intelligence that guides the bee in its unconscious shaping of its hexagonal cells, is the same which, in our minds, understands the properties of hexagons.

"This view is well known among the Germans, and is beginning to be known among us; but most English-speaking people have been accustomed to refer all organic adaptations to Creative Wisdom directly. This was almost inevitable for believers in a Divine Creator, so long as the world and all that it contains was supposed to have been created in a few days. But now that the doctrine of Evolution has been sufficiently established, it appears more reasonable to believe that organic progress has been effected, not by a fresh exertion of Creative Power at every one of its innumerable stages, but by a principle of intelligence which guides all organic formations and all motor instincts, and finally attains to consciousness in the brains of the higher animals, and to self-consciousness in the brain of man.

"When rightly considered, the view of direct creation will appear untenable. It cannot be reconciled with the imperfections of the organic world, and the slow and interrupted progress towards relative perfection. And absolute perfection is not always attained, even in nature's highest work. The human eye, even when healthy and normal, is asserted by Helmholtz to be very

imperfect in comparison with the best optical instruments that human skill can produce.

"But these are the smallest of the difficulties of the old view. I refer especially to the existence of such organisms as parasitic worms, which are well adapted for their mode of life, but have probably no sensation and certainly no consciousness, yet inflict pain, disease, and death on sentient and conscious animals. On the theory of the independent creation of every separate species, these can only be regarded as instruments of torture devised by Creative Wisdom. But if we believe that they are descended from species which were not parasitic, and have become self-adapted to new habitats, their existence is only a particular case of the question why pain and disease are permitted at all.

"The same is true of what have been called 'unnatural,' and may almost be called 'immoral instincts;' such as the working bees slaughtering the drones after the queen has been fertilized; the habit of some species of carrying off ants of other species while in the pupa state, and making slaves of them; the cuckoo's habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, and the young cuckoo throwing the original tenants out of the nest to perish. It is easier to believe these instincts to be peculiar and abnormal results of vital intelligence, than to believe each of them to be a special providential endowment.

"Matter has been endowed with gravitative and chemical forces which are capable of producing motion. When a mass moves, as in the fall of a stone, or when a fire burns and produces heat, which is atomic motion, the energy of the motion is neither brought from without nor created at the moment,—it only becomes actual or active from being potential or latent. There is not a fresh exertion of Divine Power whenever a stone falls or a fire burns. So with intelligence. All intelligence is a result of Divine Wisdom; but there is not a fresh determination of Divine Thought needed for every new adaptation in organic structure, or for every original thought in the mind of man. Every one will admit that there is not a fresh act of creation when a new individual is born;—I say the same of the origin of species and of classes."

Before considering these objections seriatim, let us for a moment assume (for argument's sake) that they cannot be answered, and let us consider the other horn of the dilemma, namely, "the belief in an innate, intelligent, unconscious activity in organisms themselves, unaccompanied by any conscious activity external to such organisms." We believe that such a conception contains an inherent contradiction, and is therefore fundamentally irrational. In the first place, what do we mean by "intelligence" *par excellence*?

What is our intellectual type? Surely it is our own psychical activity at its best. We exercise it when we perceive actual or ideal existences, together with their relations one to another, and judge as to their reality and truth. It is called into play in the pursuit of the physical and abstract sciences, and also in the deliberate government of our own lives. If any person should choose to say that blind actions (in which no end is perceived or intended, and wherein no notice is taken of the truth of ideas and the consequences of acts) are the most truly intellectual, the wisest actions, then such a person abuses language. The meaning of words is due to convention, and any one applying to such blind actions the terms "most intelligent" and "most wise," thereby divides himself from the rest of mankind by refusing to speak their language.

Intelligent conduct is understood by all men to mean "a wise adaptation of means to ends,"—a deliberate adaptation, and not one due to accident merely. No one would call an act done "blindly" a "wise action," whatever might be its result. The act of idly remaining in bed one morning till too late to start by a vessel which afterwards sank at sea, may serve as an example of an action fortunate in its results, but which no reasonable person would, on that account, call a "wise" act. No amount of "blindness" can make "sight," and no actions can at the same time be "intelligent" and "blind." But it is impossible for us to perceive external objects and their relations to us (relations necessarily perceived in "wise" conduct) without the perception of ourselves,—without our being directly aware of our own being (our activity), although we need not reflexly advert to it. We cannot *expressly* recognize things as external to ourselves without expressly recognizing our own existence, and we cannot *implicitly* recognize things as external to ourselves without *implicitly recognizing our own being*. The recognition of "self," either explicit or implicit, accompanies all our intellectual activity.

What experience then have we which can justify such a conception as that of "unconscious intelligence?" We are indeed aware of a multitude of actions which are evidently the outcome of intelligence, but which (like the analogous actions of a calculating machine) are performed by unconscious creatures. Such are the instinctive actions both of irrational animals and of ourselves. They are actions more or less modifiable by reflex, unintelligent responses to environing agencies. We know that our conscious intelligence can elicit from animals trained by us a multitude of seemingly rational actions which in them are perfectly irrational, as we can make machines manifest an intelligence and foresight

which is "in them" in so far as it is they which manifest it, but which for all that is not truly "in them."

Our experience then utterly contradicts the hypothesis that there may be such a thing as really unconscious intelligence,— "unconscious" in its foundation and cause as well as in its manifestation. Such a conception is like that of a "square pentagon," or a "pitch-dark luminosity."

Nevertheless our experience is *in favor* of the existence of an intelligence which can implant in, and elicit from, unconscious bodies, activities which are intelligent in appearance and result. "Truly intelligent action" we know as being intelligent and wise in its foresight, and therefore as necessarily conscious in the innermost principle of its being and in the initiation of its activity, *i. e.*, in its real cause, man.

"Unconsciously intelligent action," improperly called "intelligent" or "wise," is that which is intelligent and wise only as to its results and not in the innermost principle of the creatures (living bodies or mere machines) which perform such action. To speak technically, we have "formal" and "material" intelligence, as we have "formal" and "material" vice and virtue, and without understanding this fundamental distinction no true solution of the problem here investigated can be arrived at. It is the failure to apprehend this distinction which is the root of a vast number of modern philosophical errors. It is the want of clearly perceiving this distinction and a consequent misleading ambiguity in the use of terms which has led to the promulgation of the theory of "unconscious intelligence" as the cause of so many phenomena we admire in the world of organic life.

The better to understand the distinction let us take an example from ethics. A man, who has married a second wife, his first wife being still alive, has committed bigamy and adultery. But although legally culpable, he may be a perfectly innocent man, for he may have married under the mistaken conviction that his first wife had been drowned at sea. If so, he is "materially" a bigamist, but not one "formally." Let him however be aware of the fact and yet continue as the husband of his second wife and he becomes "formally" guilty. Again, if a man wishing to aid another, by miscalculation causes his death, he does an action which is "materially" homicidal, though "formally" his act is a virtuous one.

Applying this distinction to the admirably directed actions which are blindly performed by living beings, we may say that "intelligence" is not *formally* in them, but exists "formally" in their ultimate cause, *i. e.*, in God. Nevertheless inasmuch as such creatures by their actions manifest that intelligence, and such

intelligence exists in them *materially*, though it is not truly and "formally" in them.

Let us now consider the objections, above cited, to the idea of the conscious Intelligence of God as being the formal cause of that material intelligence which we see latent in nature. Mr. Butler's difficulty seems to be mainly due to that defect which so commonly underlies the objections which are now-a-days made against religion—the defect namely of not distinguishing between "conception" and "imagination." His difficulty seems to be that he is unable to imagine a purely spiritual being—or, at least, the action of such a Being in creating and sustaining the material universe. We are quite as unable as he is to imagine anything of the kind—for no one can imagine anything which has not (at least in its elements) been perceived by one or more of his senses. But it by no means follows that what has not and cannot be perceived by the senses, cannot be conceived, understood, and believed—although it is true that every human conception needs some material accompaniment (if only a single letter) to serve as its sign and sensuous support. None of us ever saw a "cause" or felt a "non-existence," or heard a "quality," "quantity," or "relation," save as spoken sounds. Nevertheless that all these entitles can be "conceived" is plain from the fact that so much is written and spoken about them. We read with much pleasure Mr. Butler's admission¹ that he has a strong feeling in favor of the Theistic conception and with proportionate disappointment his declaration of his indifference as to its truth. We believe and strongly hope he deceives himself as to his indifference. A studious desire to avoid prejudice in investigating any problem is one thing, but "indifference" is quite another. Voluntary indifference with respect to a question which concerns the welfare of all men far more deeply than any other possible question can concern it would be an ethical fault, and therefore a violation of reason of which ethics form one department. He tells us that he can neither conceive intelligence directing the universe from "as it were outside" it, nor of a universe in every particle of which there is not present "something for which mind should be the least inadequate and misleading symbol." But Christianity which proclaims a God "in whom we live and move and have our being" will never call on Mr. Butler to do that of which he here declares himself incapable. It does not teach us that God exists "outside" that universe in the sense in which Mr. Butler uses that word, while its doctrine of the immanence of the Divine action throughout nature supplies all the truth which is continued in the misleading expression "unconscious intelligence."

¹ Evolution, Old and New, p. 371.

But Mr. Butler has much respect (and we in this go entirely with him) for the far too little appreciated Lamarck. We would then call his attention to the facts that Lamarck, at least, saw no difficulty in the theistic conception of nature, and it is very desirable that justice should now be rendered to him in this, no less than in other respects. That illustrious naturalist says:¹ "Certes the power which has made the animals has made them all that they are, and endowed them with the faculties observed in each, by giving an organization fitted to produce them. Observation authorizes us to recognize this power in *Nature*, and that she is the product of the will of the Supreme Being, who has made her what she is Strange indeed! people have confounded the watch with the watch-maker, the production itself with the producer." It would be difficult to find words more entirely repudiating the main position assumed by Mr. Butler than do those of the man whose just scientific renown he so properly seeks to vindicate.

Mr. Murphy's objections, before cited at length, may be summarized, and we believe obviated, as follows:

(1.) "Divine action (he tells us) is incompatible with such a slow and uninterrupted process towards perfection as that which we find in nature." But if this objection has any real force it applies to a quick and uninterrupted process also. If God could be blamed for not acting in a way which seems to us "quick" and "uninterrupted," he could also be blamed for any delay at all and for not having at once instantaneously created what might seem to us "the best of all possible worlds." But as we may be sure that the creation with all its apparent imperfections is (as God sees it and with His infinite purpose necessarily unfathomable by us) a creation ultimately for the best, so also we may be sure that the rate of its progress is that which is ultimately for the best. God cannot make a circular triangle or cause an event now passed never to have happened, for such things are contradictions and therefore nonentities, and can have no relation to omnipotence. But how many objective contradictions which we cannot suspect may render irrational and therefore impossible to God, actions which to us may seem calculated to open short cuts and easy roads to perfection.

(2.) "God could never have created tape-worms, because while themselves comparatively devoid of enjoyment, they inflict suffering

¹ History Natural des Animaux Seurs Vertebres, 3d edition, pp. 66 and 95, cited by Dr. Cleland in his Evolution, Expression, and Sensation, pp. 14 and 15. This latter author also calls attention (at p. 16) to the fact that the author of the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, is no less Theistic in his views and describes the evolution of organisms as taking place "under the providence of God."

on highly sentient creatures." Now it is very probably true that such organisms are the modified descendants of other organisms, which once lived a free and non-parasitic life. No Theist, however, can consent to make, as it were, an excuse for the Almighty, by saying that though he permitted what he might have disallowed, he did not directly produce it. A permission voluntarily given for a bad act is culpable as well as its actual performance. But such existences will appear to us in a very different light from that in which Mr. Murphy represents them, if we regard them as necessary parts of a vast scheme of infinite beneficence, wherein pain, disease and death have a necessary place, and wherein they have in the long run a beneficent action, so infinitely surpassing the temporary evils they inflict, that could we know all, they would merit our profoundest wonder and admiration. In such matters we are constantly the dupes of an irrational attempt to estimate the universe from a purely human point of view. I do not mean that we judge it by human reason, for we can judge it in no other way. Our reason tells us however that in such judgments we must if we would not delude ourselves, make abstraction of our *feelings*. I mean then by "an irrational attempt to estimate the universe from a purely human point of view," an attempt to estimate it without abstracting such merely subjective sentiments. Our specially human sympathies and our feelings as animals render it most difficult for us to take an unbiassed and purely rational view of such phenomena as have painful relations with our sensibilities. The misleading results of this prejudice extend very far.

(3.) "God could not have instituted immoral instincts, such as those which prompt working-bees to kill drones, certain ants to make slaves, and cuckoos to lay their eggs as they do with the correlative shocking habit of the young cuckoo when hatched."

These objections are but other instances of the misleading prejudice just referred to. Such actions in *human beings* would be reprehensible from an ethical point of view as well as disgusting, but no possible action of any irrational creature can be immoral. Nothing is really immoral which is not done against the light of reason.

We view these phenomena with prejudiced eyes because we cannot help thinking of parallel actions performed by such creatures as ourselves. But a pure spirit could gaze upon every action performed by any mere animal, with perfect complacency and satisfaction, knowing that such creature was fitly playing its appointed part in that vast structure—the whole world of nature. But man as he is can as little judge that world of nature as a minute insect perched

on a pinnacle of York Minster can perceive the relative portions and bearings of the stones of that noble pile.

(4.) "No fresh determination of Divine thought is needed for every new adaptation in organic structure, any more than when a stone falls or fire burns."

Leaving to theologians the treatment of the curious form of expression here cited, it may suffice to point out that those who, like ourselves, see divine action in every stone which falls and every fire which burns, also of course see that action in every organic evolution, and in each instinctive or habitual action of every living creature. But we rejoice here to note that Mr. Murphy expressly repudiates Partheism.¹ He is thoroughly persuaded that in spite of his own, here cited, objections, the facts of nature broadly viewed are consistent with the existence of an all-wise and all-holy Creator. We only differ from him therefore in believing that the parts of nature viewed narrowly (that is deeply and in detail) no less consistently with that existence. To this end all that is necessary is to avoid mere prejudice and to distinctly recognize the impossibility of our comprehending the whole scope and intention of God's creation.² A little reflection is alone needed, we think, to make us aware that the "improvements" which we would suggest to the author of Nature, might if we could see all, involve absolute objective contradiction, and so be impossibilities even to omnipotence.

There are not a few persons who are troubled in mind by the fact that we find in nature "Rudimentary organs." Such organs are the minute wings of the Apteryx of New Zealand and the fetal teeth of Whalebone whales, which teeth are destined never to cut the gum. Organs of this kind are useless to their possessor, though they are rudimentary representatives of organs which are useful enough in other creatures. Such objections of our own day were well answered antecedently by Buffon³ when he asked: "Why is it considered so necessary that every part in an individual should be useful to the other parts and to the whole animal? Should it not be enough that they do not injure each other nor stand in the way of each other's fair development?"

If then there are no valid objections which can be raised against that (third) view of Evolution which sees the conscious intelligence of

¹ Habit and Intelligence, p. 413; the author's words are: "I am not a Protheist, on the contrary, I believe in a Divine Power and Wisdom infinitely transcending all that can be born to us in our present state of being."

² The end and object of our own being is made known to us by reason as well as by revelation, but certainly not the full meaning and purpose of the whole sidereal universe, which, after all, may itself be but a fragment of but one out of many kinds of created existences.

³ *Histoire Naturelle*, tome v., 1875, p. 104. Quoted in *Evolution, Old and New*, p. 120. The italics are ours.

the Creator manifested in the actions of his creatures—whether organic or inorganic—which are themselves devoid of conscious intelligence, how may that view be best expressed (as shown by the light of modern science) and what are those “modes of operation” (referred to in the beginning of this article) into which the Theist may reverently inquire?

Before fully stating our judgment in this matter, it may be well shortly to recapitulate the ground we have gone over that the thread of our argument may be more clearly seen.

After adverting to the revulsion which has taken place from a purely mechanical view of nature, to a conception of it as everywhere animated by “unconscious intelligence,” we have pointed out the great importance of correctly estimating those phenomena which are commonly spoken of as “Instinctive,” and have described some of those phenomena.

In commencing the consideration as to whether unconscious intelligence can be accepted as the cause of Instinct, we have begun by considering “Memory” in its various forms, and determining to what kinds of acts that term could or could not be applied. We have next examined the meaning of the term consciousness and then returned to review, in the light thus gained, the question as to “Instinct,” recognizing in so doing the ambiguity of the word “know,” and distinguishing different kinds of “cognition” parallel with the before-distinguished different kinds of “Memory.” Next, we have remarked as to the bearing of the question as to “unconscious intelligence” on that as to the process of specific evolution, and have recognized the three alternative views of evolution, (1) the Mechanical, (2) the Theistic, and (3) that favored by Mr. Butler and Mr. Murphy. After reviewing the first of these, as expressed in the theory of “Natural selection,” and rejecting it, we have proceeded to examine the third alternative—evolution by unconscious Intelligence. In order the better to be able to appreciate the bearings of the question we have reviewed the phenomena of the evolution of individual animals, calling attention to the fact that the most important constituent of each is as immaterial principle or psyche, which must be conceived as the agent presiding over each process of individual evolution. Next, turning to consider the question of specific evolution, we have pointed out how it also is similarly explicable and how such explanation harmonizes the truths maintained by thinkers of different and opposed schools. After refuting the doctrine of universal identity we have passed to the examination of the third view of evolution and Instinctive action—*i. e.*, to the view that they are the effects of Divine action—and with the objections made to it by the authors reviewed. Before considering the latter, however, we have directly attacked their position by

pointing out what seem to us to be the essential contradiction contained in the term "Unconscious Intelligence," and by distinguishing between intelligence which is actual and "formal" from that which is "material" only. Having now replied to the objections, it remains but to state distinctly what we believe to be the true view as to this question of physical philosophy. This, it seems to us, may be expressed as follows :

(1.) In the whole unconscious creation there is present, *materially*, that intelligence which exists *formally* in God. It is, however, materially present in the organic world in a different mode from that in which it is materially present in the inorganic world.

(2.) In the inorganic world each substance, utterly devoid of even quasi-sensibility, responds only physically (*i. e.*, mechanically, chemically, etc.), but according to the laws of its own being, to the actions upon it of its environment.

(3.) The vegetable world, devoid of sensibility, is endowed with a vital activity, the immaterial constituent, or psyche, of each plant unifying its operations so that it can respond vitally, as well as physically, to the actions on it of its environment. Each plant has been endowed with a certain impressionability very different in degree in different species. Each plant, that is, has a certain susceptibility to organic impressions and aptitude for more or less appropriate response, together with a tendency to the reiteration of both receptive and responsive acts. Evidently this tendency to repetition stimulates, but is not "memory," as the responsive power stimulates, but is not cognition! As these faculties have been implanted by Infinite wisdom, they are innate faculties which are in a sense "rational" and "intelligent," but they are only materially so and not formally.

(4.) Animals possess the first-described *vegetal* powers, and in addition a special *animal* activity, involving "sensuous memory" and "sensuous cognition," as well as "feeling." The sentient powers of each animal, moreover, meet and are unified in a common sentient centre, and the animal therefore has "consentience," though not "consciousness." Along with the organization of each creature there is conjoined a necessarily accompanying psychical activity, which takes the form of "instinct," and which, as animals are higher and higher in grade, is more and more modifiable by their "sensuous cognition." The "material" presence of rationality and purposiveness in the instinctive action of insects, is as manifest as is their "formal" absence. "Instinct," is "animal habit," which may be said to be "implanted," as it is the necessary psychical accompaniment of a definite material organization. The animal psyche of each individual animal is the one agent of both

its vegetal and animal activities—the one agent of both modes of operation, the felt and the unfelt.

(5.) The soul of man has powers which are rational as well as animal and vegetal, and it is the one principle of these three diverse modes of operation. In him we find “organic habit” and “organic correspondence,” as well as “animal habit” or “instinct,” together with reason, and therefore with “consciousness” in the proper sense of that word.

Not only “memory,” but also “intelligence” and “purpose,” are “formally” as well as “materially” *in* him. They are “materially” present in the unfelt, organic actions of his organism and in his purely instinctive acts. They are formally present in his conscious, intellectual operations only. Man has, however, one instinct which is indeed noble, and which distinguishes him from all inferior creatures; it is that faculty which makes us glow with admiration and pleasure at the recital of a deed of heroic virtue. It is our reason, indeed, which judges that such an act is virtuous, but it is a Divinely implanted instinct which makes our hearts respond to the clear, cold judgment of our intellect.

(6.) The process of evolution in organic nature generally, as well as that process as it takes place in the formation of the individual, is a process replete with “purpose,” “intelligence,” and “volition;” these qualities, however, exist therein but “materially,” while they “formally” exist in their First Cause. He has ordained that succession of “forms” which takes place in each individual, in each plexus of individuals as a species, and in all nature as one whole—a succession mainly brought about by the ordered activity of that “principle of individuation” which is the immaterial and sovereign constituent of each animal and plant. The evolution of new species is therefore brought about by “psychogenesis,” and therein God acts by making use of those secondary causes, which are the souls of his organic creation, acting by their implanted powers of “organic habit” and “organic correspondence,” in response to the incident forces of environing agencies.

Thus, we venture to think, may be conciliated the various truths contained in the conflicting views of modern philosophers and physiologists, as exemplified in the works herein referred to. In this way we may welcome the theory of evolution by psychogenesis, as showing us how by merely natural but yet by immaterial agencies, the Creator has brought into being the many kinds of animals and plants which now exist, and the many more which once existed, but which now exist no longer. Thus also we may see how far “unconscious intelligence” may be truly said to be present in the material world around us—holding each organism in the wonderfully purposive transformation of individual develop-

ment, and also in the now small and transient, how considerable and stable changes, which lead to the first manifestation of yet another Divine idea—a new species. At the same time we may thus also justify the declaration of common sense when it affirms that conscious intelligence, purpose, and will exist pre-eminently in God, but are not formally present in the material creation, save only in his rational creatures, who have been formed in His image and likeness. Finally, this conception also enables us to recognize that in our own conscious intelligent and deliberately willed actions, we may behold a faint and feeble image of that infinite wisdom, and that omnipotent will by which the Creator first instituted and now sustains all the powers of his irrational creatures, organic and inorganic—their mechanical, chemical, and other physical forces; their vegetal and animal vital powers, including organic habits and responses and sensuous memories and cognitions.

In concluding this article, we would point out how the present reaction against the merely mechanical conception of nature, seems to point towards a mental revolution, like that which took place so many centuries ago when the peripatetic philosophy arose against the antecedent Ionian materialism. The views here put forward are we believe in harmony with that great traditional system, which is re-establishing its claims far and wide on the attention of mankind. It is this belief which leads us to hope they may be found to be of some slight use by harmonizing the dictates of science and of common sense, and so help, in however trifling a degree, in making more widely appreciated the just claims of what we believe may be justly called the "natural philosophy."

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN WESTERN COLONIZATION—COLONIZATION IN NEBRASKA.

Nebraska: its Advantages, Resources, and Drawbacks. By Edwin A. Curley. London: Sampson, Low & Co.

The Irish Catholic Colonization Association—Colony in Greeley County, Nebraska. Published by the Association.

The Religious Mission of the Irish Race and Catholic Colonization. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

Nebraska As It Is. By L. D. Burch.

THE stream of emigration to the far Western States and Territories has set in during the past year with a force and volume which may well excite astonishment. The increased activity in all departments of trade in the cities, and the great impetus given to every branch of industry in the chief manufacturing centres of late, would seem to justify the expectation that the Western movement of the urban American population would have been greatly checked, if not altogether arrested. Not so. Good wages and plenty of work have not served to efface from the recollection of the artisan class the experiences of recent periods of painful distress, and sore and harassing struggles with poverty. The yearning to "occupy and possess the land" has grown in force and breadth of late years.

It is no new experience to the hardy and restless Western pioneers to follow the course of the sun, to explore the sources of the rivers that flow to either great ocean, and to penetrate the mountain defiles in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" but this spirit of adventure and pioneer resolution is fast losing the fields and opportunities for its display and exercise. The tide of Western emigration and the mania for mining has carried a population into the remotest parts of the country; and within a few years, immense ranges of land, hitherto literally a *terra incognita*, have been opened to settlement and civilization. The curiously misnamed "Bad Lands," on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Dakota, the pastures of Montana, the coal-fields of Wyoming, the valleys and table-lands of Nebraska, are now rapidly filling up with a population as various in race and characteristics as can well be imagined. The enormous emigration from abroad the present year shows its significant traces in the streaming throng of German, Scandinavian, Polish, Bohemian, and Irish immigrants, which, as to far the greater number of all these nationalities, the Irish only forming the excep-

tion, with scarcely a pause at the seaboard cities, push onward to the West. The Scandinavians going mainly to the North, to Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota; the Germans, to the West and South, to Kansas and Texas; Poles and Bohemians, to Western Iowa and Nebraska; the Irish, to—where? A considerable number, we are told, pass on to Minnesota and Dakota, drawn thither, doubtless, by the fame of the Catholic colonies in the former State and the cheap lands in the latter. A large body went to Nebraska and to Kansas, but far the greater number evidently accepted employment, or were content with the chance of it, in the great cities.

Now that the area of land available in the West for agricultural purposes is steadily and rapidly diminishing, it becomes important to inquire into and investigate the resources and relative advantages presented by the States and Territories which still invite immigration, and hold out more or less alluring prospects to the colonist from abroad. Special importance attaches to this inquiry at the present time, in view of the movements and efforts made to influence the Catholic—especially the Irish Catholic—population in the American cities to avail of the opportunity to “buy a farm,” before the available and desirable land shall pass beyond the possibility of control by them.

This paper does not aim to detail the history of that movement. The logic and necessity of it has been forcibly and eloquently demonstrated in the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding's remarkable book, *The Religious Mission of the Irish Race and Catholic Colonization*. But it may be necessary to lay stress on the fact that the organization of which the Bishop is the head, and to which he has lent the force and influence of his position and energy, is not designed or intended to promote and encourage emigration from Ireland. It is to remove the Irish people, or a moiety of them, out of the cities and manufacturing centres on to the land.

The Nebraska colony, in Greeley County, is the first colony founded by the association referred to, though it acquired land, about 10,000 acres, in one of Bishop Ireland's previously established colonies in Minnesota, which was promptly taken, and is now fully settled by a colony of Irish-American families from Boston and vicinity.

The Nebraska colony, however, is the larger and more important venture; and upon its success the association has staked a considerable part of its capital and the outcome of its enterprise.

Nebraska comprises an area of 76,000 square miles, or, 48,636,800 acres. It is between the parallels of 40° and 43° and the meridians of 95 and 104 west.

Geographically it is in the centre-line of the States of the Union, and in the pathway to the States and Territories of the Pacific

slope. Its shape is nearly that of a parallelogram. Its greatest length from east to west is 412 miles, and its greatest width from north to south 208 miles. The notes and plats in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office shows 6485 miles of rivers and streams within the limits of Nebraska. The land lies in billowy prairies, with wide stretches of table-land. "The country," writes Bayard Taylor, "is one of the most beautiful I ever looked upon. I am more than ever struck with the great difference between this region and that to the east of the Mississippi. There is none of the wearisome monotony of the prairies, as in Illinois, or swampy tracts as in Indiana or Ohio. The wide billowy green, dotted all over with golden islands of harvest, the hollows of dark glittering maize, the park-like clumps of timber along the course of the streams, these serve the materials which went to the making up of every landscape, and of which, in their sweet harmonious, pastoral beauty, the eye never grows weary."

A similar testimony appears in the report of Mr. Lyman, Agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune*, in his report to the Farmer's Club of New York. He says: "I speak advisedly and not without a full impression upon my mind, of the exceeding attractiveness and fertility of Iowa and Southern Minnesota, when I say that the *most* attractive country I saw is west of the Missouri River. It is bounded on the north by the Platte, on the south by the Kansas, and on the west by the valley of the Republican."

The longest river in Nebraska, the Platte, is 1100 to 1200 miles long.

The soil of Nebraska is almost uniformly a rich, dark loam, containing all the elements of plant growth. According to Professor Aughey's analysis, it forms one of the richest and most tillable soil in the world. In fact, in chemical properties and formation, it comes nearest to the famous deposits in the Valley of the Nile, the plains of Lombardy, and the fertile wheat-fields of the Danube.

In his work *Nebraska as it is*, Mr. Burch says: "The almost universal dark, rich alluvium of Nebraska, with a substructure of loess, which is everywhere mixed with the surface mould, has the greatest versatility of production of any soil with which I am acquainted.

"There seems to be hardly a limit to the wide range of grains, grasses, and vegetables produced here. Not a domestic product of the soil, from the Red River of the north to the Indian Territory, fails of perfect development here. Even the plants and *flora* of the semi-tropical districts make a wonderful showing in this soil, when the climate and altitude are considered.

"Winter and spring wheat, rye, corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, sorghum, flax, hemp, broom-corn, millet, tobacco, beans, peas,

Irish and sweet potatoes, onions, turnips, and all the long list of garden vegetables; all the domestic grasses; apples, peaches, pears, cherries, plums, grapes, and the small fruits; osage orange, and all the endless lists of products of the medium latitudes, flourish in this wondrous, versatile, and ever fertile soil."

The testimony as to the richness and fertility of the soil of Nebraska is uniform and concurrent. Professor Hayden's reports, in connection with the geological surveys, the U. S. Agricultural reports, the reports and surveys made for the two leading railroads that intersect the State, the "Union Pacific Railroad," and the "B. & M. R. R. in Nebraska," taken together with the reports of the State Board of Agriculture, leave no room for doubt on this important question.

The next serious factor and consideration is *the climate*.

The full and comprehensive reports gathered by the U. S. Signal Service Corps, and regularly published, furnish abundant, and what must be regarded as conclusive, evidence on this point. These fully justify the eulogy on the climate of Nebraska indulged in by Mr. Burch, who characterizes it as "an attraction not even second to its wonderful soil."

And, he goes on to add :

"It is more than this, it is an inspiration. Almost uniformly free from excesses, it may be recorded as the equable, delightful mean between the rigorous North, and the extreme heat and humidity of the South. Its mean elevation of 2000 feet above the sea gives a rare, clear, and even radiant atmosphere, with almost perfect immunity from the damp, heavy, murky atmospheric conditions that obtain in the lake and sea-coast States. The Nebraska summer is a long and genial warm season, with delightful breezy days and cool, refreshing nights. The hottest days of July and August are tempered by the almost constant southerly and southwest winds. The high tone and stimulus of the atmosphere of this region are proverbial. A clear case of sunstroke in Nebraska is yet to be recorded. The cool, still nights are a restful and refreshing pleasure experienced in but few regions of the world. The Nebraska winter, as compared to the rigorous, snowy, frost-bound winter of New England, New York, and Wisconsin, is a very mild and pleasant season. Nine-tenths of the cold season is made up of bright, dry, mild weather. The snowfall is light, and rarely lies upon the ground more than a week. February and March give an occasional severe storm of short duration. The best commentary upon the winter of this country, is the grazing of cattle and sheep upon the ranges in the west half of the State, the year round, their only shelter from the storms being the native groves, gulches, and ravines. There is little malaria in Nebraska, for there is so little to produce it. There are no local conditions to generate or foster disease in men, animals, or plants. Only life and health, and the spirit of divine youth, is evoked from the bright skies, clear atmosphere, and pure water of this superb climate. It is but simple justice to Nebraska to say, that it is a poor country for doctors and physis, and comes very near to being a paradise for invalids. The mean temperature of Eastern and Southern Nebraska, in January, February, and March, is 20° above zero. The mean temperature of the same region for June, July, and August, is between 72° to 73° above."

An English journalist, settled in Nebraska, quoted by Mr. Curley in his work on Nebraska, testifies : "The rainfall is marvellously

adapted to meet the requirements of vegetation. It is worth noting that two-thirds of the entire quantity falls during the agricultural months of April to September, and that, therefore, there is abundant moisture for the growth of all crops."

The consideration of soil, climate, and productions thus disposed of, there still remains of course, other important questions to be taken into account by the colonist. The most serious of these, undoubtedly, is that of timber and fuel.

Forests of pine are to be found only in the northwestern part of the State; elsewhere the growth of timber is confined mainly to the bluffs and river banks.

The North Platte counties all have more or less oak, elm, ash, box, elder, cottonwood, walnut, willows, and the like along the streams.

The inducements offered by the U. S. Government for the planting of trees, is everywhere, in the new States and Territories, being availed of, and it is well known that trees grow with exceptional rapidity on the rich soil of the prairie.

Large tracts of government land in Nebraska are still open to entry under the conditions of the "Timber Culture Act," which gives under most liberal conditions 160 acres to a person who will plant timber on the moiety of the land thus given. By the operation of a subsequent amendment to this act, even a less quantity may be entered for the purpose—as 40, 80, or 160 acres, and only *ten acres* need be set out in trees.

Referring to this subject, Mr. Curley says: "Cottonwood, planted four feet apart each way, will bear much thinning for fuel at the end of two years' growth." "Three years at all events," he continues, "should provide any prudent settler with abundance of fuel, and with small poles for temporary fencing, if necessary."

The question of "Fuel Supply" the same author disposes of: "Within reasonable distance of the railways this is not difficult, as the railway companies have an interest in transporting it at a very low price, to encourage settlements, and when one brings a load of grain fifteen or twenty miles to market it will cost him little wear and tear and trouble to take back half a load of coal."

The colonization pamphlet affirms that where coal and timber are not readily available, "wild hay, corn stalks, compressed by a cheap domestic machine into hard bundles, and corncobs are found to be so good substitutes, that some farmers declare that even if they had abundance of wood growing near them they would not take the trouble to chop it."

Great as are the advantages claimed for Nebraska as a grain-growing country, and certain as seems the prosperity of the settler

in that line, wealth is more easily and more promptly assured in *stock raising*.

Many pages in Mr. Curley's work are devoted to details of the personal experience of persons in Nebraska engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. Names and figures are given. "Making every allowance," he observes, "for enthusiasm, the figures are perfectly astounding."

But stock raising implies capital at the outset, a resource which few colonists are happy enough to possess.

However, a beginning may be made even by persons of small means, with a few head of young cattle, or with sheep or hogs.

Herds may be formed with neighbors, or herding may be done with other settlers "on shares."

A party of Catholic colonists from Boston who went out to Greeley County last spring are reported to have formed a joint stock company, with a capital stock of limited amount, to be embarked in *sheep raising*.

Here then we have the groundwork, as to Nebraska, for speculation as the conditions on which settlement and colonization may be effected in that State.

If we add that of the Western States and territories which yet offer large bodies of unoccupied land, both government and railroad grant lands, Nebraska is now the nearest and most accessible to the immigrant and colonist from the seaboard, it will be seen that the discussion of its advantages, and the opportunities it offers to the class referred to, is a timely and important question, which may legitimately form the subject of review in these pages.

If Irish and Catholic colonists should go out on the land from the great cities, certainly it is an important inquiry—where can they go to the most advantage to themselves; in what State is their prosperity best assured?

This question cannot be eluded or evaded. Somebody must answer it. Plainly impossible as it is for the masses to attain to the possession of all the facts necessary to arrive at a determination from books and authorities, it is made still more difficult for them by the unreliable and exaggerated accounts put forth by interested railroad and land companies.

Even when the statements thus made are fair and impartial they will scarcely be taken on trust by the class most deeply concerned in their examination.

A measure of distrust naturally enters the mind of the reader; they are published for selfish motives by parties who, in the very nature of things, are *not* disinterested.

Hence, as Bishop Spalding points out in his book, *The Religious Mission of the Irish People*, the need of colonization societies

and bureaus of information. Perhaps he is not extravagant in saying that "a single association of this kind is worth a hundred St. Vincent de Paul societies." Indeed, the Right Reverend author more emphatically insists that "*there is no greater work to-day for the Catholic Church in the United States than that of Catholic colonization.*"

Evidently, then, it was not without matured and thoughtful consideration, and after a full survey of the entire field that the lately founded Irish-Catholic Colonization Association decided to locate its first colony in Nebraska. It was an important step, since the success of the new movement may be said to have been bound up in the fortunes of its pioneer colony.

Sufficient time, of course, has not elapsed since the arrival of the first settlers to fairly test and measure the success of the experiment; but the latest reports of the association show that the prospects are most encouraging. In fact, with the situation as presented, it will be the fault and misfortune of the individual settler if he shall fail to succeed. The local situation of this colony seems to justify all that has been predicted for it in the pamphlets and reports of the association.

Several years ago, General O'Neill, of "Fenian" notoriety, undertook to establish a colony of Irish settlers in Holt County, Nebraska, on the Elkhorn River, still further north than Greeley County, and did finally succeed in founding the *nucleus* of a colony. The conditions and local surroundings were vastly less favorable than those of the Catholic colony in Greeley County, if we except only the fact that government land could be entered by the settlers, and still, notwithstanding the disadvantages, the settlement thus formed is reported to be signally prosperous, and a flourishing, Irish-Catholic population possess farms in and around the vicinity of "O'Neill City." The *nucleus* of colonies of other nationalities are to be found in different parts of the State. There are several promising settlements, composed chiefly of German, Bohemian, and Polish Catholics, and there is a prospect for the establishment of a Swiss Catholic colony.

On the whole, it will be seen that a population of Catholic farmers is taking root in Nebraska, in fair number and proportion, and with the attention which the advantages possessed by that State is sure to command, we may confidently look forward to a very rapid accession to its population from this class the coming years.

The extension of the different lines of railways, and the multiplication of branches, is fast extending the network over the State, and this brings a larger area of land into the market, and makes it available for colonies and settlements.

Already, capitalists are beginning to seize the opportunities thereby presented for profitable investment in land, and we hear of considerable purchases being made by Catholic business men of New York and Chicago, and even from Ireland and England, whose attention to the subject was first drawn by the operations of the Irish-Catholic Colonization Association.

In this particular, great good may be accomplished, both directly and indirectly, in the work of promoting the settlement of Catholics on the land.

Once possessed by Catholics, whether in large or small bodies, for purposes of investment, that fact will lead to its sale to actual settlers, and though these may not be Catholics in all cases, certainly that class will be greatly encouraged and stimulated to purchase farms, with the view to ultimate settlement, and it would be to the interest of the Catholic capitalist to afford every incentive to this laudable desire.

Too much stress then cannot be laid on the importance of seizing the present opportunity to obtain possession of large bodies of land in the agricultural States and territories of the West—an opportunity which plainly is fast slipping away.

The owners of the soil become the rulers of the State, and in this country it is the farmers who influence and control legislation, and who, by their votes and power, mould the future of the State.

It is to recover this power that the Irish people at home are struggling to-day, and once they obtain control of the land of Ireland, they will thenceforward mould its policy and direct its legislation.

Indisputably great as are the advantages which may reasonably be claimed for Nebraska as a field for the safe and profitable employment of capital in land, and certain as are the results assured to the prudent and energetic immigrant who shall settle in the colonies in that State, it is by no means the intention or design of the writer to claim that Nebraska *alone* offers the necessary conditions to invite capital and colonists.

Nebraska is here referred to merely as an illustration of what is possible and practicable in the work of promoting colonization.

Other States and territories in the West doubtless possess each its own peculiar advantages in soil, productions, climate, railroad, and transportation facilities, and the like. Catholic colonies have been established and carried on successfully in other States.

Minnesota, owing to the indomitable energy and persevering efforts of Bishop Ireland, occupies a front rank position in this regard. The several Catholic colonies founded by him in that State are in a condition of healthy and prosperous growth. Even the "Cormunaria" *canard*, spread with malicious industry the past

winter, failed to arrest the inflow of Catholic immigration to that State, which still continues to a greater extent than ever.

The Roman Catholic immigration into Kansas received a notable impulse from the exertions of Bishop Fink of that State, who has shown himself to be one of the most active and zealous of the Western prelates in encouraging colonization and providing for the wants and necessities of the Catholic settlers.

Dakota is now absorbing a considerable share of the Western stream of immigration, though comparatively a small dribble is reported to be *Irish*. The fame of its enormous yields of wheat, and the comparative cheapness of the lands,—there also being large areas of government land available for entry under the provisions of the homestead, soldiers' bounty, and the timber culture acts; these offer strong inducements to colonists.

Care, however, must be taken to avoid the belt of sterile and comparatively worthless land which lies west of the Missouri River.

Arkansas is another State which is fast looming into prominence as an inviting focus for colonies. The land-grant railroads are offering extraordinary inducements to settlers, and we have reason to believe that negotiations are pending looking to the early establishment of one or more Catholic colonies in that State, under the auspices of the National Association.

In Iowa there are still several hundred thousand acres of the best land in the State along the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which still lies open to settlement.

In Michigan and Wisconsin a vast area of timber land, and of agricultural land, is reported in the market. And there is the vast empire of Texas and the Indian Territory.

The area and fields for extended colonization would seem to be without limit, but we are bound to take into account the enormous drafts that are being made on it. The railroads to the West are taxed to the utmost to provide accommodations for the prodigious throng of immigrants daily arriving at Castle Garden and elsewhere, and pressing on, like the columns of a vast army, to the West.

The first comers—the first settlers on the soil generally affect to determine and fix the character of the township or locality for good and aye. This is the experience of every Western community. The law of gravitation is not more inexorable. Race and religious affinities, social and domestic habits and characteristics, serve as a loadstone to draw the immigrant and colonist to the settlement and locality where he will find companionships and surroundings congenial to his tastes and duties.

It may be doubted, however, if colonies formed exclusively on the religion, the race, or the class basis, are, in the nature of things,

to be desired in this country. Probably the sooner the immigrant becomes thoroughly Americanized, using the term in its best sense, the better for himself and the better for the country.

He has to unlearn many old country ideas and customs; he has to acquire the language, the habits, and the training which fit him for the honest and honorable *role* of American citizenship, and enable him to compete, under favorable conditions, with those already in possession, and who are "to the manor born."

The Catholic colonies founded thus far, are not, and were not, intended to be exclusively for Catholics, and for them only. They were designed to be the *nucleus*, the rallying-point for Catholic farming communities, where the Catholic settler would be certain to find the indispensable Church and the necessary Catholic schools; but it was not the aim to bar out other settlers though of a different creed or race, and as a matter of fact, the colonies referred to embrace, in the composition of their different populations, the usual admixtures and varieties seen in all Western communities. And it is better so.

We need not go back to Lord Baltimore and the Maryland colony to demonstrate that the rights of non-Catholics are safe, and will be guardedly respected in the most strictly Catholic settlement.

This question of Catholic colonization is one of wider range and significance than perhaps appears on the surface. It is a question of more than Catholic concern.

As Catholics we are naturally interested in, and cannot be indifferent to, the growth and future of the Church in all parts of this vast country; and we are moved by every incentive of duty, and by every prompting of interest to aid and promote its legitimate spread and expansion, and the propagation of its happy and benignant influences.

That influence is now recognized to be a necessary restraining force on the individual, and a powerful conservator for the good of civil society. The American public begin to acknowledge this, and the still recent *emuetes* and disturbances which for a time threatened social order seemed to illustrate it most significantly. Hence this same public cannot but view with favor, the efforts now being made to direct and encourage the settlement of Catholic immigrants and settlers on the land.

The complaints which are sometimes made regarding "foreign" and "Catholic" influence, though, we believe, generally unjust and unreasonable, is most often, if not exclusively, applied to that influence as felt and shown in the chief cities, where large bodies of this population are thrown together.

Undoubtedly there are evils and mischievous influences at work

in the great centres which affect to demoralize a contingent of the Irish and so-called Catholic population in the maelstrom of city life.

The evils are indeed great and crying; and the best efforts of the friends of the Irish race especially, should be given to the task and duty of arresting and reforming the scandals at which we need not point more specifically.

The movement to promote Catholic colonization is one of the agencies, perhaps it would not be extravagant to say, the most potent agency in the work of reform. Colonization plainly benefits the individual settler, in raising him out of conditions and surroundings,—to say the least,—not calculated to favor his moral or social improvement; it benefits the community in that whatever tends to the welfare of the individual is not only a personal good, but a public gain, and a positive good to the State.

Colonization operates as a twofold agency for good. Like mercy, it is "twice blessed." It confers a positive benefit on the colonist who avails of the advantages afforded to him; it indirectly,—but no less positively,—benefits those who are forced, from choice or necessity, to eke out a livelihood in the cities and manufacturing towns.

Competition is at the root of the grievance which so often forms the burden and complaint of the sons of toil, and undoubtedly in certain employments there is often found to be a superabundance of labor, hence we have the periodic distress among the working classes.

Colonization is a partial remedy for this evil, and is, therefore, to that extent, a boon and a benefit to the mechanic and the laborer.

Catholic colonization is a question and a movement which cannot be blinked or set aside. Within a recent period it has been put before the public in a form, and with a force and emphasis which must command attention.

A national association has been formed, and is in successful operation, the better to effect and promote the end in view.

Archbishops and bishops have given to it their names, their influence, and their personal aid and co-operation, and certainly no light motive would weigh with these distinguished and honored prelates to thus influence and move them to depart from their usual reserve in the cause of a business enterprise; but the necessity was instant and the step indispensable.

The Catholic laymen of the United States, and in a particular manner those who come under the head of "capitalists," have now a plain duty to perform,—a duty which involves no hazard, and calls for no sacrifices.

Either to combine with the existing association in extending and enlarging the scope of its operations, aiding it with the necessary

increase of capital as an investment ; or by forming new combinations under kindred auspices and conditions for a like end and purpose.

It is useless to multiply words to emphasize the importance of this generous and noble work.

The means and the methods are open to all who sympathize with it.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw. Edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. 2 vols., 4to. Printed for private circulation. 1873.

Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets. 3 vols., 16mo. London, 1845. Vol. iii.

Headley's Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1787.

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"Poet and saint, to thee alone are giv'n

The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n."—COWLEY.

THE English history for the first half of the XVIIth century is the record of civil wars, religious persecutions, and sequestrations of property. It was a time of unrest and of jeopardy. Harsh tyranny, bloodthirsty hatred, and sacrilegious covetousness held the Court, the Parliament, and the soldiery. Political strife in Parliament and among the masses, persecution at the altar and at the hearth, the spoliation of churches, the breaking up of households, and, spread over all, the gloom of Puritan intolerance, made a long night over the land. It is well that we can turn from the cry of the mourner and of the persecuted to the song of the poet. When the times were seemingly most unfavorable, poetry flourished at its best. Within this half century, all the great dramatists wrote ; and many of the lyric and sacred poets sang their sweetest and unrivalled songs, and passed away, leaving Lovelace, Cowley, Davenanant, Denham, Herrick, and the "mighty" Milton to link the two half centuries.

Among the minor poets of the time was one who sang because

his nature forced him. "Shy, modest, and retiring," Richard Crashaw was of too sensitive and too delicate a nature to meet as others did the shocks of a disturbed society. In solitude that was not splenetic, in study that was not idle, and in prayer that was not pharisaical, he refined yet more a naturally refined temperament. His thoughts were poetic and verse were their natural dress. No verse could be too dainty for his dainty thoughts: no thought too great for his word-painting. During his life, he was loved as a man, revered as a saint, and admired as a poet. In later times he was overlooked or, else, known only to poets and to students. Because he was thus obscure, artificial poets freely borrowed from him. Much as botanists or mineralogists keep in mind a good place for collecting, lesser poets have remembered his power of epithet, his originality, and his epigrammatic force. Until Grosart, Crashaw suffered greatly from the misleading blunders and careless work of his editors; and, hence, not until recently was it possible to see the poet in all the warm beauty of his originality and in the majesty of his power. Of his time and class, no poet better repays study. The verse of many a sacred poet has little merit other than that it is religious; but even the religious verse of Crashaw is true poetry.

The home of the Crashaws was in Handsworth, or Hansworth, near Sheffield, then a small hamlet of England; and the church register of the family covers a period from 1558 to a comparatively recent date. Richard Crashaw, however, was born in London in 1612. This needed fact was not known until Grosart ingeniously took it from the register-entry of Crashaw's age when admitted to the university. William Crashaw, the father of Richard, was a "Preacher of the Temple," a writer with a strange power of fierce invective, and a poet of his own kind. The father is often confounded with the son; but the distinguishing difference is very great. The father was scholarly, and could be impressive, powerful, and eloquent; but spite, rancor, and prejudice marred all his work. "Popery," his mildest term for the Catholic religion, was the object of his gall; and his writings are full of uncharitableness, sarcasm, and hatred. The title-page of his "Jesvites' Gospell" is as follows:

"Loyola's Disloyalty; or the Jesvites' open Rebellion against God and His Church. Whose Doctrine is Blasphemie, in the highest degree, against the blood of Christ, which they Vilifie and undervalew, that they might uphold their Merits. By consequent, encouraging all Traytors to kill their lawfull Kings and Princes. With divers other Principles and Heads of their damnable and erronious Doctrine. Worthy to be written and read in these our doubtfull and dangerous times."

In his last will occur these two sentences, with others of a like nature :

"I accounte Poperie (as it nowe is) the heape and chaos of all heresies, and the channell whereunto the fowlest impieties and heresies that have bene in the Christian Worlde have runne and closelye emptied themselves. I beleeeve the Pope's seate and power to be the power of the greate Antichrist, and the doctrine of the Pope (as nowe it is) to be the doctrine of Antichrist ; yea, that doctrine of devills prophesied of by the Apostles, and that the trve and absolute Popist, livinge and dyeinge, debarres himself of salvation for oughte that we knowe." As a poet, the father had a singular power of epithet and good poetic sense ; but no more of his writings is needed to make us understand in what contrast stood the son.

Of Richard's mother, nothing is known ; but a step-mother, who died in first child-birth, is celebrated in the writings of the widower and in the funeral discourse of Usher. The prelate speaks of "her singular motherly affection to the child of her predecessor—a rare virtue in step-mothers at this day." It is a pity that such a step-mother was not spared longer than a year to the nine-year-old Richard. The motherless lad "gained admission to the great charter-house school through Sir Henry Telverton and Sir Randolph Crew." The date of admission is not known, and the only clue is in the lines in memory of Robert Brooke, who became "Master" in 1628 ; but it is probable that Crashaw entered before that date. When he was in his fourteenth year, he lost his father. The will appointed "Mr. Robert Dixon and my sonne Richarde" executors. The will made no especial provision for the boy ; but, as only son and child, he was entitled to his portion over and above the legacies. His age did not prevent his being named as executor ; for, in those days, even an unborn child was sometimes named for that position. Being a minor, he could not act ; and so the will was proved by the other executor. It is strange that Crashaw's writings do not contain any direct reference to either of his parents.

It is not known how long he attended charter-house ; but it is certain that he was admitted to Pembroke College, July 6th, 1631, and that he was "matriculated pensioner," March 26th, 1632. A tender incident of this part of his life is to be found in his five win-some laments for the early death of his friend and companion, William Herry, who died in 1631. Herry is "the most desired" ; "nature's choycest jewell" ; Apollo is "not fairer than is hee" ; his tongue was "the touchstone of Rhetoric's gold" ; he is "the sweetest among men," one whom Death ought to spare ; if the Fates could relent,

"Teares would now have flow'd so deepe
As might have taught Griefe how to weepe;"

and, again,

"Sicknesse would have gladly been
Sick himselfe to have sav'd him;"

and with him dies "all hope of never dying." The poet's grief was morbid; and, so, the extravagance of praise and the exaggeration of effect were natural. The grief was real, and the laments throb with the strange earnestness of his bereavement. Very tenderly, indeed, and very poetically could Crashaw embalm the memory of those whom he esteemed. He remembered his teachers or mourned his friends in inspired verse. Later in life, he might sing more divinely, but he could not love his friends more humanly. Apart from a few school pranks, the deaths of Herrys and of some other tenderly mourned friends are the only early incidents recorded in his verse.

Crashaw received the degree A.B. in 1634. The same year he published anonymously a volume of Latin epigrams and other poems. It was a remarkable book for a young man of twenty years. It is certain that he was not an idler; for these poems were composed carefully, with the exception of a few which may have been the work of idle moments. In the university his poetic ability was early recognized. He was a contributor to the various "collections" published from 1631 to the end of his residence; and therein, both in Latin and in English verse, he appeared in favorable comparison with Wren, Henry More, Joseph Beaumont, Edward King (*Lycidas*), Edward Rainbow, Cowley, and kindred. In 1634 he passed from Pembroke to Peterhouse; was made Fellow in 1637; and received the degree A.M. in 1638, intending to become a "Minister" of the Gospel. The next six years, or until the "ejection" of 1644, were passed in such retirement that nothing is known of his life.

From his retreat at Cambridge, during the twelve years of his residence there, Crashaw must have looked sorrowfully at the events of the outside world. To him these were years of study, and, perhaps, of dread; but they were years of greater dread and unrest to others. The Parliament which was dissolved in March, 1629, was the last Parliament which met in England during eleven years; and, all this time, the measures of the government became more arbitrary and tyrannical. In 1637 Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym, resolving to leave their native land, embarked for New England; but their ship, when about to sail, was stayed by an order of the council. They remained; and "with them," says Macaulay, "remained the evil genius of the House of Stuart." The oppressive measures against the Catholics were increased in 1642. The main object of these measures was the property of the Catho-

lics. To escape further persecution and spoliation by the Reformers, the Catholics had been driven to side with the Royalists; and the reformers, falsely charging the civil war to Catholic intrigue, claimed that its expenses ought to be defrayed from the property of the Catholics. It was ordained that two-thirds of the estate, both real and personal, of every Papist be seized and sold for the benefit of the nation; and the meaning of "Papist" was made inclusive of sympathizers. Having fattened themselves upon the property of the Catholics, the Reformers were now looking with avaricious eyes at the wealth of the Episcopal establishment. To the Puritans the pomp of the prelates of the Established Church was offensive and their pride was hateful. For the Puritans, there came a day of retribution when the Episcopacy was abolished. The churches were stripped of their ornaments; the bishops were accused of crimes or were impeached; and the two houses of Parliament promptly sequestered the livings. The Episcopal Church began to feel how heavy was the hand of the persecutor. The universities did not escape. In Cambridge the ecclesiastics had long before become objects of suspicion. For many a year they had taught the duty of passive obedience; and, during the civil war, they had more than once advanced large sums to the king. In 1642 Cambridge sent to the king the public plate to be coined into money; and it is said that Cromwell, then a member of Parliament from Cambridge, intercepted a part of the treasure. The university had had its day; and in 1644 it became a garrison for the religious soldiers of Cromwell. In their zeal these soldiers, to whom the Episcopalians had become almost as obnoxious as were the Catholics, demolished statutes, painted windows and organs; cut down the groves; marred every beautiful or sacred thing; and stole from St. John's the valuable collection of coins. The spoliation had begun; for in January of that year the ordinance for the reform of the University had been passed. Ten heads of houses, and sixty-five Fellows, including Richard Crashaw, were expelled, or "ejected," because they conscientiously refused to sign the "Solemn League and Covenant." Subsequently a Committee of Reform, to which the work fell after the departure of the temperate Earl of Manchester, carried the number to two hundred. The University lost part after part and gradually wasted away. It was "purified," however; and the Reformers began to build upon what they thought to be a more righteous basis. They believed that they were fighting superstition; and that belief became the frenzy of the day. Neither house of Parliament was superstitious; and so, by ordinance, both houses converted Christmas of 1644 into a day of "fasting and public humiliation."

Driven from the University, Crashaw and his companions took different paths. During twelve years the University had been Crashaw's home; and around it had centred all his dreams, all his pleasures, all his duties. It was a harsh change. Strong in his attachment to the place, and without a disposition to make new friends, he could not expect to find in a new life or in a change of any kind a compensation for the violence to his imagination and to his affections. But he was no "pining mourner." Duty made him courageous; and he bore, without improper sign of weakness, this last spoliation and desecration. Alone, unknown, and unfriended, he left England and went to France; and, in Paris, suffered without murmuring that neglect which was likely to beset a gentle, retiring scholar.

In 1646 the "Steps to the Temple" and "Delights of the Muses" were published; but it is worthy of note that these titles were given by the unknown editor and friend of the author. The editor, explaining the titles, gives us curiously an insight into the author's life:

"Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in St. Marie's Church neere St. Peter's Colledge: there he lodged under Tertullian's roofo of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God, where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems, Steps for happy soules to climbe Heaven by, and those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent." The editor, who held "against Suarez on the subject, divine poetry to be the language of the angels," is quaintly enthusiastic in Crashaw's praise: "Oh! when the generall arraignment of poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, etc.? who had amongst them the ill-lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnatts, etc., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels." This turgid preface is strangely at variance with Crashaw's mode of thinking and of writing.

In 1648 a second edition of these poems, with much new matter, was published. The first edition is noteworthy, as showing the author's conversion to the Catholic Church; for it contained the "Apologie" for his hymn in honor of St. Teresa. In a later edition, of 1652, this poem was more fully described: "An apologie for the foregoing Hymne, as having been writt when the

author was yet among the Protestantes." Some time, then, before 1646 Crashaw had formally become a Catholic. The reasons for his change of religion have been often misstated. He has been charged with a desire for gain; but, inasmuch as nothing could be worse than the condition of English Catholics at that time, the charge is without force. In a worldly sense, he had nothing to gain by the change, but everything to lose; for he had wealthy Protestant uncles and aunts who could have helped him after the "ejection." His intense, sympathetic admiration for St. Teresa has been given as another cause of the change; but no mere admiration of a saint, even such as Teresa, will make a man sacrifice home, position, relatives, and friends. Like many others, Crashaw had been slowly tending to the Catholic Church, and his action was not hastily conceived or adopted. He was not the only distinguished churchman whom religious wrangling and party strife made reflect. Even Chillingworth, sometimes called the immortal, and Jeremy Taylor had "gone over" to the Catholic Church for short periods. Until about his twenty-second year, Crashaw appears, from some of his earlier poems belonging to 1631-33, to have been sufficient of a Protestant to satisfy his father; and it has been shown that his father was the "Protestant of Protestants." Until about that age he retained even his father's strange vocabulary of wrath. Thus in his poem on the "Gunpowder Treason," he cries out:

"Reach me a quill, pluckt from the flaming wing
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing
Death to the life. My inke shall be the blood
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood."

The change in his later language, shown by the absence of vituperation, and the change in his religion seem to have been gradual during his years at Cambridge. This may be seen from his study of St. Teresa, for whom he came to have such a holy passion that no earthly love could take its place. In one of his epigrams, he says:

"I would be married, but I'de have no wife;
I would be married to a single life."

The author of the "Hymne to the name and Honor of the admirable Sainte Teresa" may have been "yet among the Protestants;" but his sympathies and his feelings, if not his reason, appear to have been with the Catholics. Undoubtedly his admiration for the saint was antecedent to the change, but did not cause it. The true reason lies elsewhere. He was a student, and his reading was extensive. His familiarity with the dead and living languages gave him the means for scriptural research and for controversial writings not then to be found in English. His

moral nature was finally attuned; and he had the courage necessary to face ridicule and wrath. He needed not the influence of his friends and companions. For conscience sake he could offend even them. He acted with the deliberation of a logician; and he bore the ensuing poverty, disgrace, and contumely with the fortitude of a martyr. He had nothing of that weakness which makes us consent to the wrong, because we fear to do the right. His conscience bade him go; and he majestically went into exile and into the Catholic Church.

It was in Paris, probably, that Crashaw was received into the Catholic Church. There, unknown, he lived in undeserved obscurity, and, perhaps, in penury. There, too, were written his delicate poem, upon sending two green apricots, "Time's Tardy Truants," to his friend the poet Cowley; and his own alternate poem on "Hope," which Coleridge pronounced superior to Cowley's. In 1646, after the battle of the civil war at Naseby, Cowley, who was then secretary to Lord Jermyn, went to Paris and found Crashaw in poverty; and it is intimated, but it is not certain, that, from his own abundance, he relieved the needs of Crashaw. Cowley usually has the credit of introducing Crashaw to the English Queen, then a fugitive in Paris. It has not been satisfactorily proved, however, that it was he, or that it was necessary for him to do it; for, through his many royal panegyrics, Crashaw must have been already known to the Queen. With the Queen's letters of recommendation to Italy, Crashaw went to Rome, there to end life's labors.

The known facts of Crashaw's life in Italy are unfortunately very few. At Rome he obtained the post of "secretary" to the Cardinal Palotta. The Cardinal was a man of angelic life; but some of his attendants or followers were corrupt. The pious Crashaw, becoming aware of the wrong-doing, fearlessly and promptly informed the Cardinal. By this act he won the esteem of Palotta, but excited the hate and threats of the guilty attendants. To shield him from revenge, and to give him a quieter life with higher duties, the good Cardinal made him a beneficiary of the Basilica Church of Loretto. Thither Crashaw went, and cheerfully began his new work. In 1650, after a three months' residence, an Italian fever stopped his heart and stilled his voice forever. He was buried within the chapel of the "Holy House," near to his God and afar from the world of strife. By the best of every class in life he was tenderly mourned, while Cowley wept poetic tears:

"How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress's arms! Thou most divine
And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t'expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire."

—*On the death of Crashaw.*

Inspired poets are very few. The imitators are numerous; but the best of these succeed only as to the form, and fail as to the spirit. The inspired poet is creative, and gives life as well as form: the unimpassioned poet gives the form, but not the life. The passion and imagination of the one gives living form; the intellect and ingenious skill of the other brings forth a wonderful still-born coldness. The intellect cannot do the work of the sensibilities. In the inspired poet the two must be combined. Inspired poets have written many a lifeless verse, and uninspired poets have written many a life-glowing line; but no writer can be ranked by an occasional defect, or by an occasional excellence. Hence there are two classes of poets. In England, the poets of the second class, whom Samuel Johnson inaptly called "metaphysical poets," clustered in the seventeenth century, and established an artificial school, which Pope, in the eighteenth century, brought to its highest power. They were skilful workmen, but the exquisiteness of their workmanship was their main claim to praise. They were ingenious or mechanical rather than passionate or inspired. Their rhetoric was odd or startling rather than natural or wonted. Their ideas were distorted, their phraseology was fantastic, and their meaning was obscure. Their poetry was marred by cold "conceits," born of the vanity of their mere skill. They delighted to give a factitious value of expression or of situation to what was poetically low. Rhyme and rhythm were faultless; but the poetry was dead. Their verse was pretty, glittering, corruscating; but it awakened no deep feeling. "Conceits" were the fashion of the time; and these poets supplied what a public perverted taste demanded. They subverted a purpose, however, and better poets gained something from them. With Petrarch and Marino, in Italy, and with Herrick, Suckling, Lovelace, Carew, Waller, Cowley, and kindred, in England, Richard Crashaw is placed in this class. It is a goodly company; but in so many respects is Crashaw an exception to his companions, that the classification seems somewhat inexact. His conceits are not cold, and his verse is rarely passionless. Creative imagination, natural tenderness, refined sentiment, and delicate imagery give great living beauty to his lines. His faults are not glaring; and, though they sometimes make passages obscure, they never spoil the fresh woodland charm of his original ideas. The masterly melody of his versification and the luxuriousness of his expressions please without cloying. He does more than please; his thought-laden verse awakens noble feelings, high resolves, and deep-felt veneration.

Crashaw attempted no great single poem; but his writings in English, in Latin, and in Greek are many. In character his poems are mostly sacred; and all such thrill us with the rapture of adora-

tion. Not Diana, or other Pagan deity, but the Virgin Mary was his Muse. "It is miraculous," says the Rev. Alexander Grosart, the best editor of Crashaw, "how he finds words wherewith to utter his most subtle and ravishing emotion. Sometimes there is a daintiness and antique richness of wording that you can scarcely equal out of the highest of our poets, or only in them."

The poems "In the Nativity of ovr Lord God, a Hymn svng as by the Shepherds," and "In the Glorious Epiphanie, a Hymn svng as by the three Kings," show the poet's grandeur, power, originality, and tenderness. Their lyric music flows from a master's hand. The unity of each is so close that making an extract seems like picking to pieces a mosaic. The conceit with which "The Nativity" opens that the joy of the shepherds at finding our Lord is stolen, because the sun had not yet arisen, mars but little the wonderful poem. The "chorus" "wake the sun that lyes too long," and call upon the shepherd Tityrus to tell to the cheated sun where he has been, and upon Thyrsis to tell what he has seen :

TITYRUS.

"Gloomy night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The Babe look't up and shew'd His face ;
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

Chorus.—It was Thy day, Sweet.

THYRSIS.

"Winter chidde aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his warres.
The North forgott his feirce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scarres.
By those sweet eyes' persuasiue powrs
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flows.

Chorus.—By those sweet eyes.

BOTH.

"We saw Thee in Thy baulmy-nest,
Young dawn of our atermall day !
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee ; and we blest the sight ;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

* * * * *

FVLL CHORUS.

"Wellcome, all wonders in one sight !
Aeternity shutt in a span !
Sommer in Winter, Day in Night !
Heauen in Earth, and God in man !
Great, little One ! Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts Earth to Heauen, stoops Heau'n to Earth.

" Wellcome, though not to gold nor silk,
 To more than Cæsar's birthright is ;
 Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
 With mony a rarely-tempered kisse,
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,
 Warms in the one, cools in the other.
 Shee sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;
 She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lye ;
 She 'gainst those mother-diamonds, tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

* * * * *

" Yet when young April's husband-showrs
 Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed,
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowrs
 To kisse Thy feet and crown Thy head.
 To Thee, dread Lamb, whose loue must keep
 The shepheards, more than they the sheep.
 To Thee, *meek Majesty, soft King*
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
 Each of vs his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of sylver doues ;
 Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
 Ourselues become our own best sacrifice."

Grandeur yet, sublime in thought and in wording, and full of mighty epithets is the "Epiphany." The genius of the poet flames into full brightness. Hear the Kings, in their adoration, acknowledging their past mistake :

- 1 Kinge.* We who strangely went astray,
 Lost in a bright
 Meridian night,
2 Kinge. A darkness made of too much day,
3 Kinge. Becken'd from farr
 By Thy fair starr,
 Lo, at last haue found our way.
Chorus. To Thee, Thou Day of Night ! Thou East of West !
 Lo, we at last haue found the way
 To Thee, the world's great vniuersal East,
 The generall and indifferent¹ Day.
1 Kinge. All-circling point ! all centring sphear !
 The World's one, round, æternall year :
2 Kinge. Whose full and all-vnwrinkled face
 Nor sinks nor swells with time or place ;
3 Kinge. But euerywhere and euery while
 Is one consistent, solid smile :
1 Kinge. Not vext and tost
2 Kinge. 'Twixt spring and frost :
3 Kinge. Nor by alternate shreds of light,
 Sordidly shifting hands with shades and night.

¹ "Indifferent" is used in the old sense of "impartial," not in the present sense, "unconcerned."

Chorus. O little all! in Thy embrace
The world lyes warm, and likes his place;
Nor does his full globe fail to be
Kist on both his cheeks by Thee.
Time is too narrow for Thy year,
Nor makes the whole World Thy half-spear.

* * * * *

1 Kinge. Farewell the world's false light!
Farewell, the *white*
Aegypt; a long farewell to thee
Bright idol, black idolatry:
The dire face of inferior darkness, *kis't*
And courted in the pompus mask of a more specious mist.

2 Kinge. Farewell, farewell
The proud and misplac't gates of hell,
Perch't in the Morning's way,
And double-guilded as the doors of Day:
The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night,
More desperately dark because more bright.

3 Kinge. Welcome, the world's sure way!
Heavn's wholsom ray.

* * * * *

1 Kinge. The deathless Heir of all Thy Father's day!
2 Kinge. Decently born!

Embosom'd in a much more rosy morn:
The blushes of Thy all vnblemisht Mother.

3 Kinge. No more that other
Aurora shall sett ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
From mortall eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise."

Prophesying, the Kings declare that the darkened nations will recognize the new Light. They foresee a dimming of the sun at the Crucifixion.

" *1 Kinge.* Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the loue-sick world been made
Not so much their sun as shade:
Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree:
Chorus. Proud to haue gain'd this *pretious losse*
And chang'd his false crown for Thy crosse,
2 Kinge. That dark day's clear doom shall define
Whose is the master-fire, which sun should shine:
That sable judgment-seat shall by new lawes
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controuerted light:
Chorus. And Natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe Thee right.
3 Kinge. That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall pay
All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night of Day.

And the great Penitent presse his own pale lipps
 With *an elaborate loue-eclipse* :
 To which the low world's lawes
 Shall lend no cause,

Chorus. Save those domestick which He borrowes
 From our sins and His own sorrowes."

They foresee a second dimming at the conversion of St. Paul:

- " *1 Kinge.* As by a *fair-ey'd fallacy of Day*
 Miss-ledde, before, they lost their way;
 So shall they, by the seasonable fright
 Of an vnseasonable night,
 Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light :
- 2 Kinge.* And as before His too-bright eye
 Was their more blind idolatry;
 So his officious blindness now shall be
Their black, but faithfull perspective of Thee.
- * * * * *
- 2 Kinge.* By the oblique ambush of this close night
 Couch't in that *conscious shade*,
 The right-ey'd Areopagite
 Shall with a vigorous guesse inuade
 And catch Thy quick reflex; and sharply see
 On this dark ground
 To descant Thee.
- 3 Kinge.* O prize of the rich Spirit! with what feirce chase
 Of his strong soul, shall he
 Leap at thy *lofty face*,
 And seize the swift flash, in rebound
 From this *obsequious cloud*,
 Once called a sun
 Till dearly thus vndone."

The poem ends with the prophetic assurance of the undimmed glory of the True Light :

- " *Chorus.* Therefore to Thee and Thine, auspicious ray,
Dread Sweet, lo thus
 At last by vs,
The delegated eye of Day
 Does first his scepter, then himself, in solemne tribute pay.
 Thus he vndresses
 His sacred vnshorn tresses;
 At Thy adoréd feet, thus he layes down
- 1 Kinge.* His gorgeous tire
 Of flame and fire,
- 2 Kinge.* His glittering robe,
- 3 Kinge.* His sparkling crown ;
- 1 Kinge.* His gold,
- 2 Kinge.* His mirrh,
- 3 Kinge.* His frankincense.
- Chorus.* To which he now has no pretence;
 For being show'd by this Day's light, how farr
 He is from sun enough to make Thy starr,

His best ambition now is but to be
Something a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.
 Or on Heaun's azure forehead high to stand
 Thy golden index ; with a duteous hand
 Pointing vs home to our own sun
 The world's and his Hyperion."

In this poem some obscurity of meaning arises from the double reference to the second dimming and from an imperfect expression of the lesser lights which the chorus call "twin-suns." The obscuring lines are few; but it is a pity that they admit many interpretations. Elsewhere the thought is expressed with strength, simplicity, and majesty. Even in the omitted portions every line shows originality of idea or of expression; as when mention is made of the sun "hiding his vex't cheeks in a hir'd mist." The poem is a work of genius; and the few seeming obscurities may prove merely the coldness of the reader and not the imperfection of the impassioned poet.

"The hymn to the name and honor of the Admirable Sainte Teresa," is suffused by an excited imagination. Its lovely simplicity gives it a power over the affections of the reader; and its "touch of nature" makes the poet dearer. The warmth and loveliness seem to lie in the story itself, but only as the human form in the uncut block of marble. In his unstinted praise of this poem, Coleridge generously says: "These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." The poet was imbued with admiration for St. Teresa; and in the poem love fires his genius. The alternative title of the poems reads: "*Fovndresse of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a Woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more than a woman; who yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plott a Martyrdome.*" The plotting of the martyrdom is the main incident of the poem; but the whole story of the plot is worth the retelling. When eight or nine years of age, Teresa, from much reading of the lives of the saints, became aglow with the desire for martyrdom. Apostle-like she fired her brother Roderick, her senior by a year or two, to join in her project to go to the Moors, avow their faith, and so win a glorious death. The novice-martyrs stealthily steal away from their home in the Spanish town of Avila, traverse the city, pass through the gates, and begin, on foot, without guide or map, and with only a few bits of bread for provisions, the four hundred miles' journey to Africa. Unexpectedly met by an uncle, and unwillingly led back to their anxious mother, Roderick's fear makes him repent, and boy-like he throws

the blame upon his sister; but Teresa, radiant with her holy purpose, accepts the blame, and gives this heroic justification: "I ran away because I want to see God, and because I must die before I can see him." If the whole of this story were known to the poet, he contented himself with the main fact. He seizes upon the idea that love is the

"Absolute sole lord
Of life and death,"

and would prove it, not by the great martyrs, but by

"The mild
And milky soul of a soft child."

Then thus he tells the story :

"Scarce has she learn't to lisp the name
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never vndertook to know
What Death with Love should have to doe;
Nor has she e'er yet vnderstood
Why to show loue, she should shed blood,
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love and she can dy.

"Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to proue
How much less strong is Death than Love.

"Be Loue but there; let poor six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knowes no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.
Love touch't her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burnes with such braue heates;
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason; for she breaths all fire;
Her white breast heaves wth strong desire
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

"Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'l traual to a martyrdom.
No home for her confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.

"She'l to the Moores; and trade with them
For this vnualved diadem:
She'l offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:

She'l bargain with them ; and will giue
 Them God ; teach them how to liue
 In Him ; or, if they this deny,
 For Him she'l teach them how to dy ;
 So shall she leaue amongst them sown
 Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

" Farewell, then, all the World ! adieu !
 Teresa is no more for you.
 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes
 (Never till now esteemed toyes)
 Farewell, whatever dear may bee,
 Mother's arms or father's knee ;
 Farewell house, and farewell home !
She's for the Moores, and martyrdom."

Knowing the fate reserved for her, the poet tenderly says :

" Sweet, not so fast ! lo thy fair spouse
 Whom thou seekest with so swift vows,
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come
 To embrace a milder martyrdom.

* * * * *

Thou art Love's victime ; and must dy
 A death more mysticall and high ;
 Into Loue's armes thou shalt let fall
A still-seruiuing funerall."

He sees her transports of love :

" How kindly will thy gentle heart
 Kisse the sweetly-killing dart !
 And close in his embraces keep
 Those delicious wounds, that weep
 Balsom to heal themselves with : thus
 When these thy deaths, so numerous
 Shall all at last dy into one,
 And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;
 Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
 By too hott a fire, and wasted
 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale to Heaun at last
 In a resolving sigh, and then
 O what ? Ask not the tongues of men ;
 Angells cannot tell ; suffice
 Thy selfe shall feel thine own full ioyes,
 And hold them fast forever there."

Rapturously does the poet describe her entrance into heaven ;
 and then, thus ecstatically concludes :

" Those rare workes where thou shalt haue writt
 Love's noble history, with witt
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here
 They feed our soules, shall clothe thine there.

Each heaunly word, by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy browes, and be
 Both fire to vs and flame to thee;
 Whose light shall liue bright in thy face
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.
 Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
 Themselues thy crown: sons of the voves
 The virgin births with which thy souering spouse
 Made fruitfull thy fair soul.

* * * * *

Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt goe
 And whereso'ere He settis His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to dy like thee."

The same subtlety of emotion is found in the "Apologie," wherein the poet's admiration for St. Teresa outruns usual limits of language:

"Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
Fair floud of holy fires! transfus'd the flame
 I took from reading thee: 'tis to thy wrong,
 I know, that in my weak and worthlesse song
 Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day
 Scarse dawnes. O pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own dear bookes are guilty. For from thence
 I learn't to know that Loue is eloquence.

* * * * *

Souls are not Spaniards too: one friendly floud
 Of baptism blends them all into a blood,
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,
 And Loue's that body's soul; no law controllis
 Our free traffique for Heau'n; we may maintaine
 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain.
 What soul so e're, in any language, can
 Speak Heau'n like her's, is my soul's country-man.
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heau'n she speaks!
 'Tis Heau'n that lyes in ambush there, and breaks
 From thence into the wondering reader's breast;
 Who feels his warm heart hatcht into a *nest*
Of little eagles and young loues, whose high
 Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that dy.
 There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell)
 Drink up all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
 With the strong wine of Loue: let others swimme
 In puddles; we will pledge this seraphim
 Bowles full of richer blood than blush of grape
 Was euer guilty of. Change we our shape,
 My soul; some drink from men to beasts, O then
 Drink—we till we proue more, not lesse, than men,
 And turn not beasts but angels. Let the King
 Me euer into these His cellars bring,

Where flowes such wine as we can haue of none
 But Him who trod the wine-presse all alone :
 Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Loue
 Wine of immortall mixture, which can proue
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar ; wine
 That can exalt weak earth ; and so refine
 Our dust, that at one draught, *Mortality*
May drink itself vp, and forget to dy."

As regards the use of "seraphim" for "seraph" and of the double-plural "seraphims," it is to be remembered that Crashaw followed the misuse and the misspelling of the common English Bible.

The kindred poem, "The Flaming Heart: vpon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is vsually expressed with a seraphim beside her" throbs with an emotion which could not be more poetic in idea or in expression. In an ecstasy of feeling, the poet finds fault with the painter :

" Painter, what didst thou vnderstand
 To put her dart into his hand ?
 See, euen the years and size of him
 Showes this the mother seraphim.

* * * * *

O most poor-spirited of men !
 Had thy cold pencil kist her pen,
 Thou couldst not so vnkindly err
 To show vs this faint shade for her.
 Why, man, this speaks pure mortall frame ;
 And mocks with female frost Loue's manly flame.
 One would suspect thou meant 'st to paint
 Some weak, inferiour, woman-saint.
 But had thy pale-fac't purple took
 Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright booke.
 Thou wouldst on her haue heap't vp all
 That could be found seraphicall ;
 What e're this youth of fire, weares fair,
 Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
 Glowing cheek, and glistening wings,
 All those fair and fragrant things,
 But, before all, that fiery dart
 Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

" Doe then, as equall right requires,
 Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires.
 Resume and rectify thy rude design,
 Vndresse thy seraphim into mine ;
 Redeem this injury of thy art,
 Give him the vail, give her the dart.
 Give him the vail ; that he may cover
 The red cheeks of a riual'd louer.
 Asham'd that our world now can show
 Nests of new seraphims here below."

The poet would

“ Give her the dart, for it is she,
Fair youth, shootes both thy shaft, and thee ”;

but if this cannot be, he begs that she be left the flaming heart :

“ Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but Loue's whole quiver.
*For in Loue's field was neuer found
A nobler weapon than a wound.*
Loue's passiues are his actiu'st part,
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart ! the aequall poise of Loue's both parts
Bigge alike with wound and darts.
Liue in these conquering leaues ; live all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
*Liue here, great heart ; and loue and dy and kill ;
And bleed and wound ; and yield and conquer still.*”

The poem ends with an enraptured outburst of prayer to the “ undaunted daughter of desires,” “ fair sister of the seraphim,” to aid him to make his life like hers.

Rich, but not exceptional, in its softened loveliness is the poem “ In the Glorious Assumption of ovr Blessed Lady.” Listen to the call of the “ immortal Doue :”

. . . “ Rise vp, my love !
Rise vp, my fair, my spotless one !
The Winter's past, the rain is gone ;
The Spring is come, the flowrs appear,
No sweets, save thou, are wanting here.
Come away, my loue !
Come away, my doue !
Cast off delay ;
The court of Heau'n is come
To wait vpon thee home ;
Come, come away !
The flowrs appear,
Or quickly would, wert thou once here.
The Spring is come, or if it stay
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.
The rain is gone, except so much as we
Detain in needfull tears to weep the want of thee.
The Winter's past
Or if he make lesse hast,
His answer is, why she does so,
If Sommer come not, how can Winter goe ?
Come away, come away !
The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay ;
The fountains murmur, and each loftiest tree
Bowes low'st his leauy top, to look for thee.”

The sweetness of this is excessive, but in harmony with Crashaw's

devotion. He sings of the Virgin as might a seraph ; and when he ends it is with a confession of powerlessness :

. . . . " And when
Our weak desires haue done their best,
Sweet angels, come and sing the rest."

Elsewhere, too, Crashaw often poetically loses himself in the rapture of his devotion. The swell of cathedral organ is more limited than seems to be his majestic rising into the sublimity of adoration. Take the wonderful hymn, "To the Name Above Every Name, the Name of Iesus." The poet bids his soul,

" Goe, and request
Great natvre for the key of her huge chest
Of Heau'ns, the self-inuoluing sett of sphears
(Which dull mortality more feeles than heares).
Then *rouse the nest*
Of nimble Art, and trauesse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound ;
And beat a summons in the same
All-soueraign name,
To warn each seuerall kind
And shape of sweetnes, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artfull touch ;
That they conuene and come away
To wait at the loue-crowned doores of this illustrious day."

And thus he continues passionately :

" Wake lvtē and harp, and euery sweet-lipp't thing
That talkes with tunefull string ;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fitt-tun'd harmony.
Nor must you think it much
T'obey my bolder touch ;
I haue authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.
Wake, in the name
Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musicall ;
Answer my call
And come along.
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your houshold stuffe of Heau'n on earth ;
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you haue ; and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne're to part
Nature and Art !
Come ; and come strong
To the conspiracy of our spatious song."

* * * * *

Hear him, in the sublimity of excited feeling, singing these exquisite lines :

“Come, royall Name! and pay the expense
Of all this pretious patience;
O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O, see *so many worlds of barren yeares*
Meltd and measured out in seas of teares:
O, see *the weary liddes of wakefull Hope*
(Loue's eastern windowes) all wide ope
With curtains drawn
To catch the day-break of Thy dawn.
O, dawn at last, long-lookt for Day!
Take Thine own wings, and come away.”
* * * * *

And now his adoration is seraphic:

“Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many vnknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercyes there
In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
* * * * *
Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy freinds,
Their fury but made way
For Thee, and seru'd them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Inlarge *Thy flaming-brested louers,*
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire,
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but sett wide the doores
For Thee? *fair purple doores of Loue's deusing;*
The ruby windowes which inricht the East
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
And reinthron'd Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning;
It was the witt of Loue oreflowd the bounds
Of wrath, and made Thee way through all those wovnds.”

Even in calmer moods, Crashaw attained grandeur by a path to which only his feet were fitted. Take this, the third and last, stanza of the short poem “Vpon Easter Day:”

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"Life, by this Light's nativity
 All creatures have ;
 Death onely by this Daye's just doome is forc't to dye ;
 Nor is Death forc't ; for may he ly
Thron'd in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to dye."

Under rare poetic fancy and imagery he conveyed tenderness strangely sweet ; as in this stanza from "The Weeper :"

"The dew no more will weep
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
 The dew no more will sleep
 Nuzzled¹ in the lilly's neck ;
 Much rather would it be thy tear
 And leaue them both to tremble here."

Crashaw's great power as a poet lies in his perfect insight into nature. Nature was what he studied, felt, and expressed. There are no truer insights into nature than those of Crashaw ; and when, as is generally the case, these insights are informed by an excited imagination, they are the perfection of poetry. His insights were not gleaned from books ; but they came from his experience of life, his study of things, and his introspective meditation. His experience was that of a master ; and it demanded that giant-power of English which he possessed. Consider the lines "On a Foule Morning," when the poet was about "to take a journey :"

"Where art thou, Sol, while thus *the blind-fold Day*
Staggers out of the East, loses her way
Stumbling on Night ? Rouze thee, illustrious youth,
 And let no dull mists choke thy Light's faire growth.
 Point here thy beams : O glance on yonder flocks,
 And make their fleeces golden as thy locks,
 Vnfold thy fair front, and there shall appeare
 Full glory, flaming in her owne free spheare.
 Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile
 The face of things, an universall smile.
 Say to the sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her ;
 And wilt command proud Zephirus to sport her
 With wanton gales : his balmy breath shall licke
 The tender drops which tremble on her cheek ;
 Which rarified, and in a gentle raine
 On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,
 Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses
 Two ever-blushing beds of new-borne roses.
 Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
 And friske in curl'd maeanders : hee will throw
 A fragrant breath suckt from the spicy nest
 O'th' pretious phoenix, warme upon her breast.
 Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
 In silken volumes ; wheresoe're shee'l tread,
 Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

¹ "Nuzzled" here means "nestled" or "nourished."

“ Rise, then, faire blew-ey'd maid ; rise and discover
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
 See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,
 Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light.
 Fly, fly, prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
 Taint not the pure streams of the springing Day
 With your dull influence ; it is for you
 To sit and scoule upon Night's heavy brow,
 Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne
 Where nought but smiles and ruddy joyes are worne.
 Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay ;
 Let it suffice, *shee'l weare no maske to-day.*”

Then take these verses “ To the Morning: satisfaction for Sleepe,”
 and see what sort of an acquaintance he had with nature :

“ What succour can I hope my Muse shall send
 Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muse's friend ?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Vnlesse the Muse sing my apologie ?

“ O in that morning of my shame ! when I
 Lay folded up in Sleepe's captivity,
 How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
 Into thy modest veyle ? how did'st thou rise
 Twice dy'd in thine owne blushes ! and did'st run
 To draw the curtalnes, and awake the sun !
 Who, rowzing his illustrious tresses, came,
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
 His head in thy faire bosome, and still hides
 Mee from his patronage ; I pray, he chides :
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
 My owne Apollo, try if I can make
 His Lethe be my Helicon : and see
 If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on mee.
 Hence 'tis, my humble fancie finds no wings,
 No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
 Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plumpe genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse
Her starry throne ; whose holy heats can warme
The grave, and hold up an exalted arme
To lift me from my lazy vrne to climbe
Vpon the stooped shoulders of old Time,
And trace Eternity——But all is dead,
 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deepe wrinkles of his angry brow
 Where Mercy cannot find them : but O thou
 Bright lady of the Morne ! pitty doth lye
 So warme in thy soft brest, it cannot dye.
 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
 O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,
 And stroake his radiant cheekes : one timely kisse
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse.
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,

Thrice will I pay three teares, to show how true
 My griefe is ; so my wakefull lay shall knocke
 At th' Orientall gates, and duly mocke
 The early larkes' shrill orizons, to be
 An anthem at the Daye's nativitie.
 And the same rosie-fingered hand of thine,
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

" But thou, faint God of sleepe, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 My selfe a melting sacrifice ; I'me borne
 Againe a fresh child of the buxome Morne,
 Heire of the sun's first beames. Why threat'st thou so ?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden scepter ? goe
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakefull Woe,
 Sicknesse and sorrow, whose pale lidds ne're know
 Thy downie finger ; dwell upon their eyes,
 Shut in their teares ; shut out their miseries."

Crashaw's command of language is so great that he seems to frolic through difficult descriptions. In describing, he plays with his subject in a manner which, with less abundance and originality of ideas, would be tiresome show. His ideas are so many and so varied as to indicate exhaustless wealth ; and the reader is in no fear that the poet will be unable to sustain his power. With equal skill, grace, and truth Crashaw depicted the grandeur of nature, the beauty of health, and the true loveliness of woman. Each of these descriptions was made resplendent with the exaltation of his own moral nature. His imaginary love, for example,

must have

" That not impossible she "

" Smiles, that can warme
 The blood, yet teach a charme,
 That chastity may take no harme.

" Blushes, that bin
 The burnish of no sin,
 Nor flames of ought too hot within.

" Joys, that confesse,
 Vertue their mistresse,
 And have no other head to dresse.

* * * *

" Dayes, that need borrow,
 No part of their good morrow,
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

" Dayes, that in spight
 Of darknesse, by the light
 Of a cleere mind are day all night.

* * * *

" Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome, friend !"
* * * * *

Of Crashaw's numerous epigrams, not one is without point or sparkle. In conception and in expression, his epigrams are bits of masterly work. Not Martial himself could have improved some of them, if, indeed, he could have conceived them. They meet all the demands of the highest epigrams, as they create and satisfy surprise. Among our modern poets, the epigram is a disused or lost art ; and yet it is to a kind of epigrammatic power that some of the later poets owe their popularity. Quite apart from its sentiment, many a verse lives in the minds of the people, because of its pointed force and terseness. Tennyson and, perhaps, Longfellow furnish many a line for daily quotation ; but no one quotes, except laboriously, from Morris or Bryant. Almost any of Crashaw's epigrams might be given as an example of his unusual power ; but where there are so many in Latin, in Greek, and in English, it is not surprising that there are some in which the naturalness of the thought is sacrificed to the mere ingenuity of the expression. The thought, however, is never lost or weakened in intricate mechanism. There are " conceits," and, at times, a dull-witted play upon names even sacred ; but the verse ever swells with its thought and flows with liquid ease. Even the weakest of the epigrams show forth the beauty of the man : the strongest are resplendent with the genius of the poet. Crashaw wrote most of his epigrams in Latin ; but he translated many into Greek or into English, while some appear in the three languages. Take the first epigram :

PHARISÆUS ET PUBLICANUS.

" En duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo.
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum :
It gravis hic, et in alta ferox penetralia tendit.
Plus habet hic templi ; plus habet ille Dei."

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

" Two went to pray ! O, rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray.
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not send his eye.
One neerer to God's altar trod :
The other to the altar's God."

This epigram could not be simpler, neater, or more pointed. It satisfies every requirement. See the same success in the following :

IN OBOLUM VIDUÆ.

" Gutta brevis nummi, vitæ patrona senilis,
E digitis stillat non dubitantis anus ;
Istis multa vagi spumant de gurgite census :
Isti abjecerunt scilicet ; illa dedit."

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

"Two mites, two drops—yet all her house and land—
Falle from a steady heart though trembling hand :
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave.
The other cast away ; she only gave."

In point of tenderness, as well as in mere skill, how exquisite is the following !

NON SUM DIGNUS UT SUB TECTA MEA VENIAS.

"In tua tecta Deus veniet ; tuus haud sinit illud
Et pudor atque humili in pectore celsa fides.
Illum ergo accipies, quoniam non accipis : ergo
In te jam veniet, non tua tecta Deus."

I AM NOT WORTHY, ETC.

"Thy God was making hast into thy roose ;
Thy humble faith and fear keepes him aloofe.
Hee'll be thy guest, because He may not be ;
Hee'll come—into thy house ? No, into thee."

The same tenderness warms inexpressibly the following ; and its wonderful originality moves us profoundly :

IN BEATAE VIRGINIS VERECUNDIAM.

"In gremio, quaeris, cur sic sua lumina Virgo
Ponat ? ubi melius poneret illa, precor ?
O ubi, quam caelo, melius sua lumina ponat ?
Despiciat, at caelum sic tamen illa videt."

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

"That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, O where,
Could she have fixt it on a fairer spheare ?
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n she sees, Heaven's God there lyes ;
She can see Heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes.
This new guest to her eyes new lawes hath given :
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke down to Heaven."

Within the last lines, a whole poem is condensed. But equally skilful, pointed, tender, and original is the epigram upon the burial-place of our Lord :

ECCE LOCUS UBI JACUIT DOMINUS.

"Ipsum, ipsum, precor, o potius mihi, candide, monstra ;
Ipsi, ipsi o lacrymis oro sit ire meis.
Si monstrare locum satis est, et dicere nobis,
En, Maria, hic tuus en hic jacuit Dominus ;
Ipsa ulnas monstrare meas, et dicere possum,
En, Maria, hic tuus en hic jacuit Dominus."

COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.

"Show me Himselfe, Himselfe, bright Sir, O show
Which way my poore tears to Himselfe may goe.
Were it enough to show the place, and say,
Looke, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay ;

Then could I show these armes of mine, and say,
Looke, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay."

VPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

"Here, where our Lord once laid His head,
Now the grave lies buried."

And now, for sake of contrast, compare the two following "humane," or secular, epigrams :

VPON VENUS PUTTING-ON MARS HIS ARMES.

"What, Mars his sword? faire Cytherea, say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to-day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked; and O then,
What needst thou put on armes against poore men?"

VPON THE SAME.

"Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd:
Come if thou dar'st; thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why, foole! saies Venus, thus provoke'st thou mee,
That being nak't, thou know'st could conquer thee?"

Here the power of physical beauty as opposed to physical and intellectual force agreeably surprises us. A word more, and the surprise would be indelicate.

But the most celebrated, though not exceptionally good, epigram is "*Aquæ in vinum versæ*." This Crashaw gave only in Latin:

"Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite Numen:
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

This epigram has been translated into English by many writers. As early as 1682, its point was rendered by Clement Barksdale, as follows:

"See, O my guests, a Deity is here:
The chaste nymph saw a God, and blusht for fear."

By Dryden:

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

By Aaron Hill:

"See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd."

By the Rev. J. H. Clark:

"Haste, guests, and own your Visitant divine;
For the chaste Nymph hath seen her God and blush'd."

By Thomas Ashe :

" Mark, mark, gay guests, a present Deity !
The conscious water blush'd its God to see."

And by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, here as elsewhere faithful :

" All the guests in tumult rush'd :
The shy Nymph saw her God, and blush'd."

During a long time, the credit for this well-known line was given to Dryden. The credit belongs wholly to Crashaw ; and yet he does not seem to have been the first to use the conceit. Grosart asserts the earlier use in Vida's *Christiad* (Lib. II., 431 ; III., 984), and in a hymn of St. Ambrose ; but does not quote the lines. In the second book of Vida, we find the following :

" Canam hi liquere modo atra
Miratam puras in vina rubescere lymphas."

And in the third book :

" Fontis aquam latices Bacchi convertit in atos."

In the hymn "Crudelis Herodes," which is found in the Roman Breviary, for the feast of the Epiphany, and which, probably, is the one referred to by Grosart, are the following lines :

" Novum genus potentiae :
Aquaë rubescunt hydriae,
Vinumque jussa fundere,
Mutavit unda originem."

The earlier poetical use of the fact is established, and the common use of "*rubescere*" is interesting ; but Crashaw cannot be said to have borrowed anything from either St. Ambrose or from Vida, and it is very doubtful that he knew of the earlier use.

Of the numerous epigrams which Grosart printed for the first time, there are many fully equal to those here given. They would not, however, better illustrate the poet's tenderness, sparkle, power, and originality. Instead of another epigram, take one of the poet's epitaphs ; for there is a connection, at least of origin, between epigrams and epitaphs. Crashaw wrote many inspired epitaphs ; but the best and of its kind unequalled by other poet, is "Upon a Young Married Couple Dead and Buried Together :

" Peace, good reader, Doe not weep.
Peace, the louers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded ly
In the last knott that Loue could ty.
And though they ly as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheetes of lead ;
(Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm)
Loue made the bed ; they'l take no harm ;

Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And the aeternall morrow dawn;
 Then the curtaines will be drawn
 And they wake into a light,
 Whose Day shall neuer sleepe in Night."

In his translations, Crashaw's creative imagination, sublimity, strength, insight into nature, mastery of words, richness of color, and rhythmical skill found unlimited scope. He was not a mere translator: he was an inspired interpreter. He so infused his own genius into what he undertook that his work, though closely following the original, became his own by virtue of superior creative power. Where the original was but mere form, Crashaw breathed the life of passion into it; and where the original had life Crashaw added sublimity. He increased the delicacy; he gave breadth to passion; he enlarged the power; and he clothed all with majesty. Every line, showing his master hand, pulsates with his genius. His "Suspicion of Herod," "Musick's Duell," "Hymn of St. Thomas," and "Dies Irae" are the principal translations; but his other hymns, like the "Stabat Mater," his paraphrases, like that of Apocalypse XII., 7, and his psalms, like the CXXXVII, are secondary only in the sense that they are shorter poems.

Marino's "Sospetto d'Herode" is a great poem in the original. It is said that Milton knew the poem, and that he took from it suggestions for "Paradise Lost;" but Milton knew Crashaw's expansion of the original and borrowed from Crashaw rather than from Marino. Milton had no personal acquaintance with Crashaw; but it seems certain that he recognized Crashaw's grandeur. It is a matter of regret that Crashaw translated only the first book of the Italian poem; for the reader is left in a state of unsatisfied excitement and of a longing for more which can never be gratified. This book brings before us Satan, his fear of the coming Messiah, his soliloquy on the impending end of his reign, his attendants, and his choice and dispatch of Alecto as a messenger to arouse, during sleep, the suspicion of Herod. Crashaw's description of Satan fascinates us by its power. We see Satan where

. . . . "Close about him clings
 A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
 His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse prince in eternall ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies:
 * * * * *
 "He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire;
 And for his old faire robes of light, he weares
 A gloomy mantle of darke flames."
 * * * * *

The eyes are the principal fear-inspiring feature :

*" His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismall red :
Such his fell glances, as the fatall-light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead."*

Here, as elsewhere, the grandeur belongs to Crashaw. To see how Crashaw remade Marino, let us compare Crashaw's interpretation of Stanza X. with a literal translation. The literal translation, as given by Grosart, reads:

*" O, wretched Angel, once fairer than light,
How thou hast lost thy primeval splendour !
Thou shalt have from the eternal Requirer
Deserved punishment for the unjust crime :
Proud admirer of thy honours,
Rebellious usurper of another's seat !
Transformed, and fallen into Phlegethon,
Proud Narcissus, impious Phaethon."*

Of which Crashaw's interpretation is as follows :

*" Disdainfull wretch, how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes !
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise !
Proud morning of a perverse day, how lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus ! foolish Phaeton, who for all
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'st but a flaming fall."*

Crashaw's originality is evident. Not here alone, but everywhere, does Crashaw show his superiority. Milton recognized the fact ; for, from the following lines of Crashaw, and not from the original of Marino, does he seem to have borrowed his portrait of Satan :

*" From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing ayre
This mortall enemy to mankind's good
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautifull in humane blood."*

Now, to see something of the fulness of Crashaw's power, take the soliloquy of Satan. Of this it has been justly said that the grandeur and simplicity of wording are not surpassed by anything in Milton :

*" Hee has my hea ven (what would he more ?) whose bright
And radiant scepter this bold hand should beare :
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My faire inheritance, He confines me here
To this darke house of shades ; horreur and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheere
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
That mankind's torment waits upon my teares."*

" *Darke, dusky Man, He needs would single forth,
To make the partner of His Owne pure ray:*
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and *clombe the North,*
Where never wing of angell yet made way:
What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

" Is He not satisfied? meanes He to wrest
Hell from me, too, and sack my territories?
Vile humane nature means He not t'invest
(O my despight!) with His divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoiles upon His brest
With His faire triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright armes of Heav'n rebuke these eyes,
Mocke me, and dazzle my darke mysteries?

" Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom *the droves*
Of stars that gild the Morne in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves,
The fairest, and the *first-borne smile of Heav'n?*
Looke in what pompe the mistrisse planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven:
Such and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

" Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where *dawning hope no beame of comfort shoves?*
While *the reflection of thy forepast joys,*
Renders thee double to thy present woes:
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee growes.
If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall divide.

" And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost
Myselfe? my strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what ere doth boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too: What though it cost
Me yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight."

When Alecto, "fourth of the cursed knot of hags," is called by Satan, the effect is thus grandly described by Crashaw:

" Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thund'ring upon the bankes of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listning eares the noise o're takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen'rall hisse from the whole t're of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,
In answer to her formidable name."

Sublime, too, is Crashaw's picture of Alecto's ascent to earth and the time of her arrival :

"Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight :
The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids for ever : night
And winter strow her way : yea, such a sore
Is she to nature, that a generall fright,
An universal palsie spreading o're
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

"Now had the night's companion from her dew,
Where all the busie day she close doth ly,
With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men
Day's sweat ; and *by a gentle tyranny*
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band."

In this poem Crashaw often translated closely, as both Willmott and Grosart have shown ; but, however closely he translated, he everywhere left the unmistakable stamp of his genius.

"Musick's Duell," too, shows Crashaw's originality and poetical superiority. Here he translated, expanded, and almost remade the Jesuit Strada's beautiful poem of the contest between the lute-player and the nightingale. The Latin text of Strada lacks the grandeur and the word-painting of Crashaw's translation. Beside Crashaw's interpretation, Ford's use of the poem in "Lover's Melancholy" is weak ; and weaker yet are all other translations. Crashaw's power infuses itself into every line. Thus, of the nightingale, Crashaw says :

. "Straightway she
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quicke volumes of wild notes
Trayles her plaine ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleeke passage of her open throat,
A cleare unwrinkled song."

The musician "straines higher yet :"

. "The grumbling base
In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace ;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides
Untill his finger (Moderatour) hides
And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all,
Hoarse, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands."

Of the nightingale, Crashaw exquisitely says :

. . . . " Her supple brest thrills out
 Sharpe aires, and *staggers in a warbling doubt*
Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The plyant series of her slippery song ;
 Then starts shee suddenly into a throng
 Of short, thicke sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float
 And roule themselves over her lubrick throat
 In *panting murmurs*, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring ; the sugred nest
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
 Bathing in streames of liquid melodie ;
 Musick's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires
 A golden-headed harvest fairely reares
 His *honey-dropping tops*, plow'd by her breath,
 Which there reciprocally laboureth
 In that sweet soyle ; it seemes a holy quire
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
 Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
 Of *sweet-lipp'd angel-imps*, that swill their throats
In creame of morning Helicon, and then
 Preferre soft-anthems to the eares of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleepe while they their mattens sing :
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing Day !
 There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
 And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long,
 Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
 And *makes a pretty earthquake in her breast*,
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky
 Wing'd with their owne wild ecchos, prattling fly.
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine."

* * * * *

Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voyce of war's hoarse bird ;
 Her little soule is ravisht ; and so pour'd
 Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
 Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast."

But the musician is unwilling to be conquered :

. . . . " His hands sprightly as fire, he flings
 And with a quavring coynesse *tasts the strings*.
 The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted,
 Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted,
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden haire

*Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his own breath ; which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheares, and make Heaven's selfe looke higher.*

* * * * *

"The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the aire
With flash of high-borne fancyes : here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone ;
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell
In Musick's ravish't soule, he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world."

In the vain attempt to equal the "wild diversities of chatt'ring strings," the nightingale fails, and, falling upon the lute, dies of sweet shame ; and thus, too, dies criticism upon the poem.

Tenderly and mightily does Crashaw interpret St. Thomas's hymn "Ecce Panis Angelorum, Adoro Te." The naked simplicity of the hymn fills one with awe. Take these stanzas :

"With all the powres my poor heart hath
Of humble loue and loyall faith,
Thus lowe (my hidden life !) I bow to Thee
Whom too much loue hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud sense ! discourses dy !
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey !
Nor touch, nor tast, must look for more,
But each sitt still in his own dore.

"Your ports are all superfluous here,
Saue that which lets in Faith, the eare.
Faith is my skill : Faith can belejue
As fast as loue new lawes can giue.
Faith is my force : Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powrfull words.
And words more sure, more sweet than they,
Love could not think, Truth could not say."

* * * * *

"Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,
And fill my portion in Thy peace ;
Giue loue for life ; nor let my dayes
Grow, but in new powres to Thy name and praise.

* * * * *

"Come, Loue ! come, Lord ! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd sourse of Thee :
When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase,
And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen."

Crashaw was the first English translator of "Dies Irae." Roscommon, who borrowed from Crashaw, won the praise of a people

eager to extol any appearance of talent in a nobleman of his day. Johnson, too, had sweet words for the nobleman, but not a recognition for Crashaw; and yet Roscommon was but an imitator of Crashaw. The following stanzas sufficiently show Crashaw's originality :

"Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray
The World in flames shall fly away.

"O that fire! before whose face
Heaun and earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! Whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

"O that trump! whose blast shall run
An euen round with the circling sun,
And vrge the murmuring graues to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

* * * * *

"Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding ey:
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

"O let Thine Own soft bowells pay
Thyself; and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, Loue can forgieue:
O say the word, my soul shall liue.

* * * * *

"Though both my prayres and teares combine,
Both worthlesse are; for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be;
And show Thou art, by sauing me.

* * * * *

"O hear a suppliant heart, all crush't
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Freind!
Take charge of me, and of my end."

Crashaw's Latin and Greek verses show the highest poetic ability. Here and there the versification limps; but such poems as "Lectori," "Bulla," and "Arion" are masterpieces. The Latin royal and commemorative pieces, too, disclose unexpected touches of genius; but, like all such of other poets, their interest has passed. Such poems, however, as "Priscianus," "Stomachus," and "Heymnus Veneri," coming from Crashaw, startle the reader; but it is to be remembered that they were written in the poet's early years, when his humor was untrained and his imagination imperfectly developed. Happily for us, religion, later in his life, curbed his humor, and expanded in a right direction his imagination; or else, we might have had from him the erotic songs of a Pagan poet. Crashaw remade himself. Tenderly and grandly he mourned the deaths of friends, not shamelessly bewailed the loss of

mistresses. He excited others to virtue and stirred to resolution, as in that singularly poetic and thoughtful verse-letter to the Countess of Denbigh; and he glorified no weakness by singing the praise of lewdness.

By later poets Crashaw was used and then abused. Pope, in "Eloisa to Abelard," borrowed from Crashaw's tender but minor poem of "Alexias: the Complaint of the Forsaken Wife of Sainte Alexis," and from other poems of the same poet meanly took ideas; but, in his unfair and unjust criticism, he overlooked all Crashaw's greater poems, and all the good things of the lesser poems. Coleridge was generously appreciative; but Coleridge not having Pope's strong hatreds and mean prejudices, was more fitted for true criticism. It is poor criticism, which, in spite of Crashaw's power, finds no impassioned originality, but only a strained conceit or obscuring inversion. It is no injustice to the others of his class to rank Crashaw above them; for he excelled them in imagination, in delicate emotion, in originality, and in power of expression. From Crashaw, not only Pope, Young, and lesser poets, but even Milton drew something. Shelley, too, has many similarities of idea or of expression; but, though Shelley may have known Crashaw, as did Leigh Hunt, it is not probable that he consciously borrowed.

The thirty-eight years of Crashaw's life contained nothing lurid, nothing dramatic. His life was retired, scholarly, and saintly. It had the same chance of heroism which falls into every humble life—to do duty unflinchingly. He was great as a poet, by reason of natural gifts perfected by study. He was great as a man, by reason of his rightly developed nature, not by reason of outside events making him a central figure. He was simple, temperate, abstemious, upright, pure, and pious. He forced to the highest use every talent and accomplishment. Of foreign languages, he knew Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish. His memory was remarkable; and he could quote aptly and readily from alien or from home writers. He was accomplished in music, drawing, engraving, and painting; and he quaintly designed and engraved vignettes for his poems. As a poet, he chose the highest themes, and strove for perfection. His poems show the improvement which comes only from study. The mere pleasantry of his early compositions became the wit and sparkle of his later writings; and the rank exuberance of his boyhood's fancy was perfected by manhood's creative imagination. A longer life and a larger experience with the world of passion might have made him a poet of the first class; for his defects were the results of his contracted associations. He lived a blameless life; he died a saintly death; and he has left behind him poetry which sweetens our lives, calls forth our admiration, and stirs us to noble purposes.

THE LATEST OF THE REVISIONS.

English Protestant Version of the New Testament^a (extant in the Polyglott N. T. of Elias Hutter. Nuremberg, 1599. Two vols. fo.)

The Same. Editions of 1562, 1577, 1579.

King James's Bible, 1611 and 1683.

Errata of the Protestant Bible. By Thomas Ward, Esq. New York: Sadlier & Co.

The Revised Version of the New Testament. New York: Harpers' American Edition, 1881.

Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament, explaining the reasons for the changes made on the Authorized Version. By Alexander Roberts, D.D., Professor of Humanity, St. Andrew's, and Member of the English New Testament Company. With Supplement by a Member of the American Committee of Revision. Authorized Edition. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers. 1881. 8vo., pp. 117.

Anglo-American Bible Revision. By Members of the American Revision Committee. Philadelphia: American Sunday-school Union. 1879. 12mo., pp. 192.

THE publication of this newly corrected and amended version must prove a rude shock to those who fancifully connect together as cause and effect the two things, King James's Bible and the Protestantism of English-speaking peoples. Some vague notion of this kind dwells habitually in the minds of all non-Catholics, while for many of them it is a cherished, unshaken point of belief, from which they cannot be driven by any amount of facts or reasoning to the contrary. They will not examine the facts nor listen to the reasoning. It could not well be otherwise. For this is sedulously taught in the Sunday-school, inculcated from a thousand pulpits, and daily re-echoed by books and periodicals without number. And when it is remembered that most persons have no other source of religious knowledge than the preaching-desk and the newspaper, it ceases to be a wonder that this foolish fancy should have taken possession of the minds, generally, of those outside of the Church. It is a new proof, if any were needed, of the unbounded credulity that may exist in our age of progress by the side of its boasted spirit of inquiry.

¹ In this Polyglott (*opus rarissimum*, Le Long calls it in his *Bibliotheca Sancta*), Hutter does not specify the editions from which he has drawn the respective translations. Le Long affirms that the English translation is taken from that of Geneva, 1562. This, however, must be incorrect, as they differ in some places of importance, as I. John v. 21 and elsewhere. It represents some older edition.

Yet never was there a greater delusion, as impartial history most plainly shows. The Bible of King James was no cause of the Protestantism of Great Britain, not even, properly speaking, one of its effects, but simply an incident in its history. The Bible that helped, to some extent, to advance the Protestant cause in England and Scotland and root out the old religion from the land, was not the Bible of King James, but the Presbyterian or Puritan Bible of Wittemberg and Geneva. It had for powerful auxiliaries confiscation, imprisonment, the rack and the gibbet, and without their aid would not have been very successful. Yet it did some share of the work. But how? The answer should bring a blush to any Christian cheek that has not lost all sense of shame. By the most wicked and deliberate perversion and corruption of God's Holy Word. The language of revelation was of a set purpose falsified by mistranslation. Glosses, favoring the new errors, or aimed at Catholic truth, were foisted into the sacred text, sometimes with sly cunning, at others with brazen-faced assurance. The language of sectarian rancor and hate was blasphemously put into the mouth of Prophets and Apostles, or, to speak more truly, of the Holy Ghost, who uttered his divine oracles through these interpreters. It is needless to prove this at any length. This has been already done by the REVIEW in a series of articles on Beza, whose corruptions (intentional and deliberate by his own avowal) form the groundwork of most, if not all, that is blameworthy in the Presbyterian Bibles that came from the wicked workshop of Geneva. And these were the Bibles, it must never be forgotten, that mainly contributed to open the eyes of the English people to the so-called light of the new Gospel, long before King James's Bible came into existence. Lest, however, we be suspected of denouncing them unjustly, we shall add a few proofs of their malicious, systematic tampering with God's Holy Word.

We should never lose sight of the fact, though some are only too anxious to dismiss it from their minds and memories, that the so-called "Church of England," which dates from the times of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was in her beginnings very different from what is known as Episcopalianism in our days. The Anglican Church, as reformed by Cranmer, Cromwell, and their subsidiary horde of court parasites, titled robbers, and fanatical preachers, became, when she got definite shape under Edward VI., simply Calvinistic. She had bishops, but they were such only in name. Not one of them pretended to, or cared for, any descent from the Apostles through a line of legitimate predecessors. He was not God's minister, but the King's or the Queen's, as the case might be. Indeed, his idea of his office was far below that of an appointee of the Geneva consistory. The latter maintained that he had a spiritual character, which gave him a right to dictate to the State; the

former rather gloried in his shame, and found his proudest title in being the creature and slave of his temporal lord. And so it was with their other doctrines. They were sheer Calvinism. And the test of highest merit for each new opinion seems to have been the degree to which it receded most from the ancient creed of Christendom. The Lutheranism that Archbishop Cranmer imported, together with his hidden wife, Osiander's niece, from Germany, soon dwindled down in his speculation or profession—for it would be unsafe to credit him with religious belief or a conscience—to the bald theories of Zurich and Geneva. Calvinists from abroad, Peter Martyr, Paul Fagius, and the wily Bucer, "cat by name and cat by nature," trained the young theologians of English universities. The oracles of the High-priest of the new system, Calvin himself, were eagerly sought and reverently accepted by the Court and highest Church dignitaries.¹

As with their doctrines, so it was with their policy. It was identical with that of continental Protestantism. Everywhere in Europe, excepting those places where the change in religion was made originally by the supreme power of the State, we may distinguish three successive stages in the reforming policy of the leaders of the new sects. First, they began by clamoring for toleration, or what would now be called religious liberty. When, by fair means or foul they had secured this, their next cry was for religious supremacy. Successful in this, as they were too often, by tumult, rebellion, and crime, the third effort was to procure the extermination of the adherents of the old creed. This third step was common to all countries, whether the Reformation had grown upwards from the people, or downward from the throne. This is the history, not only of every State, but of every imperial city in Germany, and of every town and borough in Europe, where the Reformation was introduced. It is a fond fancy, studiously instilled from early childhood into the minds of non-Catholics and cherished by them in after life more warmly, perhaps, than any article of their scanty religious creed, that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was the gradual growth of Gospel light that began to stream out upon the world from subterranean dungeons where it had been imprisoned for centuries, and that its establishment throughout Europe was the result of spontaneous conversion, of rational adhesion, on the part of the masses, to the new doctrines. This is the perpetual strain of the

¹ Sir William Hamilton.

² Amongst other counsels given from the Genevan tripod to the Lord Protector Somerset, was that he should repress by the sword Papists and Anabaptists. "Tous ensemble meritent bien d'estre reprimés par le glayve qui vous est commis, veu qu'ils s'attachent non seulement au Roi, mais a Dieu." *Life of Calvin*, by Thomas H. Dyer, London (Murray), 1850, p. 285.

religious newspaper, the Sunday-school book, and the pulpit. It is devoutly believed in by many, but not by all who repeat it, whether in the pulpit or in print. They know, as well as we do, that such an assertion is a most shameful libel on the truth, as any reader who wishes to find out for himself may easily discover from history, even that written by the Reformers themselves, and their earliest partisans. The judicious Hallam, amongst others, allows no Protestant prejudice to blind him to the fact. Speaking of the reproaches cast by Catholic writers on the origin and progress of the Reformation, their continually repeated charge that it was brought about and established by first promising and then denying liberty of conscience, by intemperate and calumnious abuse of the old Church, by crime, by outrages, by tyranny and persecution, he candidly answers: "These reproaches, it may be a shame for us to own, can be uttered and cannot be refuted."¹ And he adds, with quiet sarcasm, the more pungent because seemingly unintentional: "But, without extenuating what is morally wrong, it is permitted to observe that the Protestant religion could, in our human view of consequences, have been established by no other means."² This is an extraordinary avowal, however conscientiously made by a learned Protestant, whose name is illustrious in both hemispheres. It says substantially this: The Christianity of the old Church and of the Gospel had its beginning, its growth, and its final triumph by the exercise of every virtue, submission to lawful authority, peace, gentleness, humility, love of all mankind—even of enemies; by undergoing, not by inflicting stripes, bonds, and death. But the pretended Reformation of that Christianity of the old Church and of the Gospel began, grew, and finally triumphed by tumult, by calumny, by falsehood, and bad faith, by crime, by inflicting persecution. These were necessary to bring about and maintain its life and growth, for it could have been established by NO OTHER MEANS. Is it any longer a matter of wonder that passages breathing this, or a like spirit, should have been carefully expunged from Hallam's works by some of our pious American publishers, whose tender consciences could not bear that their readers should be offended by the sight of these unpleasant truths, so fatally at variance with the great anti-Catholic tradition? But we must not lose sight of our purpose.

To justify what we called above the third step in the Reformation, viz., the total abolition of the Catholic religion, and to prepare

¹ An allusion to the lines of Ovid (*Metam.* I.):

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

² Hallam's *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the XVI. and XVII. Centuries*. New York (Armstrong & Son), 1880, Vol. I., p. 378.

the public mind for its final accomplishment, the help of theologians and controversial writers was called in, and amongst these, not the least serviceable were the interpreters and translators of Scripture, who abounded at the time. Accordingly the latter set to work with the twofold purpose of justifying the wicked unreasoning iconoclasm that was long the fashion and the glory of reformed churches, and also of paving the way for the contemplated extermination of Catholics. And here perversion of the text by artful mistranslation was made to second their designs in a wonderful way. The whole Bible bears testimony against the sin of idolatry, while the Old Testament, especially in its earlier books, teems with denunciations of idolaters, and inculcates the duty of the people of God to root them out of the land. The new sectaries coolly assumed as an indisputable fact that they were the saints, God's "chosen people." But how were Catholics to be identified with idolaters? Their Church, it was known, received the Old Testament and held to the Decalogue delivered on Mount Sinai. She taught that God alone was to be adored with a supreme degree of worship that could not be given to any created being. But she taught at the same time that God's saints, as His friends and members of His heavenly court, since He honors them, may be lawfully honored by us; and that not only they, but their relics and pictures, by just inference, may receive *relative* honor of the same kind. Above all, that the Cross of Christ, the instrument and emblem of our redemption, is entitled to the love and veneration, and even to the external reverence of all Christians. Here was the sectarian translator's lucky opportunity. If he could only drag into the vernacular text of Scripture that a picture and an idol were the same thing, then Catholics were idolaters and to be rooted out of the land. Hence, with cool deliberation, wherever it suited him, especially in the New Testament, when the word *idol* occurred, or *idolatry*, viz., adoration of heathen Gods, he wickedly altered them into "image" and "worshipping of images." This was done to confound and identify in the popular mind Pagan idolatry with the veneration of saints, and their pictures with the idols of false Gods. They were idolaters; therefore to be exterminated. The New Testament taught the first part of this enthymema; the second was clear from the Old.

They were cunning, as well as bold, in their wickedness. The Catholic Church has, and has always had, a special word set apart to express the supreme honor due to God alone. It is the word *adore*, or *adoration*, corresponding to the *λατρεία* of the Greeks. The General Councils of the Church, in defining the difference between the supreme honor due to God alone, and the inferior reverence due to saints are rigorously careful in the use of this term.

Thus the Seventh General Council (Second of Nice) in its seventh session speaks of "adoration, properly so called, which none but the Divine nature may claim."¹ And the Council of Trent teaches that we are to *adore* Christ and venerate the saints.² This term, because too clearly expressive of Catholic truth, was cautiously avoided by the new translators. Indeed, so effectually was it *tabooed* that it does not appear even once from Genesis to Revelation in any Protestant Bible. It might be suggested that, perhaps, they avoided it, as they did other words of Latin origin, because unfamiliar to the popular ear. This excuse will not answer the purpose in the case of translators, who used freely such words as *amity*,³ *augment*, *confederation*, *convocation*, *supplication*, *variableness*, *putrefying*, *similitude*, *magnifical*, etc., all Latin terms, and at that day little better than Greek or Hebrew to the multitude. The word *adore* was good English from the days of the gentle Surrey (murdered by the royal founder of English Protestantism) all along down to those of Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope. By what word did they replace it? By *worship*,⁴ a vague term which means anything, from the honor accorded by a husband to his wife, or by citizens to an alderman or magistrate,⁵ up to that highest honor of adoration, which belongs to God alone. It was intended thus to obliterate from the popular mind the idea implanted by Catholic teaching from the beginning, that to God belongs adoration, or supreme honor, which no creature can share with Him; and, further, to insinuate, by use of an indistinct, indeterminate word, that all honor of high and low degree, absolute and relative, belongs to God exclusively. It was their aim not to shed light upon the Scripture, but to confuse its meaning and bewilder the understanding for their own ends. Is this the Spirit of God, or is it not, rather, the spirit of the enemy of God and our souls, whose delight and whose gain it is, as the Holy Fathers say, to fish in troubled waters?

¹ Even the Latin translation retains here the Greek term "*veram latrariam, quæ secundum fidem est, quæque solam naturam divinam decet.*" Mansi's collection, Florence, 1767. Tom. xiii., col. 378.

² "Ita ut Christum *adoremus* et sanctos *veneremur.*" Conc. Trid. Sess. xxv., De Invocat.

³ *Amitie* for friendship is found in the Puritan Bibles (James iv. 4), "Know ye not the amitie of the world is the enmitie of God." King James's Bible has substituted *friendship*. But it retains some of the others, which have been swept away by the Revisers of to-day.

⁴ Even this word of their own choice, they without scruple, vary or distort to suit their general purpose, as we shall see hereafter.

⁵ "With my body I thee *worship*" (Marriage Service of the Anglican Church). The mayor and aldermen of large cities in Great Britain were, and are yet, called "Worshipful." The name lingered even in the lodge of the Freemasons; and the devout Protestant adept yields cheerfully to a sinful man, what he bluntly refuses to the spotless Mother of God, to Peter and Paul and the other Princes of His Heavenly Kingdom.

Thus, by sheer trickery, by mistranslation and artful substitution, did they manage to obscure the Catholic doctrine touching the worship due to God and the honor given to his Saints, the difference between the abominable idols of false gods and the sacred images of the Mother of God and His chosen friends. And with the aid of the new doctrine thus dragged into the Sacred Books by force or fraud, they not only gratified their hatred of the Old Church, but, what lay next their heart, paved the way for the extermination of Catholics as idolaters. Trusting to the ignorance and fanaticism of their readers, they did not care whether they made the Scriptures contradict themselves or not. They knew very well that Almighty God had never forbidden the use of images, save where they were meant to be turned into idols, viz., objects of divine worship. And they knew full as well that He had, on the contrary, commanded or allowed many images, graven or molten, to be made, as the cherubim near the Ark, the serpent in the wilderness, the figures of lions and oxen in the temple, the carvings of cherub, tree, and flower, with which Solomon adorned the temple-walls (Exodus xxv. 18; Numbers xxi. 8; III Kings vi. 23, 29; vii. 25, 29, 31, etc.). Of this contradiction, which not the original text but their own wicked ingenuity had contrived to fasten on the Scripture, they took no account; for, though they pretended great reverence for God's Holy Word, their action shows that it was only a hollow pretence. Scripture was for them, what it had been for Martin Luther, a mere tool, valuable only inasmuch as they could bend it to their will, and make it subservient to their purposes.

We proceed to give a few specimens of the abuse they have made in their translation of the word "image," as our space will not admit, nor does our immediate scope require, a full treatment of the subject. Without saying anything of the liberty they take in introducing gratuitously the addition of "image" after "carved," "graven," "molten," as in Deut. iv. 16, 23; vii. 25 (Isaiah xxx., 22; xl. 19; xlii. 17, and more than threescore other places), we may inquire, why did they translate in Exod. xx. 4, the one Hebrew word *pesel* by two, "graven image." There is no doubt that its meaning is absolutely the same as the Latin *sculptile*, or a "graven" thing. And this is the way in which it was rendered by the great scholars of antiquity, both Greek and Latin, before Christ, and after his coming, the Hellenist interpreters, the Itala and St. Jerom (*ἔιδωλον*, *sculptile*.) The latter followed the strict literal, the former the moral meaning of the word. Both were taught by their good sense, that where one word sufficed, two were unnecessary; but above all, they were candid, honest interpreters, trying to convey God's word, pure, and as it came from Him, to

their readers, not to intrude upon them, under cover of that word, their own private opinions. Our Puritan divines, however, seeing in this text the fundamental precept against idolatry, thought it wise to get in surreptitiously a condemnation of all *images*. Their reason was this: "Images" is the technical word (*cultus imaginum*) used by the Catholic creed and catechism in explaining our doctrine of relative worship; and, therefore, "images" had to be forced into the text, to make it appear that they were condemned by the Most High. If called to account for adding to the text, they would not imitate the bold, dictatorial dogmatism of Luther, who gave his "*sic volo, sic jubeo*"¹ as a sufficient answer to all questioning. They would, with meek condescension, give an answer to the adversary, however unworthy. They would allege that the sense calls for the addition of this or a like word. But even if this were true, why select, of all others, the word *images*? Why not use *figure*, *likeness*, or some other quite harmless, yet sufficient word? To this question their whole habitual conduct in dealing with this point, were it translated from action, into speech, could be no other than this. "Wherever *images* are commanded or allowed in Scripture, we will call them *figures*² or something else of the kind, or we will blind the eyes of the reader by some outlandish word of which he knows nothing;³ but where *idols* of false Gods are

¹ "So I will it, so command it, and for reason stands my will." This is the only answer that Luther gave, and ordered his disciples to give Catholic theologians (asses, mules, Pope-Asses in his polite vocabulary) who ventured to question his right to interpolate *nur* and *allein* (*only* and *alone*) into the text of St. Paul. See his "Send-schreiben von Dolmatschen," published in every collection of his works, from the earliest at Wittenburg down to the latest in our own day at Erlangen. His old disciples were so blinded that they could not see the character of this work, one of the most arrant specimens of dogmatism and arrogance that has appeared in eighteen centuries. His modern devotees, though they despise his teaching and his claims to infallibility, yet feel bound to hold him up to veneration as the legitimate father of modern Freethinkers.

² This is no exaggeration. When it is question of the cherubim, etc., as in III. Kings vi. 29, they translate "carved *figures* of cherubims," and in verse 32 simply "*carvings*," and in vii. 31, "*gravings*."

³ The Latin term "*similitudo*" was sufficiently obscure to help them occasionally in their effort to hide what Catholic doctrine might be disclosed by a clearer word. For example, they object to us the law of Exodus and Deuteronomy, which forbids making the *likeness* of anything in heaven or on earth. But the difficulty arises, Why then did God command or approve making the likeness of cherubim, oxen, etc., and placing them in the temple? Here comes the dark word to their relief, "Under it (the molten sea in the temple) was the *similitudo* of oxen." (II. Paralip. iv. 3.) Again they reproach us with having in our temples the likenesses of Angels, of the Eternal Father, the Holy Ghost, etc., which they say is unscriptural. We refer them for answer to Daniel vii. 9 and x. 5, 6; Mark i. 9 and other places, where the very appearance, vesture, etc., of the Ancient of Days, and His Angels are fully described. We even appeal to passages like Num. xii. 8, Dan. x. 16, where there is express mention of holy men beholding God or His Angels in their *likeness*. But they cunningly have been beforehand with us. Thus on turning to Num. xii. 8, we find, "With him will I speak mouth to mouth even apparently . . . and the *similitudo* of the LORD shall

meant, we will call them *images*." In other words, "we intend to decry and misrepresent the doctrine of the old Catholic Church of fifteen centuries, and we are glad that God's word in the vernacular gives us an opportune, safe vehicle for such misrepresentation." This, of course, they never said, but it is what they must have said, had they spoken the truth, and unless they repented before their last hour, it is what they will confess before an assembled world on the great judgment day.

As they add "image" to *pesel*, "graven" (and its plural, *pesilim*), so they add "image" also to *massecah*, "molten," Deut. ix. 12; xxvii. 15 (and in many other places). But growing bolder as they go on, they venture to translate both *pesel* and *massecah* by the simple word *image*. Thus in Habacuc ii. 18, "What profiteth the image (*pesel*), for the maker thereof hath made it an image (*massecah*) and a teacher of lies." Well may they translate *lies* in the plural (though the original Hebrew has the singular *moreh sheker*, "teaching falsehood"), for they have not only falsified the prophet's words, but have also marred the beauty and point of his hemistich, as is clear from the distinctive accent over the preceding word *yossero*.

But in the New Testament, which was more intended for popular reading, they became yet more reckless. If the Hellenists (Jews scattered abroad through the pagan world before and after the coming of our Lord), and their Christian descendants had in their language a word, which most clearly expressed the object of that false worship which pagans gave to their false gods, it was evidently *ειδωλον* (*eidolon*), the original of our Christian word "idol." To represent the image or likeness of a relative or friend, of one distinguished by dignity, renown, or holiness, they had quite another *εικων* (*eicon* or *icon*), whence comes our name for those detestable heretics, the Iconoclasts or image-breakers of the Byzantine Empire. They were driven to make this distinction by religious necessity. It matters not whether the two words were originally

he behold." See how artfully the likeness is hidden under "the similitude!" nor was that big Latin adverb "apparently" put in without a motive. The Hebrew word *marech* occurs ninety-eight times in the Old Testament, and it is here only that they have sought to cover up its meaning by this Latinizing big word. It means properly *sight* or *countenance*. Luther translates correctly: "Mündlich rede ich mit ihm, und er siehet den Herrn in seiner Gestalt." We paint Angels under human form out of necessity, indeed—for how else could spirit be represented to human eyes? but not without warrant of Scripture. Raphael and Gabriel, who stand next to God's throne, appeared in human shape, according to the sacred historian. Of Gabriel it is expressly said (Dan. x. 16) that his *likeness* was that of a man. How does the Presbyterian version render this? "And behold, one *like the similitude* of the sons of men touched my lips!" We may safely put it to any honest conscientious man: Was this translation meant to elucidate or to darken the sense of Scripture? Luther again translates correctly, "Und siehe, Einer, gleich einem Menschen, rührte meine Lippen an." But Luther, bad as he was, had no iconoclastic prejudices.

of like meaning or not. Their significations were diverted by force of circumstances, in other words, by the exigencies of Jewish or Christian revelation, into new channels, and they settled down forever in peaceful possession of the diverse meanings they had gradually acquired. *Idol* (εἰδωλον) was a stock or a stone, no matter how gracefully wrought, representing a false god or the devil, for, as the Psalmist says *Dii gentium dæmonia* (the gods of the Gentiles are devils); *image* (εἰκών) was the image, real or conjectural, of a parent, friend, monarch, of one illustrious on earth or exalted in heaven. And so it was with all other words that had acquired a peculiar Christian meaning, differ as it might from its pagan, or primitive, etymological signification. When Christianity was born into the pagan world, she was like God's people of old, of whom the Psalmist says: "*linguam quam non noverat, audivit.*" She met with strange tongues, whose religious vocabulary could not express the deep meaning of her revealed truth. She had to create a language of her own, and this she did by the aid of analogy, by appropriate selection, above all by setting apart certain words, and stamping them with the seal of her consecration. To give an example, no Latin Christian hearing from a pulpit, or reading in a Christian book, such words as *Presbyter* (our *Priest*), *Sacrament*, *Sacrifice*, *Altar*, *Grace*, *Charity*, *Confession*, etc., could possibly understand them in the way they were uttered and understood by his pagan ancestors. To his mind they conveyed far nobler and holier concepts than they had ever awakened in what we might call with Scripture the "uncircumcised ears and hearts" of his unbelieving countrymen, past or present. In this way it came to pass that Christianity gave her Christian language to all converted peoples, and when she conquered the whole of Europe, there was but one religious tongue in all Europe down to the sixteenth century. *Terra erat labii unius ac sermonum eorumdem*, as the sacred writer appropriately remarks (Gen. xi. 1) before proceeding to narrate the confusion of tongues brought about by man's pride and wickedness. The Reformers attempted to erect a tower of Babel. They, and especially the Calvinistic portion of them who introduced the new religion into England, knew nothing, or rather were unwilling to know anything, of this Christian language that had prevailed in Europe for fifteen hundred years. Or, not unlikely, what makes them yet more resemble their Babelite predecessors, their ignorance was God's punishment of their sinful pride, in attempting to defy God and his Spouse of the New Covenant, and to laugh at His threats and promises.

At all events, blinded by hatred of the old Church, and determined to compel the sacred text to be their ally and instrument in identifying the Catholic Church with Pagan idolatry, they perverted every passage of the New Testament that suited their pur-

pose. The terms "idol," "idolater," and "idolatry," were carefully perverted into "images," "worshippers," and "worshipping" of images. Thus they translated 1 Cor. x. 7, "Be not worshippers of images," instead of "Be not (or become not) idolaters" (*εἰδωλολάτραι*); and 2 Cor. vi. 16, "How agreeth the temple of God with images?" for "what agreement hath the temple of God with idols (*μετὰ εἰδωλῶν*)?" Again, the last verse of St. John's First Epistle, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols (*ἀπὸ τῶν εἰδώλων*)" was perverted into "Babes, keep yourselves from images." The injunction thus falsely put into the mouth of an inspired Apostle, seemed to them such a formidable weapon and sure prophylactic against Popery, that they caused it to be printed as a supplement to the Decalogue, on the walls of the Churches they had unlawfully seized, denuded of every Catholic emblem, profaned by their iconoclasm, and desecrated by their newly invented service. Clearly they had forgotten their own text, "How agreeth the temple of God with images?" For by what other name than that of false image or idol can we call a painted tablet set up in God's temple for the veneration of Christians, which pretends to be God's actual law, and is, after all, but a lie and deceit, impiously put into His mouth by human knavery? Besides, it might be asked, what induced them to put into the text just quoted that unusual word, "babes?" It really looks as if they intended to warn infants, or their parents, rather, against the sign of the cross in baptism, the use of which sign dating from the Apostolic age, they presumed to condemn as idolatry. This is not judging rashly; for the man who has even in one instance had the impiety to set about deliberately mangling God's Holy Word for unholy purposes, is neither in law nor in charity entitled to further favorable judgment. That the translator had a design is evident from another passage of this same Epistle (1 John iii. 18), where the same Greek word (*τεκνία*) is rendered not "babes," but "little children." The fact is that *τεκνία*, *παιδιά* and *ἀγαπητοί* (*children*, *little children*, and *beloved*), are all synonymous throughout this epistle of the Loving Disciple.

Rather than refrain from gratifying this wicked whim of theirs, they are content, without any possible gain to their cause, to darken and almost make nonsense of St. Paul's teaching. Thus in Eph. v. 5, where the Apostle calls the covetous man an "idolater" (*εἰδωλολάτρης*) they coolly turn him into a "worshipper of images." So, too, in Colos. iii. 5, where by a parallel phrase covetousness is styled idolatry (*εἰδωλολατρεία*) they have recourse to their favorite substitute, "the worshipping of images." Here the wicked spirit of hate seems to have made their right hand forget its cunning. For, while a few minutes' reflection, aided by God's grace, may enable any Protestant to see that his covetousness is a species of idolatry, since he transfers his love and service from the Creator to

the creature, yet the joint labors of a dozen Presbyterian consistories for a decade of years will fail to convince him that any amount of covetousness can ever turn his stanch Protestantism into Papistry, or what he has been told is its chief characteristic, the "worshipping of images." His private spirit would rather suggest that Paul, as they have taught him irreverently to style the Apostle, is here slightly mistaken.

For these old Puritan interpreters there was something magical in the word *images*. Such is the potency of its spell, that it does service in English for no less than thirteen words in the Hebrew, and for nine in the Greek original.¹ Besides, such is its pliancy under their dexterous manipulation, that it can be made to enter a text where not even its shadow could previously be found, or to disappear at the touch of the Calvinistic wand from a text where it unquestionably existed. Lest this should appear to be jesting in a serious matter, we furnish the proof. Where St. Paul says (Rom. xi. 4), "I have left me seven thousand men who have not bent the knee to Baal" (*οὐκ ἔκαμψαν γόνυ τη βάλ*), they unblushingly change the last two words into five, "to the *image* of Baal!"² Again, in the deuterocanonical portion of Daniel (xiv: 4), where the original has "I worship not *idols* made with hands" (*εἰδωλα χειροποίητα*), they lord it over the Scripture by knocking out altogether the word *εἰδωλα*, and translating "I worship not *things that be made with hands*." Here the last six words, "things that be made with hands," are the literal rendering of the one Greek adjective, *χειροποίητα*. The word *εἰδωλον* has vanished out of sight, and neither "idols" nor the pet "images" takes its place.³ Why did they leave it out? We cannot suspect these men of acting without a motive. It was most likely because they sought or found here an opportunity of condemning at one fell swoop all objects of Catholic veneration, such as medals, crosses, pictures, rosaries, etc., which are necessarily the fruit of man's handiwork. It may have been some other motive, for it is hard to track the sectarian fox through all his doublings; but we are justified in suspecting that it was nothing good or honest that prompted his course. He who deliberately sits down to take away from or add to the words of

¹ This observation has been also made by Dr. Lingard in his reply to Dr. Ryan's Analysis.

² This wicked interpolation, emanating from Geneva, was retained with open eyes by King James's Episcopal translators, though a dignitary of that Church in our day (Bloomfield) confesses that it is wholly unwarranted. The revisers of 1881 have honestly cancelled the obnoxious words.

³ Even the translators of King James were ashamed of this gross perversion, and corrected it properly in their revision of 1611. But *cui bono*? Since then, by the tacit law of custom, and by formal decree of the Bible Society, the Deuterocanonical portions of Daniel and Esther, with the entire books of Judith, Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, etc., have been excluded from all editions of the Protestant Bible.

Scripture for purposes of his own, labors under a twofold curse, pronounced by God himself (Apoc. xxii. 18; 19), and has lost all title in law to be judged by the ordinary rules of Christian charity.

In the same deceitful spirit they render *σεβάσματα* (Acts xvii. 23) by the word "devotions," though its unquestionable meaning is *idols* or objects of Pagan worship.¹ But "devotions" being the technical name amongst Catholics for voluntary external acts of religion, whether public or private (outside of the Holy Sacrifice), they thought it a good chance to make out that Scripture condemns our "devotions" or acts of piety as being no better than Pagan practices. Paul reproving the popular "devotions" of a Pagan city seemed to them, or they hoped would be accepted by their readers as a very appropriate type of John Knox² or one of his fellow-ruffians of the new gospel making his appearance in a Catholic city of Scotland or England, and exciting the iconoclastic zeal of the mob to put an end by hammer and axe to all Catholic devotions.

We have alluded before to their substitution of the word *worship* for *adore*, and *worshipping* for *adoration*, with the incidental remark that they were willing enough to give the go by even to this their new term, whenever it suited their sectarian purpose to do so. The Hebrew word most commonly used for *adore* is the Hithpaël or seventh conjugation of *shahhah*.³ Now, whenever it is question of adoring the true God or false gods, they are careful to stick to the word *worship*; but where there is mention of any external object of reverence, such as the altar, the ark, the Lord's footstool, the "head of the bed," or "the top of a rod," they either falsely interpolate the word "God" after "worship," as in Gen. xlvii. 31; Hebr. xi. 21; or else abandon their pet term "worship," and replace it by "bow oneself," "bow down," or "fall down," as they do in Ps. xcvi. (Heb. xcix.) 5, and Ps. cxxxi. (Heb. cxxxii.) 7. This is not done without a purpose. The use of the words "fall down," "bow down," etc., necessitates in English the use of a

¹ King James's Bible would not give up this corruption, but it has been surrendered by the revisers of 1881.

² Dr. Johnson deserves credit for having fastened indelibly on this wicked man the epithet of "the Ruffian of the Reformation." What would he have said, had he further known, what the registers of the town council of Edinburgh have lately brought to light, that this holy apostle of a purer religion lived habitually for years in sinful intercourse with the woman he called his wife and with her daughter! Thus, does true history, from day to day, contribute to strip off from sectarian idols the false colors with which they were painted by their devotees of former centuries.

³ The Hiphil of 'assab (with *hain* for the first radical) and the Aramaic verb *sagad* (used by Isaiah) are also employed in the sense of *adoration*. For the meaning of 'assab (which occurs only in Jer. xlv. 19) we are indebted to St. Jerome, who has authoritatively fixed it by translating *ad colendum eam*. *Sagad* is found only four times (in the 44th and 46th chapters of Isaiah), and means exactly the same as the Biblico-Chaldaic word *Segid* (Dan. ii. 46), or the common Syriac term *Sged*.

preposition "at," "before," or "towards," which is quite gratuitously assumed as the equivalent of the Hebrew *Lamed praefixum*. In true heretical style they have managed even to poison the dictionaries. And it is a matter of regret to see that their traditional falsehood has been unthinkingly accepted by such a man as Gesenius, who is a thorough scholar and has no particle of religious bigotry. To his rationalistic intelligence Luther and Calvin are no better, no worse, than Moses, St. Peter, St. John, Mahomet, or Zoroaster. Yet, though no sharer of their religious prejudices, he has allowed himself to be led astray by the influence of his Calvinistic predecessors in lexicography, and defines it as something fixed and certain; that *hishtakhavah* takes after it the *Lamed* of person, thereby evidently intending to exclude the *Lamed* of thing. What is his authority for this? None whatever, but the *dictum* of the Calvinist dictionary-makers who went before him, and who wickedly transfused into grammars and vocabularies the same corruptions that they had endeavored to put into the sacred text.¹ We find the verb in Hebrew repeatedly with *Lamed* of the *person* and *Lamed* of the *thing*. What else, it may be asked, were the stocks and stones that the heathens worshipped, but *things*? In the same way we find its Biblical Chaldee representative *segid* used constantly for *adore* in the Book of Daniel with the *Lamed* of person or thing. And its counterpart, the Syriac *sged*² is used constantly in the

¹ John Forster, an honest old Lutheran, who taught in Luther's day, at the University of Wittemberg, was brought up in the old Rabbinical fashion and knew nothing of this Calvinistic refining. In his *Dictionarium Hebraicum Novum*, Basileae, 1567, p. 838, he simply remarks what is true, and what he had learned from his Jewish and Catholic teachers, that the Hithpael of *shahhah* is used indifferently in Scripture to express *latría* and *dulia*, the worship given to the Most High, and the reverence paid to holy men or to legitimate authority. But Gusset, a thorough Calvinist, who came a century later, has treasured up in his *Hebrew Lexicon* all the anti-Catholic lore of the sectarian translators of the Old Testament, just as Hedericus, Patrick, Ernesti, Wendler, Larcher, Bastius, Pfinzger, and Passow have contrived to get into their Greek Lexicons all the false meanings that Beza had fastened on the Greek of the New Testament. Speaking of the *Lamed praefixum* used with verb, he coolly takes for granted that it is an abbreviation of the preposition *El*, and that its meaning is purely material and expresses no moral intention whatever! "Descriptio situs corporei materialiter ac in se sumpti et occasionalis tantum, *sine ulla intentione morali*" (we quote from the edition with supplement, by Clodius, Leipsic, 1743, p. 1617). Whence did he evolve this nonsense, except from the depths of his anti-Catholic prejudice? Why should David or Isaiah speak of worshipping at or before the temple, the altar, the place where God's footsteps had been, unless there was a local sanctity on which their mind, in other words their moral intention was fixed? Why should Joshua or David prostrate themselves before the ark unless they considered it a holy place, a shrine hallowed in a special way by the divine presence?

² In the Syriac Liturgy "to adore Christ or His Cross" is indifferently *mesgad lamshihho* or *lasslibo* with *Lomad* of person or thing. In the Maronite office for Sunday (Rome, 1830, p. 33, line 6), we find "On the first day of the week the Church saw Thee, and to Thy Cross (*lassliboch*) bent her knee, adoring (*bercat segdat*)."³ In the Tuesday office at Matins (p. 107, line 11), it is said that "when Gabriel came to the Blessed One, he bent his head and adored her" (*wasged loh*). St. Ephrem in his *Necrosima*

Bible by St. Ephrem, St. Isaac, and other fathers indifferently as to person or thing, with or without the Lomad of Dative or Accusative. And so it has been rendered by the Itala, Seventy, and Vulgate. Gesenius was innocent, because unsuspecting; but his Calvinistic predecessors were not. They were confronted by the fact that the Bible represented the patriarchs as adoring, or invited the people to adore or worship some external or material thing. Of course, in Catholic theology, where the knowledge of absolute and relative worship exists in a well-defined shape, there can be no difficulty for any reader. To adore God's footstool, or His ark, or His altar, is to adore Himself by outward prostration to the supposed place of His presence. To adore the top of Joseph's rod is to adore, or honor with due limit, viz., to pay respect to, Joseph's tribal sceptre, either as father of the Ephraimites, or much more probable as a type of Our Blessed Lord, which he certainly was, and so the Fathers explain it.¹ How St. Paul came to mistake the "head of the bed" for the "top of the rod" may puzzle Protestant interpreters who feel themselves bound in conscience to make a *fetish* of the Hebrew Bible text, but it presents no difficulty to Catholics. We know that there is no divine warrant for the genuineness of the Hebrew text as given to us by the Masoreths; and we know at the same time that the Septuagint version has been consecrated by habitual use on the part of our Lord and His Apostles. Yet common decency would seem to demand from these Calvinistic interpreters that they should not have added interpolated words in order to set St. Paul's text in fuller and more open contradiction with Genesis from which he professes to quote. In Genesis (xlvi. 31) they translate "Israel worshipped God (of this word *God* there is not the slightest vestige in the original Hebrew text) towards the bed's head."² But in Hebr. xi. 21, where the Apostle quotes this very passage, and where, according to their polite conjecture,

(Roman ed. of 1743, vol. iii. p. 299) has a beautiful poem, in which he represents the Cherub, Guardian of Eden, *adoring* (*soged chun*) the souls of pious Christians that have just come forth from their bodies. Sometimes the Lomad is varied by *kdom* or *kudmat* (ante) as in the Antiochene office (Rome, 1853, p. 187, l. 7), "O Holy Martyrs, kings adore," i. e., prostrate themselves before you. *Malche sogdin kudmaicun*. Or in a parallel passage from the Maronite office, p. 93, line 6, kings *adore*, i. e., prostrate themselves before your bones, *kudmat garmaicun*. And Abul-Pharajy (Berhebraeus in his X Dynasty, Ed. Bruns) has it without *kdom* or Lomad, or any adjunct whatsoever, *sogdai ssalme*, "worshippers of images," *lit. adorantes idola*.

¹ Even Calvin has no difficulty in admitting that the honor was paid to Joseph. See his Commentary on the New Testament, Tholuck's edition, Berolini, 1834, vol. viii., p. 126.

² The Hebrew text as it now stands reads thus: "Swear unto me, and he swore unto him and Israel adored upon the head of the bed." It is true that St. Jerome translates, "Adoravit Israel Deum, conversus ad lectuli caput." But St. Jerome was an honest interpreter, who had but one intention, viz., to give the genuine meaning of God's word. And whether he was right or wrong in the present case, we shall allow no dishonest translators to take refuge under the wing of a Catholic Saint.

Paul, misled by the Seventy, mistook the Hebrew word *mittah* (a bed), for *matteh* (a rod), they translated "leaning on the end of his staffe worshipped God." Here all is perverted. The two words, "leaning" and "God" are gratuitous interpolations; both designed to get rid of the testimony of Scripture to those external signs of religious worship which are perfectly legitimate according to Catholic doctrine.

We have sufficiently shown, we think, that the translators of that Bible, to which England owes in part, at least, her Protestantism, went to work persistently and systematically, with the intention of rooting out of the sacred book whatever was favorable to the Old Religion, and introducing into it whatever might give countenance to their newly-invented systems. We have, thus far, said nothing of their many other doctrines, confining our remarks to one point,—their errors as to the proper worship of God. We have seen how studiously they endeavored to eliminate from the Bible every trace of the doctrine taught there that worship of inferior degree may be given to God's angels and saints, and proportionate relative honor may be given to pictures and other sacred emblems. We have seen, further, how, by every dishonest artifice of mistranslation, of adding to or taking away from the text at will, they sought to confound our Christian worship, dating from the apostles, with pagan idolatry, so that one might pass for the other in the minds of all readers of their corrupt Bible. And this, no doubt, was their main purpose, for it logically prepared the way for our destruction. Protestant sects, however extravagant their tenets, might be entitled to some measure of toleration, but there can be no toleration for the idolater. His doom is announced in the Old Testament. He is to be rooted out of the midst of God's people. The very origin of the word *Protestant*, little known to most readers of history, is a proof of what we are saying. The States, or governments that took that name (*die Protestirenden Staaten*), were not so called, as most people imagine, because they protested against doctrines, or errors if you will, of the Roman Catholic Church. No; but they were so called, because they protested against some measures of compromise, of mutual forbearance and toleration proposed by Charles V., and, wisely or unwisely, accepted by the Catholic princes and States. But the so-called Evangelical States protested that their conscience forbade all toleration of the Catholic religion. It was impious and idolatrous, and its existence could not be tolerated in their territory. Any one may learn this from reading the words of the "Protest," and may learn, at the same time, how a word, which is commonly supposed to be the symbol of free conscience, free opinion, etc., is stamped indelibly in its origin with the most disgraceful intolerance.

But, without going to other parts of Europe, let us confine our-

selves to England, and listen to the words of an Englishman (and a republican, too, after the fashion of Oliver Cromwell and his patriots), who lived at a day when the Protestant Bible had already brought forth its legitimate fruits, the fruits designed by the translators. He tells us freely, what the Bible-makers might have told us at the beginning, had they been honest enough to avow their aims.

"As for tolerating the exercise of their religion (popery), I answer, that toleration is either public or private, and the exercise of their religion, as far as it is idolatrous, can be tolerated neither way; not publicly, without grievous and unsufferable scandal given to all conscientious beholders; not privately, without great offence to God, declared against all kind of idolatry, though secret." Then, after quoting several verses of the eighth chapter of Ezekiel, he continues: "And it appears by the whole chapter, that God was no less offended with these secret idolatries than with those in public, and no less provoked than to bring on and hasten his judgments on the whole land for these also." . . .

"Having shown thus that popery, as being idolatrous, is not to be tolerated, either in public or in private, it must be now thought, how to remove it, and hinder the growth thereof. . . . First, we must remove their idolatry, and all the furniture thereof, whether idols, or the Mass, wherein they adore their God under bread and wine, for the commandment forbids to adore, not only 'any graven image, but the likeness of anything in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them, for I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God.' If they say, that by removing their idols we violate their consciences, we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on Scripture (John Milton, *Of True Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration*; Works (Pickering), London, 1851, vol. v., pp. 413, 414).

Here is the whole argument in a nutshell. They make an English Bible to suit themselves. By forgery and corruption they pervert its contents in such way as to make us out idolaters. They then tell us we are to be removed, or, in plain language, "exterminated," because our conscience has no rights grounded on Scripture, the Scripture they have made to order. In a word, by wicked falsehood they fasten on our brow the brand of Canaan and Amalec, and then bid us not complain of the penalty.

The Presbyterian Bible fulfilled the purpose of its authors. And when we speak of the Presbyterian Bible, we do not restrict our meaning to the Geneva Bible, first published by Rowland Hill, in 1560,¹ and supposed to have been chiefly the work of Calvin's

¹ It is supposed that one, two or more editions of it were reprinted annually down to the year 1612. See "Old Bibles," by I. R. Dore, London: Pickering, 1870, p. 65.

relative, Dean Whittingham. We include in the term all the old English Protestant Bibles that appeared before the revised version of 1611, viz., Tyndal's, Coverdale's, Grafton's "Great Bible" of 1539 (called sometimes, but improperly, Cranmer's Bible), Cranmer's revision of the great Bible, and not excluding even the Bishop's Bible, printed under Parker's superintendence, in 1568. Though the latter was not quite as bad as its predecessors, it was not much improved except by the omission of strongly-colored sectarian notes. Very little or no care was taken to remove the anti-Catholic corruptions of the text. It was meant to be on a smaller scale, like the version of 1611, a compromise between the growing power of the Episcopalian faction in the Anglican Church and their Puritan enemies. All of these versions were inspired by the low Protestantism or fanatical hatred of everything Catholic that marked the new sects in Continental Europe, and even Parker himself is known to have been tinged with Puritanism. Tyndal, not to mention others, always translates "church" by "congregation," and "priest" by "seniour," and "charity" by "love," like our revisors of 1881. Of course pagan *idols* are for him always "images." But it is when the text gives him a chance to rail at our sacraments, that his foul mouth spurts its worst venom. "Anointing," or unction, is for him only "smering" (smearing); to "consecrate" becomes "to charm;" "sacraments," are but "ceremonies," and "ceremonies" themselves are impiously caricatured as "witchcraft," by this unprincipled translator.

The Presbyterian Bible, as we said before, accomplished its mission. It trained up generations to misunderstand, under pretence of understanding the Sacred Books, to find in them a help to unlearn the old creed, and to learn new heresies, such as that good works were worthless, and that Catholics were to be exterminated as idolaters. During the first twenty years of the seventeenth century, there was little left of Catholicity in England. The nobles and gentry had been exiled, or driven, by fines and confiscation, to save some remnant of their own, into the Anglican Church; the poorer class had lost their faith from fear, evil example, and the absence of the Catholic ministry, for no priest could live in England unless in a hiding-place, like the priests and bishops of the early Church

Indeed it seems to have been popular in England down almost to the Restoration under Charles II. Milton, in some of his controversial pamphlets, seems to sneer at, or at least to talk lightly of the New Version, made by King James and his churchmen. The Geneva version seems to have held its ground in New England for a still longer time. See a learned and most instructive article on the "Bible in American History," by John Gilmary Shea, Esq., in the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, 1878. Even should the frontispiece of a Geneva Bible be lost, it can always be distinguished from others by two marks. The word "aprons" (Gen. iii., 7), is translated "breeches," and the word "manger" in St. Luke (ii. 16), is always rendered "cratch," which seems to be Yorkshire dialect for a large basket.

in pagan times. The statute-books teemed with laws for the repression of Catholic worship, known legally as treason and idolatry, and there was very little danger that it could again lift its head. But the Presbyterian Bible, the human instrument that had brought about this desired result, like all human instruments lost its credit by age, and was rejected by the very men to whom it had been such a source of gain in the religious sense. And this brings us to an examination of the second revision, or translation rather, of the Protestant Bible, which was made by church authority—such authority as exists in a church that boasts of being human and fallible—and confessedly because the existing versions were incorrect and corrupt.

In the days of King James I., when the High Church faction was no longer the inconsiderable handful of former days, but had grown up to be a power in Anglicanism, they began to express their contempt of the Presbyterian Bible,—that very Bible, it must be remembered, which had helped to bring about the Protestantizing of the country. To that Bible they owed everything, their usurped sees, their ecclesiastical revenues, unincumbered by provision for the poor, their freedom from canon law, from Rome's supervision, in a word, from every restraint that might gall a carnal-minded man, whose lines have fallen in the pleasant places of church preferment. But there was a spectre in their path. It was the Puritan who wanted more liberty for himself, and clamored for restrictions on Episcopal power, which he declared unscriptural. The Puritan had his Bible at his back. As long as he had decried the Catholic Church of past ages by calling it a "congregation," her bishops "overseers," and their vestments "rags of the Babylonish woman," their enemies had nothing to say; they found no fault. But when their own growing, princely state, which they had only lately discovered, was called in question, they came to the conclusion that it was desirable to put down the Puritan and his Bible. But, though anxious to do this, for awhile they were afraid to move in the matter, fearing that a new translation would damage their cause, since Presbyterian divines also were anxious to have one, and seemed to have gotten the ear of the King. But they took heart and consented to a new translation, when James I. abandoned the Presbyterians, who seemed sure of his protection, and came round to the side of the Bishops, giving them the amplest assurances as to what he intended the new version to be. The royal Solomon had found out, he said, that regal as well as episcopal authority was menaced by the Puritan faction. As he himself curtly expressed it: "No Bishop, no King." He had read the notes of the Geneva translators, and had found them "untrue, seditious, full of disloyalty, and treasonable." He had examined all current English Bibles, and

decided that none of them were good, but that the Genevan was worst of all.¹

Here we have a general decision pronounced by the official head of the Anglican Church, that all its Bibles, without exception, were bad; in other words, did not contain the pure word of God which they pretended to have introduced into the country. It may be said that James was no scholar. Such, surely, was not his own opinion, nor that given out by his flatterers in Church and State. He was, in any case, Head of the Church, and none of those who held him to be such, would dispute his right to make a translation himself, or to adopt and authorize one made by others as if it were his own, and to enforce its use by pains and penalties. But whatever may be thought of King James's theological or biblical knowledge, it is certain that there must have been some of it among the thousand ministers of the Church of England, who addressed what is known as the "millenary" petition to King James, praying him to grant some redress of abuses in the English Church. They seem to have been a middle element between the Episcopal and Puritan party. They acknowledge the King's supremacy, but yet look for, as they profess, "not a disorderly innovation, but a due and godly reformation." They pray for a fresh translation on the ground that all existing translations were unfaithful. "May it please Your Majesty" (they say) "that the Bible be newly translated, such as are extant not answering the original." Of the Bible translation which the Communion Book maintained, they declare it "a most corrupt translation." We say nothing of individual theologians, such as Dr. Reynolds, of Oxford, or Broughton, of Cambridge, whom Strype calls "the greatest scholar of his age for Hebrew," and who discovered in the "Bishop's Bible" what he calls "many errors, traps, and pitfalls." Now, if this corrupt "Bishop's Bible" (or Parker's) was an improvement on Tyndal's and Coverdale's, what must be thought of their corruption? What must be said, above all, of Tyndal's New Testament, which Cranmer himself stigmatized as "crafty, false, and untrue" (Dore, *Old Bibles*, p. 74). Thus do they all bear testimony to each other's corruptions. In King James's rules for his new translators, it was laid down as a principle that the Bishop's Bible was to serve as a standard, and to be as little altered as the truth of the original would permit. It was further provided that Tyndal's, Coverdale's, the Geneva, etc., should be used in preference, when they agree better with the text. What

¹ Jeremy Collier's *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, with Barham's Notes, London, 1840, vol. vii., Book viii., where all the sayings and doings of the royal theologian are reported, and a full account of the Hampton Conferences and the subsequent translation is given. Collier is, on the whole, a conscientious writer, though no friend to the Puritans, and sufficiently anti-Catholic to keep up his character of Protestant historian.

was this but an acknowledgment, that in spite of so many attempts, they had not yet succeeded, and that their last effort (the Bishop's Bible, which was considered "as the work of the Church, and not of private men") did not agree always with "the text" or with "the truth of the original?"

The labors of King James's translators, forty-seven in number, began in 1604, and lasted down to 1611. Had they been sincere in doing their work, they might have given us a far better version than they did. We hear sometimes pity expressed for their lack of critical data, and this is made an excuse for their imperfect work. Much of that pity is thrown away, and is merely a foil to set off the excellence of the revision of 1881. They had in their possession two of the most important critical helps, of which our late revisers have availed themselves. They had the Latin Vulgate, one of the noblest monuments of Christian antiquity, and they had a sufficient stock of quotations from the Fathers, Greek and Latin, to turn to some good account. But their sectarian hatred made them overlook or contemptuously fling away these treasures. They despised the Latin Vulgate, and they abhorred the very name of the Fathers. The former was the consecrated storehouse, not only of the ancient revelation, but also of Rome's sacred language; and the idea that she had Romanized God's Word grew up naturally in the breasts of those who were themselves adepts in the wicked art of Bible-corruption. The Fathers were witnesses to Catholic truth, and were therefore set down as worthless, because they had been carried away by what the irreligious slang of the day styled the delusions of "the great apostasy." But apart from this rancor against Rome and the Fathers, it did not enter into the intention of the translators to make a good or critical version. It was merely a contest between the Episcopal and Puritan wing of the translating body, to see which could get most of its special doctrine into the new edition, and, as usually happens in such contests, where honesty of principle is wanting, the result was compromise and mutual concession. Thus, in Timothy it is "a bishop," who is allowed to have one wife; but, in Acts xx. where he is set by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church of God, he is degraded into an "overseer." *Priest*, too, is always rendered "elder," though King James had given them the proper rule, viz., "The old Ecclesiastical words to be retained." But this rule, so agreeable to equity and common sense, was not observed save in one case, the uniform substitution of "church" for the Presbyterian corruption, "congregation." The King had specially insisted on this change, otherwise, the obnoxious word would have been retained in some places

For the priesthood, eldership was substituted, and, in return, Presbyterian interpolations about the election of church officers by vote of the people, were allowed to be stricken out. And

what the anti-Puritan faction considered, no doubt, a great triumph, the Royal supremacy was introduced, or craftily insinuated in 1 Peter ii. 13: "Be subject, therefore, . . . to the King as supreme." This was not quite as good as what was read in the Bible printed under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., viz., "Be subject to the King, as to the CHIEF HEAD;" but it was some improvement on the Geneva Bibles, some of which read, "Be subject to the King, as having pre-eminence," others, "as the superior."

Thus, by a system of mutual giving and taking, they hoped to patch up a book which might satisfy both sides. But this disgraceful proceeding is proof sufficient that it was not their aim to give a translation which should represent God's pure unadulterated Word, but to make the truths of that Word a matter of shameful traffic and barter in the interests of party. How fairly they dealt with each other may be seen by a little anecdote, which comes to us on good authority. Sir Henry Saville had charge of the translation of St. Peter's Epistles. In one of these (1 Peter iii. 18, 19) is a passage, which Catholics have always insisted is favorable to the doctrine of Purgatory, and is supported by the Apostles' Creed. Bishop Montague, of Chichester, who leaned towards Catholic doctrine, seeing the passage, as printed in the edition of 1611, reproached Saville with having perverted its meaning, whereupon Saville candidly told him that he had translated the passage fairly and as it should be, but that two other members of the board, Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Smith, Bishop of Gloucester, had taken it up after it left his hands, and dishonestly given it a sectarian color.¹ But if the fears and interests of the two factions brought about some mutual forbearance in their joint labor of 1611, they had no such reason to show tenderness to the Old Church, or to reject the numerous anti-Catholic corruptions with which former English Bibles were teeming. It suited both parties to retain them, and so they did. Most of the mistranslations on free-will, justification, good works, the Sacraments, were retained, and perhaps some new ones added, out of deference to Beza. But, in some places, the fraud was so glaring, that they thought it expedient to win some credit for honesty by eliminating

¹ Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible, Author's Preface, p. 22, of New York (Sadlier) edition, printed about forty years ago, though no year is given on the title-page. Well may Ward add, that if Abbot laid hand so freely on God's Holy Word, there is no reason to think that any scruple would prevent himself and his scribe, Mason, from fixing up (as they evidently did) the Lambeth Records to make out Parker's consecration.

Sir Henry Saville was the editor of St. John Chrysostom's works, and one of the most learned Greek scholars of his day. His edition of St. Chrysostom (Eton, 1612), is considered in many respects preferable to the great edition of the Benedictine Montfaucon. His persistent refusal of all preferment in the Anglican church would seem to indicate that he did not heartily embrace her new doctrines.

it from their new Bible. To this Gregory Martin had contributed not a little by his Catholic-English version, known as the Rhemish and Douay Bible; and likewise Drs. Bristow and Worthington, by their notes, respectively, on the New Testament, of Rheims (1582), and the Old, of Douay (1609-10.)¹ In their notes, Bristow and Worthington pointed out the many errors and corruptions, arising not out of ignorance, but design, which disgraced all the pretended translations existing in English up to that day. Dr. Gregory Martin went still further, and made it the subject of a most elaborate and learned work, entitled *A Discoverie of the Manifol Corruptions of the Hoily Scriptures, etc.*, and printed at Rheims in the same year as his New Testament, 1582. These indignant protests, seconded by the writings of other theologians, who took up the pen, in English, to warn their countrymen, or, in Latin, to lay bare such fraud to learned Europe, could not remain unknown or unheeded in England, during the thirty years that passed between the date of the Rhemish version and the completion of King James's new Bible. They were known, but they were not heeded to the extent that just complaints should be by honest men. The translators condescended to knock out a few places that had been perverted to identify our creed with idolatry. Are we to thank them for this? These corrupt Scriptures had already wrought their intended purpose. They had made us out idolaters, achieved and justified our extermination. Our religion was proscribed, our priests hunted to death like wild beasts. To teach our faith at home or learn it abroad was a felony, and to secure its extinction, it was enacted that there should be neither marriage nor baptism outside of the Protestant Church.² Having attained their end, they could well afford to show a little respect for truth, that would do us no good and them no harm. They could, without any great loss, restore a trifling part of God's word to its original meaning,

¹ It is a rare thing to find a complete set of these venerable tomes. The writer has the New Testament ("printed at Rhemes, by John Fogny," 1582) and the first volume of the Old ("printed at Doway by Lawrence Kellam, at the Signe of the Holie Lambe," 1609). But the second volume of the Old Testament belongs to the reprint of "John Cousturier, Rouen, 1631." The Library of the Seminary of St. John the Baptist, in Charleston, S. C., had the Old Testament of Rouen (Cousturier), 1635, two volumes, and the New (same place and publisher), 1633. The St. Charles's Seminary Library, of Philadelphia, has the first volume of Douay, 1609, though a title-page has been lost. The second volume is wanting. The third volume, or New Testament, also lacks the title-page. It certainly is not that of Rheims, 1652. It may be the reprint of Douay (1600), or of Antwerp (1630), but not that of Rouen (1633). For its type does not resemble that of Cousturier. Both in Roman and italic (which is profuse) it approaches very closely that of Rheims. There is a Paris edition also of 1633, mentioned by some, which might have been printed at Rheims with the false date of Paris, as was then no unusual thing among printers. We do not pretend to decide in the absence of sufficient data.

² See the seventy new articles added to the Penal Code by two bills of James's Parliament, in 1605.

by altering a few passages, where *idols* had been perverted into *images*, or *idolatry* into *image-worship*. That they were not honest as men or interpreters, is proved by the fact that they corrected only a few places, while common honesty and decent respect for God's Word demanded the correction of all. Thus to give one example out of a thousand, they could reject the two interpolated words ("graven images") from II. Paralip. xxxvi. 8; but to propitiate the Puritan they had no scruple to retain "image" in Rom. xi. 4, where the Apostle never wrote it.¹

And thus King James's Bible came into the world with the false pretence of being a new and accurate rendering of the Revealed Word, while it was in reality, on the one hand, a shift to preserve peace or patch up a hollow truce between rival factions; on the other a deliberate attempt to maintain and perpetuate many and the worst of the anti-Catholic corruptions of its predecessors. The latter has been amply shown by many of our controversial writers, by none better than by Ward in his well-known work *Errata of the Protestant Bible*. Many divines have attempted to answer this book, but none of them proved a match for our Catholic laymen.² Amongst his other merits he keenly analyzes and unerringly points out the wicked motives that lay at the bottom of each and every attempt to pervert the text. And this is what seems to make some of our opponents very indignant. They are quite outspoken in their denunciation of the wickedness and uncharitableness of our diving into the hearts of those translators, that we may find there and draw out hidden motives to hold up to the world's condemnation. This deserves a word or two of remark.

With all due respect to these inculcators of Christian charity, we think a Catholic theologian is as competent as any one else to decide, *when* a Biblical mistranslation means simply an error arising from ignorance, and *when* it means fraud prompted by malice. The former he knows how to pity or excuse, the latter he must not only expose but condemn. For example, when the Protestant interpreter of whatever date translates *semamit* (Prov. xxx. 28) by "spider," we do not blame the writer, but pity his want of prudence in not consulting St. Jerome, who would have given him the true meaning, *stellio* or "lizard," as all now admit. So, too, when (ibid. v. 25) he gives us "conies" for *shepanim* (the hyrax or Ierboa), or "peacocks" for "ostriches" (*renanim* Job xxxix. 13), we call them errors, or marks of human frailty. He can have meant nothing wrong, for the question would naturally occur

¹ This interpolation was not found in all the Genevan Bibles. It is absent from that contained in Hutter's Polyglott of 1599, where the reading is correct, "bent the knee to Baal."

² Since his death fresh attacks have been made upon his work. But they have been ably refuted, and Ward's accuracy thoroughly established, by two of our most illustrious theologians, Lingard and Milner.

"cui bono?" But when we see him tampering with the text to insinuate that God is the author of sin and reprobation, that faith is all-sufficient, that good works have no merit, that we cannot keep the commandments, etc.,—when we see this done, not once or twice, but persistently and systematically, so as by the aid of mistranslation to commend every point of his own creed and condemn every point of our own,—we must be very good-natured or very silly to imagine that he has done this ignorantly or innocently. In private life or social intercourse the precept of Christian charity is very stringent, and extends to a man's motives. But in law, and proportionally in the domain of history, the guilty man, that is, one whose wrong-doing stands revealed before the public, can put in no plea, nor his friends or counsel on his behalf, that he is to be judged by the rules of Christian charity. No; he is to be judged by the maxims of common law. Hence the internal motives of the accused are to be determined by his outward actions, whenever these have been proved by incontrovertible evidence; and his only subterfuge lies in his being able satisfactorily to answer, or to evade, the all-important legal question of *cui bono*? Can any one of our Protestant translators make any show of either answering or evading this question? None surely; nor have they ever made the attempt. It can be, and has been a thousand times, sufficiently proved that their deliberate departure from the original Hebrew or Greek was in the interest of the new and against the old doctrine. They not only changed and falsified the actual meaning of Bible words, but introduced into the text new words never revealed to the Sacred Writer. This they cannot deny, for, without making actual comparison with the originals, the Revision of 1881 (though confined to the New Testament) sufficiently proves it. Nor will they presume to deny that the uniform result of all such changes has been to give plausibility to the new opinions, or cast blame on the belief of Christ's Church for many preceding centuries. This is answer enough to the legal question of "*cui bono*?" and the *animus rei*, the motive which prompted the accused, in their action, is irrevocably settled by law.

It would be enough for us to show that they had done this *once*, for then we could validly plead against them the axiom of Roman law: *Semel malus semper malus præsumitur in eodem genere mali*.¹ "He who is once a wrong-doer is presumed ever afterwards to be a wrong-doer, provided it be in the same kind of wrong-doing."

¹ This axiom, in the abbreviated form in which it is sometimes quoted, "*Semel malus semper malus*," is liable to misapprehension, and is often misapplied. Neither in canon nor civil law, nor by individuals, can Cajus be suspected of murder, because he was once a thief. But if Cajus is detected ten times in the crime of uttering forged paper, when he presents the eleventh paper, not only the law, but any private citizen is justified in suspecting him of forgery. This is exactly the case of our English translators.

And this would justify us in suspecting them of evil intention, whenever they tamper with a text which concerns Catholic doctrine, even though through ignorance or bungling they may have failed to pervert such text successfully enough to suit their wicked will.¹ Our *presumption* against them is fully made out by the rule of law just quoted. It says *once* is enough, *semel malus*. What if he be found not *semel*, but *centies malus*, guilty not once, but scores and hundreds of times? And do not these translators stand convicted of altering the sacred text, not once or twice, but a hundred times, and always in the interest of their sect? What, then, becomes of the wretched plea that we should make Christian charity the test, whereby to try and judge these wicked falsifiers of God's Word? But, worthless as the plea is, they have debarred themselves from its benefit by their own voluntary confession. In the words of the Roman orator: *Habemus confitentes reos*. Luther and Beza, who were princes and leaders in this vile work, and whose translations have exercised a constant and deadly influence on all English versions of the Bible, were not ashamed to acknowledge that they had corrupted the text by interpolation, or other arbitrary way. And, not content with confessing the misdeed, they avow also their criminal motive, which was to put Lutheranism into the mouth of an inspired Apostle, or to wrest this or that text from the hands of the "Papists." As far as Luther is concerned, let any one read his *Sendschreiben von Dolmetschen* (Circular Letter on Translation), in which he not only lets out facts, but the *principles* that guided him in translating Scripture. As to Beza, the reader may consult *The Four Gospels*, by George Campbell, D.D. (vol. i., Prelim. Dissert., x.), a book easily found in this country, having been reprinted in New York or Andover (from the latest London edition) in 1837.²

King James's Bible met with the fate of most compromises. It failed to satisfy both parties. The Puritans, like all unruly spirits, who clamor for liberty, that they may lord it over others,³ became vexed that they had sacrificed anything to their Episcopalian opponents. But the King's power was a restraint, which fettered their wishes and designs, and which they could not overcome. Some may think that the revision of 1881 is the first since 1611; but this is not exact. There was one not only contemplated but commenced and partially executed, though never completed, in the year 1656. When the establishment of the Commonwealth had put the Puritan party in power, and their own supremacy in

¹ There are not a few of such texts both in the Old and New Testament, where we see bad-will, but can only speculate as to their precise motive.

² This subject has already been discussed in the REVIEW, and we shall return to it in a concluding article on "Beza as Interpreter."

³ "License they mean when they cry liberty," as one of their poets has said.

religion and the Church had been substituted for the royal headship, they thought it a good time to carry out their design. Accordingly the "Grand Committee of Religion" laid plans for a "new translation," which was to be intrusted to the hands of Dr. Walton¹ and five other divines; and meetings in furtherance of the design were held at Speaker Balstrode Whitlock's house. Though they called it a translation, they would probably have taken King James's Bible as a text, and merely reinserted in it the corruptions of the Geneva editions. But the project fell through owing to Cromwell's death. So that Protestants are indebted to Charles II., and the "blessed" Restoration, for not possessing a rival Cromwell Bible by the side of King James's.

We have dealt at such length with the earlier or "Presbyterian" family of English Bibles, and their successor, the King James's version, that our readers may think we have lost sight of the Revision. But the fact is, no proper criticism of the value of the latter was possible, without a history of its predecessors, and of their doctrinal corruptions, which are far more important in such a book than mere uncritical readings. One of the greatest benefits conferred by the revision on the English Protestant world, though very few, or none seem to realize it, is that all the wicked translations, whether by falsification of meaning, or by interpolation, or by foisting of glosses into the text, that we have mentioned above as existing in the Presbyterian Bible, and retained by King James, all, without exception, have been ruthlessly swept away by the critical besom of the revisers. And why? Solely on the ground that they were *corruptions*. They do not explicitly say *sectarian* corruptions, nor need we insist on their saying it; but they recognized them as such, and every honest man, every friend of religious truth must be thankful that they have with unsparing hand driven these unholy abominations out of the Book of God's revelation. This proves that their honesty was wholesale, not partial, or interested.

They have further done homage to true science and honored themselves by the honor they have rendered, indirectly at least, to St. Jerome and our Latin Vulgate. It is a noble gloss, though from Protestant hands, on the text of the Tridentine decree, which declares the Vulgate *authentic*. The early translators in their ignorance and conceit railed at the Vulgate, and by implication at the oldest and best copies of the original whence it was drawn; and this railing has continued with more or less of virulence down to our day. But see what wonders time and the progress of science effect! Every new discovery of old biblical texts, every im-

¹ It was wise of them to turn their eyes to this man of most eminent learning, and who thought very highly of the Vulgate. But he would have been overruled, no doubt, by the fanatics, as Sir Henry Saville was by the unprincipled prelate, Archbishop Abbot.

partial scientific research in biblical lore has brought about more and more the persuasion, that the genuine text can be recovered only by receding as far back as possible from the *Textus Receptus* (or *Corruptus*) that underlies the Protestant version. What is this but going back to the Vulgate? Science, then, true science, has in this case done what it always has power to do: it has led them out of the shameful hereditary error to which they had clung for centuries, and has brought them—shall we say to our feet? God forbid that we should indulge in such idle, sinful boast! No! but it has led them, willing captives, to kneel at the foot of Truth. And for such result, though it come not up to the full measure of our hopes and prayers, we heartily thank God.

Our want of further space compels us to postpone to a future number some remarks upon the more important changes made by the Revisers, and an animadversion or two on some few errors which they failed to correct.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

IT may not be in the highest degree practical to analyze a bill which an eminent British Liberal, Mr. Matthew Arnold, describes as “a miracle of intricacy and complication;” to which three thousand amendments are on file, many of which are sure to be adopted and which may never pass the House of Lords.

But there is a sense of satisfaction in knowing what features of the bill are to be amended, and what is the general character of the measure which may be discarded by the upper house. It is interesting to know what bill represents to-day the opinion of the most advanced section of the English Liberals towards Ireland, and it will be especially curious to compare this measure of 1881 with the bill introduced and carried through by the same eminent minister in 1870. We will get at least a test of the growth of British statesmanship on the chief question which makes the present hostile attitude of Ireland toward her government.

At the opening of the session in 1870 Mr. Gladstone stated that “the duty of the government in regard to the condition of Ireland was absolutely paramount and primary. With regard to Fenianism, he believed it would receive its death-blow from the passing of good and just laws for removing the evils accompanying the tenure and cultivation of land in Ireland.” When the subject next

came up, and the bill of that year was brought forward "in a crowded house," says the authorized biographer of the minister, Mr. George Barnett Smith, "Mr. Gladstone alluded to the predictions of the opponents of the Irish Church bill twelve months before, that it was the land and not the church which lay at the root of Irish grievances. He therefore trusted that the opposition would approach the subject with a due sense of its importance. The necessity of sealing up the controversy was admitted by all fair-minded and moderate men on both sides."

Then he proceeded to dissipate some "misapprehensions which prevailed as to the condition of Ireland;" he denied that the Irish were prone to disorder; he denied that the land laws ought to produce the same result in England and Ireland because they appeared to be the same; he denied that the Irish people had no cause for discontent. He admitted that the course of legislation for fifty years had been detrimental to the interests of the workers of the soil. He admitted that after England "had been legislating for a century in favor of Ireland, it was a matter of doubt whether, as far as the law was concerned, the condition of the occupier was better than before the repeal of the Penal Laws." It is not worth while now to inquire whether in making this extraordinary confession the first minister intended to reflect on the sincerity or the intelligence of English legislators for Ireland.

But he was sure that his bill of 1870 would remedy all the ills that had continued to exist in spite of the "century of favorable legislation." It would reverse the presumption of law in favor of yearly tenancies, and "would not leave owners and occupiers full freedom of contract." He passed his bill. Three hundred amendments were offered to it; that was thought very remarkable. He made his great speeches on insecurity of tenure, "which paralyzed the occupier's industry and vitiated his relations with his landlord, with the state, and with society at large." It is a singular fact that there is no essential feature in the bill before Parliament to-day except one,—the provision, almost wholly, impracticable, for the creation of peasant proprietary,—which he did not claim to have in his bill of ten years ago!

That bill pretended to make the Ulster tenant right the law for all Ireland; so does this. That bill pretended to give compensation to the tenant for improvements which increased the permanent value of the land; so does this. That bill pretended to provide damages for evictions; so does this. That bill created what was really a land court; so does this. In concluding one of his best and most powerful speeches during the session of that year, the minister expressed sentiments almost identical with those to be found in his more recent deliverances.

There is no reason to doubt that he believed that his bill would,

if it became a law, change the Irish tenant into a loyal subject. He did not realize the magnitude of the evils underlying a system which centuries of wrong had matured into a machine of torture far surpassing all the cruel devices which the malicious ingenuity of man had ever contrived for the destruction of men; a machine which was not humane enough to kill at once, but which kept its victims barely living, and made their lives one frightful story of misery. A machine which made men hate order, hate thrift, detest industry, abhor economy; which transformed virtue into vice and made sin wear a mask which resembled duty; a system which rendered ignorance compulsory, disorder inevitable, sloth a necessity, idleness universal. A system which exiled capital from the country, which sent the fruits of the soil to the cities of the continent or the shops of London; and which preserved in serfdom millions of white men and women whose slavery was without a hope so long as they remained in their native land.

"If I am asked," said Mr. Gladstone, "what I hope to effect by this bill, I certainly hope we shall effect a great change in Ireland, but I hope also and confidently believe that this change will be accomplished by gentle means. Every line of the measure has been studied with the keenest desire that it shall import as little as possible of shock or violent alteration into any single arrangement now existing between landlord and tenant in Ireland. There is no doubt much to be undone; there is no doubt much to be improved; but what we desire is that the work of this bill shall be like the work of Nature herself, when she restores on a desolated land what has been laid waste by the wild and savage hand of man. Its operations will, we believe, be quiet and gradual. We wish to alarm none; we wish to injure none. What we wish is that where there has been despondency there shall be hope; where there has been mistrust there shall be confidence; where there has been alienation and hate, there shall, however gradually, be woven the ties of a strong attachment between man and man. This we know cannot be done in a day. The measure has reference to evils that have been long at work; their roots strike far back into bygone centuries, and it is against the ordinance of Providence, as it is against the interest of man, that immediate reparation should in such cases be possible; for one of the main restraints of misdoing would be removed if the consequences of misdoing could in a moment receive a remedy. For such reparation and such effects it is that we look from this bill, and we reckon on them not less surely and not less confidently because we know they must be gradual and slow; and because we are aware that if it be poisoned by the malignant agency of angry or of bitter passions it cannot do its proper work. In order that there may be a hope of its entire success, it must be passed, not as a triumph of party over

party, of class over class, not as the lifting up of an ensign to record the downfall of that which has once been great and powerful, but as a common work of common love and good-will to the common good of our common country. With such objects and in such a spirit as this, this house will address itself to the work and sustain the feeble efforts of the government. And my hope at least is high and ardent that we shall live to see our work prosper in our hand, and that in Ireland, which we desire to unite to England and Scotland by the only enduring ties,—those of free will and free affection,—peace, order, and a settled and cheerful industry will diffuse their blessings from year to year, from day to day over a smiling land."

The bill which was to accomplish these beneficent designs was passed. Not one of the blessings prophesied has been realized. Its author is now laboring to carry through another measure for the same objects. The landlords in Ireland found no difficulty in evading the law; it was a loosely constructed fence which some crept through and others climbed over, and still others boldly demolished; the courts—of what avail to the tenant were courts in which his landlord sat as judge, either in person or by proxy? Well indeed may Mr. George Barnett Smith cry in the biography of the minister that the "bill did not confiscate a single valuable right of the Irish landlord!"

Especially did it not confiscate any of the rights which he holds most dear. It did not give security of tenure; it did not make Ulster tenant right the law of the country; it did not abolish evictions; it did not place landlord and tenant on an equality before the tribunals of justice; it did not provide any way by which the misfortune of a bad harvest should be shared by the landlord with the tenant. The condition of the tenant grew rapidly worse and worse, and has culminated in a state of surly and morose silence or open rancor, which has not been calmed by the suspension of the primary civil rights guaranteed by constitutional governments in all parts of the world. Mr. Gladstone has not only the same problem before him for settlement in 1881 that he believed he had solved in 1870, but that problem presents new and elusive factors which did not appear ten years ago.

The new bill does indeed attempt to deprive the Irish landlord of some of his valuable rights. He may be equally successful in rescuing them from destruction should the bill pass.

The bill of 1881 may be divided into two parts. The first attempts to abolish tenancies at will by substituting a tenure of fifteen years, under certain statutory provisions. The second part refers the entire subject to a commission of three, who will constitute a court from whose decision there will be no appeal.

The substitution of fifteen years' tenure for tenancy at will is

another fair-weather law. It will work satisfactorily so long as the harvests are good and the means are on hand to pay the rent. Rent agreed upon between landlord and tenant may not be increased for fifteen years without the consent of the tenant, and during that period he cannot be deprived of his holding if he pays the rent; provided, however, he does not injure the property; provided the landlord does not want it for garden purposes, or to build cottages, or for public uses; and if any dispute arise between the landlord and the tenant, it is to be settled in the land court,—in the court established by the land commission for the county. The fifteen years' tenure, therefore, is far from a settlement of the land question, even for that limited period.

In England the rule established by custom is a tenure for twenty-one years. In India there is perpetuity of tenure, granted by British law. The fifteen years' tenure is too short. A thrifty tenant will have only fairly gotten hold of his land, will have learned its peculiarities, will have strengthened it by alternation of crops, by enrichment of the weak places; he will have reclaimed its deserts and drained its bogs; and then, when the work is finished, and he may reasonably expect to make some profit out of it, the lease is out, and the landlord may turn him upon the highway.

But he will get compensation for his improvements says the bill. So said the bill of 1870. The principle of compensation for improvements has been in the land law for ten years. How many tenants obtained any benefit from it? The arrears of rent have first to be satisfied after the court makes the award. A tenant who is evicted for non-payment of rent has not the means to employ lawyers; and in Ireland lawyers do not work for nothing. In Ireland litigation is not a popular pastime. It is not even in as great favor as in the United States. In this country, the judiciary of the States being generally elective, or appointed by an elective executive, the bench is really a bench of the people; it does not represent the government as against the people. The government must go into an American court on the same terms as any other plaintiff or defendant. The court is indifferent between the government and the people; therefore a citizen has every reason to go in with confidence and the government no reason for anticipating the judgment.

This clear judicial atmosphere has never been breathed in Ireland. The people are deeply convinced that in courts presided over by mere servants of the crown, the commands of the crown are the law and the precedents. Centuries of judicial crimes have fastened the conviction of dishonesty so far down in the belief of the Irish people, that it will take at least years of palpable justice to remove it. Lives have been taken by judges sitting on the Irish bench with the heed-

lessness with which a man plucks a cherry off the tree in his own orchard. Property has been stolen by decree. The penal code and its confiscatory provisions destroyed the intuitive law of property right in Ireland. Land became the possession of the strongest robber, or the most obsequious favorite. Courts have existed in Ireland since the overthrow of the old Breton code, and the intrusion of British statutes in lieu of it; and the people have known these courts only as hypocritical spies of the crown, to accomplish, under the grim pretence of equity, the most infamous travesties upon justice. The Irish tenant who, until within a few years, would have presumed to enter an action against his landlord, had he the means to do so, would have been considered a madman by his neighbors. They would have told him that courts existed in Ireland to punish, not to protect him.

Upon the poverty of the tenants first, and upon the cowardice, the venality, and the servility of the courts afterwards, the Irish landlords depended to defeat the compensation for improvements clause in the land law of 1870. Most of them were quite correct in their anticipations. The tenant who was not evicted was too happy in the consciousness of his good fortune to quarrel with the landlord; if he was not evicted, he had no claim for compensation. If he was not able to pay the rent, he suffered the loss of the farm, the loss of all labor which had added to its permanent value, and he had no money to take a lawyer into court for him. The case of a tenant against Lord Lucan, recently decided, has been held extremely remarkable,—not because the decision was against the law, but because it was in accordance with it, and because a tenant had the means to call the landlord into court.

The tenure for fifteen years, with its qualifying provisions, is, it must be admitted, a weak fortification for the tenant. It will serve well enough during prosperous seasons; it will fail in the first emergency. It is not a final remedy for landlordism; it is only another means of postponing the adjustment of a question which will never be settled until it is settled right,—until the law makes the tiller of the soil the rightful owner of the product of his toil.

All the other provisions of the bill of 1881 are referred for administration to a commission of three, "one of whom must previously have been a judge of the supreme judicature of Ireland." The powers of this commission surpass in scope and moral influence, any other confided to three men in time of peace. They are to settle the conditions of tenancies when landlord and tenant cannot agree. They may determine how much rent shall be paid, how it shall be paid, and when. They may create subcommissions wherever they please, to act for them in adjusting disputes. They will award compensation for disturbance, and fix the amount of compensation

for improvement. They may advance money to reclaim waste lands, and to promote emigration. In a word, the outcome of the land agitation in Ireland depends largely on the mere will of these three men.

Tremendous as are the responsibilities involved, the government has treated them almost flippantly. If such a commission were being created to accomplish labors so arduous, and to discharge duties so high and so far reaching in their effects, for the English land system, or for any other similar purpose, the government would be at pains to select its ablest jurist, its most experienced and keenest man of affairs, its most painstaking and methodical accountant. A jurist it has selected; and a man of affairs; and an accountant. They are not named in the bill; but it is an open secret that they are selected.

The member of the supreme judicature of Ireland is Judge Lawson, whose name is as detested by the people as that of Judge Keogh, and for the same reason. Their coupled names have been hissed thousands of times in public, and are execrated in every poor home in Ireland. The man of affairs is Lord Monck. The accountant is Mr. Ball Greene, who is described as a courteous and honorable clerk, and who will carry no weight in the deliberations of the commission. No serious objection has been made to the appointment of Lord Monck.

It is to be observed that in the selection of the commission, the government shows either complete unconsciousness of the right of the tenants of Ireland to be represented on it, or perfect indifference to that right. It would have been an act of gratuitous courtesy to give the tenants one member out of three; but even that bit of politeness, which would have smoothed, if it could not satisfy, has been withheld. It is a landlord commission. The tenantry will have no confidence in it from the beginning. It will have to win their confidence by its course; and it remains to be seen whether its disposition will be in that direction.

Even in fixing the pay of the commission, the government has shown the flippancy of its feeling toward the gravity of the task it is imposing. Each of the commissioners is to have two thousand pounds a year, without extra allowance while on duty, or pension afterwards. This makes the commission an exception to all the other civil servants of the crown; denying them retiring allowances is almost a gruff and surly way of telling them that they have been engaged in work exceedingly unwelcome to the crown, and that they must suffer a mulct on account of it. Or shall they look to the landlords for fees? Such a course appears childish to us in this country, where issues are settled in a practical matter of fact way and not by puerile sentiment; but Ireland has never been governed like any other country, in great things or in small ones.

Besides peevishly withholding the pensions of the commissioners, the bill is censured by both its foes and friends for the inadequacy of the compensation, as compared with that paid other judicial officers. There are twenty Irish judges, whose salaries range from three thousand to ten thousand pounds a year. No one of them has the labor or a tenth of the responsibility which will belong to the land commission. This clause in the bill is a curious illustration of the difference of judgment which an English ministry exercises in correcting the evils which law has created in Ireland, and in curing those which may exist in other parts of the empire.

The severest criticism which has been made upon the bill is its want of clearness and coherency in defining the functions and limiting the discretion of the commission.

The commission has absolute power to dispose of all appeals made to it under the law, and the only restrictions, in addition to the fifteen years' tenure, are these :

The tenant is to have the right of free sale of the tenant-right, that is, any tenant wishing to give up his holding, may dispose of it to the highest bidder.

But if the purchaser be not acceptable to the landlord, the sale is null, the landlord having the right to object to any offering tenant on the score of incapacity or unfitness ; the commission is to decide, if the dispute be referred to it.

On being evicted for non-payment of rent, or any other cause, the tenant is to be allowed compensation for improvements effected by him on the land, the court to fix the amount, if landlord and tenant cannot agree.

When a new tenant, who obtains a holding by purchase of the tenant-right, takes possession, the landlord is to have the right of fixing a new rent, and if the tenant deem it excessive, he may appeal to the commission for arbitration, the decision of the commission being final.

But the bill does not prevent the reopening of disputes, after they have been once settled ; it does not prescribe any clear method of arriving at decisions in any of these contingencies ; it leaves too much to the arbitrary will or prejudice of the members, who, in turn, will leave too much to their subordinates to be appointed to sit in various localities to hear complaints.

The commission is empowered to use public money to move families out of closely crowded sections, and even to arrange for their transportation across seas, and the commission may also recommend the use of public money for reclaiming land.

The commission may aid a tenant to become a purchaser on the following terms: If a landlord desires to sell to the occupiers, the commission may fix the price at a certain number of years' purchase, the government advancing three-fourths of the amount, the

tenants to pay the other fourth, or give a mortgage to the landlord for it.

There are many more details in the clauses creating the commission; these are the chief, and are sufficient to indicate how vast are its prerogatives.

It is obvious that the purchase clause is not going to work a great change, unless the conduct of the commission shall be very favorable to the tenants. Matthew Arnold condemned the bill for this reason: he thinks the purchase clause the weakest in it, and declares that the record of landlordism in Ireland fully warrants the scheduling of the landlords into classes for expropriation, and the advancing of public money to put the tenants in possession. Even the angry Duke of Argyle, who pronounces revolutionary the right of sale by every tenant of the tenant-right, expresses a willingness that the government should aid in promoting the increase of occupying owners. But the commission is given such unlimited liberty in applying the purchase clause that it is not likely much will come of it.

First, the landlord must be willing to sell; second, if he have more than one tenant, three-fourths of all occupying holdings must be willing to undertake to buy; third, the commission must be satisfied of the ability of the tenants to carry out the agreement; and, fourth, the conveyance cannot take place, unless the commission is convinced that a resale can be effected without loss to the government. All this is clumsy, indeterminate, and, to the tenants, costly. They must either pay their fourth of the purchase-money, or give a mortgage and pay interest on that; they must pay the government five per cent. for thirty-five years, and another rate, making in all five and a half or six per cent., to provide a fund to meet expenses and loss. "In other words," says Mr. George Campbell, who had so much to do with settling the land question in India, "in order that their children or grandchildren may become peasant proprietors, they must consent for their own lives to increase their present payments fifty per cent." He is of the opinion that few may be able to do this in Ulster, but he does not think there are many estates in other parts of Ireland where it will be possible.

Much will depend on the temper shown by the commission. If it fixes rents fairly, the tenants will not feel disposed to undertake an enterprise so burdensome, while the landowners, on the other hand, may be brought to retire voluntarily, at least, in considerable numbers, leaving the land in the open market, and facilitating the purchase on better terms than those described by Mr. Campbell. If the landlords are of the same mind as the now well-known Mr. Bence Jones, Ireland will have no great difficulty in getting rid of them.

Mr. Jones still suffers keenly from the effects of his having been "Boycotted," and he is constantly breaking out, now in this periodical, now in that, with some churlish complaint against the tenantry and the government, for he hates them with equal zeal. He never fails to attribute to the former all the vices which his fancy can mention, or to the latter the imbecility of laggards and dolts. He cannot cease regretting that Mr. Secretary Forster was not "Boycotted," and it may be pardonable to add that there are many people in Ireland, and possibly a few in the United States, who, on this point, heartily agree with him. The effect of that quaint discipline on Mr. Jones was really admirable. He left the country, and, although he has been writing ever since with the galled pen of Caliban, he has a right to give vent to his chagrin when it hurts only his own reputation as a gentleman of good manners on paper.

Mr. Jones has gathered many of his printed protestations into book form; their possible force was dissipated by the blunt facts previously given to this country by that intrepid traveller and witty commentator, Mr. James Redpath, who saw a great deal more in Ireland than the British Government should have permitted him to see, and who related all he saw to tens of thousands in the United States, and in few of his audiences did he lack for corroborative witnesses. Nothing that Mr. Bence Jones can say is of value in the land controversy merely because it is he who says it; for he has been effectually shown by Mr. Redpath to be either ill-informed concerning the facts relating to his own estate, or his memory is weak, and, perhaps, at this point Mr. Redpath will permit one, who is not a Presbyterian, to regret that in winning tears and provoking laughter by his graphic description of what he saw in Ireland, he should have said one word painful to the feelings of the Irish Presbyterians, or other members of that, or of the sister Protestant denominations. The debt which the Irish Catholics owes to Mr. Redpath, is not feebly or grudgingly to be acknowledged. As a Protestant, he certainly was free to say what he pleased on his own responsibility of his fellow-Protestants. A Catholic will not be refused by him the privilege of uttering a regret that he should assail by even quips any portion of the Protestants in Ireland, or elsewhere, while championing the cause, in which four-fifths of the victims are Catholics.

As for the Irish Presbyterians, the simple truth is that they long suffered as dreadfully as the Catholics for their religious opinions; it is not true, as has been recklessly asserted, that they founded the Orange Society; on the contrary, they were, by its constitution, excluded from it in common with Catholics. It is, on the other hand, true that many of the sturdiest of Irish patriots,—men, who talked little, and turned their silence into blows for their unhappy country,—were Presbyterians. Many of the refugees, whom the

suppression of the industries in Ulster drove into exile in the eighteenth century, emigrated to the colonies; they carried with them, in many cases, strong Presbyterian belief, and an equally strong hatred of political and religious tyranny, and, when soldiers were wanted for the war of the Revolution, their experience in Ireland under English proscription did not diminish their valor. The Irish Presbyterians have not had justice done them in Irish history. Of course, in Mr. Redpath's case, he meant no injustice; he meant merely to be witty.

It is with genuine pleasure that the Irish tenantry who knew him will learn from Mr. Bence Jones, that if the land bill pass he will never return among them. "The Act of 1870," he says in a recent dissertation, "was heavy discouragement to those who were not as far advanced as I was in improving. But if this bill is passed as it now stands, it will drive us all away, as is now seen and admitted by everybody. Landlords will wholly cease to spend money on their estates. Knowing much of improvers in the South, I believe all will go in such time and way as their different positions make most advantageous. I shall certainly do so myself. I went to Ireland thirty-eight years ago to do my duty," and now he will have no more of it.

Mr. Jones, it will be observed, is not above resorting to a little cant; one would suppose he went to Ireland to make money. As to the sad state of the Irish landlords who spent money making improvements, and who, by the creation of free sale of tenant-right, will lose something unless they raise rents, their number is happily so small that the sympathy of mankind will scarcely lament their misfortunes while beholding the condition of their wretched tenantry. It has never been characteristic of Mr. Bence Jones to see any good in an Irish tenant or any much evil in the Irish landlord; but it is true, nevertheless, that the rule in Ireland has been the tenants made the improvements and the landlord then raised his rent. But he is unquestionably correct when he declares that men who bought land in Ireland under the law creating the Landed Estates Court should not now be robbed of the rights guaranteed them in the terms of their purchase. The purchasers who bought in estates at that time were guaranteed absolute ownership; they were assured that no claims of any nature existed against their title. Many of these estates have been occupied by tenants who have done nothing to improve them; and it seems a considerable hardship to the owners that Parliament should now create a partnership right for these tenants which they may take into the market and sell. The Duke of Argyle, among the many fallacious arguments he urges against the bill, presents one which is transparently foolish. The bill makes no discrimination, he says, between landlords who have made no improvements and landlords who have made

all the improvements; between tenants who have made all the improvements and tenants who have made none. Now, while it is true that there are few landlords in Ireland upon whom rests the credit of spending money on their estates, it is assuredly good morals not to cheat one man in order to be just to another; and the equitable rights of the landlords who have done anything to acquire such rights should be respected. In fact, the bill does respect them, for it requires the court to award a proportionate amount of the tenant-right to the landlord if he have an equitable claim.

The bill of 1870 contained substantially all that this bill contains on that point; the landlords felt so much confidence in defeating the bill then that they made no considerable outcry. But they are perfectly aware, as is Mr. Bence Jones, that if this bill pass, they will have no slight opposition to contend against; the people were not then inflamed to the pitch at which feeling has been seething for the past year; they had not then the tremendously strong organization which they have now; the clergy and the people were not together then as they are now. The Ireland of 1881 is not the Ireland of 1870. A season of famine has made the people stronger. There was no fund then, as there is now, to provide able counsel to guard the people's rights in court. They have found their friends throughout the world; their condition opened up the discussion of the merits of the land laws; and when a government is driven to the expedient of suspending *habeas corpus* and of imprisoning men without warrants and keeping them in jails without trial, the government is in a precarious state, and those who look to it to bolster up the wrong that has resulted in such a crisis, are reckless of their welfare. If the bill pass, it will do a great deal toward rendering the Irish landlord uncomfortable. That such a bill should need to be passed in the latter half of the nineteenth century is a suggestive criticism on the way mankind have of flattering themselves on their achievements.

But if the bill pass it will not settle the land question, it will only postpone the settlement. It will never be settled until the man who tills the land lives by the land. It will never be settled until the man who tills the land shall have the first right to the fruits of his labor, and an equal voice with every other man in framing the laws he has to obey, and which determine the rights of property and labor and regulate all economic questions.

As the Irish people in Ireland are a nation of farmers, the land question will not be settled until they are also a nation of land-owners. As the Crown of Great Britain deprived them by long-continued and well-devised legislation of the opportunity of getting their living by any other means than by farming, the Crown is bound to see that they get a living by that. They cannot get it so

long as they are only tenants, with the armies of the Crown to compel them to give the crops to the landlord, even to the last sheaf of the harvest, to pay the rent. The land question in Ireland will never be settled until the failure of a crop shall fall upon the landlord when it falls upon the tenant. The Crown now has fifty thousand soldiers in Ireland to reinforce the constabulary for the repression of the people. That is a very expensive way of protecting a system which has nothing to recommend it, and whose death would be a blessing to all classes in the country and to humanity.

The only true remedy is that so often pointed out,—the remedy which even the experience of the British government itself so emphatically indorses, and without which it could not have one day of peace in India,—the remedy of peasant proprietary under state trusteeship. The landlords of Ireland will have to be expropriated. If the government does not provide an equitable and peaceful way for their elimination, it may be apprehended that they will nevertheless have to go.

WHAT RIGHT HAS THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO MISMANAGE THE INDIANS?

A Century of Dishonor: a Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H., author of "Verses," "Bits of Travel," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1881.

Present Aspects of the Indian Question. By Carl Schurz. North American Review, July, 1881.

OUR government, although a matter of pride to Americans, and one under which the resources of the country have been developed to an unexampled degree, as compared with other systems, has nevertheless points where what is weak and unsound and vicious seem so deeply rooted that we are sometimes tempted to doubt whether the country has prospered really by the influence of such a government or actually in spite of it.

If there be one department rather than another which should make every honest American hang his head with shame, it is the whole subject of the relations of the Federal government to the Indian tribes. Its policy was based on unsound principles, and has been carried out with imbecility, fraud, and cruelty,—an utter absence of good faith and sound political wisdom.

After the discovery of America the sovereigns in Europe, under

whose auspices expeditions were fitted out to explore the New World, claimed the territories found and colonized by their citizens, subject to the Indian right of occupation. This vague term meant much or little. The Catholic sovereigns of France, Spain, and Portugal recognized the Indians as subjects who were to be made Christians and raised as far, and as soon as possible, to civilization. The great moral obligation and responsibility were fully recognized and formed the basis of the whole system of intercourse with the native tribes. Even where wrongs were committed you can always trace the recognition of this principle.

With the English, however, there was no such responsibility recognized. Not a document, from Elizabeth to George III., exists in which a ruler of Great Britain shows a sense of this deep moral obligation, or attempted, even in the most rude and primitive fashion, to relieve his conscience by laying down a system to be pursued by his subjects settled in America and their local governments.

Spain obtained her dominion in America mainly by war, and held it by right of conquest ; but once mistress of the country, laid down in full detail a course of policy which, much as we might question it in portions, was sound on theory and based on conscience.

France secured her foothold on the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi by a friendly course, winning and retaining to the last the goodwill of the various nations in the territory to which, as against other Europeans, her sons laid claim, and carrying on no war except in defence of the settlers or their allies. From the very outset the French government recognized its duty to the Indians, the obligation to protect, civilize, and Christianize the native tribes in the territory where she planted the lily-broidered flag. Her system was not so elaborate as that of Spain, as the circumstances of the two parts of the continent differed widely. Spanish law aimed to prevent the Indians from being enslaved and oppressed, for in her conquests there was a large Indian population, which love of gain led the Spaniards to enslave and oppress, while in the North the Indians were too independent and manly to be deprived of their freedom by the French.

Not only the patents issued by the kings, but the narratives of explorers like Champlain and Lescarbot attest the deep-seated conviction of their duty to the Indians. With the very commencement of French colonization began efforts to convert and civilize the Indians. Their languages, manners, ideas were studied, and their system of intercourse, where advantageous, adopted as a basis. The wampum belt, the calumet, presents to repair wrongs done, were all adopted. Before the language of a single tribe under English or Dutch rule, from the Merrimac to the Savannah, had been

investigated, the French in Canada had printed works in Huron and Montagnais, in the languages spoken from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Upper Lakes, as the Spaniards had in the prevailing language of Florida.

The French sought by missionary influence to check the inter-tribal wars and infuse a Christian spirit, encouraging the tribes to rely more on agriculture. Their error was in pushing the fur trade, which made the Indians give too much time to hunting, and induced them to kill merely for their skins the wild animals, which constituted their main food supply, and which were soon nearly exterminated, leaving the tribes without any resource, but depending on the most precarious means of subsistence.

The English colonies and the Dutch at New York came as friends, but as soon as their numbers enabled them to attack the Indians began hostilities. The rooting out of the Indians became a principle. Where they went or what became of them was a matter of supreme indifference, except in New England, where they occasionally found it profitable to send them to the West Indies to be sold as slaves, an example which Carolina copied at a later date. Robinson in Holland lived to groan in spirit over the terrible fact that his followers had so soon imbued their hands in Indian blood. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Netherlands, and Virginia had their Indian wars from the very earliest period of their history. Maryland escaped them by beginning on a Catholic and Christian basis. She began by converting rather than fighting, and she stands as a solitary example among the earlier English colonies,—an example not followed till William Penn founded the State that bears his name.

The history of the American colonies is filled with the story of Indian wars. The efforts at conversion were tardy and feeble, and the mission work of Elliot and Mayhew in New England met with opposition, rather than cordial support; and when in the last century the Moravians attempted to elevate the Indians socially and religiously they found public opinion arrayed against them.

Liquor was furnished readily to the Indian tribes. Fire arms and scalping-knives were sold to them without stint. No effort was made to save them from being rendered more degraded by the contamination of the worst refuse of the settlements.

When, at the close of the seventeenth century, Canada had so increased as to excite alarm in the English colonies, the French and English in America became involved in the wars of their respective countries beyond the Atlantic. Then the French made one request which shows the Christian basis of their Indian system. They asked the English colonies to agree not to use Indians in any war that might ensue. This pledge, so nobly asked, was absolutely refused,

but after Indians, hounded on by the English, had given Lachine to the tomahawk and firebrand, Canada, too, used her Indians till the English colonists bitterly rued their folly.

This fatal step, by arousing and stimulating the worst elements in the Indian character, was a bar to progress and to development.

Under the colonial governments there was no wise or statesman-like treatment of the Indian question. Each colony acted for itself, and the native tribes were gradually crowded from their original grounds, or reduced to a mere handful by war, disease, or famine.

Nothing of a general character was attempted till 1756, when Sir William Johnson was appointed by the king "Agent and Sole Superintendent of all the affairs of the Six Nations and other Northern Indians." Previous to that date there was no one to represent the king in transactions with the Indians of the colonies. Each province had in conference and agreements of one kind or another adjusted affairs with the tribes, but there had been no action by the English monarch. In fact, during our whole colonial period, there is no example of any treaty regularly negotiated between an English king and any tribe or tribes.

As the colonists had employed Indians against the French in Canada, so in our Revolution retribution came and they were done to as they had done to others. The British government, which had created a Superintendency and obtained a control over the Indian nations, roused the fierce tribes and stimulated them by money, goods, and liquor to desolate the frontiers. The Mohawk and the Seneca, the Cherokee and the Creek, were the scourges of the States, which might by a wiser policy have made them a useful part of the population. The Indians who had been under Catholic influence in Maine, Indiana, and Illinois were the only ones to favor the American cause heartily.

When our republic was established, the ideas of Rousseau, the philanthropic ideas of Benezet, and the influence generally of the philosophical theories led to the step of recognizing tribes as governments, and the United States, succeeding to the regal powers held and exercised by the English sovereigns, began to negotiate and execute treaties with the various Indian nations. Sound thinkers even then protested against the use of the word *treaty*, as implying an equality between the contracting parties, but no heed was paid, and a system of Indian treaties began, extending from 1775 to a very recent date. The idea of equality was at first so complete that one of the earliest treaties—that with the Delawares in 1778—looked forward to action on the part of the Indian tribes by which they could "join the confederation and form a State whereof the Delaware nation should be the head."

Under the Constitution of 1787 the Federal government had a general power of treating with the Indian nations, but New York adroitly claimed complete jurisdiction over her Indians as ancient dependants of the State, and has to this day managed their affairs with only a nominal authority on the part of the General Government. It would have been well if other States had taken a similar ground and confined the Federal government to its constitutional powers in its relations with the Indians.

All that the Constitution of the United States says about the Indians is this:

"Section 8. The Congress shall have power—

"3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes."

There is not a word giving any legislative power over the Indian tribes or the districts occupied by them, such as is given over the Federal district, forts, dock-yards, magazines, and arsenals; not a word limiting the authority of the several States or Territories over the Indians within their limits.

Yet upon the mere grant of a power to regulate trade with Indian nations, given in connection with the power to regulate it between the States and with foreign nations, over which it certainly never claimed authority, a monstrous and unauthorized power has grown up, mischievous, fruitful in difficulties, ruinous to the Indians, and costly beyond example.

The power exercised by the Federal government is a mere usurpation; it is monstrous in that it assumes exclusive jurisdiction over a quarter of million of people, whom it has assumed to govern without laws, without courts of justice, without any but the most despotic system, confining people to prescribed limits, from which it excludes citizens, and making the discretion of satraps, called agents, the sole law, legislature, judiciary, and executive, enforcing their authority by the military arm.

A system offering greater temptation to fraud, oppression, and waste could scarcely be devised, and its history is the record of those natural results of the idiotic policy.

The first steps in the usurpation were the treaties made with the Creeks, August 7th, 1790; with the Cherokees, July 2d, 1791, and June 26th, 1794, in which the jurisdiction of the States of Georgia, North and South Carolina is utterly ignored, and the Indians are invested with the power of punishing in their discretion and without form of law the citizens of those States.

This system of treaties had begun prior to the Constitution, but had elicited a solemn protest from Georgia and North Carolina,—those States alleging that it was a violation of their legislative rights. They claimed the same rights which New England and

New York exercised over the Indians within their chartered limits, but when these treaties were actually made the States so deeply interested took no positive steps to maintain their own authority within their own limits.

Then the General Government went on ; its original action, based on the dreams of Rousseau and Paine, having taken a deep hold on the sentimentality of the day. At last, however, the matter came to a critical point in 1830. Georgia resolved to enforce her laws in the Cherokee country ; the Cherokees resisted, claiming the right of self-government, and appealed to the United States government to carry out the romantic, sentimental treaties, but the result was humiliating to the United States. The General Government was forced to acknowledge that it had made promises it could not keep, that the States had absolute power within their limits, and that the United States could not exercise or authorize any body of men to exercise within the limits of a State the powers of an independent government.

Unfortunately, too, the real vital question was obscured by the sentimental ideas, and the United States Government played the part of a friend to injured Indians, and encouraged them not to submit to State laws. The General Government actually fostered rebellion to State authority.

Meanwhile Louisiana had been acquired from France, and treaties had been made with many tribes there. All that the General Government could do was to adopt a plan for removing the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and all other tribes to districts beyond the Mississippi. With them and with the tribes found there new sets of treaties were made, guaranteeing forever, on the honor and public faith of the United States Government, tracts of land to the various nations, hoping thus to be permanently rid of the subject forever.

But events have developed more rapidly than common sense has done in the minds of our rulers at Washington. In 1830 they acknowledged the imbecility and blunders of 1785 and 1791 ; in 1880 they recognize the blunder of 1830. The vast territory beyond the Mississippi rapidly filled up with population, and the Indians were forced from time to time from the lands solemnly guaranteed to them ; they were transferred from place to place without regard to the fitness of climate or soil, isolated more and more from all civilizing influences, till at last they are huddled together in confined reservations, each of these being under the charge of an agent, who has absolute power over the Indians,—is their financial agent, shop-keeper, butcher, judge, and by a monstrous piece of folly, conceived in the strange brain of President Grant, appointed on the nomination of a religious denomination,

and installed as a grand lama in his little territory, authorizing or prohibiting at his will the exercise of any other religion in the realm set up in defiance of the Constitution of the United States.

Such is the actual position of the Indian question. The helpless imbecility which has so long guided the Indian affairs will probably soon seek an amendment to the Constitution to legalize the long series of unlawful acts, and give power for the future.

An amiable lady, known for her charming descriptions of our wilder territory, who has travelled through many of the Indian tribes, publishes a work which she calls *A Century of Dishonor*. In the preface, Julius H. Seelye says: "The great difficulty with the Indian problem is not with the Indian, but with the government and people of the United States. Instead of a liberal and farsighted policy looking to the education and civilization and possible citizenship of the Indian tribes, we have suffered these people to remain as savages, for whose future we have had no adequate care, and to the consideration of whose present state the government has been moved only when pressed by some present danger. We have encroached upon their means of subsistence without furnishing them any proper return; we have shut them up on reservations often notoriously unfit for them, or, if fit, we have not hesitated to drive them off for our profit without regard to theirs. . . . That the government of the United States, which has often plighted its faith to the Indian, and has broken it as often, and while punishing him for his crimes, has given him no status in the courts except as a criminal, has been sadly derelict in its duty towards him, and has reaped the whirlwind only because it has sown the wind . . . ought to be admitted with shame by every American citizen."

Bishop Whipple says: "Treaties were made of the same binding force of the Constitution; but these treaties were unfulfilled. It may be doubted whether one single treaty has ever been fulfilled as it would have been if it had been made with a foreign power. . . . Pledges solemnly made have been shamelessly violated."

In a word, the only power which the Constitution confers on the General Government, that of making treaties with the Indian tribes, has been exercised without prudence or honesty, without any regard to the good of the country or of the Indians!

Such assertions are admitted, even by high officials. "What does the Bishop want?" said Secretary Stanton. "If he came here to tell us that our Indian system is a sink of iniquity, tell him we all know it."

Carl Schurz, who, recently, as Secretary of the Interior, studied the Indian question seriously, opens his recent article in the *North*

American Review, with this terrible admission: "That the history of our Indian relations presents in great part a record of broken treaties, of unjust wars, and of cruel spoliation, is a fact too well known to require proof, or to suffer denial. But it is only just to the government of the United States to say that its treaties with Indian tribes were, as a rule, made in good faith, and most of our Indian wars were brought on by circumstances, for which the government itself could not fairly be held responsible. . . . Frauds and robberies have, no doubt, been frequently committed. It has, also, happened that the Indian tribes were exposed to great suffering and actual starvation, in consequence of the neglect of Congress to provide the funds necessary to fulfil treaty stipulations."

In spite of lame excuses he must admit bad faith, injustice, cruel spoliation, and yet in 1880 there was an appropriation of \$1,425,700 to meet stipulations. The interest on trust funds held by government swelling the amount nearly to two millions of dollars, to be paid by the capital and labor of the country, nominally for the Indians, but in most cases to be fraudulently misappropriated and really doing the Indian more harm than good.

The great question now is to discover a plan, by which the government of the United States can get out of the dilemma, into which bad faith, bad management, usurpation and tyranny has brought it.

There is no lack of plans, but none seems to go to the root of the Indian problem, and yet a sound one is imperatively needed, for Canada, forsaking her own system based on the Catholic morality of French days, is fast adopting a copy of our wretched failure, and likely to prove as ruinous. No one can read the series of reports issued by the Dominion Government, without a pang of regret, that they are thus centralizing and abandoning a policy, which has been as fruitful in good, as our system in evil.

After depicting the results of our policy, Bishop Whipple says: "Then came a new treaty, more violated faith, another war, until we have not a hundred miles between the Atlantic and Pacific, which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre. All this, while Canada has had no Indian wars. Our government has expended for the Indians a hundred dollars to their one."

That Canadian system grew out of religion. While the colony was in its infancy, the missionaries obtained grants of land, Sillery, St. Francis, Loretto, La Prairie, Saut au Recollet, Lake of the Two Mountains, by gift or purchase, and on them settled Indian converts. French and Indian were alike subjects; the same law and protection extended to all; all stood side by side in the defence of the colony, and according to their ability in developing it. There was no wresting of the land from the Indians by fraudulent treaties never kept, if ever intended to be kept, but the Christian Catholics

of Canada gave lands to the Indians for civilizing homes, and their descendants occupy some to this day, beside the graves where their Christian ancestors for two centuries are mouldering.

This is the fact throughout the valley of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. In the wilder North religion occupied the field before the State, and the old Catholic idea is implanted in Manitoba, Columbia, and Hudson Bay.

A secretary of war admitted the Indian Department to be a sink of iniquity, yet in no department of government has religious influence been more steadily exerted. The various Protestant Missionary societies and both organizations of Friends have constantly been a power there. This can be traced too clearly to admit of denial. At last the power of the department was under General Grant virtually placed in their hands. From the commencement of our Constitutional government, Catholic missions have been kept up among Indian tribes, and all the territory acquired by cession was territory in which the Catholic religion was at the time the established religion, with missions among the various nations of Indians. There are, and have been, Catholic Indians from Maine to California, from Florida to Puget's Sound.

The history of the Indian Department is a history of the sectarian intrigues and violence to hamper and break up the Catholic missions, and raise such obstacles as would drive from the fields of labor, in which they were really serving the whole country, the devoted Catholic priests, who gave their talents and education to the enlightenment of degraded members of the human family. Unfortunately, we must admit with shame, that the Catholic body in the United States has never shown any interest in the Indian missions; the priest among the native tribes labored without being sustained by the charity, or buoyed up by the sympathy, of his fellow-Catholics in the United States. His labors, his sufferings, his wrongs, were a matter of perfect indifference to them. No missionary society arose to aid him. No Catholic of wealth gave means to found or endow a mission, little as the sum required would be. When sectarian malignity, cloaked under the name of Christianity, sought to defeat the labors of years, no Catholic in public life appeared to remonstrate, or plead the cause of religious equality. When, under Grant, the United States Government surrendered to the sects as unconditionally as Pemberton did to him, the Catholic missions were doomed. There were Catholic missions among the Chippewas, Ottawas, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, Osages, Kansas, Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, Nez Perces, Yakamas, the California Indians, the Pueblos of New Mexico. About 1865 one-sixth of all the missionaries, employed among the Indians, were Catholics, notwithstanding the immense exertions of

the Protestant sects to maintain their missions, at lavish expense of missionary societies for years.

The Catholic missions were a constant annoyance to these zealots, and a new scheme was devised for their destruction. The government lent itself to a scheme as un-American as it was un-Christian. The Catholic missions were the oldest in the country; they had been founded and carried on by men who held life little, compared to duty. While the Protestant missions could scarcely claim a single martyr, Catholics could enumerate nearly a hundred, who had died within the limits of the United States by the hands of the Indians, while endeavoring to instruct them.

This iniquity was carried out in 1871-72, and the Commissioner's Report of 1872 is the first official record of our government setting aside the Constitution, by making established religions with exclusive privileges at various points of our territory.

To the Hicksite Friends were assigned the Catholic Winnebagoes, 1440 in number; to the Orthodox Friends, 400 Catholic Pottawatamies; to the Christians, or Campbellites, who never had Indian missions, the 7683 Catholic Pueblo Indians of New Mexico; to the Methodists, the 1700 Catholic Mission Indians in California; 3000 Catholic Yakamas in Washington Territory; to the Reformed Dutch, the Catholic Pimas and Maricopas to the number of 4342; to the Congregationalists, 1362 Catholic Menomonees of Green Bay; the Catholic Chippewas, of Baraga, on Lake Superior. Having thus wrested from the Catholics the great majority of Indians, among whom they had been laboring, they proceeded to assign a few to them. They received in Washington Territory the Fort Colville Agency, with 3349 Indians; the Tulalip, with 2600; Grande Ronde and Umatilla, in Oregon, with 1707; the Catholic Flatheads, 1700; the Grand River and Devil's Lake agencies, with 7445 Sioux; only one of these had a regular Catholic mission established. Every other Catholic mission was placed at the mercy of fanatics. What this meant was soon apparent. The agent was nominated by the denomination, and introduced missionaries, or acted as missionary himself. No clergyman of any other denomination could enter the reservation, except by leave of the agent; no Indian could cross the line of the reservation to attend the church to which he belonged, without the permission of the agent. Such permission was refused, and in a country, that with shameful effrontery flings in the face of mankind her boast of religious equality, a power was given to a single individual to prevent a clergyman from reaching his flock, or his parishioners from attending his ministry! An agent in Washington Territory claimed the special right from the United States Gov-

ernment to baptize, and he actually wrote to Washington, to denounce a Catholic priest, because he told his Catholic Indians, whom the State had made the bondmen of this bigot, that the sacraments were instituted by Christ, and should be administered by the ministry he had established. In California Father Osuna, endeavoring to continue his labors among the robbed and plundered Mission Indians, was set upon and cruelly beaten by the agent! In a Chippewa mission the agent called in the United States troops, who stormed Father Tomazin's Catholic chapel, and carried off all the vestments and altar furniture, a valiant feat of arms, which the future historian of the battles of the United States must not forget to record.

On all these violations of the rights of American citizens, the country looked with apathy. The sufferers were merely Catholics, but when Mr. Tibbles, of the Omaha Committee, "was insulted by the agent (of the Poncas), taken by force out of the reservation, and threatened with much more severe treatment, if he ever returned," the public and the press woke up. Had Mr. Tibbles been a Catholic missionary, they would have been still sleeping with Rip Van Winkle. Then the New York *Tribune* made a discovery. "No petty Indian agent has the legal right to imprison, maltreat, and threaten the life of any citizen, totally guiltless of offence beyond that of working to give these serfs of the government the standing of human beings," and the *Century of Dishonor* tells us that this "high-handed outrage on a free citizen of the United States aroused indignation throughout the country."

But when Father Luciano Osuna, a minister of religion, attempting to administer the ordinances of his Church to his own flock, was brutally beaten by an agent, these guardians of the rights of citizens were dumb.

The fanatic violence against Catholics was most marked in agencies confided to the denomination to which the chief magistrate belonged, a denomination which was the first in the annals of the country to make the presidency a tool in its exaltation and propagandism.

In 1865 (Report, p. 229) the agent at Round Valley, California, says: "His agency is under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and though no missionary has been provided, the agent, with the assistance of the employés, has imparted religious instruction regularly on Sundays, morning and evening, and also on Thursday evenings. A few of the younger Indians have attended, who have been taught as plainly as possible the fundamental truths of Christianity. Traces of old Roman Catholic teachings are apparent in some of their ceremonies, and I doubt

not, many of the middle-aged and old, on account of such teachings, are prejudiced against the Protestant religion."

Here is a distinct admission that government officials were forcing Protestant teachings on a Catholic population who did not wish them.

In the same report, p. 278, Isaac T. Gibson, a Friend, who had been made agent of the Catholic Osages, has a series of abusive paragraphs against the Catholics. "Corrupting influences, emanating from these persistent harpies, disappointed traders, would, be contractors, and discharged employés, have been gathering force rapidly since last winter; and having joined the Roman Catholic interest, which has been assiduously at work for months past among the Osages, and manufacturing and circulating through the press the grossest libels on the management at the agency, calls for active measures by the department to rid the reservation of these elements, or abandon the Osages to their rapacious greed. The half-breed Osages, who are shouting the loudest for the Catholic priests, are the leaders in procuring the fraudulent claim; and the full-bloods that are doing the same are the wildest and most insolent of the tribe."

"When I took charge of the Osages, the Catholics had control of the religious and educational interests of the tribe. Sixty children were in their mission schools, most of them being mixed bloods; no chief or leading man among the full-bloods patronized the school at that time, and up to this date the priests have failed to induce any."

He then proceeds to tell how he had indirectly broken down the Catholic school, and how he suspended "the usual religious services, which are union in their character," whenever the priest came, and concludes his diatribe thus: "If the priests would let the Catholic half-breeds alone, they would much prefer sending to a school where most of the time was not occupied in the study of religious ceremonies."

The United States Government not only printed all this man's violent language, through which, however, it clearly appears that he was straining every nerve to break up the Catholic mission and schools, and make the Osages "union Christians," but if you turn to the index you will find that the Indian Department employs an index-maker as unscrupulous as Agent Gibson. There you find "Roman Catholics incite the Osages against the government. . . . 278." This is false, as even a summary of what Gibson said. He also refers us to page 23. "Roman Catholics interfere with the purposes of the government towards Indians." On that page, Edward P. Smith, commissioner, says: "No desire for Church

propagation on the part of any religious denomination has in any way interfered with the purposes of the government, and such interference on the part of the Roman Catholics has arisen, evidently not from intent to produce such effect, but from the incompatibility existing between a strict adherence to their religious system and any provision for public schools other than those taught by themselves. At the seven agencies assigned to the care of the Catholics, no restriction has been placed upon their system and methods of education, and no other religious body, so far as I am aware, has in any way attempted to interfere. I regret to say that this is not true, so far as the Catholics are concerned, of some of the agencies assigned to other religious bodies, and in some instances the interference has been a material hinderance to the efforts of this office through its agents, to bring Indians under control, and to enforce rules looking towards civilization."

In other words, Commissioner Smith claims that when the Indian Bureau saw fit to place Catholics under a Protestant, Jewish, Chinese, or Mormon agent, the Indians, with an eye to their civilization, were bound to become Protestant, Jew, Buddhist, or Mormon, and that for a Catholic priest to attempt to minister to his old flock or instruct the children, was "interfering with the purposes of the government towards the Indians." As he gives Gibson's charges at length, he evidently laid stress on them. Yet what manner of man this mild and gentle Quaker was, may be seen in the fact that in a short time the press of the country rang with charges of fraud against this very agent, and he was quietly displaced, but his false and libellous charges stand uncontradicted in the official report. Government has never unsaid his lies which it printed.

This extraordinary index, under civilization, has: "Civilization of Chippewas at White Earth, progress in retarded, by interference of Romanists."

By what right a government official, in an official document, takes upon himself to fling mud upon the Catholics by applying to them one of the most degrading and insulting nick-names that the slums of religious hate ever invented, we do not know, but there it stands in the Commissioner's report for 1875. Now if we turn to page 298 we read: "The Roman Catholic missionary here, named Ignatius Tomazina, has been creating disturbances from time to time, and in fact all the time, to a certain extent." This is the language of "Lewis Stowe, agent," dated "Chippewa Agency, White Earth." We supposed the Protestant Episcopal Church would select more gentlemanly agents, and that an agent of their selection would give the ordinary title, Mr. if not Rev., to a clergyman attending all or part of the Indians committed to him. But

the dastardly use of the epithet "Romanist," cannot be charged on Mr. Stowe; it is the work of the Indian Bureau at Washington.

In this division of agencies, no established Protestant mission was put under Catholics. Catholics nowhere interfered with Protestant Indians; the Protestant Spokans at Fort Colville were in no way disturbed; but as the scheme was to break up Catholic missions in the name of civilization, the Catholic Indians were put under Protestant care, and every effort made to cut them off from the exercise of their religion.

As though it were not enough to insult us one year by applying to us the term "Romanist," the index-maker, in 1877, gives us "Mission Baraga, in charge of Belgian priest (Romish) for many years. . . . 123." Now on p. 123 the agent draws a comparison between the material condition of the Indians at "Baraga (Catholic) and l'Anse (Methodist Episcopal) missions," and of course unfavorably to the Catholics; but he does not use the filthy word "Romish" at all; that is coined at Washington. In 1878 this index-maker again uses the insulting term Romanist.

The Papago Indians, Catholics, and who had adopted the Mexican dress and usages, were at first assigned to the Catholics. Bishop Salpointe, in whose vicariate they are, made no effort to have a Catholic agent appointed, trusting to the honor of the Protestant agent; but he was repaid by abuse, and by charges that led the government to suppress the agency, so as to prevent the appointment of a Catholic, and to consolidate it with the Pimas.

The Pueblo Indians, in New Mexico, a thoroughly Catholic territory, where no other Church exists, were assigned to the Christians and then to the Presbyterians. Every Pueblo has its Catholic church, so that the assignment to a Protestant denomination was distinctly a piece of religious propagandism and perversion on the part of the government. And what has been the result? The Protestant clergyman sent to Zuñi, writes in 1879: "The Church has not yet erected a church building, as there are but three white members, and no Indian members." It is a pity to see one who evinces judgment and ability placed in such a false position.

We admit that the fierce proselytizing spirit in the government seems to have abated; whether they have awakened to the monstrous iniquity of such a prostitution of the power of the General Government, or whether the effort produced so little result that it has been silently abandoned, we know not; but what has been may be, and the same un-American system may at any moment be revived.

The creation of the Catholic Indian Bureau, although it has not effected all that some anticipated and many desired, has undoubtedly been of no little service. Were it sustained by the Catholic body throughout the country, the very best results might be at-

tained. The present commissioner seems to be a gentleman who has zealously done his part, and endeavored to obtain justice from the government for the wronged, oppressed, and harassed Catholic Indians; but if one more competent and experienced can be found, and the Catholic community will in earnest take up this Indian subject, they will strengthen his hands, relieve the missionaries, and in a few years place the Catholic Indians at the very head of the red race in the United States.

One of the first objects should be to obtain redress for the Flatheads, whose lands the government took without the slightest pretence at compensation. By every principle of law, a deed without consideration is void. The treaty by which the Flatheads gave up their lands was without consideration. They trusted to the honor of the United States. In that transaction its honor was that of the highwayman.

The agency system is all wrong. Its history is that of fraud, oppression, and violence. If any member of Congress were to call for a report of the number of agents who filed their accounts regularly and settled them up fully, the report would be a startling one; and we venture to say that it would cost less to print than any document issued from the government printing-office during the current year. The Ute massacre resulted from the tyrannical use of the arbitrary power conferred on agents, as the Modoc war arose from the wanton and unjust system of moving Indians by force from lands which they hold by right of occupancy, and placing them on reservations from which, when their harvests are ripening for the sickle, they may be removed by the stroke of a president's pen.

The whole system is a violation of every American principle; and if the Indians ever learn to read the Declaration of Independence, they can bring heavier charges against our government than our forefathers did against George III.

In the Ponca case the matter has for the first time been brought before the Supreme Court of the United States. A number of questions must sooner or later be decided by that tribunal, and the sooner the better.

Is the cession of lands to government without consideration express or implied valid, and does it convey title?

The Pueblo and California Indians were recognized as Mexican citizens—do they not, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, stand in the same position as the Mexican residents of ceded territory?

Can the United States set up within a State or organized Territory a reservation, and exercise exclusive jurisdiction over it?

Can an agent appointed by the United States prevent citizens of a State or Territory from going freely through any part of such

State or Territory and following his usual avocations, so long as he does not violate State or Territorial law?

Can the United States government remove any part of the population from a State or Territory?

Can the United States create a Territory or State, confining the population to any one race, color, or religion?

Many of these questions must be decided before any real solution of the Indian question is attained. The authorities at Washington are so wedded to their long-usurped power that they will not easily lay it down, till the decision of the highest tribunal compels them. What that decision will be can scarcely admit of a doubt; for if we look to the Constitution of the United States we cannot find the slightest basis for the enormous power that has been assumed, power not wielded wisely or for the good of the Indian, or the general good of the country, but used only wastefully, to gratify political and religious bias, to enrich a privileged class at the expense of the Indians, "not taxed," and the whites, who are sorely taxed.

The author of the *Century of Dishonor* dwells particularly on the cases of the Delawares, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, Sioux, Poncas, Winnebagos, and Cherokees. Other and more glaring cases might have been selected.

The Delawares are a striking proof of the utter incompetency of our system. These Indians, originally a petty tribe on the river from which they take their English name, were, under Moravian training, more advanced in civilization before the Revolution than their descendants are to-day; but they have been moved and removed, deprived of their lands, thrown among wild tribes, and degraded till only a handful are left, intermingled with Caddoes and Comanches!

The case of the Poncas is so recent, that we need not detail all the facts. The order was sent to remove them to Indian Territory. They did not wish to go, and appealed to the President, but no answer came. One of them tells the story:

"They kept us in jail ten days. Then they carried us back to our home. The soldiers collected all the women and children together, then they called all the chiefs together in council; and then they took wagons and went round and broke open the houses. When we came back from the council we found the women and children surrounded by a guard of soldiers. They took our reapers, mowers, hay-rakes, spades, ploughs, bedsteads, stoves, cupboards, everything we had on our farms, and put them in one large building. Then they put into the wagons such things as they could carry. We told them that we would rather die than leave our lands; but we could not help ourselves. They took us down. Many died on the road. Two of my children died. After we

reached the new land all my horses died. The water was very bad. All our cattle died. Not one was left. I stayed until one hundred and fifty-eight of my people had died, then I ran away with thirty of my people, men, women, and children." They reached the Omaha reserve, but when the United States officials attempted to seize and take them back, public opinion was roused. The case was taken into the District Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska, and the Poncas were set free.

Here were Indians so far advanced that they had farms, reapers, mowers, ploughs, houses warmed by stoves, furniture; living in peace and comfort, who were evicted with the utmost brutality, hurried away to an unhealthy district to begin life anew, dropping down dead and dying all the way! And the men that did this boast of their superior civilization and wish to teach our Catholic Indians their religion!

The *Century of Dishonor* details wrongs, but does not give any definite plan of relief. It concludes with these vague sentences:

"However great perplexity and difficulty there may be in the details of any and every plan possible for doing at this late day anything like justice to the Indian, however hard it may be for good statesmen and good men to agree upon the things that ought to be done, there certainly is or ought to be no perplexity whatever, no difficulty whatever, in agreeing upon certain things that ought to be done and which must cease to be done before the first steps can be taken toward righting the wrongs, curing the ills, and wiping out the disgrace to us of the present condition of our Indians.

"Cheating, robbing, breaking promises—these three are clearly things which must cease to be done. One thing more, also, and that is, the refusal of the protection of the law to the Indian's rights of property, 'of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

"When these four things have ceased to be done, time, statesmanship, philanthropy, and Christianity can slowly and surely do the rest. Till these four things have ceased to be done, statesmanship and philanthropy alike must work in vain, and even Christianity can reap but small harvest."

This is very vague and unsatisfactory; and what is said by Bishop Whipple and President Seelye in the same volume has as little of a practical character.

Carl Schurz, who, as Secretary of the Interior, is responsible in no slight degree for what may be called the eviction and massacre of the Poncas, comes forward in the *North American Review* with his solution of the Indian problem. The last pet project of government has been the reservation system, and Indians were huddled on a reservation one day and hustled off the next, their tenure being the freak or fancy of the executive. Well, what does Secre-

tary Schurz say of this system? "I am profoundly convinced that a stubborn maintenance of the system of large Indian reservations must eventually result in the destruction of the red men, however faithfully the government may endeavor to protect their rights."

A common idea prevailed that the Indians are dying out; but in spite of such cases as the Poncas, where the government tried systematically to exterminate a tribe, they are increasing, rather than declining in numbers. They are not dying out rapidly like the natives of the Sandwich Islands. It is now admitted that they must be absorbed into the population generally. A country that receives and absorbs fifty thousand European immigrants a month ought to have no difficulty in absorbing a quarter of a million of Indians, equal only to half a single year's immigration.

Mr. Schurz says: "To fit the Indians for their ultimate absorption in the great body of American citizenship three things are suggested by common sense as well as philanthropy. 1. That they be taught to work, by making work profitable and attractive to them. 2. That they be educated, especially the youth of both sexes. 3. That they be individualized in the possession of property, by settlement in severalty, with a fee-simple title, after which the lands they do not use may be disposed of for general settlement and enterprise without danger and with profit to the Indians."

The education of the young has been attempted from the earliest period, yet without producing any marked results on the tribes. Those who were educated either shrank from association with their countrymen, or threw aside their newly acquired civilization, and became as wild savages as ever. This was the experience with the Virginia Indians educated by the Spaniards, about 1570; of those youth, who were sent to France by the early Recollect missionaries of Canada, and of the Iroquois Indian who, in the seventeenth century, became an Augustinian religious, and preferred to remain in Spain.

The Jesuit and Franciscan schools among the Timuquans in Florida, those of the Jesuits, Ursuline, and Congregation Sisters in Canada, the Indian school in Connecticut, Amherst College, the Moravian schools, all failed alike to exert any considerable influence over the tribes through the children. This can be relied upon but for little; the few children who are apt will succeed, but will not remain Indians. The instruction in various handicrafts is simply a revival of the reduction system of the Jesuits in Paraguay, and the Franciscans in California. Heretofore it has been denounced as depriving the Indians of their natural liberty; but as carried out under Mr. Schurz's idea has the fatal element of taking the young thousands of miles from home, alienating them from their families and hopes, and sending them back with new habits,

ideas, and hopes, to utterly uncongenial associations, where there is no field for them to turn to account the newly acquired knowledge.

The division of lands among the Indians where it has been attempted has as a whole proved a failure, and has succeeded in very few instances. It is an easy way for the Federal Government to rid itself of responsibility which it has unwisely assumed; but it leaves the Indians to become in a few years a mass of citizen paupers,—a heavy charge and burden on the States and Territories where they may happen to be.

One thing is certain. The United States Government had no warrant in the Constitution to assume the control of the Indian tribes. Its own officials will admit that its whole management has been a most disgraceful failure, even apart from the frauds, speculation, bigotry, tyranny, and oppression which make it so odious to every real lover of his country.

One great mistake was the disregard of State authority; another, the neglect to discriminate between the capacities of the various tribes for progress, and the attempt to fit all to a red tape system, concocted by men of little practical knowledge of the subject.

The removal of the Indians from civilization under the pretext of civilizing them; taking them from the very heart of settled and industrious communities, where good examples were constantly before their eyes, to keep steadily evicting them and throwing them between wild tribes on the one side, and the lawless, unscrupulous frontiersman; often a fugitive from civilization and an outlaw,—all this is so utterly unphilosophical and absurd that it amazes us to find that it was adopted fifty years ago, and has been persisted in to this day,—persisted in till it is found that there is no longer any square on the chess-board for the king piece to be put, and government admits that it is checkmated.

This isolation of the Indians was the very acme of absurdity. The ruder classes of men are imitative. Build a bark canoe before Indians that had never seen one, and they will catch at it readily, and attempt to make one, till they acquire skill. Try to teach them out of a book by diagrams, and it will take centuries to get them to make a canoe.

Where Indians see a well-ordered white community around them, and find that they too must do something to support themselves, they will seek work suited to their capacity, some in one line, some in another. A few will try to study; some will take to farm work, others to act as drivers, boatmen, lumberers, pilots, and the like. In Lower Canada Indians are found in all these capacities, and it is the same in California. Under our system all must be uniform, and when, as in Iowa, some Indians hired out as farm hands to settlers, and gave complete satisfaction to their employers, they were marched back to enforced idleness.

The old Spanish system was one of singular wisdom, and showed a far higher comprehension of the subject than any of our statesmen have displayed. After conquering the semi-civilized monarchies of Mexico and Peru, and bringing the principal nations to adopt Spanish regulations and Christianity, they gradually advanced settlements and mission stations into the less civilized parts. With a few missionaries would be sent a small squad of soldiers to establish a *presidio*, that is, a little fort for protection, several families of Indians already trained, flocks of cattle, sheep, and swine. This little colony planted itself, say, in New Mexico. While the missionaries were teaching Christianity and developing the minds, the civilized Mexican Indians were teaching their ruder brethren to take care of the flocks, to spin, weave; were explaining how they had improved their old methods, and as a matter of course boasted of their own former greatness. Of all this we can see traces yet. The Navajoes have ever since been sheep-raisers, blanket-weavers; the Pueblo Indians took steps forward in agriculture, securing irrigation, and acquiring live-stock, and in all their towns still linger traditions of the great Montezuma, taught their ancestors in olden time by the Mexicans who came with the first Spaniards, and who ultimately blended with them.

We may profit by the Spanish example. The Indians who came up from the land of the chapulin and of uncertain rainfall taught the tribes not only to plant crops, but to make azequias to secure irrigation, and the methods in use to prevent the ravages of grasshoppers. What would an agent sent from Massachusetts know about either? He would force the Indians for a year or two to raise crops to perish by drought or by the insects, till at last no force could compel them to renew such utterly useless efforts.

The removal of the Indians west of the Mississippi, about 1830, was a blunder fruitful in evil. Georgia should have retained her Indian population and aided it to advance. The Federal Government should have admitted its first blunder in making treaties it could not keep; have compensated the Indians, shown them that their true interest lay in mingling among the whites, and made them understand that a distinctly Indian government never could exist in the country. Instead of such a wise course they encouraged an unfortunate dream.

Had Georgia retained the Cherokees, and gradually induced them to sell half or whole sections here and there to worthy whites, the Indians would have improved steadily and the State laws would gradually have become respected by the Indians, who found them a shield and a protection. The real Indian progress has been attained where States have retained authority over their Indians. Secretary Schurz unwittingly admits this, apparently without seeing the real argument. "I see no reason," he writes, "why the degree

of civilization attained by the Indians in the States of New York, Indiana, Michigan, and some tribes in the Indian Territory, should not be attained in the course of time by all." In fact the States have done what the General Government, with all its outlay, all its pretension, has failed to do. The recent action of the State of Rhode Island in regard to the Narragansetts, shows how completely the Indians have been adopted into the State population, and how honestly the State has acted towards its Indians. We are forced to confess that the United States Government stands as the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Indians.

The first great step in Indian reform is the abolition of the present Indian Department, and the resigning by the General Government of all authority over the tribes in States and Territories to the local governments, to whom they properly belong. The powers it now assumes have no warrant in the Constitution; and they have been used to the detriment of the whole country. They should be relinquished forever. In that part of the national domain not yet organized into Territory, the jurisdiction of the United States Government extends over whites and Indians alike, and should be exercised similarly. No tribal government of Indian or white should be recognized. The existence of the Cherokee nation and Choctaw nation, with constitutions and machinery of government, is an anomaly that ought to cease. In that district there should be one or more Territorial governments to become, in time, State governments; but no Indian government, either State or Territorial.

With the control of its Indian population left in its own hands, free from Washington interference, and with the fact recognized that this Indian population cannot be evicted, but must be assimilated, each State, for its own good and the good of the Indians, will adopt plans tending to bring them as rapidly as possible into harmony with existing institutions.

Some States will, of course, act more wisely than others, but all will learn by experience. There will be haste to force too much on the Indians at once, but experience will soon teach. Minnesota, Colorado, Oregon, with the whole responsibility on their own hands, will do as well as New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Indiana; as well as North Carolina did with the Cherokees still within her borders, until a United States agent was sent, who robbed them of all their lands, involved them in litigation which lasted for years, and reduced them to misery and want.

A good teacher is one who grasps almost intuitively the stock of knowledge and the capacity of each scholar, and how one differs from another in the amount of facts, and guides his instruction accordingly. The power guiding the Indian tribes must have the same qualities. No two, it may be said, stand just alike. The

resources of each must be studied, and they must be aided to rise by developing any industrial tact they possess. Improve the agriculture and manufactures of the Pueblos and Navajoes; enable the salmon-fishing tribes to can and send the fish to market. And so in other cases. Many of the tribes like to keep numbers of horses; take steps to make them carriers, expressmen, and freighters, so that the ponies shall not be a mere idle expense. We have a Bureau of Agriculture at Washington; but it has done nothing to develop by cultivation plants like the camass and white apple, which in their wild state have long constituted an important element in the maintenance of many tribes. The camass is a hyacinth-like bulb, growing in marshy lands; the *pomme blanche*, a mass of starch as large as a turnip. Had these been improved years ago by cultivation, they might be now a certain resource for the Indians, who would raise them in fields, instead of hunting for them wild.

If Indian ingenuity, before the coming of the whites, developed by cultivation the potato from the size of a pea to its present size, and that of the ear of corn from about the size of a little finger, it is a deep reproach that our government, with its scientific bureaus, its institutions, its masses of theoretical knowledge, has not developed any of these known food supplies,—has not done as much as the aborigines did.

Improved cultivation of crops which they know and appreciate will be easier than the introduction of new plants. The main thing is to build on the foundation that exists and encourage progress in any direction.

But the Indians should everywhere be made to understand that the sooner they become part of the people of the United States, as immigrants do, the better it will be for themselves, that they may have ease and comfort as others do, by working for it, and that our government can support no set of people in idleness.

Under State charge the Indians will be left free in matters of religion,—free to accept such religious teachings as they desire; free to attend the church that suits them, and to send their children to the school where they think they will derive the most benefits for this world and for the next.

The few wild and turbulent tribes in still unorganized parts of the national domain will be safer in the hands of the army, which they respect, than of an agent, whom they hate, and who too frequently calls on the army to protect him, at the cost of Indian blood, from the result of his own folly and wickedness.

Viewed in any aspect Indian progress, under the present Indian system, seems almost an impossibility. Why should we go on confiding our important interests to hands self-accused of folly, incompetence, and crime?

BIOLOGY; OR, THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

Institutiones Philosophiæ Naturalis, Secundum Principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis. Father Tilman Pesch, S. J.: Friburg, 1880. "Novi errores impugnandi sunt veritate antiqua."

Synthetic Philosophy—Other Works. Mr. Herbert Spencer. New York: Appleton & Co. "There is a soul of truth in things erroneous." (Introduction to First Principles.)

I.

"ALL your culture," says Mr. Herbert, in his speech at the end of "the New Republic,"—"all your culture is based ultimately upon this,—a discrimination between right and wrong. True, profoundly true. But will you be able to say what is right, and what is wrong any longer, if you do not know *for whom* anything is right and *for whom* anything is wrong,—whether it is for men with immortal souls, or only with mortal bodies,—who are only a little lower than the angels, or only a little better than the —?"¹

Who is it that furnishes the fact, which lies at the base of ethical science? What is he?—he whom ethical science presupposes, contemplates, and then directs? *Aut deus, aut bestia?* Is he god, or is he brute, or is he some degree betwixt the extremes?

We had better dismiss at once all notion of his being a god, or even an angel. That was a conceit of Jewish psalmody. It is the poesy of Christian spirituality. "I have said it. You are all gods and sons of the Most High!" So sang the psalmist. And the Christian saint takes up the same refrain: "Heavenly men, or earthly angels!" Let us dismiss, however, all such notions, as too poetically sublime for the present matter-of-fact question.

What then is man? Shall we set him down at the other extreme, as differing but a trifle from the brute? To speak in the terms of modern science, shall we set him down, with his energies, his perceptions, and that wonderful consciousness of his, as being only a subject-matter into which some perceptive current makes its way from without, and out of which some motor impulse goes answering from within? Shall we explain his psychical life by the symptoms of a brute "sympathetic," as the brute himself is explained by chemistry?

Now as to that consciousness of his,—we should prefer indeed to call it intellect,—it is manifestly so unique a fact in this material universe, that Mr. Herbert Spencer relegates it entirely out of Biology in general. It is, he says, radically distinct in its nature

¹ W. H. Mallock.

from any such subject-matter as Biology comprehends; and the method of self-analysis, by which alone the laws of dependence among changes of consciousness can be found, is a method unparalleled by anything in the rest of Biology.¹

And yet, if we listen now to one of Mr. Spencer's own type and color, answering Mr. Mallock, and laying down from the most authentic sources the positivist doctrine with regard to the consciousness of man, we shall hear the following explanation:

"Psychical life (that is to say, the life of the human soul) commences in the organs of the senses; it is a constant current, which passes from without inwards into perception, and from within outwards into organs of movement. Between the sensation and the motor impulse is gradually formed an accessory sphere, and this sphere, developing, extending, enlarging little by little, finally becomes itself a powerful and complex centre, which, in its turn, diminishes in many respects both sensation and movement,—and in the midst of which moves the entire spiritual life of man. This sphere is the sphere of the intelligence. All effort, instinct, and volition represent the centrifugal motor force of the activity of the soul. The individual constitution of this aspect of the life of the soul forms in great part what we call personal character," etc.²

In terms of a more common philosophy, this passage may be interpreted thus. What we call the life of the human soul, with its perceptions of things without and of things within, is a product; it is a product in the shape of a centre; this centre is generated as the development of a sphere; this sphere is accessory as a gradual formation; the gradual formation is betwixt sensation from without and movement from within; and, finally, the first principle of all is a current which is started in the outward sense.

This is the philosophy of human life. As so stated it is not quite complete in its brevity. To complete it, let us add that the current started in the outward sense, is explained in the same way as any other physical or chemical phenomenon, by the combinations and vibrations of atoms. And if the reader desires a specimen of the complete satisfaction engendered in an inquiring mind by the subtlety, ingenuity, and lucidity of the scientific explanation, we may take, almost at random, the following passage. Mr. Spencer is speaking of the life in plants, and, coming to speak of light acting on the leaves of plants, he delivers himself as follows:

"These conceptions help us to some dim notions of the mode in which changes are wrought by light in the leaves of plants. Among the several elements concerned there are wide differences in molecular mobility, and probably in the rates of molecular

¹ Principles of Biology: Scope, p. 99.

² The Value of Life: A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, Is Life Worth Living? p. 69.

vibration. Each is combined with one of the others, but is capable of forming various combinations with the rest. And they are severally in presence of a complex compound, into which they all enter, and which is ready to assimilate with itself the new compound atoms that they form. Certain of the ethereal waves falling on them when thus arranged, there results a detachment of some of the combined atoms and a union of the rest. And the conclusion suggested is, that the induced vibrations among the various atoms, as at first arranged, are so incongruous as to produce instability, and to give collateral affinities the power to work a rearrangement, which, though less stable under other conditions, is more stable in the presence of these particular undulations. There seems indeed no choice but to conceive the matter thus," etc.¹

It might indeed be objected here that "choice," or no choice, is not a fit term for philosophy; particularly when the choice only "seems;" one would think that at least it ought to be seen. It might be objected that the "suggestion" of a conclusion is not a conclusive way of deducing; that "probably" is an odd word in deductive logic; and that if a "dim notion" is indeed the intellectual result of so much subtlety and ingenuity, it is about as much as might be expected.

But this is not to throw discredit on Mr. Spencer's occupation. For, short of such conclusions, his occupation as a philosopher were gone.

Only we say, reverting to the question with which we had begun, it stands obvious that neither the matter nor the form of such argumentation as we have now exemplified can furnish a fair basis for the science of Ethics. As to this form and style of argumentation, it enervates the mind with feeble hypotheses instead of solid theses, with flimsy probabilities instead of downright reasons, with words instead of thoughts, and with much eloquence, possibly, about premises that can never warrant any other conclusion than a "perhaps," or a "may be," or a "suggestion," or a "choice." And, of course, the suggestion takes its color from the optics of the philosophic mind that sees, and the choice from the likes and dislikes of the very human will that chooses. That is not logic. "Hypothesis upon hypothesis, and cloud upon cloud!" as Mr. Frederick Harrison somewhere stigmatizes it; though the stigma comes back to him who sent it, and finds itself at home.

Be it remarked, that when the mind has grown accustomed to this unsubstantial, airy flitting, there is never a reason then why it should halt at executing any figure of thought which fancy suggests; or hesitate to call such figure logic, if science so demand.

¹ *Data of Biology*, chap. ii. ; *Action of Forces on Organic Matter*.

So much for the form of such argumentation. Now, as to the matter, it is clear that man remains undistinguished from the brute, as the brute on his side is only a mass of chemicals. It is clear that the gravest interests, whether of the person in both the moral and intellectual orders, or of society in both the civil and domestic spheres, are swamped in the deluge of turbulent thought. Actual life, with its vagaries, whether normal or abnormal, does not fall under a rule. Such philosophy can give no rule; nor does it pretend to give one. Life becomes a "series of experiments in living," as Mr. Mill would say; "the deepest moral degradation becomes a phase of enthusiasm comparable with religion and social virtue," as a certain French oracle poetically declaims; "realism and naturalism can in nowise lead us to a state of savage sensuality; and even if they did," say men of Büchner's type, "that fact would avail nothing against the truth of nature;"—"a truth to be sought," says Cotta, "whether logical or illogical, whether æsthetical or otherwise, whether conformable to error or at variance therewith."

Such being its programme for the future, this molecular theory looks back, and finds there a history to match. It finds no sin there, albeit there is suffering. It finds no wrong there, albeit there are things not right. It discerns only a process of "adaptation to circumstances," a mere "self-adjustment to environment," on the part of all humanity, whether molecular or organized. Now, as adaptation or self-adjustment is always attended with incidental friction, restraint, pinching, suffering, here you have suggested, in a nutshell, the explanation of the mystery of evil in the world. Let us take a specimen passage:

"The manifold evils which have filled the world for these thousands of years—the murders, enslavings, and robberies; the tyrannies of rulers, the oppressions of class, the persecutions of sect and party; the multiform embodiments of selfishness in unjust laws, barbarous customs, dishonest dealings, exclusive manners, and the like—are simply instances of the disastrous working of this original and once needful constitution, now that mankind have grown into conditions for which it is not fitted,—are nothing but symptoms of the suffering attendant upon the adaptation of humanity to its new circumstances."¹

With such a metaphysical theory, the science of ethics becomes impossible. And but for ethics, what Christian with a soul to save cares for metaphysics? With Seneca, let us avow that but for something beyond the human, it were never worth our while to be ranked in humanity. And with such a metaphysical theory there is nothing left us. We are like those who have no hope. Right

¹ Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*, p. 451.

and wrong, as Mr. Mallock graphically describes, fade into one another; and virtue and vice are deadened into one neutral tint. This state of mind is the "malady of the modern world—a malady of our own generation, which can escape no eyes that will look for it. It is betraying itself every moment around us, in conversation, in literature, and in legislation."¹

If the moral colors appear still to remain distinct, they are no longer those of right and wrong, but of a public opinion, of a social behavior, of a *savoir faire*, and other technicalities, which we need not take the trouble to show are very different from morality.

And therefore, to conclude this introduction, by quoting again from the Mr. Herbert cited above: "There never was a time when you talked so much as now about teaching the people; and yet do not you yourselves confess that you cannot agree together as to what to teach them? You can agree about teaching them—I know this too well—countless things that you think will throw light upon life; but life itself you leave a blank darkness, upon which no light can be thrown. You say nothing of what is good in it, and of what is evil. . . . Does success in it lie in the enjoyment of bodily pleasures, or in the doing of spiritual duty? Is there anything in it that is right for its own sake, or are all things right only because of their consequences?"

With the ulterior object of working out so important a problem—no difficult task for the Christian philosopher, and incumbent now in the face of fashionable atheism—we propose for our present question the gist and essence of Biology—What is Life? And as in one article we cannot reach that point of the treatment where it affects man, we shall be forced to leave for subsequent handling both sensation and the psychological portion of the subject.

II.

LIFE AND NON-LIFE.

To begin with the primary notion of life. We cannot tolerate in matters of science commencing with an obscurity and ending with a mystery; standing upon hypotheses and climbing up to unknowables. Yet Mr. Spencer repeatedly proclaims that all ultimate facts are mysteries! After establishing all the grades of metamorphoses, called evolution, from those modes of the unknowable which we style heat, light, chemical affinities, etc., to those other modes of the same unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought, he continues:

"How this metamorphosis takes place,—how a force existing as

¹ Is Life Worth Living? Chap. VIII.

motion, heat, or light can become a mode of consciousness,—how it is possible for aerial vibrations to generate the sensation we call sound, or for the forces liberated by chemical changes in the brain to give rise to emotion—these are mysteries which it is impossible to fathom. But they are not profounder mysteries than the transformations of the physical forces into each other. They are not more completely beyond our comprehension than the natures of Mind and Matter. They have simply the same insolubility as all other ultimate questions.”¹

Now we may as well have it distinctly understood at once that the scholastic philosophy does not presume to touch mysteries, which are beyond its sphere; but what things it does comprehend as within the sphere of philosophy, those it does not dispatch as mysteries.

Life, which we see so crudely wrapped up in the inexplicable by Mr. Spencer, is, on the contrary, a very simple primary notion. It is an inductive fact which is derived from observations made by common-sense. Such things as the common mind understands to be alive will give the same common mind to understand what life is and what it is not. They can give common-sense a clear notion of life as far as common-sense goes; not a comprehensive and adequate idea, which it belongs to science, from that point, to pursue. Thus it is that the question receives, at the same time, the fundamental solidity of common-sense and the philosophic distinctness of science.

Animals are manifestly alive. Hence the principle which appearing in them makes us call them “alive,” will enable us to predicate life wherever that principle is, and to deny it where that principle is not. This is common-sense. Now what is the principle which is so evident in them, and makes us at one and the same time affirm that they live because it is present, and that rocks are dead because it is absent?

It is surely that in which the animal’s life is first said to show itself, that with which life is seen to endure, and that in which common-sense declares that there the life disappears, and the animal dies for want of life. When a thing is first seen to *move itself*, there common-sense comes in, and from that moment affirms such self-moving thing to be alive. As long as such moving thing continues to go of itself, so long does common-sense persist in the same affirmation. And when at last it is discovered that the moving thing no longer actuates itself, but has to be actuated from without, then common-sense says “Oh, it is dead!” for want of life—that is, for want of inward action.

According, then, to the verdict of common-sense,—that is, of

¹ The Correlation and Equivalence of Forces, § 82.

observation; that is, of physical fact, unimpeachable, because patent and universal,—the criterion by which we judge whether a thing is alive or not is its power of moving itself. And therefore—and let us note this metaphysical consequence—the principle of life is that from which such self-moving power proceeds; it is such an active cause as is adequate to such an effect. It is *that from which* this act of moving self does come; and as this act of moving self is clearly an actuation of self, a form of activity in oneself, an “informing” of oneself with activity, the principle from which it comes must correspond; it must be the principle of a formal act; it must be a formal principle in the agent. By a formal principle is meant the principle of a formal act; and by a formal act is meant an actuation of an agent as distinct from any passive actuation on the part of a recipient. So much for the metaphysical use of terms. But the argument is clear enough: that there must be a principle admitted; and we may call it, for the time being, “soul,” “form,” “idea,” “reason,” molecular vibration,” as we like.

This is the metaphysical argument simple and clear, based on the fact which common-sense reports. It is a skeleton argument; uninteresting, like most skeletons, except that as other skeletons reveal much to the physiologist, so this will be found eloquent by the philosopher. In this one argument you will find the reason why all orders of beings are distinguished from one another, and why they are what they are in themselves—from the eternal chaos through the grades of beautiful beings up to the Eternal Being who drew everything out of chaos. In this one argument from the effect to the cause, with the implied formal relationship between them, that the inward movement is the *formal* effect of a principle within, we have revealed the inflexible framework on which the universe is stretched; and while physical sciences abound in descanting on the universe, metaphysics alone reveals the thing within.

But this and the like of this are just the subjects which the so-called New Philosophy relegates as unknowable to itself. Then, so saying, it condemns itself as being, not philosophy, but physics. As Monboddo said: “Nothing deserves the name of philosophy except what explains the causes and principles of things.” And, moreover, he said well: “With regard to Experimental Philosophy, so called, I am far from denying the use of it; but I would have the gentlemen who value themselves so much upon this kind of *manual* philosophy, to distinguish betwixt the *phenomena* and the *principles* of nature, and not imagine that the latter as well as the former are objects of sense, to be discovered by chemical analysis, or seen through a microscope. They should consider themselves as the historians of nature, who, by great attention and minute observation, investigate facts which escape the vulgar, and

may be called the anecdotes or secret history of nature. But history and philosophy are two things very different."¹ And Father Harper in the same vein animadverts that "if every science permits itself to run riot in its neighbor's property,—if osteology out of its dry bones constructs a theology,—if comparative anatomy must needs trespass on cosmogony, physical science on psychology, mathematics on logic,—if physics and applied mathematics are to meddle with the essential nature and constitution of being,—if metaphysics is to change its teachings at the beck and call of each whimsical theory of the hour, then anarchy is introduced into the commonwealth of science, the old landmarks are subverted, vagabond caprice is liberated from prison, and truth is expatriated."²

Reverting now to the skeleton argument, which is taken, by the way, from the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas,³ we may observe that life is spoken of in two distinct states. We started with the action and landed in the principle, we began with the formal effect and ended in the formal cause; just as we may speak of the strength of an arm when it is striking the table, or of the same strength when not exerted in striking anything. In the act of striking you have an exercise of the permanent power within, a formal effect thereof. When not exercised in striking, the permanent power still remains, that is to say, the formal principle or cause. And so in life: you have the exercise of life in the actual movement, called by Scholastics life *in actu secundo*; you have the principle always remaining within, and capable of putting forth actual movement, until the animal is dead; this principle the Scholastics call life *in actu primo*.

This life *in actu primo* is another term for the principle of life. The principle of life is the formal cause of immanent or inward action. The formal and visible *effects* of the principle are the action put forth by the principle upon itself, or upon the living subject which the principle is informing with life. This action on self is called *immanent*, "remaining in" the subject. Action which does not "remain in," but goes out to any other recipient is called *transient*. Immanent action begins within, actuates within, terminates within, so that the agent acts on self, goes, moves, energizes in a *self-principled* shape or form, if I may coin a term. Transient action passes from the agent to another subject, beginning in one as a principle and ending in the other as a term. So bodies act by heat, and by light, and by electricity and chemical affinities, all of which act from body to body, or from cell to cell, or from molecule to molecule. But living action is manifestly immanent in a single cell, which energizes throughout; in a whole arm, which puts forth its energy as a whole member and

¹ Lord Monboddo, Introduction to Ancient Metaphysics.

² The Metaphysics of the School, Book I., Ch. III.

³ 1 p. q. 18, art. 1.

receives the whole actuation in itself, whatever exterior or transient effect there may or may not be at the same time. So it is in the whole body, and in every member of the body. And thus it is that the eye sees; thus the mind thinks.

At once we are in face of a question, a problem, which answered definitely becomes a great metaphysical principle. That is to say: Can the non-living account for the living? Can life come from non-life? Is life merely a mode of motion? This latter term, motion, is taken by the scientists in the sense of only local motion.

We answer positively, absolutely: No phase whatever of non-life can account for life. No variation of motion, which is not already living motion, can produce that which is living. Life is not a mode of motion.

This is directly in the teeth of evolution. Here it is we meet the first great paralogism of modern science. Here the first great application of its capital principle, that 2×2 do not only make 4, but likewise 5, aye 6, nay 7; in fact, it is not clear why they stop, or where they stop. They do not stop at all, but find that their 2×2 , if they make more than 4 at all, may just as well make all. And hence, in sober earnest, the evolutionists will have not only the lowest forms of life to be a mode of motion, but the highest too; and intellect and emotion all sink down into gyrations of the atoms, and God and the soul become rotations of the molecules.

We proceed to establish that there is an essential difference of principle between the living and non-living: that non-life cannot produce life, and therefore that life is not a mode of motion. When once this restraint is put upon uncontrolled thought, the energies of the mind have a chance of being kept in their channel, of being ordered by the eternal principles of logic, and so of remaining strong, beautiful, and true.

The physical action of heat, light, electricity, gravitation, etc., is such that no one claims for it any other character than the *transient* one of *passing* from particle to particle, from molecule to molecule, from atom to atom. If a chemist speaks of a single atom as getting heated, he means merely that its "mobility" is being actuated, that its attractions and repulsions are undergoing a certain modification, that, in fact, its heat consists in some motion with reference to other atoms, as the very notion of attraction and repulsion necessarily implies. Here we are met by no difficulty. There is not a physicist, I suppose, who claims that an atom gets hot by turning round upon itself; and, being itself the independent principle of that reflex action, becomes likewise the term of the same, so that the heat is the consequence of enterprise, as it were, upon itself. No; heat, light, electricity, affinities, are conceived of as undulations of different lengths and degrees of rapidity; and the undulations pass over atoms, molecules, particles,

gyrating them perhaps into "more than astronomical" periodicities of revolution and complex curves of motion, which, as nobody so far has seen them, nor any one cast them on a screen like Lissajous's figures, every one is free to describe as he will, provided he subscribe to the theory. But however unsatisfactory such undemonstrated theory may be as an adequate explanation of what the physical forces are, certain it is that there is one thing which they are *not*, and which no one claims for them. Their action is not that of the atom upon itself, of the molecule on itself, of the subject reacting on the subject; it is not action inward, immanent. It is all transient.

Now no amount of transient action can give that which is immanent. Let us take a living molecule. Take a living cell of the smallest size—a segmentary cell of the germ from which a great living body is going to evolve. Take that smallest expression of physical life to which analysis and the microscope can reduce the problem in act, and call it as you like, with Mr. Huxley, protoplasm, with others, bioplasm—the first, simplest plasm in which, as in a distinct cell, science detects life.

And first, by the way, I would remark the propriety of determining the issue on a cell. Atoms are smaller indeed than a cell; they are aggregated to the cell; and matter generally is transmuted into the homogeneous mass of the cell. But it is perfectly proper and correct not to join issue, in this question of life, on an atom or a molecule. First, because no molecule separately is seen to live. Secondly, because molecules, in this connection, are known as only subserving the purpose of living particles, by being taken into them or being moved out of them. Thirdly, because it requires a certain amount of material to show the phenomena of life in even its simplest form. An atom does not supply enough of material. Just as in other substances generally there must be a certain amount of material to enable the substance to be in its identity, so in a living thing there must be a certain quantum of material, and that complex enough, to allow of the very first and simplest phenomena of life. In such a quantum, called, as we choose, protoplasm, bioplasm, primary cell, complex atom, or the like, the problem of life in the first place opens, though, be it said, it does not there in the last place close. For, though short of that you have only non-living material, beyond that you have endless developments of living matter, through various grades of perfection, up to life without matter in spiritual being.

Such being the case, let us take this living cell. As living, it is acting on itself. That is to say, it is the principle of its action, and is itself the term of the same. Thus, if it grows by nutrition, what happens? It appropriates external matter, and changes it into its own homogeneous mass; it is itself the principle and itself the

term, although, in the circuit, it touches, handles, alters things which are not itself,—these are external effects, resulting from the immanent action; and, from the elements of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, it forms the protein which enters into its own homogeneous formation, and there results then a development of cell within cell. There is an inward action in it, a distinctly marked action, which can disappear or “die,” though the simple elements all remain, yes, and remain as the oxy-hydro-carbon compound; because even so remaining they can be dead, and their action is dead too, as far as it was immanent. The transient remains as ever. The protoplasm is dead through want of life. There was in it that action which escapes the analysis of the chemist, “inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis,” says Mr. Huxley, and therefore: “Chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter.”¹

Again, therefore, we say, no amount of transient action can produce that which is immanent or reflex. No number of straight lines can make a curve (except by a fiction of mathematics). By no possibility can the action which supposes another term as the patient, at one and the same time make the agent the patient. All the relative changes of attitude and location, by oscillations and revolutions, elliptical, spheroidal, complex in any order and expressed by unknown equations of any power; all the “astronomical distances” imagined between atoms, thus gyrating and flitting and sailing through molecular skies, subject to the laws of molecular astronomy, will never produce this resultant, that the action which by every physical law is simple and transient, directed to a term outside, is, with the same simplicity, immanent, reflex, and terminating inside.

The primary action of the living atom is extremely simple, indivisible, and is immanent. If we speak of the “complex atom,” called a cell, the whole of it is living with an immediate reflex action in itself. If we speak of each component part of that primary cell, each component part is living in the same way. Though life would not subsist in conditions less than those of the complex cell, yet the cell being actuated with life every minor part of it is alive. So that however you take it, whether in the whole or in molecular parts, there is everywhere action immanent; and such cannot come from any combinations of action transient.

There seems to be no need of dwelling further upon this proposition. Therefore the conclusion follows of its own weight, that, since living action is immanent, then transient action—which can never become immanent—cannot give living action. The non-living

¹ Lecture on the Physical Basis of Life.

cannot explain the living. If each has an intrinsic principle that constitutes it in its own order, the intrinsic principle of life cannot be explained by the intrinsic principle which does not give life. There is an essential difference of principle between the one order and the other.

Is it necessary to speak of principle at all? Many think not; or rather they do not know what is meant by principle. According to the principles of Comtism—which has its own principles, to the effect that nobody has any business with principles at all—it is said that antiquated philosophers used principles, and it is said they obscured knowledge by such notions, of things which the senses certainly cannot see. Knowledge, says Comtism, is the experience of facts acquired by the *senses*; and the senses observe only the succession of phenomena. What do they know of principles or cause? They observe accidental qualities. What do they know of essential substrata, or substance? All that we know, says Comtism, is what we see and touch. The rest is unknowable. Cause, agent, matter, motion, force—all are an unknown reality underlying known phenomena. A question of principle therefore is ruled out of court.

Nevertheless, without pausing to analyze the axiom of “principle” or causation, that there is nothing without a sufficient reason or cause, let us take occasion to animadvert upon the use or abuse of it by the scientific school. In the first place, though not expressly denied, it is equivalently so; for if a cause exists, then it is knowable; and if it is not knowable, at least as a cause, then neither can you say that it exists. The axiom is equivalently denied. In the second place, however much this science kicks against the goad, and imagines it takes pleasure in doing so, we may notice that, though kicking, it goes all the same, and it is going precisely in the line of finding in practice the very cause which in theory it equivalently denies. Thus Mr. Huxley, in his essay on the *Physical Basis of Life*, first denies that we should seek a principle: “What justification is there for the assumption of the existence in living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the non-living matter which gave rise to it?” Of course, with that, there is an end of anything like asking for a principle which may be adequate to the phenomena of life. But immediately afterwards, with a pass or two of sufficiently unphilosophic blundering in his conceptions, he falls back into the good old fashion of finding a cause, and laying down a principle on the sly, as it were. The laying down is covert, but the principle is broad. “I can find no intelligible ground,” he continues, “for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm *result from* the nature and disposition of its molecules.”

“Naturam expellas furca!”

Good old mother nature will not go! Mr. Huxley then proceeds to show what will come of this admission, and expresses in his own way what we ourselves were inculcating awhile ago, that the first metaphysical relationship of effect and cause here, the "skeleton" argument as we called it before, can be the skeleton of a man or a monster, according as you argue right or wrong. He says that this admission of his will make all vital action, all thoughts and emotions, merely a direct result and expression of molecular changes in our protoplasm. Or, as Mr. Tyndall puts it in his poetical rhapsody on the Matterhorn, the formless fog whence issued the solar and stellar systems contained potentially the *sadness* with which he regarded the Matterhorn. The *thought* which ran back to the universal cloud simply returned to its primeval home. "If so," he continues, "had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force; for, if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition (of matter and force) which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue."¹

Apropos of this method of arguing, it is well to make some observations on the use and abuse of the axiom, "There is nothing without a sufficient reason or cause." It means that a cause must be assigned either equal to the phenomenon or greater than it. $2 + 2$ give 4; $3 + 2$ give 4, as containing it; $4 + 2$ give 4, similarly. But $1 + 2$ do not give 4, being neither greater than it, nor equal to it. If now you start with one intellectual admission,—not a conviction, for that cannot be, but an admission,—that $1 + 2$ *may* give 4, by some "unknown" system of combinations and permutations, then there is no arithmetic for you. You dispense yourself from the science and the use alike of arithmetic. How you could possibly do it we could not possibly imagine, unless, perhaps, one's ingenuity in these matters being sharpened by a Herbert Spencer and his philosophy, we might suggest, that $1 + 2$ are next door to 3, and 3 is certainly next to 4, therefore $1 + 2$ give 4.

And now, applying this to philosophy, if by any intellectual admission, resting on an obscurity or possibilities, a "may be" or a "suggestion," one commits himself to what he neither knows by the senses, nor perceives with the eye of his mind, nor can logically deduce from distinct premises, thenceforth there is no intellectual science for him. At least, if he is consistent there is not. There is no arithmetic for a person who admits the remotest possibility that $1 + 2$ may give 4. No shopkeeper of the smallest calibre will let such a person supervise the scantiest daybook.

Hence Mr. Darwin's precious observations of empirical science, as far as they are empirical facts, may be gems; but in his hands,

¹ Fragments of Science: Note to Essay on Scientific Materialism.

when deductively put together, are what gems would be when the barleycorn were much better. The barleycorn of logic any day before the gems of such science!

If all this seems to be severe upon the school of modern science, let us recall to mind that, just at present, we are not in their school but they are in ours, and they must observe the regulations of metaphysics if they aspire to be metaphysicians. And, secondly, we shall do them the justice forthwith of filling out their scheme of defence, which they make on the respective heads in the bill of indictment. First defence: We may admit secret forces which we do not know of; occult, hidden agencies. Second defence: We must not run to miracles, and talk of soul, forms, spirit—no miracles! Third defence: There are so many mysteries in the world! “Regarding science as a gradually increasing sphere, we may say that every addition to its surface does but bring it into wider contact with surrounding nescience.”¹

Here some one objects: You are scouting mysteries and obscurities in science. Can you make it clear, without mystery, what life is; and particularly the life of man?

III.

THE DEFINITION OF LIFE.

The term “mystery” is very obscure,—about as obscure as the thing it signifies. Nevertheless, in the mouth of a scientist it comes to this: That is a mystery which is only intellectually conceived, with no other aid from imagination than what imagination can lend analogically, or, as in a certain subject-matter it is called, anthropomorphically. If the imagination cannot paint or represent definitely the length, breadth, height, depth, hardness, color, temperature, hygrometry of the object, that object is a mystery. If, however, the object can be so represented, with its material attributes, then it is not a mystery.

From this it follows that everything abstract and everything spiritual is a mystery. By the term “abstract” we designate the state of reality which is not actual in nature, but is underlying the actual. Thus *whiteness* is an abstract notion, for it is a state of reality which does not appear to our eyes as whiteness; we see only things white. Nor does whiteness exist except in things white; yet nothing would be white but for the whiteness in them. That is a sample of the abstract.

By “spiritual” it is clear what is meant; not that which merely prescinds from actual existence in matter, as whiteness, but that which is eminently actual and existent, independent of all matter. And here our imagination is naturally quite at a loss to paint the

¹ Mr. Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*: “Religion and Science.”

height, depth, color, and so forth of an idea ; for instance, of an emotion, of a mind, a soul, God. Therefore, says science, all these things are mysteries, and unknowable. We cannot even predicate that they exist, because they are not "mentally presentable." Science means because they are not subjects to be painted, that is all.

On the same principle, neither is logic knowable. It cannot be painted. Therefore, theoretically, it is unknowable. Practically, it does seem to be somewhat unknown. Practically, this school of science does not abound in logic, however much it is exuberant in fancy. If we chose to adopt the style of fence used by a certain opponent of Mr. Mallock,¹ we might say "that the very picturesqueness of its style, and its abounding imagery, derived from a love and contemplation of the surface of nature, suggest the doubt whether it is really adequate to the task of entering into the constitution of nature, and discovering the principles of things. As Cardinal de Polignac beautifully expresses it :

" *Materiæ decus et formam externumque nitorem
Miramur tantum, summoque in cortice rerum
Ludimus.
Quam pulcrum est in principiis, in origine rerum
Defixisse oculos et nobile mentis acumen !
Pervolat huc sapiens, nugæ sunt cætera vulgi.*"

However, to say that the school of science is not equal to this, is only saying that it is a school of "science" and not of metaphysics. And yet we should wish it did not stumble so. Father Pesch mentions that Maurice Wagner, for instance, meets the difficulty of not finding certain links in the chain of evolution by suggesting that the links may have migrated !

Father Pesch, the title of whose book we have prefixed to this article, has accomplished a very excellent task. Evidently a man of scientific bent, he has applied a vigorous philosophic mind to the grateful task of filling up the skeleton of scholastic principles, so far as they bear on physics, with modern physical facts. So much drifting has taken place in scientific thought, so many illogical, loose theories are afloat, that a considerable portion of his space is taken up with direct antagonism to the imaginings of the new philosophy ; but this direct antagonism of his only makes his body of scholastic philosophy the more valuable, as bringing it everywhere into immediate contact with errors in all their minutiae. And, at the same time, there is such analytic appreciation and grasp of the philosophy which has energized in the philosophic mind of centuries, that he builds it up through every stratum of physical fact and scientific intuition (for which thanks to the modern physicists) ; and he edifies too the moral sense of the Christian

¹ The Value of Life, ch. ii.

philosopher with the beautiful harmony which is intuitively discerned betwixt the open, physical world and that which lurks behind. Nature thus becomes an open scroll, and the supernatural is seen to adorn it as an illumination. His motto is *Novi errores impugnandi sunt veritate antiqua*: "New errors are to be righted by ancient truth."

We have laid down a metaphysical abstract truth with regard to the essence of life. We should be happy now to clear up whatever cloud of "mystery" overhangs such truth. If we mistake not, the mystery comes from the background, or rather, from the want of background,—from the absence of a perspective.

That principle of life to which we have so rigidly argued—one should like to approach it closer, and examine it minutely, and see how it ranges among other principles of its own class, or of other classes. For, to be candid, all that this paper has established so far, is the fact that such a principle exists. A relationship from observed facts of common observation has been discerned to a cause adequate, and has been followed up; and as far as the facts or effects give us to understand, we know now some general attributes of the cause or principle behind. But the cause itself—how does it stand? as an effect of what other cause? as subordinated in nature to what principles of its own, or other kinds?

Curiosum ingenium! says Seneca. "Inquisitive mind" of man, that is always asking what? and why? and how?

We should be glad to supply the background desired; or, in other words, having established two of the five points, which Father Liberatore¹ very well distinguishes, we should like to establish the other three. First, as he maintains, we should establish well the fundamental fact of life as distinct from non-life. Secondly, we should rise from the fact to the law, by answering the question, What true cause can be assigned to such a fact, considered as an effect? These two things we have done.

Then comes, thirdly, the connecting this order of facts with others more general, and the ranging this special law under laws more universal. Fourthly, general observations should be taken on the bearings of things mutually, and the phenomenon of life should be properly located in the universal order of beings. Fifthly, the essence of life being thus completely ascertained, its accidental properties could be more accurately investigated.

While the psychological portion of the subject will avail much towards clearing up the principles already laid down, the background which we feel is needed to the entire presentation of the subject is the internal composition of bodies, or as the scholastics put it, the theory of matter and form.

¹ Del Composto Umano.

This would serve as a background; and we reserve it for future treatment. It is notable how such a perspective helps to the realization of the abstract principle we have advanced and established. Then, besides supplying the perspective, when the outlines of the principle are filled up with the universe of living beings, all representing the one law of Immanence as made concrete in their respective grades, and this upwards, even to God himself, truly a creditable test has been applied to the definition of life, and it is more than a creditable definition which stands such a test.

We propose now to conclude by repeating the definition in a double form, as that of the principle of life, and this is manifestly a metaphysical idea; secondly, as that of life in action, and here the ideas are manifestly physical. So that life *in actu primo* draws on metaphysics, and life *in actu secundo* on physics.

While we shall repeat both definitions, we take occasion to remark, that for the development of the latter, or the physical description of life, there is scarcely a way more simple, more profitable or entertaining, than to consult the physicists themselves. Indeed, we should be glad to give here a *résumé* of their researches in the laboratory of vegetable physics; but we have no room. So we refer, for instance, to Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose ingenious and solicitous concern about physical facts, and whose comprehensive summaries of the results arrived at by specialists, furnish a large repertory of facts for developing the physical idea of life. What is wrong in him is the metaphysics. And let no one venture to assert that a metaphysical principle is useless, because dry; is valueless, because abstract; when the difference between a right metaphysical principle and a wrong one makes the difference between a sophist and a philosopher, between agnosticism and true science, between atheism and Christianity; and that, too, although both use the very same physical facts to construct their respective bodies of doctrine. Babel and Jerusalem may be built of the same stones. Just as he is a singular metaphysician who runs counter to logic and common-sense, so is he eccentric in common-sense who denies a due value to metaphysics.

Life then, in principle, is the principle of immanent action. It is that adequate principle which is sufficient to explain its effects; therefore, in the last analysis, it is found to be simple, substantial, informing matter, and to be the inner reason why the body is one, active, ordered, and subordinating others to its purpose; just as, on the other hand, matter is found to be, in the last analysis, the principle of inertia, extension, divisibility, density. Only material body it is which has all these qualities; but the qualities are respectively to be referred either to the active principle actuating or to the passive principle actuated, the latter being matter, the other

form. And, in a living body, the substantial principle of its *immanent* action is the principle of life.

Life, physically considered,—not in principle now, but in its action,—may here be described diversely, though briefly.

Life then, as it appears phenomenally, is an active state of self-preservation, in a composition which of its own nature is corruptible. This state of self-preservation is the result of means applied in the shape of circulating moistures or humors, and in the selection and rejection of matter for a definite purpose. Such is the definition of Ernest Stahl, a celebrated physician of the last century.

Life is the sum total of many functions, which have for effect the continuance of action, as opposed to the discontinuance, or the state of death. This is the definition of Bichat.

It is, again, the faculty which certain material combinations have of lasting a definite time under a determinate form, by drawing unceasingly into their composition a part of the substances around them, and restoring to the elements portions of their own substance.

Life is a whirling vortex, more or less rapid, more or less complex, having a direction which remains constant, and carrying around molecules of the same kinds, but meanwhile receiving and losing continually, so that the form of the living body is more essential than the matter. As long as the movement lasts, the body is alive, it lives. When the movement stops without recovery, the body dies. This is the definition of Cuvier.¹

Life is a tendency to individuation, says Schelling.

It is a collection of phenomena which succeed each other during a limited time in an organized body. So says Richerand, coinciding very much with Cuvier.

It is the twofold internal movement of composition and decomposition, at once general and continuous. This is De Blainville's.

It is a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity. This is from G. H. Lewes.²

Finally, to give Mr. Herbert Spencer's own definition, expressed in his own luculent metaphysical style,—Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences. Or briefer: It is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations. Or briefest: It is the co-ordination of actions.³

These may all be right in the limited physical direction in which they go. But the scholastic philosophers have given the simple and complete definition, which we established above from the data of common-sense. Taken in its physical aspect, life is immanent action.

¹ These three definitions are taken from Father Liberatore's work, *Del Composto Umano*.

² These last four definitions are taken from Spencer's *Data of Biology*, ch. iv.

³ *Data of Biology*, ch. v., iv.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE METAPHYSICS OF THE SCHOOL. By *Thomas Harper, S. J.* Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co., 1879. Pp. lxxx-592. Vol. II., 1881. Pp. xxvii-757.

The past twenty-five years have witnessed a great revival in English thought. Convinced that the physical sciences can give no answer to the deeper problems upon which they rest, English thinkers, even those who are *ex-professo* physicists, have wandered into the domains of metaphysics. Proofs of this revival are apparent in every department of our current literature—from the “leader” of the “Daily” to the stately article of the “Scientific Monthly, or Quarterly”—from the pert little book of him who “makes *science* easy” to the many volumed Spencer, who makes *science* nescience. But the effect of this reaction is as evident as it is under existing circumstances inevitable. For, when men undisciplined in metaphysics, and with contempt both for divine revelation and for the discovered “wisdom” of the past, attempt to grapple with the mightiest questions of philosophy, what can come of the effort but confusion, defeat? Hence “systems of philosophy unduly multiplied,” “opinions diverse, and often contradictory, even in regard to those things which hold the first place in human cognitions,” “hesitations,” “doubts,” “errors,” are hardly less apparent and widespread in the “philosophy” of England than in that of the Continent.

Still, just as in the religious order the unceasing strife and contradictions of the sects have driven many a weary searcher after truth into the Catholic Church, so also is it coming to pass in the world of science. Full many a one in these times, “fatigued with the Babel of that legion of theories and dreams which in our day are undeservedly graced with the title of philosophy, . . . is casting a wistful glance back upon that ancient doctrine which has stood the test of over two thousand years, and calmly holds its own, spite of the unmeasured calumnies and copied scorn of interested adversaries.” (P. xlv.)

In presenting, therefore, to the English-speaking world the “Metaphysics of the School,”—the recognized philosophy of the Church—F. Harper confers a timely and an inestimable boon, which will be valued most highly by those who, whether from lack of time, patience, or other causes, are hindered from “collecting that science for themselves from the many folios of the mediæval doctors.” (P. xiii.)

But the good influence of his work will not be limited to the non-Catholic student, nor even to the intelligent Catholic reader, who is, however, insufficiently versed in scholastic language to draw the philosophy of the school from its primary or more remote Latin sources, but even those who are already familiar with the writings of St. Thomas, or who have mastered more recent treatises on his philosophy,—professors and advanced students,—can learn many things from F. Harper’s volumes. The end which the Holy Father had in view in authoritatively reviving the doctrine of St. Thomas will not be reached until we have thoroughly acquired the “wisdom” of our Master, and learned to express it in genuine English. F. Harper’s work will be a powerful aid to the attainment of both these ends—to the attainment of the former since he gives us a good digest of St. Thomas’s metaphysics; of the latter since he has written it in true English.

¹ *Dubl. Rev.*, Ap., 1880, p. 449.

As Bishop Hedley, speaking of the first volume, aptly remarks:¹ "If the volume were of *no other* use than to afford thoroughly worked-out examples of elaborate and sustained argumentation, it would be a treasure and a prize. But to the student it is in many other ways most valuable. It will help him to 'translate' his philosophy into current speech; it will assist him in correcting his slovenly and slipshod English; it will make him ashamed of unnecessary barbarisms, and it will not unfrequently kindle a spark of true philosophic fire by the keen and nervous 'rally' of its responses, or the solid and vigorous phrasing of its demonstration."

Hitherto it had been regarded as impossible to render the metaphysics of the school in the vernacular tongue. And we believe still that it is to some extent *untranslatable*. "You can only render it into English by taking its terms and altering their terminations. *Forma* is 'form,' *materia* is 'matter,' *actus purus* is 'pure act,' *intellectus passivus* is 'passive intellect,' and so of a hundred other words and phrases"" which constitute the fixed terminology of Catholic philosophy. But the work before us is no mere *translation*. Its author has digested and assimilated scholastic science to his own mind, and presents it to the reader stamped with the traits of his own individuality. He does not simply *translate* terms, but satisfactorily *explains* them—thus giving his readers the sacred terminology of the science which he interprets, with the peculiar shade of meaning it bore in the minds of his masters. (P. lxxix.) In addition to this he has adopted the happy trait of Aristotle and St. Thomas, of clothing the deepest abstract truth in the familiar garb of some sensible image or illustration,—a feature of the work which will be most highly appreciated by students that have given much more attention to physics than to the "First Science."

It would be vain to attempt to condense within the space granted us here the elaborate arguments of F. Harper on the central questions of metaphysics treated of in the two portly volumes before us. Such attempt, indeed, would be very much like the effort of him whom the author cites as wishing to have the philosophy of St. Thomas presented in an octavo volume—attempting "to lull a giant to sleep in a baby's cradle." (P. lxxvi.) We must content ourselves with a few general remarks on the entire work, and upon that portion which has thus far been given to the public.

In his admirable introduction the author states, and ably refutes, the old, though in the minds of his adversaries, even new objections (better calumnies) against the *form* and *matter* of the scholastic philosophy. (Pp. vii–xliv.) The mind of the student being thus purged of prejudice, the chief obstacles which may beset his path, when about to enter on a study of metaphysics, are next exposed at length. (Pp. xlv–lxvi.) Having thus proximately prepared his reader for the reception of scholastic science, F. Harper proceeds to explain the intention, plan, sources and divisions of his work. "The title of the book," he says, "sufficiently explains its aim and purpose. It does not pretend to be a new and original philosophy. Of these we have had quite enough already. It professes simply to give in English, to the best of the author's ability, the fundamental philosophy of the school, which will be found to differ little, if at all, from that of Aristotle. But two obstacles stood in the way of such a work: 1st, The existence of the rival schools of the Scotists, of the Thomists, of the Augustinians.

¹ Encycl. *Aeterni Patris*.

² Dublin Rev., Cit., p. 449.

The points of difference between these schools could not reasonably have been introduced into his work, so, moved both by the intrinsic merit of the doctrine of St. Thomas, and by the weight of ecclesiastical authority in his favor, F. Harper determined to follow the Angelic doctor. In questions agitated between the Dominican school on the one side, and the Jesuit on the other, wherein the authority of St. Thomas is claimed by both parties, the author defends the interpretation which appears to him possessed of the greater intrinsic evidence, not omitting, however, the opposite view, with its proper arguments. (P. lxxv.)

"Another obstacle arose from the fact that the mediæval doctors have not written express treatises on metaphysics." (P. lxxvii.)

St. Thomas, indeed, has left valuable commentaries on Aristotle and various opuscula on detached questions, but no systematic "course." (*Ib.*) The *disputations* of Suarez, though entire, systematic, and very valuable, were written for a peculiar end, which unfits them for general use. (P. lxxviii.) F. Harper met this difficulty by "assuming the general order, method, and divisions of Suarez as the logical basis" of his work, and arranging upon this system the metaphysics of St. Thomas drawn from his different treatises. The entire work is therefore to consist of nine books. "The *first* treats of the Definition of Metaphysics; the *second* of Being; the *third* of the Transcendental Attributes of Being; in the *fourth* will be considered the Principles of Being; in the *fifth* the Causes of Being; in the *sixth* the Primary Determinations of Being; in the *seventh* and *eighth*, the Categories of Aristotle; in the *ninth*, Natural Theology." (P. lxix.) These nine books will be distributed into four large octavo volumes.

The first volume contains the first three books, viz.: The Definition of Metaphysics (pp. 3-42); Being Possible and Existent (pp. 45-151); Attributes of Being—Unity, Truth, Goodness (pp. 155-570).

We are glad to see that the author starts by vindicating the reality of metaphysics as a *science* (p. 8)—a question of immense importance in these days of positivism, materialism, and sensualism.

In the question on the nature of the distinction between actual essence and its existence, F. Harper rejects the so-called *theoristic* opinion which defends the *real* distinction, and follows that of Suarez,¹ Vasquez, and others who contend for "only a logical distinction founded on a reality" (p. 106). He maintains, however, that in adopting this view, he is not at variance with the Angelic doctor, since a careful examination and collation of his teachings in the passages adduced by the supporters of the opposite opinion, and in "cognate passages, lead to the conclusion that he (St. Thomas) is in nowise directly referring to the nature of the distinction between *actual* finite essence and its existence; but is insisting upon the metaphysical distinction between finite *possible* essence and the existence which it is considered as receiving, or in other words, its actuation."

Also in treating of the important question regarding the principle of Individuation (p. 224 and sq.), the author does not follow the opinion attributed to St. Thomas by such philosophers as Sanseverino,² Zigliara,³ and Lepido,⁴ which declares that principle to be *materia signata quantitate*, but embraces that of Suarez,⁵ viz.: "Every material substance, whether complete or incomplete, is the intrinsic constitutive

¹ Disp., xxxi. 1.

² Elementa Ontologia, C. III., A. II.

³ Summa Phil. Cosmol. Lib. II., C. II., A. IV.

⁴ Elementa Cosmol., L. I., Sect. II., C. 1. III.

⁵ Vid. Disput., v., sect. viii., n. 23 sq., and sect. vi., n. 1 sq.

principle of its individuation by its own actual and proper entity." (P. 238.) He shows, however, that the "respective teachings of the Angelic doctor and of the Jesuit philosopher are in complete harmony," since the latter has treated of the principle "*physically*" constitutive of Individuation in material substance, while the former has dealt with the same question "*conceptually*" and "*metaphysically*." (P. 246.) "If, therefore, the question be considered metaphysically, it is true to say that fundamentally and remotely in matter as such, proximately matter conceived as potentially disposed, is the extrinsic genetic principle by which the form is individuated, and consequently the chief intrinsic genetic principle by which the entire substantial composite is individuated." (P. 247.)

Numerous passages are then cited from diverse works of St. Thomas—*The Libri Sent.*, *Questiones Disp.*—and many Opuscula, all of which render it "plain that St. Thomas is throughout considering the whole question from a *metaphysical* point of view. All his expressions are clearly indicative of this fact. For he tells us categorically that indeterminate dimensions have no physical existence. They are in this respect like color, which cannot physically exist, save under the form of such or such determined color. And when he refers to the *physical* constitution of the material substance, he asserts that the haecceity¹ of the whole substance is composed of *this* matter, and *this* form, which is identical with the doctrine of Suarez." (P. 266.)

We have not studied F. Harper's treatise sufficiently to give an opinion on his view of this question, but we have read enough to convince us of the appositeness of Bishop Hedley's remark: "Let the student read the argument of F. Harper on the 'Foundation of Individual Unity in Material and Immaterial substances,' and he will rise from its study a weary, perhaps, but a satisfied man,"²—satisfied as well with the author's admirable power of abstraction, and "discourse," as with the genuine pleasure derived from the very labor of following the march of his argument.

In his introduction F. Harper warns the reader that he will probably find the first volume "somewhat dry and very difficult," but consoles him with the thought that an "accurate knowledge" of its subject-matter is "a necessary preliminary to the study" of the second volume, wherein will appear questions of "more general interest." The author redeems this promise most lavishly. He would be but a sorry admirer of the "Queen of Sciences," who would not consent to surmount far more and greater obstacles than are found in F. Harper's "Transcendentals," if only to get a glimpse at the magnificent pageant of truth arrayed in this second volume. Here we have the book on the "Principles of Being," containing treatises on the "Nature of Analytical and Synthetical Judgments;" on the "Ultimate Principle in the order of Reduction," with the refutation of Sir William Hamilton's objections against the "Principle of Contradiction;" on the "Synthetical, *a priori*, Judgments of Rant." Then follows the book on the "Causes of Being," with its long array of propositions on the deep questions of causality, and two elaborate chapters on the "Material and Formal Causes," in which the scholastic doctrine regarding the Constitutive

¹ Whenever the author uses a purely scholastic term, or is compelled to coin a new word (a very rare occurrence), attention is called to it at the time, and a full explanation afforded of the meaning. To make "assurance doubly sure," a Glossary of Terms is given at the end of the first volume, to which additions are to be made in succeeding volumes, if it be deemed necessary. (P. lxxix.)

² *Dubl. Rev.*, Cit., p. 455.

Principles of Bodies is explained and defended at length, and the chief rival theories refuted. An appendix follows, wherein is stated the teaching of St. Thomas touching the genesis of the material universe—comprising those questions on evolution which so largely engage the attention of recent scientists. Our space does not permit us to show how ably the author handles these difficult and important subjects. And even if it did, a “synopsis” would impart but a very inadequate notion. Every English-speaking student should read these volumes for himself. We feel certain that a very brief study of them will convince him that they are “a great acquisition to Catholic philosophy, and a grand monument of the learning, the power, and the patience of one man.”¹

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES, 1880-81. *Christ and Modern Thought*; with a Preliminary Lecture on the Methods of Meeting Modern Unbelief. By *Joseph Cook*. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1881.

The successive series of discourses known as the *Boston Monday Lectures* have their origin and continuance in excellent intentions. It was felt by Mr. Cook and many other prominent Protestants of Boston and its vicinity, that doubt and positive disbelief in the reality of divine revelation, and its consistency with what are claimed to be logical deductions from actual discoveries in the fields of scientific investigation, are rapidly widening and deepening. To counteract this growing skepticism and infidelity these lectures were planned and are continued. For several years they were delivered chiefly, if not exclusively, by Mr. Cook; but, with the exception of the preliminary lecture, the volume before us is made up of discourses by other distinguished Protestant “divines” and professors, at the invitation of the Executive Committee in charge, for the time being, of the course of lectures.

The general theme which all these discourses were intended to elucidate, as stated in their common title, is *Christ and Modern Thought*; yet it is a significant fact, unmistakably indicating the entire absence of unity even of religious opinion, not to speak of faith, among Protestants on even so vital a question as what they believe about Christ, that the Executive Committee, who selected the lecturers and published their discourses, deemed it necessary to print a preliminary card in the volume they have published, warning readers that they (the committee) “do not wish to be understood as being responsible for the views expressed.” With such an expression of doubt and dissent on the part of the members of the Executive Committee from the reasoning or, as they themselves term it, “the views of the lecturers,” whom they invited to discuss subjects so vital to Christianity as those comprised in the volume before us, it is a pertinent question, How can the committee or any one else expect these lectures to have any influence over either avowed skeptics, or others who wish to believe yet are confused or in doubt as to the fundamental truths of Christianity? The lecturers who were invited to deliver these discourses, it may be reasonably supposed, were gentlemen whom the committee believed were most competent and best prepared to give true Christian answers to the questions and objections raised by opponents of Christianity; yet to the correctness of these answers even the members of the Executive Committee are not willing to commit themselves. If the statements and arguments of their own selected defenders of the Christian religion are of such doubt-

¹ *Dubl. Rev.*, I. cit.

ful soundness and force, how can the general public be expected to accept them? and what good can those who sustain those lectures hope they will accomplish? The reply might well be made by confessed infidels or doubters, "Gentlemen, first settle among yourselves who and what Christ is; how Christianity originated; what are its doctrines; on what basis do they rest; and what are the evidences by which Christianity is authenticated and supported. After that come to us and we will give you a hearing."

The fact is, whatever claims these discourses respectively have to scholarship or soundness of thought, the point from which they start and the basis on which they rest is that of mere individual opinion. This renders them powerless for the accomplishment of their professed purpose—the refutation of infidel ideas—for they have no other basis than that of individual opinion; and because of its variability they are on many points antagonistic and mutually destructive of each other.

No such method or way did Christ employ to convince those who were inclined to doubt Him and deny His divine mission, and no such method or way did He instruct those to use whom he commissioned to teach to all nations and in all ages the eternal, unchangeable truths He revealed. He spoke to those who surrounded Him, whether believing or unbelieving, "as one 'having authority,'" not the authority due to human thought, human opinion, or human learning and philosophy, but the authority due to Himself as God, the embodiment of absolute truth. And in like manner He instructed those to speak who were to carry on His work throughout all time till "the consummation of the world," and with like authority He invested them: "Go ye, TEACH. . . . He that heareth *you* heareth ME, and he that despiseth *you* despiseth ME. . . . He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

In this spirit and manner the Apostles went forth and taught, and so they instructed and empowered their successors to teach. So spoke St. Paul to the cultured Greek skeptics at Athens, the then metropolis of philosophy, where the most acute and skilful dialecticians of the world, practiced in all the arts of disputation, carried on interminable strife, with equal ardor to that of the trained athletæ for victory in the amphitheatre. So spoke St. Peter to the Romans at the very seat of their empire, where the pride of universal dominion united with the power of superstitions intertwined with national history and ancestral traditions to oppose the religion of which he was the representative and teacher. So taught St. Mark, St. Peter's chosen disciple, at Alexandria, where all nations met to traffic; where all languages were spoken and all philosophies were taught; where the science of Egypt, "advanced" in human "learning" even before the time of Moses, welcomed and hospitably received the culture and luxury of the East, the poetry and philosophy of Greece, and the second growth of that philosophy at Rome; where Neoplatonists, despising the vulgar idolatry paid to mythical gods, were dreaming, like our modern pantheists, of some "misty impersonal abstraction to which they gave the name of God; where Pyrrhonists took refuge in a system of universal doubt; where many were content to know nothing at all about the soul, and concerned themselves rather with mathematics and astronomy and material prosperity; where Greek Epicureans speculated about a world that had made itself by chance, and set up sense as the standard of certainty, and enjoyment as the end of life; while freethinkers quoted the witty atheisms of Lucretius, and then went to burn incense before the statue of the emperor."

The Apostles had to win their converts from peoples who valued "culture" as highly as any esteem it now—peoples among whom were sophists and dialecticians as acute and skilful in employing the arts of disputation and the power of rhetoric for inculcating fallacies as subtle, as plausible, and as delusive as any which French, German, or English metaphysicians or scientists now put forth in the name of reason, to obscure real knowledge and destroy Christian faith. Under other names there were then transcendentalists and materialists, positivists, agnostics, and pessimists, as subtle and as sophistical as any who now marshal their followers in the various schools of "advanced thought." There were then, as now, those who, in the name of reason, denied the existence of a personal Deity and Creator of the world—who maintained that mind and spirit were but results and forms of material action, and asserted that it was impossible to have knowledge of anything that lay beyond the reach of our material senses. There were those then who talked and wrote as beautifully and as delusively about "sweetness and light," and painted as glowing pictures of what they saw in dreams in the cloudland of transcendental fancy as the "philosopher of Concord" or any of his disciples.

Soon, too, there arose those who professed to be Christians, yet constructed ideal Christs and ideal systems of Christianity—denying the real Christ, and denying or perverting the truths of divine revelation as regards the existence and attributes of God, the one person and two natures of our Saviour, the existence and coequality of the three persons in the glorious and undivided Trinity, and who endeavored, with as subtle process of ratiocination as any which modern rationalists employ, to make Christianity subservient to their fallacious speculations.

Countless variations and modifications of these heresies followed each other in quick succession during the first four or five centuries of Christianity, and on ever unchanging ground the successors of the Apostles, like the Apostles themselves, met and overcame them. It was not on such ground as that taken by the learned Protestant disputants, with a like purpose in view—the defence of vital truths of Christianity—in the *Boston Monday Lectures*. The Fathers and Doctors of the Church during those ages, ripe with speculation, subtle and profound on every subject (and the same remark holds good of Catholic defenders of Christianity in all subsequent ages) spoke with no hesitating tongue, or timid, apologetic utterance respecting Antichristian errors. It was not with "views" or individual opinions that they combated error. What they enunciated they did not propose to the assent of men as something possibly or probably true, yet still open to question. What they declared they declared as verities, absolute certainties. They frequently appealed, it is true, to the conclusions of human reason in confutation of their adversaries, and freely employed whatever was true, even in heretical or pagan thought, to expose the errors with which it was mixed, thus refuting unbelief and the false doctrines of pretended Christian philosophers on their own ground and with their own weapons. To employ the figures then frequently used, they "spoiled the Egyptians of their own treasures," and "cut off Goliath's head with his own sword." But they never abandoned the firm ground of authority which they occupied as ambassadors of Christ, divinely appointed and commissioned, for the uncertain basis of mere human speculation.

Just here is the mistake and the disadvantage of Protestant controversialists in their efforts to refute skepticism and infidelity. Skepticism and infidelity in all their varying phases are but different forms of rationalism, different speculations of minds unwilling to subject human

reason to the obedience of faith. But Protestantism itself is essentially rationalistic, both as regards its fundamental ground and the methods of argumentation by which it is attempted to be sustained. Its attacks, therefore, upon Antichristian error are simply attempts to displace one form of rationalism with another, to drive out one set of human opinions and enthrone another. The conflict at last, therefore, always resolves itself into a contest merely of dialectics and rhetoric, in which the most skilful disputant or eloquent speaker carries off the palm, but seldom or never convinces his opponents that they are in the wrong.

This is the fatal defect of the *Boston Monday Lectures*. It is a mistake, too, which it is impossible for the learned lecturers to escape as long as they remain Protestants and stand on Protestant ground. They have nothing but speculators' views, opinions to present; and mere opinions are powerless to convince those who firmly hold opposing opinions.

It is not necessary, therefore, to criticise in detail and notice each of these lectures separately. They are of different degrees of merit as regards scholarship and the intellectual ability displayed. There are true things in them well expressed, sound arguments strongly put, mingled up with mere hypotheses, mere personal speculations, some of them probable, some of them preposterous; but the ground on which they are based is unstable, and the superstructure necessarily has the same defect.

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS; or, Sketches of Education from the Christian Era to the Council of Trent. By *Augusta Theodosia Drane*, author of "Three Chancellors," "Knights of St. John," "The History of Sienna," etc. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

Could the leaders of the modern crusade to expel religion from education be induced to read this work with unprejudiced minds, and study the lessons it furnishes on the subject, their ardor in behalf of purely secular instruction, and their admiration for intellectual development divorced from faith in Christianity, would certainly be very much lessened, and perhaps, indeed, from opponents of those who advocate the necessity of religious training forming an essential part of all educational processes, they would become friends and allies. Those, too, who, with ignorance which, under the light now thrown by the historical researches of modern indifferentists and skeptics, as well as the writings of eminent Catholic historians and controversialists, upon the actual intellectual action of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, call the preceding ten centuries Dark Ages, and represent it as a period when ignorance conjoined with superstition reigned with undisputed sway, can learn from the pages of the volume before us how utterly untruthful are their representations respecting the movements of the human mind during that period wherever Christianity penetrated, and how cruelly unjust is the libel they thus formulate against the Catholic Church.

The book, however, was written with no such purposes or objects, or, if they entered at all into its design, they were incidental and aside from the chief intention of the author. That intention, as we learn from the preface (and an examination of the work fully confirms the statement), was to present "a general and connected sketch of the history of Christian education down to the period of the Council of Trent, illustrated from the lives of those who have in successive ages taken part in that great work." The author, with that modesty which often accompanies true scholarship, and always makes it more admirable,

apologizes for certain omissions, among which is prominently mentioned the absence of a complete account and critical examination of the writings of those who were most eminent as teachers, or in other ways were most distinguished for the part they took in carrying forward the great work of Christian education. But, as she correctly says, such an examination would properly enter into a history of Christian literature, and would, moreover, extend the book (which is a large 8vo. of upward of 700 pages) into several volumes. For like obvious reasons the author does not refer, except in an incidental way, to the philosophical and theological controversies connected with the lives of the great men whose characters and labors and relations to the educational action of the Church she sketches with masterly vigor, truthful accuracy, and with sufficient fulness of detail to furnish clear and distinct pictures of them, of the ages in which they lived, of the intellectual status and characteristics of those ages, and of the process of education then employed, and of the schools and other institutions by which these processes were maintained in vigorous action.

The evidences of extensive research and close study of the most reliable histories and authorities are plainly visible throughout the whole work, but the results are given not in dry didactic form, but in that of a highly interesting narrative, written in charming style. The subject is treated from a purely historical point of view, and the interest as well as value of the work is enhanced by the fact that as far as is possible the coloring, and sometimes even the language, of the statements of ancient and mediæval writers is preserved.

It is beyond our power to give even a synopsis of the wonderful activity of the Church in founding schools, under the eyes and direct supervision of her bishops, establishing them in the porticos of her churches and in the cloisters of her convents, and, as time passed on and opportunities were afforded, multiplying those schools, extending their scope, supplementing them with colleges, and developing these in turn into universities, to which the poor and the rich, the sons of barbarians of remote countries, were attracted and mingled on terms of equality with the children of native rustics and those of kings and counts and of the wealthy burgesses. Scarcely had the fires of pagan persecution been quenched—indeed, long before they were quenched, and while the Apostles were still living—steps were taken to establish Christian schools. This was notably the case at Alexandria, where St. Mark—whose first convert there was a poor cobbler—though commencing his work of teaching with the poor, yet soon extended his labors, in accordance with his Apostolic mission, so as to embrace also the philosophers of the world-famed Alexandrian Musæum, as well as the rude and despised rabble and slaves. To St. Mark, and through him to the Prince of the Apostles, may be traced up the institutions which were the nurseries of the Christian schools; for all the allusions of early writers to the labors of St. Mark at Alexandria concur in the fact that, though the Sacred Scriptures, the Creed, the Liturgy and Ecclesiastical Chant, along with prayer, were the subjects which those who were under training for the priesthood studied at first, yet very soon other subjects were added, so that pagan philosophers found in the Christian teachers persons who could beat them with their own weapons. Human learning was united with the faith, and through that union was elevated and ennobled. It is undeniable, too, that catechetical schools, for the instruction of Christian neophytes, and that episcopal seminaries forming part of the Bishop's own household for the training of candidates for the priesthood, existed in other cities as well as at Alexandria

at a very early period, and that from them subsequently sprang up schools for the more general education of the children of all classes of people.

It would be interesting to give some of the proofs the author has collected, in the early ages of Christianity, of the high appreciation in which secular learning was held by the Christians of those ages, when it was sought for and employed in the right spirit and with reference to right purposes, and of the clearness and strength of their convictions; and on the other hand, of the pernicious influences of intellectual training when separated from religion. Take, for example, the following account of the process adopted by St. Origen in training his pupils: "He began by mercilessly rooting out the weeds and briars of bad habits and false maxims which he found choking up the soil. . . . Then he taught them in succession the different branches of philosophy; logic, in order to exercise their minds and enable them to discern true reasoning from sophistry; physics, that they might understand the works of God; geometry, which, by its clear and indisputable demonstrations, serves as a basis to the science of thought; astronomy, to lift their hearts from earth to heaven; and finally philosophy, which was not limited, like that taught in the pagan schools, to empty speculations, but was conveyed in such a way as to lead to practical results. All these were but steps to ascend to that higher science which teaches us the existence and nature of God."

This was Origen's plan and method of education, and in this he was not peculiar. The same plan and method, varying as to details and as to the comprehensiveness of the course according to the circumstances of those whom they instructed, but the same in spirit and general purpose, were adopted and faithfully adhered to by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church elsewhere and in subsequent ages; and happy would it have been for the world had it not, working through the ambition and pride of opinion of scholars puffed up with conceit of their own acquirements, but wanting in the humility and obedience of faith, and working, too, through the ambition of secular rulers, jealous of the influence thus exerted by the Church in directing intellectual training, and seeking to gather into their own hands all the means by which their power as princes and monarchs might be increased, interfered with the splendid systems of schools, colleges, and universities, which, with untiring industry and zeal, and with immense self-denial and labor, Christian teachers in the course of ages built up on this true basis of education.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that on the early Christian schools in Britain and Ireland. The monastic institutions of Britain existed almost from the period of her first conversion to the faith, and wherever there were monasteries there were schools, or the beginnings of them, in one form or another. But whatever schools existed there in earlier ages had fallen into decay by the beginning of the fifth century. Fresh foundations then began to be laid, the origin of which must be traced to three distinct sources: the labors of St. Ninian among the Picts, of St. Palladius in North Britain, and of St. Germanus and St. Lupus in the southern part of the island. Yet these three streams flowed from one common fountain,—the Holy Apostolic See of Rome.

St. Ninian, the son of a petty prince of Northumberland, was educated at Rome by teachers under whose care he was placed by Pope Damasus, and after spending fifteen years there he received consecration at the hands of Pope St. Siricius, and was sent back by him to exercise his episcopal functions in his own country. On his homeward journey

he visited Tours and conversed with St. Martin, and was thus fully prepared to introduce into his diocese the rule and manner of life he had seen in the churches of Italy and Gaul. At Witherne, in Galloway, where he fixed his see, he built a stone church after the Roman fashion, and lived in an adjoining house along with his cathedral clergy, in strict observance of the ecclesiastical rule. In this episcopal college the young clerics pursued their ecclesiastical studies, while a school was also opened for the children of the neighborhood. The Great School, as it soon came to be called, was resorted to both by British and Irish scholars.

At this time the churches of South Britain were suffering from the ravages of the Pelagian heresy. To remedy this, Pope St. Celestine commissioned St. Germanus, of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, of Troyes, to visit Britain as Papal legates and take the necessary steps for eradicating the evils caused by Pelagianism. Their first visit was made in 429 (three years before the death of St. Ninian). One of the chief measures they took for checking the spread of error was the foundation of educational institutions both for clergy and laity. At Caerleon, the British capital, they themselves lectured on the Holy Scriptures and the liberal arts. They were soon surrounded by studious pupils, some of whom applied themselves to the study of the arts and sciences, while others devoted themselves wholly to that of the Sacred Scriptures. Under the disciples they instructed and trained a large number of monastic schools soon sprang up in various parts of Britain, in which both sacred and secular learning were diligently cultivated. The most distinguished of the followers of St. Germanus were Dubricius and Illutus. By the first of these, two great schools were established on the banks of the Wye, one of which was attended by a thousand students. But this was surpassed by the monastery of Lantwit in Glamorganshire, where St. Illutus presided over a community of two thousand four hundred members, and from which went forth many eminent scholars. Illutus was also the founder or rector of Bangor on the Dee, where there were seven colleges, each containing at least three hundred students. Daniel, a disciple of St. Illutus, founded another Bangor, and had under his care large numbers of the most hopeful youths of West Britain. Paulinus, one of his scholars, founded in Caermarthenshire the college of the Whitehouse, afterward known as Whiteland Abbey. Among his pupils was the celebrated St. David, who began his studies under St. Illutus at Bangor. St. David was the founder of twelve monasteries, in which intellectual labor and manual labor were prosecuted with great and equal industry; and, while living austere and laboring industriously, the monks diligently and successfully cultivated liberal arts and polite learning.

During this same period St. Palladius, at whose solicitation St. Germanus and St. Lupus had been previously sent by the Sovereign Pontiff into Britain, was consecrated Bishop "over the Scots believing in Christ." He first went to Ireland, but was soon obliged to leave it by the hostility of the native princes, and crossed over to North Britain, where there were several colonies of Scots. There he pursued his apostolic labors with more success, establishing strict ecclesiastical discipline, and founding a number of schools, which his immediate followers greatly increased. Among these followers some authors count St. Servanus, first Bishop of Orkney, the founder of the monastery and ecclesiastical school at Culross, which was numerous attended, and among the pupils of which was St. Kentigern, or, as he is best known by the people of Scotland, Mungo, the dearly beloved. Having been consecrated Bishop, he erected a church and monastery at the

mouth of the river Clyde, the site of the city of Glasgow, his diocese extending from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. Having been driven from Scotland by a usurper of the Scottish throne, he took refuge in Wales, and after visiting St. David, he erected the monastery and college of Llan-Elwy, from which a great number of Apostolic missionaries went forth, not only into different parts of Britain, but also to Norway, Iceland, and the Orkney Islands. On the restoration of the rightful king of Scotland in 544 he returned to his see, leaving the government of his monastery and schools at Llan-Elwy to St. Asaph, his favorite scholar. Another of the most famous British schools was that of Llancarvan, founded by St. Cadoc in Glamorganshire, near the site of the present town of Cowbridge. A few years later, in the year 565, St. Columba, of Ireland, after founding two monasteries in his native land, crossed over with twelve companions and disciples to Scotland, and erected on the island of Hy, or Iona, the celebrated monastery which in time became the mother of three hundred religious houses, and diffused both secular knowledge and spiritual light throughout all Scotland and its islands as far as the Hebrides.

Under the influence of these Apostolic labors the peoples of the island of Britain would probably have soon not only universally received the light of the true faith, but also rapidly advanced in all the liberal and industrial arts; but during the latter part of the period we have been sketching, Saxon invaders were devastating England and establishing themselves in its fairest regions. By these invasions and the disorders which they produced the light both of Christian faith and of intellectual action was almost extinguished, and the work of Christianizing and educating the people of Britain had to be almost entirely done over again. The Saxons were both barbarians and pagans, and, in fulfilment of her mission, the Church, through her visible Head, the Holy Roman Pontiff, soon took measures to carry to them the light of the true faith. The story of St. Augustine's mission to England, and of the successful labors of himself and his coworkers and followers, so far as they relate to diffusing education in Saxon England, is admirably told in the work before us. The schools connected with the monastery at Canterbury soon became models of many other seminaries founded in different parts of England. Teachers trained in those schools or obtained from abroad taught every then known branch of human learning. Along with the study of the Sacred Scriptures they gave instruction in grammar, astronomy, logic, music, geography, arithmetic, versification, and natural philosophy. The success of the educational movement, urged on by these institutions, was of course impeded by the almost constant wars in which the rulers of the different petty Saxon kingdoms were almost continually engaged with each other. Yet the movement went on, constantly gaining in volume and in force, until the incursions of the Danes, who devastated and destroyed wherever they landed or penetrated, threw England back into the barbarism from which she was emerging, sweeping away all her seats of learning. During the century that elapsed between the first landing of the Danes and the accession of Alfred the Great, gloom and darkness settled down upon the land.

The author relates in admirable style and with many interesting details, obtained from ancient writers, and not generally known, the noble efforts of Alfred, by means of learned ecclesiastics, chiefly obtained from other countries, to revive education in England; and how this work of restoration was, a few years afterward, taken up and carried forward by St. Dunstan, St. Oswald, St. Ethelwold, and others, their co-laborers or successors. In other chapters she describes the continuation

of the movement in following ages, until the wicked insanity of the so-called Reformation almost destroyed learning and scholarship for a time in England, and inflicted a blow upon education from which, though more than three hundred years have elapsed, she has not yet recovered.

We turn back to ancient Ireland. About the same time that St. Germanus and St. Lupus were founding monastic schools in Southern Britain, St. Patrick was commencing his mission in Ireland. One of his first steps was the establishment of an episcopal monastery and school at Armagh, the government of which was intrusted to Benignus, who afterward succeeded St. Patrick in the primacy. The school soon rose in importance, and the number of students, both native and foreign, so increased, that it became, in fact, a university, and was divided into several parts or colleges, one of which was devoted entirely to Anglo-Saxon students. Even when Ireland was overrun by the Danes, and so many of her sanctuaries were given to the flames, the schools at Armagh were kept up. In the ninth century they could boast of nine thousand students, while the schools at Cashel, Dindaleathglass, and Lismore vied with them in renown. In all parts of Ireland there was an extraordinary multiplication of monastic seminaries, and a wonderful ardor on the part of their members in the cultivation of letters. "Within a century after the death of St. Patrick," says Bishop Nicholson, "the Irish seminaries had so increased that most parts of Europe sent their children to be educated in them, and drew thence their bishops and teachers."

One of the earliest of these monastic schools, not later than 480, was that erected on a rocky island called from the wild flowers which even still flourish there, Aran-of-the-Flowers, a name it afterwards exchanged for that of Aran-of-the-Saints. Its schools were the nurseries of some of the greatest Irish teachers, and also the resort of students from beyond the sea. To them came St. Carthag the Elder, St. Kieran, and St. Brendan. In them, too, St. Fursey spent many years before going forth to found his monasteries in England and France. A little later St. Finian founded his great school of Clonard, whence, says Usher, issued forth a stream of saints and doctors. Even during St. Finian's lifetime the number of students at Clonard is said to have numbered three thousand. A little later on St. Kieran, a pupil of St. Finian, founded two great monasteries, one of which took the name of Clusn-Mac-Nois, now changed to Clonmacnois. About ten years later, in 559, St. Comgall founded the famous schools of Benchor, near the bay of Carrickfergus, which St. Bernard extols as having sent forth swarms of saints and scholars, who spread themselves like a fertilizing inundation into foreign lands. The most famous of its scholars was St. Columbanus, the founder of Luxeuil in Burgundy and Bobbio in Italy.

Another of the Benchor scholars was St. Luanus, or Molna, who founded, according to St. Bernard, a hundred monasteries, among which was that of Clonfert in Leinster, equal in greatness to that of Clonfert in Connaught, founded by St. Brendan. St. Columba, too, the great Irish missionary to North Britain, before leaving his native land, founded the two great monasteries of Doire-Colgaich and Dairmagh in Ireland. The last of these centres of spiritual and intellectual light that we shall mention was that of Lismore, founded by St. Carthag the Younger in 630. It became a resort for religious students from all parts of Ireland, England, and the continent of Europe, and one of its most famous masters was St. Cataldus, the patron saint of Taren um

In these monastic schools the classics, both Greek and Latin, were in-

dustriously studied, the mechanical arts, law, history, and physics. They improved the arts of agriculture and horticulture, supplied the people with ploughshares and other implements of labor, and taught them the use of the forge, in the mysteries of which every Irish monk was instructed. The Hibernian scholars were remarkable for combining acuteness of the reasoning powers with the gifts of the musician and poet. In the ages to which we are referring there were nowhere more accurate mathematicians or keener logicians than they were. Their love of Greek was perhaps excessive, for they evinced it by even Hellenizing their Latin.

As Ireland hospitably received and instructed in her schools men of all races and tongues, so, too, she sent forth swarms of saints and scholars, who mightily aided in the work of Christian education in other countries, the traces of which still remain in Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Iceland and the Orkney Islands. Professors from ancient Hibernia assisted in the Carlovingian revival of learning, and to them, in no small degree, the great universities of Paris and Pavia owed their foundation.

We have already exceeded the limits allowed us for our notice of the work before us, though on the topics referred to we have given but a bare skeleton of the author's narrative. We can only mention the titles of the other chapters, which are equally full of details gathered from rare but authentic sources, and equally interesting, and, we may add, equally important in the light they throw upon the work of education in which the Church was engaged previous to the sixteenth century, with which period the book before us terminates. The titles of the chapters, which alone we can give, are: St. Boniface and his Companions; Charlemagne and Alcuin; the Carlovingian Schools; King Alfred; St. Dunstan and his Companions; The Iron Age; The Age of the Othos; The Schools of Bec; The Rise of Scholasticism; Paris and the Foreign Universities; The Dominicans and the Universities; English Schools and Universities; Old Oxford; Dante and Petrarch; English Education in the Fourteenth Century; The Red and White Roses; The Renaissance at Florence, Deventer, Louvain, and Alcala; The Renaissance at Rome; English Scholars of the Renaissance; The Council of Trent.

In the course of the author's valuable history she traces clearly the course by which education in the great schools and universities, founded by saints and doctors of the Church, was gradually taken from under the direction and control of the Church and deprived of its essential Christian elements; and how through this change it became paganized and secularized, thus preparing the way for "free thought" and the great religious rebellion headed by Luther in the sixteenth century. She has also collected and summarized the testimonies of Luther, Roger Ascham, and other schismatics, showing the loss of real scholarship and earnest study, and the intellectual superficiality that followed this secularizing of learning and inauguration of so-called free thought. We close our notice of this truly admirable work with the following pregnant remark, taken from its concluding pages:

"For two centuries at least education has been the battle-ground of the Church, and the battle is not yet fought out and finished. In France, in Belgium, in Germany, and in Switzerland infidelity has triumphed exactly in proportion as it has succeeded in substituting an Antichristian state system of education for the system of the Church, and has never done its work more surely than when its agents have been philosophic universities and ministers of public instruction."

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND LOUIS XVIII. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.

History divides great men into two classes. The giant, who, like Napoleon Bonaparte, destroys and creates history ; who, for good or for evil, turns the world upside down, belongs to the first, with but few in number. The men in this class are mostly phenomenal figures, great through their genius, great in their singleness, men whom fate lifts up and fate crushes. They revolutionize the age and carry it on the wings of their own fortunes ; but they pass away, doomed as it were even to greatness in the grave, and the traces they have left behind are sad mementos. The exile of Elba, later the captive of St. Helena, the grand prisoner of the whole continent of Europe, a revolution by himself, he bequeathed to his nation a race reduced in its height by an inch. The influence of men of this class is, therefore, mostly more mischievous than useful.

The class of great men which comes next contains the men who influence their age and are in turn influenced by their age. Men who are enough in advance that their age can accept them as teachers and leaders, but who do not thwart it. They guide the course of events, they make it go quicker or slower ; they form themselves part of the events. They are not out of gear with their times. They are forms less surrounded by the halo of fame, but they mould and shape, and they leave moulds and shapes behind to succeeding generations.

To this class men like Kannitz, Metternich, and Talleyrand belong. The conspicuous part played by the two last named at the Congress of Vienna suffices to assign a place of prominence to both among the many prominent personages of those times. The events to which the correspondence of Prince Charles Maurice Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento and Bishop of Autun, with Louis XVIII., are well known. They form part and parcel of the alphabet of diplomacy of even our times.

The publication of the Memoirs of Prince Metternich, the illustrious Austrian premier, has thrown much light upon the same period which is touched upon in the letters of the French plenipotentiary to the Congress.

But the inner workings of that distinguished assembly of crowned heads and diplomates, convened for the purpose of revising the map of Europe, are now being made known to us.

The extreme difficulty of the task which the Ambassador of France had to discharge, requiring more than common ability and tact and firmness, is laid openly before the reader. France at first had no position. Having gone, within a quarter of a century, through revolution, anarchy, republic, directory and empire, having thrown the whole continent into a series of wars, of which confusion, depopulation, new kingdoms, new republics, a new organization of power had been the result, the nation who had lent her lifeblood to the disturber of peace and had barely gone through the throes of a new birth in recalling the Bourbons to the throne of the kings of France was necessarily looked at with mistrust. Prince Talleyrand, however, proved himself master of the situation. Comprehending fully the enormous difficulties with which his mission was fraught, he availed himself of the resources of his richly gifted nature. With rarely equalled diplomatic skill he knew how to lay out a line of conduct, and what is more still, to pursue it to the end and crown it with success, which has earned for him the laurel-wreath as king of the diplomates of his time. He established and maintained the position which France had forfeited. He restored the nation to the

place which she had lost in the councils of Europe. He advocated the principle of legitimacy, which reinfused a conservative spirit into Europe at large. He remained firm where yielding meant impairing France, and he knew how to yield with dignity and grace, where insisting upon a demand was inopportune.

He rescued Saxony from the grasp of Prussia, and preserved amid the one hundred days of Napoleon's meteorlike appearance, his faith in final victory.

The correspondence gives an insight into the character of Talleyrand as a man. It acquaints us with his powerful and comprehensive grasp of mind and that rare facility of striking out under the pressure of the moment the most expedient and dignified course for the furtherance of his own aims. Nowhere is there lack of energy; he feels, so to speak, that the events do not control him, but that he controls the events. Nothing daunted by defeat, defeat stimulates only his energy, and the issue of the negotiations imprints "success" upon his works.

The study of such an intellect is instructive and interesting, apart from the value which the rôle he played in the history of his times assigns it. The *gentilhomme* permeates thought, word, and action. His relations to the king and to all royal personages are distinguished by a delicate observance of those subtle distinctions of rank and superiority which none better than he knew how to appreciate and how to distribute. And in his intercourse with the plenipotentiaries and other dignitaries, it is pleasing to observe what keen knowledge of individual weakness can accomplish. A certain vanity and self-complacency may be read between lines not unfrequently, yet an even tenor of language conceals the consciousness that *he* and not the king held the reins over the state chariot in France.

From a literary standpoint, the book deserves a most favorable criticism. The grace and ease and fluency of expression, the direct dealing to the point with many subjects, the skilful approach of questions of extreme delicacy; these and many other charms make it most pleasant reading. While many turns of expression which are peculiar to the French language fail of course to please us, the translation is in every particular well-meriting unqualified praise, and the work is in more than one respect well-deserving of a warm reception. A very valuable addition to the book market, it reflects equal credit upon author, translator, and publisher.

PROVE ALL THINGS, HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD. A Letter to the Parishioners of Great Yarmouth on his reception into the Catholic Church. By *I. G. Sutcliffe, M. A.*, late Curate of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, etc. London: Burns & Oates, 1881, 12mo., pp. 63.

"A thousand ways lead to Rome" was a proverb of our European Catholic fathers in mediæval times. And it is always interesting to a theologian to read an intelligent convert's description of the road that led him "Romeward;" in other words, his account of the motives that drew him out of the dark bondage of Protestant error into what St. Peter calls "the marvellous light" and freedom of Catholic truth and unity.

Mr. Sutcliffe's Letter cannot but interest all readers, whether Catholic or Protestant, who are watching the present condition of the Anglican Church. He seems to have actually acquiesced for years *bona fide* in the notion that the Church of England *had the right* to teach Christian doctrine, and that she *boldly asserted* that right. But when he found her, as all merely human institutions do, coolly backing out of her pretended divine right, and maintaining by judicial decision the supreme right of individual private judgment, his idol was shattered. His Christian principle forced him to seek elsewhere for an unchanging principle of au-

thority. And he soon discovered it, where alone it has always boldly and unhesitatingly asserted itself, in the Church of Rome.

Mr. Sutcliffe, we are glad to see, takes hold of two prominent defenders of Protestant theory, Chillingworth and Littledale. They are supposed to occupy the two opposite poles of anti-Catholic doctrine. The former became a convert to Catholicity from Protestantism out of sincere conviction, then fell away, from God alone knows what bad motives, and slid down the plane of unbelief, till he landed in Arianism, Socinianism, and who can tell in what farther depths. His unbelief did not prevent his advancement in the Episcopal Church, of which he lived and died a dignitary, just as did Stillingfleet, the unbaptized heathen Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Socinian Hoadly, Archbishop of Wales. We are sorry that Mr. Sutcliffe did not copy the exact formula used by Chillingworth in subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles. It is preserved in manuscript in the archives of some English Cathedral, and it says virtually, though we cannot remember the exact words, that he subscribed *in order to obtain* the cure or prebend there mentioned. This expression is given, as copied from the subscription itself, in an edition of Chillingworth's works, printed at London some forty years ago, and reprinted in this country. But we have lost our copy, and can no longer refer to it.

The other noted controversialist is Rev. Mr. Littledale, once an Irish country parson and Orangeman, now the acknowledged leader of the English Ultra-Ritualists. Orangeism is the type of all that is lowest and most rabid in Protestantism, and Mr. Littledale has retained his nature while renouncing his creed. His present profession is extremely high church, but his style of controversy is unchanged. It is marked with all the virulence, unscrupulous low cunning, and persecuting spirit that characterize the Orangeman. Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe shows him in his true colors.

CHRISTIAN TRUTHS. Lectures by the *Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D.*, Bishop of Vincennes. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 1881.

Under this modest title, the volume before us contains eleven lectures on the following subjects: The Personality of God; The Existence of the Soul in Man, its Simplicity and Spirituality; The Relation between God and the Soul—Revelation; Faith and its Requisites; The Rule of Faith; Infallibility, No. 1; Infallibility, No. 2; The Liturgy of the Church and Catholic Devotions; Penance; The Blessed Eucharist; Early Christianity.

Most of these lectures, as their titles imply, are directly connected with questions that are earnestly contested to-day. The others bear upon subjects that form essential parts of the Catholic faith and on which Catholics cannot be too fully instructed. In plan and style they are calculated to be widely useful. The statements and arguments are direct and free from all technicalities; the thoughts clearly and forcibly expressed in a style of admirable simplicity. It is seldom, indeed, that discussions on so important truths as those comprehended in this volume are put in so happy a form or one so well calculated to interest, instruct, and convince the general reader. The lectures will be useful to Catholics in confirming them in their faith and giving them ready answers to the sophistry of their assailants. They will also be useful to honest Protestants and skeptics in showing them the falsity of the grounds on which their ideas rest, in resolving their doubts and difficulties, and setting before them the fundamental truths of Christianity.

The fact that the lectures are entirely uncontroversial in form and irenic in spirit and language adds both to their attractiveness and value.

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FREEMASONRY.

Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société : Philosophie de l'histoire contemporaine.
Par N. Deschamps, S.J. Quatrième édition. Paris: Oudin Frères.
1881.

The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State. Translated from the German. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1875.

ON the very first page of the introduction to the second work quoted at the head of this paper we read:

"That a society should exist in the midst of us, which has already extended its ramifications in all quarters of the world, and embraces at this time, as we have been told, above seventeen millions of members,—that it should be compacted in visible unity by a secret oath binding under the most terrible sanctions on each and all of its members,—that it should claim exclusive possession of an esoteric doctrine, unknown to the profane, by which the world is eventually to be freed from all its moral, social, and political diseases, and the universal brotherhood of man is to be regenerated into light,—that it should, while professing to tolerate all forms of religion, yet preserve a sort of theology and a grotesque ritualism exclusively its own,—that it should exact from all its adherents a blind obedience to orders mysteriously issued and secretly conveyed, is a phenomenon so startling, so pregnant with probable results in the future, as to demand the closest examination."

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It is clear on the surface that this society cannot be only an association, having for its end merely social intercourse and friendly dinners, rendered still more pleasant by acts of benevolence and by the simple desire of alleviating human misery—as is generally believed by a great number of innocent people. But the simple statement of the writer just quoted, of which no intelligent man can have the least doubt, is calculated to excite in all readers the wish of ascertaining in all its details the ostensible working of this brotherhood, at least during the last two hundred years of its extraordinary activity. That this is possible cannot be denied, because, though it is professedly a secret organization, it cannot help showing its spirit and its aims in a thousand ways; and, besides, the books destined for its members, even of the highest grades, have lately become public property, and its adepts are now so bold that they do not seem any more to care if all its *secrets* are known at last to the *profane*. There is now a whole literature published in its favor and against it, and it is not at this day difficult to discover on which side the truth lays.

The last important work which has appeared on the subject in France is that of Father Deschamps, S.J. The author died before the last volume had gone through the press in 1876. Three successive editions of it had already been sold, and the writer had just prepared a new one more copious still, whose corrections and additions he left at his death in the hands of his friend, Mr. Claudio Jannet, well known in this country by a remarkable book on the United States. It is this fourth edition, published a few months ago, which I intend reviewing here. It forms two thick and compact volumes of large dimensions, and after having read it attentively, I am convinced that Freemasonry is now known in all its bearings on the Church and on society, and the object first is to point out the motives on which this conviction is based.

For the sake of brevity, and to confine the discussion to modern times—which is quite sufficient for the purpose—the question of the true origin of this society must be left aside. F. Deschamps furnishes strong reasons for believing that if the *mysteries* of ancient paganism never had any connection with it, still Gnosticism, Manicheism, the Albigensian heresy, and chiefly the secret doctrine of the Knights Templar during the crusades, were the true sources of Freemasonry. This is rendered extremely probable by the writer, but we have no time to discuss the point.

On account of the limits necessarily imposed upon us, the main object must be here to review particularly the second volume of this great work, which contains in a compact description of seven hundred pages the history of the sect during the last two hundred years, and also thoroughly explains the vicissitudes of Europe

during the same length of time. It is the most valuable part of this remarkable publication, though it cannot be denied that the documents quoted at length in the first volume, chiefly on the Freemasons' rituals, are full of interest, and throw a flood of light on so obscure a subject. This alone would prove the dark designs of a conspiracy against religion, gospel morality, the Christian family, the existing governments, and property itself.

The reader, however, must understand that very little can be said of Freemasonry in this country, though it might be demonstrated that the object is mainly the same. But fortunately for the United States the policy has been wisely adopted by the framers of its Constitution, and strictly kept ever since, to stand almost outside of the political orbit in which Europe moves. Our statesmen have implicitly followed the advice of Washington and his co-workers in laying the foundations of this republic, not to entangle ourselves with foreign politics and alliances of any kind, but to be satisfied with spreading civilization over the Western Continent. This is the true reason which has rendered Freemasonry in this country on the whole less objectionable to those numerous conservative men who sincerely wish to protect society against the baneful effects of all destructive principles, namely, through the want of connection with European sects.

Confined, therefore, to Europe, the whole question may be reduced to a single sentence : Freemasonry has fostered, propagated, and constantly developed more and more the disorganizing elements known under the general name of *revolution*. The history of Europe since the latter part of the seventeenth century has notoriously been a series of political, social, and anti-religious uprisings, which continue to this day, and constitute the universal aspect of modern times. This has been chiefly due to Freemasonry. Such is the main idea of Father Deschamps's book, and in our opinion he has thoroughly demonstrated his thesis. There might be here and there some slight statements which could be controverted. Taken as a whole the argumentation is rigorous, the conclusion irresistible ; it can be called a scientific demonstration.

He relies first on many recent facts which cannot be historically explained except on the supposition of a dark and universal plot embracing the whole earth. This is *intrinsic* evidence based on a convincing generalization. In a second place he brings forward an immense number of Masonic documents kept formerly secret, but which now have become public property, and also avowals and even boastings of the heads of the sect. This is *extrinsic* evidence, which would have no weight if it was reduced to a few facts, if it relied only, for instance, on the boastings of M. Louis Blanc, or

some such man of the same party, but which carries conviction as soon as the same is true of a great number of influential men without any preconcerted action. Then the premises and the conclusions being clear and logically deduced, the book is thoroughly scientific, and conviction unavoidable.

With regard to the first point—intrinsic evidence—this is the broad statement of the writer found in the first edition of this work: "Being born a Catholic, ordained a priest through an interior call,—*vocation*,—firmly attached to the Church, and observant of the duties she imposes on her ministers, I never have belonged to any secret society, never bound myself by the oaths required of its members, nor received from any of its adepts disclosures prompted by any motive whatever. Still I am convinced—and many Masons must share this conviction with me—that I know more of Freemasonry and its various sects than most of its members, even of those who apparently belong to its highest grades.

"I owe this knowledge chiefly to the observation and to a thorough study of all modern French and European revolutions, of the various steps through which they have passed, of great events, political constitutions, and laws which issued from them, of popular assemblies, and eminent men who contributed to their agency. The deep study of all these revolutionary elements, chiefly of their relations to each other, and the final explosion of their results, revealed to my sight, without any fear of error, the primary cause, the mysterious source of their influence, not for my own individual profit only, but that I might convince of it all men of good faith who should peruse these pages."

The reverend author has fully demonstrated the bearing of this intrinsic evidence on all the religious, political, and social events which form the web of modern history, as we shall have occasion to state briefly further on. For a complete demonstration, however, nothing can replace the reading of the book itself. But he has also given, with innumerable details, the *extrinsic* proofs of it, which can be reduced to the following compendious enumeration:

First. There are numerous authoritative documents, namely, Masonic constitutions and statutes voted and agreed upon in the general *convents* of the order, written originally for secret use in the lodges, but now easily attainable; Masonic manuals or *tailleurs*, containing official rituals of reception, instructions, catechisms, formularies of oaths, signs, pass-words, songs, etc. All these books were formerly strictly forbidden to be given to the public and sold to the profane. But it is now comparatively easy to obtain them. If the doctrine explained in these documents often seems to be only of a benevolent and humanitarian character, there are always expressions denoting further designs of a revolutionary and dis-

organizing nature, which many Masons, no doubt, did not perceive though they were clearly intended by the heads of the association.

Secondly. Many adepts could not be prevented from writing and giving their personal views, which always had a great influence over other members. Their books were not authoritative, it is true, and on this account they were openly published. They often came from Masons of the highest grades, and soon were in the hands of all the men most active in the party. These works are particularly those of Clavel, Ragon, Bagot, Redares, Willaume, and Teissier. In the same enumeration must be included the avowals and open boasts of notorious public men belonging to the order, such as Crémieux, Louis Blanc, Henry Martin, the historian, George Sand, the novelist, Lamartine, the wayward poet, etc. If these declarations are considered only as boasts, they cannot be called empty bragging, on account of the want of motive on their part. These persons were very serious when they thus wrote or spoke. Their intention could not have been to deceive, and their hearers or readers, most of whom were at least acquainted with some of the designs of the party, fully admitted the truth of it. It would be idle to suppose that the language uttered by these men should be used when speaking of a simply benevolent and humanitarian association.

In a *third place*, there is the numerous class of writers who have opposed Freemasonry, many of whom are worthy of the greatest respect, none of whom could be called credulous, and who certainly said what they thought and what they had good reasons for believing. At the head of this list must be placed the Popes who have denounced this sect to the world, warned the princes against its wiles, and openly deprived the Catholic Masons of the participation to the sacraments of the Church, without making any distinction among them. They saw in the bosom of that association a vast conspiracy against Church and State, and no one can pretend that they were either swayed by passion in denouncing it, or using their authority in ignorance of its real object. No Catholic, at least, can imagine it. Still, they spoke as strongly as Father Deschamps, or any other similar writers did, without, however, entering into so many details. After the Popes came a great number of Catholic bishops. It suffices here to quote a few of the most recent and well known, such as Ketteler, of Mayence, Dupanloup, of Orleans, and Cardinal Deschamps, of Mechlin. The list of other writers who took the same view of the subject could fill a large page of this paper. They were either clergymen such as Barruel, in France, during the last century, whom many at that time refused to believe, but who is now found to have spoken the

naked truth ; or laymen of note—some of them Catholics, others Protestants—such as Count Haugwitz, in Prussia, who had belonged to the order ; De Haller, in Switzerland ; lately E. E. Eckert, of Saxony. This meagre catalogue must suffice here ; the work under review alone can give a true idea of the number and the weight of these authorities.

And it must be remarked that Father Deschamps never is abusive in his language, and does not embrace all the Masons in the same category. He repeats here and there that a great number among them do not even suspect the real object of their leaders. They nevertheless concur unconsciously in the baneful effects of this association, and are unable to extricate themselves from its meshes when the time of action arrives, and they must obey orders to which they have blindly subjected themselves. This is often for them a cause of remorse when it is too late, but they are to blame for not having perceived from the beginning that it was not lawful for them to promise obedience to men whom they knew not, and for ends with which they were totally unacquainted.

This preliminary matter being disposed of, and the question of its primitive origin being set aside in this paper, the spread of Freemasonry in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, must be first accounted for, in order to ascertain with more precision its main object in this age, which is the main purport of the present discussion. In this modern phase of its existence—within the last two hundred years—did it originate in Germany or in England ? Opinions differ on this point. Some think that as a secret society it came from Great Britain to the Continent, toward the end of the seventeenth century, and that its first organization was due either to the Jacobite party in England, whose object was merely political, or to the well-known set of free thinkers,—namely, Collins, Tyndal, Bolingbroke, David Hume, etc.,—who had chiefly in view, the undermining and final destruction of Christianity. But though there are strong reasons for adopting either of these theories, the celebrated charter of Cologne, in 1535, seems to point out its modern origin as going so far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, Germany as its cradle, and the destruction of the Catholic Church its main object.

The charter is a most important and curious document, kept at this moment in the head lodge of Amsterdam ; and its Latin text, translated into French, is given in full by F. Deschamps, with the proofs of its authenticity. The almost only objection raised against it is the supposition that its Latin style is not that of the sixteenth century, as if all the documents of that age were written in the same style. The last editor of Melanchthon, C. J. Breitschneider (1838), fully admits its authenticity as well as Pachtler. Mr. Janssen,

the renowned author of the best *History of the Germans*, is in favor of the same opinion ; and this alone would suffice.

That celebrated manuscript is subscribed with the names of nineteen men, well known among the founders of Protestantism, such as Hermann, of Cologne, Nicholas Van Noot, Jacobus, of Antwerp, Coligny, Philip Melanchthon, etc. It supposes that the order existed anteriorly under the title of *Brothers of St. John* ; and it is thereby recognized under that of *Brothers Freemasons of St. John*. According to this charter there were already lodges in London, Edinburgh, Vienna, Amsterdam, Paris, Lyons, Frankfort, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Venice, Ghent, Kœnigsberg, Brussels, Dantzic, Middleburg, Bremen, and Cologne. Many of those lodges must have been founded during mediæval times, when the Cathedral builders formed a well-known society spread all over North and Central Europe ; and their object was altogether Christian and Catholic.

As reorganized in 1535, its aim was declared to embrace the whole *world*, and to substitute for *superstition* (that is positive religion) the practice of *natural virtues* on which all men could agree. Thus, independent morality, as it is called in this age, was offered to mankind in place and in lieu of divine revelation.

The great objection that might be raised against the genuineness of this document, in my opinion, consists in the fact that Protestantism at that time did not appear to deny positive religion, since it had formularies of faith. Still, owing to the multitude of sects which immediately sprung up, there was no possibility of forming among them a *universal* society without coming directly to setting aside all positive tenets, and proclaiming independent morality as the only bond of union. It is precisely what is done by liberalism at this day ; the men of the sixteenth century could well foresee the necessity of it, and a little later on, Bossuet proved it to be a fact in his *Histoire des Variations*.

On the other side, a strong proof that this was already the case among Protestants in 1535, is derived from the early spread of Masonic doctrines all over *Germany* (including Northern Italy), and soon after in *England*. It is well known that Masonry has always insisted on the suppression of dogma, and the simple adherence to *natural virtue*, whatever may be understood by these words. The chief propagators of this doctrine, so strongly expressed in the charter of Cologne, were, in Germany, Amos Commenus, from Bohemia ; the pantheist Spinoza, from Holland ; the brothers *Rose Croix*, chiefly Meier, whose doctrines are identified by Mr. Eckert with those of Masonry. The famous Campanella, in his book *de Monarchia Hispanica*, points out this main object of the *Rose Croix* as being " a systematic attempt at the subversion of

society." This prepared the way in Germany for the *illuminism* of Weishaupt during the eighteenth century, whose disorganizing system was closely connected with the so-called philosophy then in vigor throughout France, as is demonstrated by Father Deschamps.

In *England* the ancient societies of Masons who erected the magnificent cathedrals of Great Britain, and were then thoroughly Catholic, began toward the end of the seventeenth century to admit into their ranks men who did not belong to the builders' craft; and this soon became the occasion for introducing into these associations the chief feature of the charter of Cologne. This was still more clearly expressed in 1717, when the *Book of Constitutions* was republished in England with important alterations. Since that time this book has become the catechism of *Rationalism*. The author of the *Secret Warfare of Freemasonry* says pointedly (page 201): "To England appertains the honor of giving birth to Deism, and bestowing it as a birthday gift on the secret society, to celebrate its entrance, in 1717, upon a new stage of its existence, the three persons chiefly concerned in the transaction being out and out deists. This shallowest of all so-called systems of philosophy only recognizes the existence of such objects as can be seen and handled; it is a fungus growing upon the decaying trunk of Protestantism, and refuses absolutely to acknowledge whatever is supernatural and immaterial. . . . It recognizes, at most, a higher Being; who has made the visible world, or who, as architect of the universe, has constructed the things we see around us out of pre-existing matter; who, His work once finished, troubles Himself no more about man and his doings."

This explosion in England, as was just seen, culminated in the sect of *freethinkers* at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. These men—Toland, Tyndal, Collins, etc.—attacked, openly, Christianity; but it does not seem that their oath bound them to spread anarchical principles against governments, as did the Rosicrucians in Germany, according to Campanella. The *Pantheisticon*, however, of Toland, is by itself a proof that the British deists formed a real Masonic lodge. The *Book of Constitutions* had been printed for their use in 1717, and six years later appeared the "General Constitutions of Masonry," which, says F. Deschamps, "have remained ever since, the basis of all Masonic statutes in all countries." Voltaire, then in England, and a particular friend of the "freethinkers," was received Mason in one of their meetings; and directly after his return to France he published his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, which contain his first open attack on Revelation. There can be no doubt that France received Masonry with infidelity from England.

At the moment of studying the secret spread of those doctrines which were the main cause of the French Revolution,—the abuses of the *ancien régime* being but secondary, as shall be proved—a general remark of great importance must be insisted upon as a confirmation of what precedes. This consists in calling the attention of the reader to an historical fact which cannot possibly be explained except on the supposition of a previous Masonic agency all over Europe of such nature as has been described.

The French Revolution, which was first applauded with enthusiasm everywhere, produced afterwards a recoil of horror when Jacobinism and Sans Culottism showed itself in its true colors. Still it is a well-known fact that, whithersoever the French armies penetrated, even during and after the Reign of Terror, they found ardent friends in all European countries except in England, which they could not *invade*. People commit a great error when they directly point out the German Tugenbund, and the Spanish guerrillas which, in truth, checked, with so great a heroism, the victorious career of the French. For this happened only at the end of Napoleon's reign, when his ambition and despotism had estranged all nations from the French, and turned into disgust the former universal admiration. But during the whole period of the Republic, and the first half of Napoleon's sway, the French armies were considered by a great part of the European populations as liberators and friends. Father Deschamps gives numerous and convincing proofs of it. This, I repeat, cannot be explained, unless secret doctrines had already been spread in all those countries favorable to revolutionary ideas, which the French troops represented so thoroughly. Otherwise the anarchy in France would have indisposed people against revolution. In general, the higher and middle classes sympathized with the invaders; and on several occasions the generals commanding the troops of German, Italian, and Spanish states, acted precisely as if they had been in collusion with the enemy, and had turned traitors to their own country. This has been still much more remarkable in this age, as shall be pointed out in the proper place.

After this preliminary remark, the history of Freemasonry in France during the last century cannot but be of great interest. The author under review, in the first chapter of his second volume, proves the identity of Masonic doctrines with those of the so-called "philosophers," and then passes on to their propagation. Lodges were organized from the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Englishmen, in Dunkirk, Mons, Paris, Bordeaux, Valenciennes, and Havre. These were first disconnected bodies until the Central Lodge took the name of *Grand English Lodge of France*. But in 1743, on the solicitation of the Paris Masons, the Grand Lodge of

England gave out a diploma for a peculiar French organization, and a Grand Master was placed at its head. The object of the writer here, expressed in his own words, is :

"1st. To prove by facts, that Freemasonry spread in Continental Europe, from 1721 down to the latter part of the century, and its progress coincided with the impious propaganda of philosophers.

"2d. To establish the Masonic affiliation of those infidel writers, and show by their writings the sufficiently visible marks of a common plot.

"3d. To demonstrate that from the middle of the century downwards, there existed a well-developed conspiracy, having for its object the destruction of the Papacy, of Christian civilization and institutions, of the legitimate power of kings ; and on the part of some of the leaders, dark projects against the family and property."

It is not just, therefore, to pretend that Father Deschamps's argumentation relies only on the simultaneity of Masonry and infidelity. This is but a small branch of his demonstration, and the *identity* of doctrines is particularly insisted upon. The writings of Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and others, are abundantly quoted and compared to the tenets of the Masonic sect. Barruel at the end of the last century had taken exactly the same view of the subject when he published his *Mémoires du Jacobinisme*, a powerful book, which produced a deep impression on many sound minds, though it was afterwards taxed with exaggeration by some others. It must now be admitted that he had told the truth and pointed out the secret spring of the revolution. But in this age a writer very different from Barruel, a rationalist and positivist, the most celebrated critic of French literature in our day, Sainte-Beuve, has also admitted a real conspiracy among the philosophers undistinguishable from that of the Masons. It is important to quote some of his most remarkable words, and I prefer here to give them in the original French :

"Toute la correspondance de Voltaire et de d'Alembert est laide ; elle sent la secte et le complot, la confrérie et la société secrète. De quelque point de vue qu'on l'envisage, elle ne fait point honneur à des hommes qui érigent le mensonge en principe, et qui partent du mépris de leurs semblables comme de la première condition pour les éclairer."

But if those *sects* and *secret societies* used dissimulation, hypocrisy, and *lies*, when it was not safe for them to speak openly, as soon as the Revolution broke out in full and became the arbiter of France, there was no more need of concealment, and the adepts of both philosophy and Freemasonry openly boasted of their former plots which had so admirably succeeded. Then the lodges were changed

into *clubs*, particularly those of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and it was in the open light of heaven that the total demolition of society was undertaken and carried out, and that the extremist designs of Freemasonry received their anarchical and bloody execution. This is admirably proved by Father Deschamps's book.

It is true, there was for a long time on the part of historians a tacit understanding, as if they had agreed together not to speak of secret societies as having had any influence in shaping public events, and being a real factor in the vicissitudes of nations. M. Taine himself, the last and probably the best historian of the French Revolution, does not even mention Freemasonry. But as to him at least there is an excellent reason for it. Being a decided evolutionist, he always regards public facts from the surface only, and describes them in their visible and tangible action. Any one who has read attentively his *Origines de la France contemporaine*, must have been struck with this peculiarity. He never speaks of the secret movements whence this exterior action is derived, because the great principle of evolution is simply *mechanism*, that is, materialism. But other modern historians begin to see the importance of not neglecting in their narratives the hidden springs of recent history, well known by this time to all intelligent men. M. Henry Martin, in his *Histoire de France*, has consecrated an important chapter of it to this consideration. But not having read nor even seen this long and important work I am unable to characterize it satisfactorily.

A very important part of Father Deschamps's description of Freemasonry in the eighteenth century is contained in the third chapter of the second book, at the very head of the second volume, in which he speaks of the lodges of adoption, and of the relations of Masonry to the French Parliaments. These are two very interesting paragraphs full of curious details—short but spicy. The first may excite a smile in this masculine age, and to hear, for instance, that Pompadour was a Mason may change the smile into laughter. But any one who knows something of the influence exerted by women at that epoch for the spread of *philosophical* doctrine, which, beside hatred of Christianity, insisted so much on liberty and equality—the great motto of Freemasonry—will not feel inclined to throw ridicule on so important a factor of the Revolution of 1789. The salons of Madame Geoffrin, Madame du Deffant, Madame Necker herself, were the putrid hot-beds on which grew the noxious weeds so industriously cultivated by Helvetius, d'Holbach, Diderot, d'Alembert, and a host of other "philosophers." Father Deschamps has surely proved that these men were all Freemasons, and if Frederick of Prussia, who was also one of them, received a few Jesuits in Silesia after their suppression,

he surely thought that this would not resuscitate the society, of whose destruction all his friends openly rejoiced in their letters to *His Majesty*. He well knew that a few dozen Jesuits buried in that distant province could not oppose a great obstacle to the spread of his dear infidelity. All he wished was to please his Polish subjects, lately stolen by him with the concurrence of Russia and Austria, and prevent them from complaining too much. Perhaps also he saw in it a good practical joke against the Pope who had suppressed the Jesuits.

At any rate, the *lodges of adoption*, in which women were admitted together with men—so that they were called by the ugly name of *androgynes*—cannot be ignored at this day as having flourished in France during nearly the whole of the eighteenth century; and they must have powerfully contributed to the spread of immorality and unbelief, which brought about the convulsions of 1789 and 1793. Father Deschamps speaks briefly of their object, their ritual and ceremonies, also their nocturnal feasts, which must have often ended in refined orgies; and no one can suppose that these were only freaks of good nature, altogether disconnected from the darker plots of the brethren in their strictly masculine assemblies.

The paragraph entitled, "The Lodges and the Parliaments," is of importance as throwing a strong light on the destruction of the Jesuits, of which the author under review speaks later on. The French Parliaments were not originally political assemblies as many Americans might suppose from the name; but only courts of law, with their counsellors, advocates, and inferior officers. When the States General of the nation ceased to be convened by the kings for national, political, and administrative objects, the Parliaments arrogated to themselves, with the tacit consent of the monarch, who had never been until that time absolute, the right of remonstrance against the abuses which might creep unperceived in the administration of affairs. Thus they acquired a great importance in the civil and ecclesiastical branches of the government. They often meddled with the Church, owing to the spread of *Gallican* principles, always prevalent among them. They nevertheless were often of great service to the nation, and for a long time their body was greatly honored by the French, and formed a most important branch in the constitution of the nation. But from the beginning of the eighteenth century their interference in political and ecclesiastical affairs became often baneful, particularly under the long and disastrous reign of Louis XV. There were, no doubt, honorable exceptions among them, and Father Deschamps does not pretend to say that all the French magistrates joined in the Freemason conspiracy. But in few words he gives the

proof that many had. It is too late at this day to deny, for that epoch, their general spirit of opposition against both the Church and the king, and chiefly the ardent Jansenism of many of them. Perhaps no body of men in France contributed so much as they did to throw discredit on the clergy, and make it contemptible in the eyes of the people. What Voltaire did by his pen they accomplished by their decrees, and the detestable *hatred of religion* which prevailed at last in France was the result of both. The single fact, known now to everybody, that they actually obliged the parish priests to carry the blessed sacrament to dying heretics, as the Jansenists were, by sending troops of soldiers and policemen, in open contradiction to the censures threatened by the bishops for so doing, would have sufficed for throwing ridicule on the most sacred rites of religion. The good people who at this time imagine that the Parliaments of France in the eighteenth century were mainly composed of dignified magistrates and sincere Catholics, would do well to read the biography of Christopher De Beaumont, the heroic Archbishop of Paris. It has been lately written, and contains many useful lessons.

That, moreover, they were the main instrument for destroying in France the Society of Jesus, is an historical fact of the most glaring nature; that most of the accusations—if not all—brought forward in France against the Jesuits in 1762 by the Parliaments (when Clement XIII. at that very time was speaking so highly in their favor), were calumnies known to the magistrates as such, is clear from the very words they used; that the Parliaments were highly applauded on this account by all “philosophers,” and all “Freemasons,” is the result of a single glance at the writings of those men, which have since been published; that they continued in their blind fury until the fatal storm which destroyed them, as well as all the other institutions of France, is a most instructive page of the French Revolution. They disappeared at last, but not sooner than the proclamation of the short-lived constitution of 1791; and most of their members perished on the scaffold with many less illustrious victims. We may be allowed to use here a French phrase very common at that time, though it is somewhat pagan: *Paix à leur cendre!*

The details brought forth in the volumes under review on the conspiracy of the sect of philosophers and its identity with the Freemasons' plot, are of such nature that by themselves they could suffice for bringing on conviction in the minds of all impartial readers. But the whole question is strictly connected with the true origin of the French Revolution, and of all those that followed, and if this origin is considered in the proper way, the conviction becomes perfectly irresistible. The reverend author em-

phatically declares that Freemasonry furnishes the only key to the knowledge of modern history in Europe. Is he right? Many other writers look for the causes of this fearful upheaval of society in quite different directions, and most of them find an abundantly sufficient one in the abuses of the *ancien régime*.

Much can be said, no doubt, on these *abuses*. But first, the frightful disorders, bordering on anarchy, which accompanied the outburst of the revolution in 1789, cannot be attributed to them, though they are often represented by historians as their immediate result. M. Taine, who has given the most graphic and appalling picture of these outbreaks, shows that their chief causes were: 1st, The famine, which itself was the consequence of previous bad harvests; 2d, the inclemency of the seasons, particularly the severe winter of 1788-89; 3d, the unnatural hopes inspired in the people by the birth of a revolution which they supposed would make them at once free to do what they pleased, and henceforth happy because rescued from all evils; 4th, in fine, the weakness of the government, lodged at that time in the Constituent Assembly, which witnessed unmoved the anarchy, but was afraid to use any means of repression. No mention is made in this part of M. Taine's work of the abuses of the *ancien régime* as being the cause of the anarchy in 1789.

This first sophism of historians being cleared up, the consideration of the *real* abuses of former times comes in order. The worst statements I ever saw on the subject are contained in the republication of the *Moniteur Universel*, of which two successive editions were republished about twenty years ago. The first volume of both is a thick quarto, which serves as an *introduction*, and pretends to give in full the true causes of the revolution. Whatever M. de Tocqueville wrote on this subject is found in that book, with many more strictures against the abuses of the old regime. I have read it in full, and was not convinced. I cannot possibly enter here into a full discussion; but there are two principal reasons which prevented me from accepting the conclusions of this writer, and of all others who have insisted on the paramount influence of previous abuses. Perhaps these reasons may suffice for the conviction of other sensible people.

The first is the evident exaggeration of those broad statements which most of the time were made in order to extenuate and even entirely justify the frightful excesses of that extraordinary epoch. The thick veil thrown over the French mind by such historians as Thiers, Mignet, Louis Blanc, and other writers of the same school, is still at this moment a pall through which light cannot penetrate; and most of the modern republicans of France imagine to this day that the first revolution was a boon, and the *ancien régime*

a curse. For them France has no history before 1789, and they have entirely turned their back on the former glories of their great nation. This most strange phenomenon of despising their own country in former ages, cannot be seen anywhere else in Europe. In France it is glaring and almost universal, and in my opinion it is mainly attributable to the distorted pictures of previous history drawn by popular writers. Thus has the mediæval epoch been calumniated and condemned. Thus to Catholicism in France have been attributed the butchery of St. Bartholomew's day, and the expulsion *en masse* of Protestants by Louis XIV. For three hundred years, as has been remarked, "history has been a conspiracy against truth," and it continues to be so for many minds. M. Taine, who has written the best history of the *Origines de la France contemporaine*, has convinced, I am afraid, but few of his countrymen, who seem to recoil from accepting the truth. Still M. Taine has proved that most of the abuses justly reproached to the *ancien régime* scarcely deserved that name, and were only the necessary outcome of previous history; and that whatever deserved to be called an abuse was not of such a nature as to necessitate such horrible convulsions.

But a still more powerful reason for believing that the excesses of former times could not be the adequate cause of the *total subversion of civil, religious, and social institutions* which then took place, results from the well-known fact that Louis XVI, from the beginning of his reign, was himself strongly in favor of reforming everything which called for reformation. For this he called Turgot to be his chief minister, from the conviction that this man was the best adviser he could choose for such a purpose as this. He was undoubtedly mistaken, but who could blame him for it? It was certainly a proof of his sincerity. The *Assemblée des Notables* in 1787, was another step in the same direction, and the act of calling to himself the Frenchmen best informed as to the necessities of the time was undoubtedly the best means of healing the wounds of the nation. Finally the meeting of the States General in 1789, with whom the king wished to concur entirely for the good of the people was the most convincing proof of the facility with which abuses would have been corrected, if previous excesses had been the chief difficulty of that epoch. The whole conduct of the French leaders in the revolution, on the contrary, demonstrates that the former abuses were only a pretext for starting theories of government entirely based on the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, and subversive of all possible order. But these pet theories were perfectly in accord with the Masonic doctrines which had already been proclaimed in the lodges for about seventy years, and it is impossible to see any flaw in the argument of Father

Deschamps when he established that identity. This, it must be firmly believed, is the only true key to the history of those times; and if Freemasonry has not been the only cause of this stupendous upheaval of society, it has certainly been the main one. M. Taine himself openly proclaims that the *Contrat Social* was the main-spring of the legislation and new constitution then imposed on France, which he utterly condemns. If he never speaks of the secret societies, it must be for the reasons previously stated.

It is well known at this time that France did not wish all the former institutions of the country to be unmercifully abolished in order to construct a new edifice. If Tocqueville has remarked that "on reading the demands drawn up by the three several orders,"—nobility, clergy, and third estate,—"before assembling in 1789, and noting many points contained in them, a systematic abolition of every law and every custom prevailing in the country, might be included in the list," he knew, as every one now does, that another longer and stronger list might be made of other demands prescribing the contrary. All wished the monarchy to be maintained, and the king to have a real power. But the maintenance of the king supposed the preservation of the other institutions, without which the system of a monarchy cannot subsist.

Everything being well weighed and considered, the only sufficient cause which can be perceived of the complete overthrow of all order was the disorganizing doctrine of the "philosophers," who alone with their disciples called for the destruction of religion and monarchy. *Ecrasons l'Infâme* was their well-known motto, and by *l'Infâme* they understood Christianity and every institution which upheld it. Freemasonry had obviously the same object. The ground had been thoroughly prepared for carrying it out, and it was but the terse and pithy expression of the truth which Abbé Proyart used for the title of one of his works, namely, *Louis XVI. détroné avant d'être Roi*. The correction of all abuses would not have prevented him from falling.

This must suffice with regard to the real origin of the French Revolution. With respect to the governments which followed it, the author of *Les sociétés secrètes et la société* proves that the lodges reappeared in France as soon as Napoleon I. obtained the supreme power. They had ceased to exist under the Terror, being superseded by the clubs, but under the empire they resumed their full sway. Was Napoleon a Mason? Father Deschamps, with many others, believes it, and Joseph De Maistre had very early at least some suspicion of it, since he wrote at that time (under the empire) in his *Mémoires diplomatiques*:

"A most remarkable phenomenon is the resurrection of Freemasonry in France, so much so that a *brother* has just been solemnly

buried at Paris, with all the attributes and ceremonies of the order. The actual master of France is too well known to allow any one to suppose that this could be done without his permission. . . . How can this be explained? Is he himself the chief or dupe (perhaps the one and the other) of a society which he thinks he knows, and which laughs at him?"

It is certain, at least, that a great number of Napoleon's high officers, marshals, generals, senators, etc., had been initiated; and the emperor's policy was often strangely in accord with the well-known plans of the sect, such as the persecution of the Pope, state education, opposition to religious orders when they attempted to reappear, the various measures in fine directed against the Church in the *articles organiques*, which he surreptitiously added to the *concordat*. His personal despotism, no doubt, did not allow full scope to the anti-social plans of the party, and on this account the author of *Memoires diplomatiques* thought he might have been a "dupe."

From the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, during the fifteen years which followed, the open conspiracy against the dynasty, and the still more open opposition to religion, which has been called *la Comédie de quinze ans*, is best explained by the underground plots of Freemasonry. This cannot be denied; and it is now a well-ascertained historical fact, that the great majority of *liberal* politicians, at that epoch, were Freemasons. But it is particularly from the French Revolution of 1830 to our own days, that it would be folly indeed to deny it; and it must be considered as demonstrated that the only key to the history of these fifty years is found in the universal agency of the secret society.

Here the field embraced is the whole of Europe. The scheme of the plot, it is true, always aimed at a universal spread; and from the beginning there was such a strict unity in the plan that not only Europe, but many countries outside of it, particularly in Central and Southern America, were brought under the dictation of the leaders. But until recently it was not easy to perceive it, owing to the deep secrecy strictly enforced on all the members; and what came to the surface appeared often to be only spasmodic and disconnected efforts which could scarcely be referred to a single head of the plot. As has been already remarked, during that long period of time, no historian, no publicist, scarcely any journalist, ever made mention of this society as having the least bearing on public events; and even after the whole world had been for more than a century subject to its decrees and machinations, everybody seemed to think that this was not matter of history. It looked as if it were either too sacred, or too awful, or perhaps too

puerile to be considered as connected at all with the ordinary play of human affairs.

But since 1830 there has been an immense change in that respect. Many members appeared to think that secrecy was no more necessary for a success which seemed already secure. And the sanction of death threatened against those who should reveal what they had seen or heard in the lodges, could no longer be enforced. Any one who should now refuse to acknowledge the tremendous power openly displayed before our eyes, would be as blind as any man who dared to deny the existence of the sun at noon. Nay, I am persuaded that the Freemasons themselves not only would contemptuously smile at this blindness but rather consider it a want of respect for their almighty control over human events. They, in fact, cannot object any more to be known as Freemasons, and the greater is the estimate of their boldness, their activity, and influence, the more they must be flattered by the well-deserved compliment. They openly now meddle everywhere with politics, religion, society, all the concerns of mankind; and though some of their books mention still their pretended abstention from the discussion of political and religious subjects in their lodges, they understand that this is only for credulous and unsuspecting people. Their overt acts are too flagrant for the supposition that they wish this childish belief should continue among any class even of the profane. Their books themselves speak in the most open manner; and the solemn prohibition formerly made under the most awful penalties, seems now to be a perfectly dead letter in their statutes.

Consequently the book of Father Deschamps assumes, as it were, a new aspect from 1830 down to our own day. Revolution, which before had been mainly confined to France, becomes universal in Europe. Partial efforts, indeed, had been made anteriorly in Italy, Spain, and Germany. They were only spasmodic, as was said, partial, and in the end they were defeated. But in the interval from 1830 to 1848, preparations were secretly made for a universal uprising, which succeeded everywhere at this last epoch (1848). These preparations are sketched in the ninth chapter of Father Deschamps's book. A new society is introduced on the stage of action. This is the branch of the Italian *Carbonara* under the lead of Mazzini, very different from the former one called *Alta Vendita*. The Freemasonry which had ruled until that day was mainly composed of those who have been called since "conservative masons." These men wished especially the enslavement of the Church; but as to governments, they wanted to establish only constitutional monarchies, whose destinies would remain in their hands, so as to keep the rabble under proper subjection. This middle class aimed

thus at establishing its power forever over the aristocracy and the mob. Their motto was *Liberty and Order*.

The new Carbonara, and Mazzini, its chief, had another object in view. This was the foundation of a universal republic, in which *plebeians* would rule, and the middle class itself fall under their sway. The eighteen years during which Louis Philippe appeared to govern the French nation, was therefore only the period of a fight between two powerful factions led by two sets of antagonistic lodges. The one most consistent and conformable to the original charter of Cologne, and to the former open programme which had brought on the Revolution of 1789, was sure to succeed, as it did in 1848. So that the ultimate result was a party more compact than ever, bent on practical atheism and utter radicalism, as we see it at this day, and most suitable to the leanings of the mob. It is important to examine closely the starting-point of this new life in the sect, in order to see how modern history is evolved from its secret agency.

The men in France who witnessed the Revolution of 1830, as I did, without belonging to any secret society, were at once startled by the sudden cry for a republic. This form of government had never so far been advocated by the *liberals* who had conspired against the elder Bourbons, and appeared fully satisfied with the substitution of the branch of Orleans with a new charter. But another party had suddenly arisen; and proclamations from Saint-Simonians, Fourierites, and some more ominous *republicans* without any other name, were posted everywhere, with open programmes, differing *in toto* from that of the successful insurrectionists of July, who had proclaimed Louis Philippe king. All knew that these last *insurrectionists* were the outgrowth of a Masonic conspiracy, elaborated in the conventicles of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, all Freemasons, and all belonging to the wealthy middle class. But all people read in the proclamations which were posted everywhere, that the object of a new *couche sociale*, as the French say, was socialism and communism for France, and a universal republic for Europe. I only relate what I myself saw in 1830. The most blind among the witnesses and readers, could not but conclude that the country had been undermined for a simultaneous double explosion, one in favor of moneyed men, who wished to substitute themselves in place of the former nobility; the other introducing on the stage of action the proletarian class, with its system, now openly proclaimed, embracing the destruction of the old society, and the creation of another antagonistic to the first.

The conflict between these two Masonic factions could not be but a dreadful one, and it began in France a few months after the Revolution of July, to continue throughout the eighteen years of

Louis Philippe's government. History has registered, as usual, the open facts of this *conflict*; but the secret springs by which everything was set in motion, not only in France, but likewise in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and other states, are totally unveiled by the author of *les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*. The documents he quotes, the authorities he points out, the facts he discloses, must bring conviction to every candid mind. One single remark would suffice to prove his veracity: when, after the final explosion in France, in February, 1848, the Revolution suddenly broke out all over Europe, and in a few months all thrones were shaken as if they had been made only of pasteboard, no other cause could be assigned to such an extraordinary and stupendous overthrow, than the one Father Deschamps proclaims, and of which he gives so many convincing details.

In this country, in 1848, the arrival of every steamer from Europe announced a new rebellion; and people imagined, no doubt, that this came only from the aspirations of European nations toward a greater amount of liberty. A little reflection would have immediately refuted such an impossible supposition. A single nation cannot pass at once from a state of profound peace, as was then the case, to a state of open war between rulers and subjects. It requires more than a few days to make the necessary preparations; and if an attempt at insurrection is made by a simple mob gathered all at once in the streets and squares of the chief city of an empire, such as was that of Austria, for instance, a few squadrons of cavalry, followed by half a dozen regiments of infantry, are amply sufficient for sending back the silly citizens to their homes. But the ludicrous story becomes still far more absurd when it is not confined to a single nation, but embraces nearly the whole of Europe. It suffices to mention the supposed fact to render its possibility incredible to the most thoughtless hearer. History, reduced to this absurd form, is worse than a legend or a myth. It has not the amusing tone of a fairy-tale, yet it partakes of its flimsy nature.

Independently, therefore, of the documents furnished by Father Deschamps, simple reason suggests that the causes of the revolutions of 1848 are to be found only in the new lodges of a plebeian cast which had come into existence in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and France, immediately after 1830, if not before. Eighteen years were employed in preparing the mine which was to "explode simultaneously all over Europe!" A great Masonic *convent* met at Strasburg in 1847, to make the last arrangements. The Saxon, Eckert, a very competent man, gives a list of the chief delegates from France and Germany, and says he was prepared to furnish the whole catalogue, which he had received from Berlin through an unimpeached chan-

nel. The names he gives are all very different from those who formerly ruled the lodges, and the first victory in Paris, the following year, was, in fact, a complete success of the lower Masonic element under the lead of Leon Rollin and Crémieux, over the more refined sect which had placed Louis Philippe on the throne, such as Lafitte and Casimir Perrier.

It is known that soon after began the first application of socialistic measures in favor of the lower classes, by the new government in France; but with regard to the universal uprising all over Europe, the brief narrative of Father Deschamps deserves to be quoted, because, in a very short compass, it describes most accurately, the quick process of it, with all its vicissitudes, such as took place. Paris had begun at the end of February :

"On March 10th Vienna is in open rebellion. The support of Louis Philippe's government, Metternich, is upset.

"On March 18th there are barricades at Berlin, frightful popular commotions, to be shortly followed by a German Parliament, in which President Gagern shall proclaim the sovereignty of the people.

"The same day terrific explosion at Milan.

"The 20th of the same month, revolution at Parma.

"The 22d, republic at Venice.

"Before the end of the same month, Naples, Tuscany, Rome, at the instigation of Palmerston's envoy, Lord Minto, and Piedmont likewise, had their parliamentary constitutions, preparatory to the republic in Rome, under Mazzini and Salicetti; in Florence, under Guerrazzi and Montanelli. Piedmont, meanwhile, was at open war with Austria.

"'It arose in Italy,' says Zeller, 'like an impetuous wind blowing over an incendiary fire.'

"'From the Pyrenees to the Vistula,' adds the translator of Eckert, 'the Revolution has unsheathed its dagger, and is brandishing its incendiary torch.'

"The universal republic prepared by Mazzini, with his young Europe, seemed to be triumphing everywhere. But the movement was, in fact, premature. Austria and Russia soon put an end to these attempts. . . . The Prussian dynasty refused, this time, the Imperial crown offered by the Assembly at Frankfort. In France, the bloody days of May and June brought on a conservative reaction, etc."

Disappointed in their hopes, after such an astonishing success, the lodges began again their underground working. Prince Louis Napoleon, who became, by his *coup d'état*, Emperor of the French, had formerly belonged to the new Carbonara in Italy, and this society considered him still bound by his oath. They were firmly

resolved to obtain from him the realization of their programme at least in Italy, or to inflict on him the usual penalty, death. They must have given him a warning, which he did not heed at first, and several attempts were made on his life. This is substantial history; but no proof of a Masonic plot, in these murderous attacks can be given to this day. The secret has been so profoundly kept, that only conjectures can be brought forward. The agency of Palmerston, in England, which is sketched in so masterly a manner by Father Deschamps, and accompanied with so many details, can be taken by the reader for what it is worth, since it mainly relies on the avowals of Misley, one of the conspirators, who might have had some private motive for speaking as he did. Still the contemporary history of England gives it a great air of probability.

It cannot be denied that the Palmerston and the Gladstone ministries helped efficiently the plots of Italian revolutionists. Garibaldi succeeded in Sicily and Naples, because England held the Mediterranean Sea by her fleets; and the calumnies spread against the governments of Naples and Rome were industriously kept alive by powerful speeches in the British Parliament. The memory of these facts cannot be erased from the minds of those who witnessed them. But the last attempt on the life of Napoleon III., by Orsini, in January, 1858, and what followed immediately after must carry conviction in all candid minds, on account of the proof given of it by the author under review. Among them is quoted at length an article of the *Giornale di Firenze*, in 1874, which has never been contradicted, and which fully revealed the plot and its main object, namely, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and the unification of Italy, for ulterior designs,—all this through the agency of Napoleon III.

If the intrigues of Cavour, the letter of Napoleon III. to Edgar Ney, the declaration of war against Austria, are not considered by a captious critic sufficiently clear for giving an historical basis to the plot, there is a particular circumstance of the private interview between Napoleon and Orsini, which has received an official publication by the French government before a court of law, and also in the columns of the *Moniteur*, and which in itself suffices for thorough conviction. In that renowned interview, which Napoleon himself asked of Orsini, after his sentence, the Emperor bound himself to procure "the deliverance of Italy." It was agreed between both that Orsini would write a letter, which the Emperor would publish, and in which the programme of Italian unity should be proclaimed. This was sent to the official paper of the government, where it appeared; and it was afterwards read before the judges who had tried the would-be assassin. All this was to be rewarded by the safety of Napoleon. It is to be hoped that after

this astounding disclosure, no one will deny that Masonry or Carbonarism has some influence over European politics. Orsini was so sure that his last will and testament, contained in this letter, would be executed, Italy united and the Pope discrowned, that on ascending the scaffold, he exclaimed, "*Vive l'Italie, Vive la France !*"

Father Deschamps lays great stress on the policy of both Napoleon I. and his nephew, Napoleon III., as a part and parcel of the Masonic programme. We would not, perhaps, go as far as he does on several points. There are occasionally small facts, or words, or little incidents, which are made a great deal of, and which by themselves, might not have a great weight for many minds. But the complexion of the whole is always striking, and there are often deep remarks, which cannot be set aside as unimportant in the question. It is certain that Napoleon I., in his youth, was a Jacobin, and favored the policy of Robespierre. When Emperor, he tried his best to suppress the whole edition of his *Souper de Beaucaire*, in which he supported the atrocious system of the *Montagne* in the Convention. But the Jacobin policy was the thorough explosion of all former Masonic plots, and its *clubs* were only lodges working in the open air. Even after the French Emperor became a despot, he always asserted that he was the faithful representative of the Revolution, and if he occasionally persecuted some obscure Jacobins who plotted against him, he always felt a secret leaning toward others, whom he loaded with honors and lucrative positions in his court. As to Napoleon III., if he was more reserved in his words and actions, and appeared on the throne to have given up the plots of his youth, it was, as he said in the Orsini affair, *for the preservation of his dynasty*. But during the last ten years of his reign, he certainly worked actively for the benefit of the sect. One might think that he did it only through fear of his life. Enfantin, the old Saint Simonian and secret worker for the same object, has several times repeated, in letters quoted by Father Deschamps, that the Emperor was still at heart what he had been openly before; and Enfantin being one of his familiars, must have had in private conversations numerous proofs of it. But this, after all, is of little importance. The fact remains; Napoleon III. made Italy what it is, and was mainly instrumental in destroying the temporal power of the Papacy. It is, besides, a matter of notoriety, that under the second Empire, undoubtedly with the connivance of Napoleon III., Masonry was all-powerful in France. The Emperor sanctioned, openly, the existence of the secret society, at the same time that he abolished, by decree, the Association of St. Vincent de Paul, which Masonry alone detested in France, because by its benefactions it was acquiring too great an influence over the lower

orders. The policy of the new Carbonara, more radical than the old *conservative* Masonry, wished to prop itself on the rabble, which is at this day nearly altogether under its control.

If there remained still some doubts in reflecting minds, of the sad truth advocated by Father Deschamps, the ominous events which followed the downfall of Napoleon III. in 1870, would more than suffice for entirely dispelling them. The Masonic societies do not work any more under ground, but in open air. If they wish to keep anything secret, it is only their ultimate object, of which they do not boast, though it is sufficiently apparent. This is the design of radically destroying the old Christian society based on revealed and spiritual truths, and of substituting in its place the universal rule of materialism and naturalism. The dogmas of faith of the Christian, even the natural truths preserved by the spiritualistic philosopher, must disappear and be replaced by the aspirations of pure animalism, reducing the destiny of man to the base passions of this sublunary world. Man is made to enjoy on this earth, and he is a fool if he looks up to heaven. The universal republic which is contemplated must be an admirable mechanism, dispensing altogether from the belief in Providence and from the agency of a superior world. Public institutions, morality, the education of the young, all the details of life, must be remodelled on this new pattern. The institution of marriage for the family, of an authority derived from heaven for the state, of spiritual guidance for the flock of the Divine Shepherd, must be replaced by the indefinite license of divorce, by the sovereignty of the mob, and by the fierce independence of undisguised atheism.

As to morality, you may choose between either the easy-going play of the passions, free, if possible, from gross excesses, but independent of a threatening God, and thus altogether deprived of sanction, or (which is now the tendency), the open denial of all moral rule, leaving man to his brute appetites, and society to the absolute control of the strongest. In this system the practice of the decalogue and the gospel law are low superstitions, which must disappear in presence of the rights of man.

The most important object to be secured consequently is the education of the young, to accustom them from infancy to the new *laws* or rather *forces* which must govern modern society, and determine all the details of life. This must be done through *secularism*, which is, as every one knows, the main aspect of the great battle going on at this moment all over the world between the Church and the secret societies.

It is not pretended that all Freemasons, or even socialists and communists, have adopted this programme in its entirety, or even see any of these projects in the associations with which they have

allied themselves. A great number of them are altogether innocent of these open designs. But it is too clear that such plan of action is at this moment the programme of the leaders of the movement, and the last ten years of European history afford a complete demonstration of it. There are other men also who without being Freemasons advocate secularism and reject *in toto* whatever is supernatural. These are the positivists and agnostics, so powerful at this time in England and Germany. But they have evidently received their social system from the doctrine of the lodges, which was already in full sway long before the positivism of Comte and the agnosticism of Herbert Spencer were elaborated and offered nakedly to the world as the only true account of human life and destiny.

We cannot, unfortunately, furnish here all the proofs which Father Deschamps has given with full details in his book. It is, however, sufficient to point out in general the well-known facts which have lately transpired in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, as well as in Germany. Everywhere the plan sketched a moment ago as the open programme of Freemasonry is carried out by fraud, intrigue, and at last open force and violence. The object cannot be any other than the destruction of positive religion, but chiefly of Catholicism, in order to organize a new society based on the satisfaction of animal passions, without any other restraint than the brute power of a godless state. Material enjoyment in this world, the complete independence of man from any superior law, the rigid subjection of spiritual authority under the full control of state autocrats, previous to the total extinction of supernatural belief and worship, is the prospect offered to all Europeans in a near future. The only hope of mankind is derived from the knowledge that God is stronger than the devil; and the Christian relies on Christ's promise as the firm support of that hope.

The plan is visible in the laws which are now enacted in the various states above mentioned. The family is threatened by projects of indiscriminate divorce; authority is declared to have its source in man, not in God; the spiritual guidance of mankind is openly rejected as a superstition; morality can have no other sanction than the penal code; and the education of the young must be confided only to an infidel state, or to laymen imbued with the same spirit.

These measures have been undoubtedly planned in the lodges, and are carried out as far as can be under the pressure of Freemasonry. The Kulturkampf of M. de Bismarck, in Prussia, which is the most perfect example of this impious design, seems at first sight to be independent of Masonic action. But it is well known

that when he first proclaimed it in 1873, he was not yet afraid of socialism, and on the contrary favored it by encouraging the efforts of many professors in the German universities. He has since thought, it seems, that he could keep his system in existence as the most potent arm against the Church, and at the same time oppose socialism itself as a secret political sect. In this he deceives himself, because socialism must necessarily prevail wherever the chief measures of the Kulturkampf are openly advocated.

In all other European states the plan which has been sketched a moment ago is openly that of Freemasonry. We had an occasion to say a word on the subject in a previous article of this Review on the "Ferry bill" in France; and some statistics were given in relation to the power of the sect in that unfortunate country, and to the influence they exert at this moment for the spread of infidel education, and in support of the strongest measures adopted against the Catholic Church. There is no doubt that similar statistics could be furnished for other European states, at least on the continent, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* has for many years back proved it to be eminently the case for Italy. It appears, however, according to this well-informed periodical, that in the Italian peninsula the Jews combine with the Freemasons for the same object. It seems certain that many Hebrews, in all countries, are initiated in some lodge or other; and if they do not hold a prominent position in Masonic designs except in Italy, it is chiefly owing to their universal dispersion, which prevents them from acting in any given state as a body in social or political events.

At the end of the work under review several important paragraphs give some details on the "Internationale," and on "Nihilism," the two latest expressions of secret societies; and their affiliation with Freemasonry is demonstrated.

It is the firm belief of the author that the "Internationale" is far from being dead, as some pretend, and that the next outbreak of revolution in Europe will bring it forward again for its destructive work. At the downfall of the Paris Commune in 1871, the "Internationale" broke up into two factions, one accusing the other of having sacrificed the communists in France to the will of Von Bismarck. Carl Marx fell into discredit; Bakounine placed himself at the head of his opponents, and the two sections of the party, under the name of Marxists and Bakouninists, formed temporarily two distinct organizations. But that these extreme sects of *anarchism*—for one of which this word was coined—belonged in fact to Freemasonry, was the patent result of their division on the subject of the Paris commune. To have abandoned it to its fate was in their eyes a crime, to have endeavored to secure its

power was a virtue. Masonry meanwhile had indorsed the excesses of the communists in so flagrant a manner, and had openly glorified them in terms so eloquent, that the union of both in the same designs could not be put in question. Ten thousand Masons with their regalia had gone to the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, to recognize the legitimacy of this bloody insurrection, and a few days later they went to plant their Masonic standards on the ramparts of Paris, not to oppose the Prussians, who were camped almost in sight, but to prevent the Versailles troops under MacMahon from marching against the anarchists. The speeches that were delivered on both occasions had no other theme than to proclaim the identity of doctrine between Masonry and Communism.

The "Internationale," therefore, which at that time ardently labored for the same Masonic object, and was nearly decomposed as an organization by the supposed treachery of a branch of it, must be considered a friend and ally, and the two placed in front of each other must be called in the words of the Latin poet, *par nobile fratrum*.

But the author of *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société* shows that these two branches of the party, which had been separated a moment in 1871, were reunited at Gotha in 1873. And it is, it seems, this fact which frightened M. de Bismarck and provoked him to a hostile attitude against socialism, as has been the case ever since. He saw the disciples of Lasalle and Bakounine, as well as those of Marx, ready again to attack the Prussian monarchy, and to give a fatal blow to that Germanic empire, which had cost him so many labors and taxed to the utmost his talent for intrigue and unscrupulous diplomacy. He felt that even his power, which had placed him at the head of Europe, was insecure in front of a dark plotting sect, which was undermining the ground under his feet. This alone would prove the political and social influence of Freemasonry, and force the most incredulous to acknowledge that now at least the secret societies furnish the key to the understanding of modern history.

The "Internationale," therefore, is stronger than ever, and its strength is chiefly derived from the fact that economical as well as political and social questions are embraced within its scope. In this it differs from previous Masonic sects, which meant only to interfere with religion and politics, and on this account did not even make an attempt at securing the co-operation of simple workingmen. It is, on the contrary, among the now potent class of proletarians that the Internationale endeavors to find adherents by spreading among them its *economical* doctrines. Hence all the trades unions in England and this country are naturally attracted

towards it, and are at least tempted to share in its destructive maxims concerning politics and religion.

On this account, probably, the general council of this universal society was for a short time transferred to New York, in 1873, at the time of its reorganization. This, however, did not last, and the reason of it was never divulged. It is not rash, nevertheless, to suspect that it was soon found that if in this country new economical maxims can easily affect trades unions, the other part of the Internationale's programme could not so easily be adopted on this continent, owing to the great number of Irish workingmen, who would never consent to become political revolutionists and anti-religious sectarians. I remember that about that time (1873), periodicals in this country spoke of the usual Irish stubbornness on both points.

The last chapter of Father Deschamps's book gives most interesting details on Russian Nihilism; and the connection of this last monstrous organization with the other secret societies seems to us at least demonstrated. It is a new revolutionary element entering the field of modern history, connected certainly with the previous ones, and better calculated than any other to strike with awe and terror. Rochefort, it is true, who has lately taken the trouble of going to Geneva, where at this moment many Nihilists sit openly in conclave against the Russian Czar, pretends that he has ascertained all the details of this new conspiracy. He spoke of it in a recent number of his *Intransigent* paper, published in Paris, and says that Nihilism does not proceed by the usual method of lodges and secret cabals, but has simply formed disconnected *committees*, to which any individual Russian, desirous of sacrificing his life for his country by killing the Czar or his minions, applies for employment in such laudable enterprise. That is all, according to him. But even if reduced to this, the origin and subsequent history of Nihilism shows that it came from German professors, admitted into the Russian universities by the infatuated Alexander II., who had himself been educated in Prussia, and who has just fallen a victim to it. The doctrine of the "Internationale" was secretly professed and advocated by many of those instructors of the Russian youth, and is now bearing its fruit. To pretend that the Nihilists confine their aspirations to a parliamentary government in Russia, and that the new emperor Alexander III. will allay the storm, save his life, and make his people happy by liberal concessions, is only a delusion, which public events will soon falsify, and on this we must conclude here this discussion.

Thus far little, if anything, has been said of Freemasonry in England and this country. It has been demonstrated, it is true,

that it was carried from England to France at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is somewhat doubtful if it primitively originated, in its recent form, in Great Britain or Germany. But it is certain that its spread, two hundred years ago, was mainly effected in France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, by the exertions of Englishmen, who founded many lodges in those various countries. It is sure, moreover, that in this age a great portion of the Masonic doctrine is adopted by a large party of Englishmen, as far as the spread of revolution is concerned. This has been particularly visible in Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

After all these facts are admitted as they must be, there remains a practical question, which has been discussed, and seems to be still pending, namely, Is there a discrimination to be made or not between Freemasons in England and on the continent of Europe? Many, even among Catholics, think that there is. And as this country follows the lead of Great Britain on this point, the answer to this question must affect the United States as well as the mother country.

First and foremost, the Church does not admit any difference between them, and the English or American Freemason must renounce his allegiance to the sect before he is admitted to the reception of the sacraments. The reasons which can be brought forward to prove the necessity for this exclusion are discussed at some length by the writer of the second book quoted at the head of this article. Though his name is not given, and his work is only a translation from the German, he is evidently an Englishman of intelligence and sound views, and perfectly well acquainted with his country. He decidedly is of opinion that Freemasonry is in the main the same in England as on the continent of Europe; though the British temper of mind, being more conservative and less given than the French or German to abstract utopias, the last secret of the sect must be known in England to only a few men comparatively. It is proper to give here a brief abstract of the view he takes of this question, though the force of his argument must necessarily be greatly weakened by even the best condensation, and before this is done it is just to remark that this English book was printed in England in 1875, and the preface was dated January 4th, 1873. It is, moreover, only a translation from the German, which must have appeared before this last date. The first edition of Father Deschamps's book, therefore, being posterior, could not be known to the British writer. Still, it is surprising how both works agree together. The same main facts are quoted in both and the same conclusions drawn, though there does not seem to be any connection between them. The last edition of F. Deschamps's is four times as large and copious as the English

work; this is the only perceptible difference between them. If the French writer has presented Freemasonry in too dark colors, the same must be objected to the British translator, and also to the German book, which he has merely given in an English dress.

His reflections, however, on the identity of Masonic designs in England and on the continent are his own, and are given in his introduction. The following are the main points: *First*, the Church has condemned Freemasonry in England as well as anywhere else. What could have been her reasons for it? Every Catholic must believe that she could not exclude her children from the scheme of redemption by excommunicating them, except for the most urgent motives.

Secondly, the first of these motives must have been the universal requisite for entering a lodge, which cannot but be utterly condemned by the true teacher of morals,—the Church. The members of the craft in English-speaking countries, as well as anywhere else, bind themselves by an oath on their first entering the precincts of a lodge, to submit to an unknown authority, and to obey implicitly its order, whatever may be the object. This is obviously immoral; for individual responsibility cannot be transferred without sin, save to an authority constituted by God himself, and then only so far as is permitted by an express divine sanction. In a Freemason sect any member is exposed to be commanded to do what his own conscience forbids. How will he act if the case occurs? This cannot be compared to the obedience required of a religious toward his superior, in which the supposition of a command directly opposed to the law of God is always expressly excepted. Freemasonry, in fact, establishes a hidden empire within the empire, a hidden family within the family, a hidden sect within all religious communions, though it pretends to leave to its adepts freedom of belief.

In a third place, it is certain that if Freemasonry in English-speaking countries does not go so far as to aim at the destruction of government and society, it is absolutely antagonistic to Rome and the Papacy. The overthrow of Romanism as it is called, is undoubtedly one of its aims everywhere, and no one will deny that since the establishment of Anglicanism by Acts of Parliament England has mightily labored for that great object. It would be almost insane to pretend that English Freemasonry, satisfied with the phantasmagoria of the lodges, remains indifferent to the still mighty power of Rome. And it is but natural it should be so, since the French lodges were first founded by Englishmen, and the most prominent feature of Freemasonry in France last century was the thorough destruction of Catholicity, so well expressed by the philosophers' motto, *Ecrasons l'Infâme*. How could Catholics

in English-speaking countries think their conscience is not interested in obeying blindly men who must have still that great object in view, and sufficiently show it by aiming everywhere in this age at opposing the progress of Catholicity both in Europe and out of it? The relenting of the penal laws and the more liberal treatment of Catholics in England was imposed on the leaders of the nation by circumstances which could not be controlled, but there are still many signs of a silent opposition which must be chiefly efficient in the Masonic ranks. There are undoubtedly many Protestants of the British type who feel no hatred against the mother Church, and who frequently manifest a truly liberal spirit. But this cannot be said of a great many others; and it is quite significant that at this moment the opposition to Rome becomes rampant among the leaders of the ritualists' party, which at first appeared to be the highest exponent of the "High Church." Opposition to Rome is therefore a characteristic of the British mind.

Fourthly, even non-Catholics in English-speaking countries cannot in conscience bind themselves by an oath without knowing its object; and if the craft was confined to the spread of philanthropy and human brotherhood, that oath would be perfectly useless. Protestants, therefore, cannot join in it, because the designs which it naturally fosters do not embrace Catholicity alone, but Christianity likewise, or rather positive religion, including Judaism and Mohammedanism, as is well proved by the author. The difference of sects among Protestants is precisely the reason assigned in all the lodges for establishing, first, complete indifferentism, previous to schemes of destruction against all *sects* alike, in order to found everywhere, the reign of *reason* on the ruins of *faith*. This is plain from many authentic documents quoted by the British writer.

In a fourth place he proves that Freemasonry in England has precisely fostered the measures best adapted to sap the Christian religion, and the stability of the state, by advocating most persistently *secularism in the schools*, which is the best means of doing away with positive religion; and the complete *liberty of the press*, including the most radical measures of government, so as to do almost entirely away with the sense of conservatism, which was formerly so firmly rooted among Englishmen of all classes. Society in Great Britain offers certainly now an aspect very different from what it was thirty years ago; and it almost amounts to a revolution, which must prepare further events of a still more radical character.

Finally, the writer proves that there is, at least at this time, a positive connection between the British lodges and those of the Continent. Documents are quoted from various well-informed peri-

odicals, proving that the conspiracy embraces now the whole universe, not excepting this country of America, North and South, namely, these United States, and the former Spanish and Portuguese colonies of the South. That many princes are at the head of the lodges—the Prince of Wales has lately succeeded the Marquis of Ripon at the head of those of Great Britain—is not a proof that the destruction of religion and society is not intended; because these high-born Masons, including, perhaps, kings and emperors, are not the real rulers of the sect, but only the tools of more cunning men, who in reality put the machine into motion.

It is, therefore, futile to imagine in favor of secret societies in England a harmlessness which not only the Catholic Church does not recognize, but which even the smallest share of the Christian spirit must necessarily deny. If all truly conservative men opened at last their eyes to the danger, the lodges would be reduced to a contemptible body of fanatics, who could scarcely do harm to society on account of their small number, and of the instinctive repugnance produced, in general, among men, by their destructive, nay, loathsome and repulsive doctrines. If, on the simple mention of them, the question naturally recurs, “Is life worth living?” few, indeed, would be those who should consent to patronize them, when it would be reduced to these terms.

SOME OF THE ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF ENGLISH CONVERTS.

IN testing the fruits of what is called "a religious movement," we have rather to consider its impression on society than its visible or material work. To point to new churches, new schools, new associations, as a test of the vitality of any system, is not always an argument which is irrefutable; for there can be no doubt that many of the sects are mightily prolific in such offspring, while yet they possess no real vitality. The Church of England, as it is called, is as much busied at this time in spending millions on the expansion of its machinery as it has ever been at any period of its history, and possibly with as great a show of success. Yet the Church of England has nothing like the hold upon society which it had, say forty or fifty years ago, before the time when its new claim of being "Catholic" might be supposed to have enhanced its attractions. Dogmatically, the Church has lost much influence, from the fact that it teaches everything by turns, and, generally, several contraries at the same time. Socially, the Church has lost much influence, from the fact that the candidates for its ministry are of a lower social caste than in former years. Politically, the Church has lost much influence, from the fact that the new cry for disestablishment has already found an echo in high places. And yet, though the Church of England has lost influence,—dogmatically, socially, politically,—its new churches, "restorations," and flourishing guilds, show how strong is its desire to live on. The truth is, that in the shivered state of Anglican faith, Anglicans must do something to soothe their conscience; and that "something" takes the form of dipping the hand into the pocket to make material demonstration of being in earnest. The English middle classes being both wealthy and beneficent, it is only necessary to propose a "respectable" object, and the church or the school is at once built. This is the general meaning of the "vitality." It is, of course, only general, not particular; for it would be monstrous to impute motives to individuals. Yet it suffices to account for material growth. And it is for this reason,—because material growth proves but little, so far as the national appreciation is concerned,—that we must hesitate to apply a purely material test to the fortunes of Catholicism in England. True, there are noble Catholic churches in England where, forty years ago, there was a solitary "chapel;" there are superb establishments, conventual and educational, where, forty years ago, there

were but timid communities ; there are " advertised " Catholic colleges and seminaries to the number of above seventy-five or eighty (and this within a few counties alone) where, forty years ago, there were only such historic retreats as, say, Ushaw, or Oscott, or Stonyhurst ; yet such increase is not the test which a really thoughtful observer would regard as being paramount or final. It is rather to be accounted for by the grand earnestness of the few than by the tens of thousands of gifts of the many. If we could inquire : What is the " work " of the Catholic Church in England, or how much " growth " have her recent converts imparted to her ? we would rather seek for an answer in the outward social impression than in the inward numerical gain.

It would seem ungracious to press the point that a noble work has been done by the little army of converts to the Catholic faith ; because, as a matter of fact, *most of the hard work was done* before the converts began to be recruited. The hideous trials of our forefathers, their sublime patience and fortitude, their life-martyrdom of reproach and almost ignominy, these were the real seeds of the fruits of to-day,—the long winter which preceded the present spring. Let it be remembered that the converts brought with them into the Church that very status of social favor which was before lacking, the high rank of many of the converts making Catholicism to seem " respectable," that word so dear to the conventional Church of England man, the splendid intellects of some of the converts, and the at least educatedness of many of them, doing away with the old reproach of " Popish ignorance ;" and even the wealth of some of the converts being thought so pregnant a social fact as to give suggestion for a grand romance by a prime minister. It is worth while to notice these separate features, because they have really much to do with the work done, and because they place the modern converts in an advantageous position, such as their forefathers scarcely ventured to dream of. If it be true that modern converts have accomplished a great work, and no one can deny that they have done so, it is at least as true that they owe something to " social accidents ;" just as it is at least as true that " the burden and the heat of the day " had been borne by the obscure and the friendless, without whose meritorious, silent suffering there could never have been the new birth of prosperity.

And, first in the way of outward impression,—of effect upon the national apprehension,—there can be no question that the writings of the most distinguished of the converts have revolutionized the attitude of Protestants. Indeed, Protestantism may be said to have died out since it became impossible to " protest against the Church." So long as Catholicism was presented to the Protestant apprehension as equally superstitious and unscriptural, it was reasonable

to regard it with aversion ; but when a Newman, or a Faber, or an Allies, or a Dalgairns, with a number of highly gifted associates, presented Catholicism to the astonished English conscience as equally intellectual and scriptural, it followed that to protest against Catholicism became really to protest against Christianity. Hence, to protest became obsolete or old-fashioned. An Englishman may be now a freethinker, a skeptic, a "modern thoughtist," or "unattached;" he may be indisposed to surrender opinion to authority; but he can no longer protest against the imperfectness of a system which he has perceived to be complete within itself. He is driven to fall back on the assertion of his independence, because if he accepts any authority it must be the Catholic. And this has been the most patent of the fruits of the new apostleship, new in its adoption by gifted converts, that it has dethroned and almost extinguished the old Protestantism. The only sort of Protestantism which now survives,—that is, among the educated classes,—is a sort of *odium theologicum*, or ill-will, such as we see in the writings of Dr. Littledale, or in the columns of some of the Ritualist newspapers. It is not pure Protestantism, because it is not pure prejudice; it is the disposition to reject the Catholic faith. Most educated Englishmen have read some of the works of modern converts, the profoundly spiritual treatises of Cardinal Manning, the intellectual unravellings of Cardinal Newman, the poetical aspirations of Frederick Faber, the scholarly sermons and concise books of Canon Oakeley, the learned historical treatises of Dr. Northcote, the devotional manuals or exercises of the Oratorians, the careful essays and treatises of Dr. Ward; nor is there one of the readers of any one of these authors who has not given up Protestantism pure and simple. The dark side to such half conversions is that the immense majority of them are negative. They stop short at the abandonment of delusions. Hence the shifting of the old ground of anti-Catholicism; hence the new reign of free thought in England! If the most ostensible of the fruits of the Catholic movement has been the killing of the old-fashioned English Protestantism (among the intellectual and well-informed classes) the most ostensible of the harms,—no fault of the new apostles!—has been the substitution of free thought for Protestantism.

It is no more blame to the new apostles that the mass of Protestants have not followed them than it was blame to St. Peter that he did not convert all the Jews, or to St. Paul that he did not convert all the Gentiles. Yet what the converts have done is briefly this: They have converted hundreds of thousands of English Protestants, who are now faithful members of the Catholic Church; they have diminished the old prejudice in high places, so that Lords, Commons, and the Press are now respectful; they have helped to

originate about two hundred parish churches, and about a hundred and twenty conventual schools, with some fifty literary societies and institutions, and perhaps the same number of refuges and orphanages; they have pushed their way into the highest literary grooves, and are now read in the *Saturday*, the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*; they have made themselves heard as the champions of political rights, as well as the advocates of religious freedom; receiving from the government almost as much place and honor as if they were members of the National Church; and even succeeding in sending a Catholic peer to India to hold the highest position under the Crown. It was asked by a Catholic member in the House of Commons, during the contest about the obnoxious Mr. Bradlaugh, "whether in view of the general principle of absolute religious toleration in the government of this country, the Prime Minister was prepared to advocate the abolition of all remaining religious checks at present existing, such as those which prevent a Lord Chancellor or Sovereign of Great Britain being a Catholic?" The question, though doubtless put sarcastically, was suggestive of some very important truths. Since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, all kinds of believers and unbelievers have pressed their way into high political position, and it must follow that Protestantism, in its old-fashioned sense, being politically, or as a test-point, dead and buried, cannot be pleaded any longer as an apology for intolerance towards the throne, or the woolsack, or Dublin Castle, and that it is monstrous for the Queen's Majesty to be compelled to be Protestant, when the Queen's Parliament may be skeptical or infidel. Even Mr. Bradlaugh would have the right, as a member of Parliament, to demand an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle; so that to compel her Majesty to be of one particular religion, while her faithful Commons may be of no religion whatever, or, at all events, of any religion they please, does seem to be invidiously severe. Moreover, since Jews may now sit in Parliament, the old idea of the essentially Christian constitution has obviously passed away out of England. It is lamentable to have to admit it, but the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, in 1829, presented this new question to the (Protestant) country: Shall we allow Catholics to have their political liberties, and refuse the same liberties to *anybody*? Add to the Catholic Emancipation Act the democratic Reform Bill, which succeeded it within the short space of three years, and we see how the new spirit of religious liberty,—with the growing political influence of the democrats,—threw open the flood-gates to all comers. In 1850, when the Catholic hierarchy was restored, the country had grown accustomed to wider liberties, but had not grown more

tender towards Catholicism; hence, there was a disposition to counterpoise Catholic liberties by an extension of liberties to non-believers. The Jews and the Quakers had become legislators; then why not the skeptic and the infidel? It was the inevitable sequence of the new spring of Catholicism, that it should either lead to the conversion of the nation or to a great spread of free thought and religious laxity. As it happened, it led to the latter. No blame again to the new convert apostles! The choice was offered to the nation and was badly made. So that we must reluctantly confess,—and it would be useless to try to hide it,—that one of the consequences of the new conversions, and of the new life of Catholicism,—from the date of the Catholic Emancipation Act to that of the conversion of Dr. Newman, and still more from this last date to the present time,—has been the loosening of the old moorings of thoroughly sincere Protestantism; and thus the giving an apology for a more than Protestant freethinking, for a freethinking which has destroyed Anglican traditions. There is no avoiding the conclusion that equal injury and benefit have been wrought by the new attitude of Catholicism, for in the proportion of the liberty given to truth has been the liberty given to every kind of error. Politically the Catholic Church has but gained ground *pari passu* with Judaism and sectarianism; nor has the increase in the number of the Catholics been so great as in that of the freethinkers. So that we have to lament over the development of “irreligious” liberty while we have to rejoice over the development of “religious.”

Such a twofold development was a foregone absolute certainty, save on the hypothesis of a national conversion. And a national conversion was out of the question. The work of the converts might include an earthquake of the old establishment, but it could scarcely include the building of a new city. It could loosen, but it could but partially rebuild. In the language of poor Lord Beaconsfield, “The conversion of Dr. Newman dealt a blow to the establishment from which it still reels;” but the reeling establishment still covers the ground; and religiously, politically, socially, a thousand architects, who are none of them Catholics, are trying their hand at repairs. Meanwhile, the “Catholic body” is at this disadvantage, that while a vast number of its clergy are conspicuously gifted, not many of its laity are “leading men.” Of the eighty-six Catholic peers and baronets; of the seventeen Catholic lords who are not peers; of the six Catholic members of the Privy Council; of the fifty-five Catholic members of the House of Commons; we may say respectively that there is no great man amongst them, who is capable of “leaving a mark on his age.” This is, in no way, an impeachment of their merits; it is only an important social fact.

Yet it is "socially" that we must look for better days—that is, in the purely natural order. "Socially," the influence of a Newman or a Faber is felt keenly by High Churchmen and Ritualists; and, therefore, in the educated strata; but "socially" there are no lay Catholics—either born Catholics or converts—to whom English society looks up, as it does to many of the Catholic ecclesiastics. In these days there are such a number of highly-educated English noblemen, as well as of distinguished English commoners, that a Catholic grandee takes his place among the crowd as no better and no worse than his compeers. We have not a Count de Mun, a Herr Windthorst, a Signor Acquaderini, to make society listen, and even fear. We have a great many good men—no great men; and in these days a man must be pyramidal, or he has very little chance of being looked at.

Meanwhile there is the under current of influence, which it were simply impossible to measure. Who shall say what is the work, in the home life or in the club life, in the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, in the smoking-room, of the numerous convert barristers, solicitors, merchants, officers in the army and in the navy, press-men, artists, architects, and even actors? It would be in bad taste to mention names; yet nothing could be more easy than to trace the influence on London journalism (to speak of this one department alone) of five Catholic leader-writers on one paper, two Catholic reviewers on another, seven Catholic contributors to "comic" papers, as well as not a few editors and sub-editors. It would be easy to show exactly where the tone of a certain paper was, at least, mellowed, if not quite changed, by such influence. And let us remember, too, the advantage of mere protest. "Does that go into the paper?" asked a Catholic sub-editor, of a non-Catholic editor of a London journal. "It does," was the reply. "Then I will have nothing more to do with the paper," said the sub-editor. And he put on his hat, and walked out. This kind of influence is keenly felt. And so, too, it is well known that many of the exhibitors at the Royal Academy, many of the professors in the highest walks of science, as well as many popular entertainers of the better sort, are "converts to Rome," who have lost none of their old power by submitting their consciences to the Church. It is in such grooves that we must look for "convert work." Could it be possible to make exact computation of the influence of different classes of converts, it might be found that to the silent workings of the earnest and industrious, much more than to the few brilliant, exceptional men, is due the silent progress of Catholicism. And that such progress is a vast progress, though a silent one, is known especially to those Catholic priests who minister in English large towns. Thus it is calculated that there were sixty thousand com-

municants last Easter Sunday morning in London; that in Manchester, in the course of last year, there were five hundred receptions into the Church; while in Birmingham, the attendance in Catholic schools gave proof of the many conversions of parents. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." It is not reported in the newspapers that the artificer or the artisan has been received into the Catholic Roman Church; but such conversions take place every day; and though the ingathering be homely and partial, it is not without leavening effect.

So that, summing up what has been said, we may conclude that the work of the converts has been, briefly, in the following six grooves: it has completely changed the traditional character of the old Protestantism, "converting" it practically into skepticism; it has raised the social status of English Catholics, as it has raised the literary status of Catholic writers; it has spread the knowledge of Catholicism, and has begotten a respectfulness towards it, in the numerous circles of English social and homely life; it has extended Catholic political influence, and has at least ranked itself as a power in the state; and, materially, it has increased the working machinery of the Church, by almost innumerable new churches and institutions. Negatively, yet quite innocently, it has been *followed* by the increase of every sort of free thought and skepticism; for the simple reason that those who would not become Catholics had no rational motive left for remaining Protestants. This last subject is of such terrible importance, that it may be considered as to the (probable) future.

Taking the six points together—which we have just now enumerated—as fair divisions of the results of the new conversions, we may conclude that their significance will come hereafter to be developed in some such relation as the following: Conversion is not likely to march so quickly as its opposite national movement, freethinking; while the loosening of Protestantism, as the accepted national religion, will hasten the development of every error. The improved social and the improved literary status of the Catholic Roman religion in England, *plus* the acknowledged fact that the Catholic Roman religion is the *only* ecclesiastical force which can command respect, will cause the Catholic Roman religion to remain intellectually the supreme religious system of Great Britain. Material prosperity, in the way of churches and institutions, or of largely-revenued converts to the Church, will be auxiliary as increasing opportunity; but the use of the opportunity will depend on Protestant wills; and, from experience, we cannot augur much from them. The political elements will be developed by the religious elements, greater power following, naturally, on greater demand; yet the disposition to admit atheists to Parliament, with the disposition to

disestablish the English Church, looks a good deal more like a general break-up of *all* religions, than a tendency to give predominance to any *one*. So that the prospect is not cheering, though it is hopeful. The prospect is certainly better for the Catholic Roman religion than it is for any one of the sects; but it is only better because the Catholic Church is the *best* Church, and therefore claims more respect than the other churches. In other words, the Catholic Church will continue to grow in importance by the side of the many perpetually decaying sects, without necessarily growing greatly in point of numbers—that is, without becoming the National Church.

It need not be said that such an estimate is a purely natural estimate, and takes no account of the grace of God. But we are only considering the subject in its natural aspects, or as it presents itself to the natural reason. No one can presume to speculate by what agents, by what methods, Divine Providence may accomplish His own ends. As in individual conversions both the agent and the method are very often the very last which we should have anticipated, so in national conversions the agents and the methods may be the very opposite of what we should think to be likeliest. It is of the natural aspects alone that we have spoken; and of these with some words of regret. Yet the regret must come home to us with a judicial severity, when we each ask of ourselves, what is *our* work? Setting aside the splendid examples of devoted lives—of missionary spirit in the few—nay, in the many—would England remain long unconverted, if every Catholic did his best, by example and persuasion, to convert all his kinsfolk and acquaintance?

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

De Deo Creante, Praelectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticae, quae habebat Camillus Mazzella, Soc. Jesu, in Gregoriana Universitate Studiorum Praefectus et Theologiae Professor, Academiae Romanae S. Thomae, A.Q. Socius e Decem Urbanis. Editio Altera. Romae, ex Typographia Polyglotta, S. C., De Propaganda Fide, 1881.

"THE work should praise the master," is the best eulogy that can be pronounced on Father Mazzella's *De Deo Creante*. Sparing the humility of the modest Jesuit only to give it the more effectually its most coveted reward, it may safely be said that his work worthily, if aught that is human can at all be worthy, gives back to God the glory of his wonderful works. *Verbum sat*. The volume has been so universally and favorably noticed by Catholic reviewers, that further commendation might easily be mistaken for flattery. It may not prove unprofitable, however, and certainly it is not unseasonable, to call the attention of the learned in a more special manner to Father Mazzella's Treatise (III.) on the Angels.

The belief in spiritual beings, which are inferior to God but superior to man, is one of the oldest and most universal in the human family. It is based upon that early manifestation which, according to the inspired books, took place almost in the first hours of man's existence. The tempter who wrought his ruin, and "the cherubims which the Lord God placed before the paradise of pleasure," could never be forgotten by the afflicted soul of man. The spirit-world was every way his enemy. One portion of it had in its tremendous crash and fall broken through the weaker fabric of his own world, and borne him down with it into the abyss of sin and its consequent woes; the other stood prepared "with wheeling swords of flame" to bar his return to the garden, and smite him with the wrath of heaven. Henceforth man's thoughts of that higher world are inseparable from the ever-present sense of his fallen condition; the history of the one cannot go down to posterity without the explanation of the other; error and vice may obscure and distort the ancient tradition, but can as little blot it from his mind as make him forget that he must die the death. This is not a demonstration of what should be, but a plain statement of what has been; not so much a philosophical deduction from the nature and condition of man, as a summary of his past history. Man has not been able to forget the spirit-world.

In that one and only true Church, which from the beginning was founded on the faith in the Saviour, the primitive tradition was not only preserved in its integrity, but so strengthened by the

apparitions of good angels and the possession of men by evil spirits, that it exercised a constant influence on the daily lives of the faithful. Under the law of fear, strong and holy men put all their trust in the protecting care of good angels, but dreaded to behold them in vision, "lest they should die;" under the law of love the very children not only long to gaze upon the face of their guardian angel, but do not even dread, once they know the virtue of the sign of the cross, the powers of darkness. According to the ruling dispositions of fear or love there is indeed a marked difference between the effects produced by the belief, but the belief itself is ever unchanging and the same. Still as of old "the two cherubim of beaten gold" stand within the sanctuary of God; still, as thousands of years ago, does many a venerable Tobias say to his disconsolate wife: "Weep not, our son will arrive thither safe, and will return safe to us, and thy eyes shall see him. For I believe that the good angel of God doth accompany him, and doth order all things well that are done about him, so that he shall return to us with joy." Tob. 5 : 26.

Outside of the Church of Christ the primal tradition became more and more obscured in proportion as the nations fell away from the worship of the true God and plunged deeper into idolatry and infidelity. But it was never entirely obliterated or lost. Hesiod's story of the wars of the gods, which in one shape or another recurs in all the mythologies of the Gentile nations; the countless lesser gods, good and bad, friendly and hostile, with which pagan fancy peopled every hill and forest, and river and sea; the household gods, and the infernal deities that were enemies of the *numen* and of man; what else are these but a debased picture of the scriptural battle in heaven, and all the good and ill it brought to man. Nor have the sects which retain the name of Christian proved an exception to that law of degeneracy which governs the realm of error. In their hands the spirit-world has assumed all the absurd forms that can possibly be imagined between the pantheistic emanations of the absolute being or the aeons of the Gnostics, and the dead men's ghosts of spiritualists, or the scientists' latent material forces energized under favorable circumstances.

- Yet, beneath all these vagaries, the ancient tradition and belief of a real spirit-world lie securely imbedded in the souls of men. Viewed historically, therefore, the primitive seed of tradition had struck such deep roots in the soul of man, that though error stunted it in its growth, and vice made it wax rank and poisonous, and pride of intellect trampled it under foot, not one of them nor all of them combined could ever succeed in killing its living roots in the heart of man.

Even our unscrupulous and unsparing age has not yet succeeded

in dislodging the spirit-world from the popular mind. It is indeed not strange that the old Church should show no inclination to change her mind; she is in secure possession of the truth. But it does seem unaccountable at first sight that the Rationalism and Materialism of the day, have not after a century of hard work succeeded in any appreciable degree in bringing that odious superstition into disrepute, even beyond the pale of the Church, and at least in their own domain laughing it simply away. The entire failure in the attempt cannot be attributed to a lack of will or energy in the fashionable enterprise of enlightening the civilized world; the missionaries of reason and matter have succeeded only too well in placing their idols upon the altars of the non-Catholic world. "But the old god," as a German proverb has it, "sleeps not." A reaction of the strangest and most formidable character has set in. In the very hour when Rationalists and Materialists compliment themselves upon the easy grace with which they have given the death-blow to the gruesome monsters of superstition, these themselves rise up in the shape of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and spiritism, and with the vitality of hydras defy men to cut off their heads. Spirits have taken hold of the rebellious minds of men with vindictive hands; the most stubborn reason cannot shake off their unyielding grasp. Whether this frightful visitation be one of mercy or of wrath, whether in the eternal counsels it was meant to be a saving light out of darkness, or but keener lightnings to strike men blind in their worship of demons, certain it is that even professed agnostics and avowed infidels are rudely shaken from their ecstatic contemplation of the atoms of matter, and confronted with beings, impalpable, invisible, imponderable, they must own, but so real, so strong, so intelligent, that they laugh the self-deifying wise men to scorn. Vainly does the unbeliever, after his first shuddering confession of the truth, endeavor to cover his confusion with the excuse that he was frightened into it; vainly does he rack his brain for some high-sounding, but as usual, unintelligible explanation of those startling phenomena. He cannot find a parallel in nature's most mysterious and violent revolutions; even his hitherto unequalled self cannot stand with composure in the humiliating comparison with the unearthly visitants; do what he will, the world only smiles at his awkward discomfiture, and clings the more tenaciously to the undeniable reality of the spirit-world.

This unusual and extraordinary intrusion of the spirit-world into our every-day life, has awakened that anxious curiosity with which men are seeking to learn something more about its nature and history. But whence is the desired information to come? Where can they obtain it save in the teaching of the Catholic Church,

which alone has preserved the hoarded treasures of revelation and tradition from the rust and the thieves of time? She alone has existed long enough to be in a position to give the traditional history of the angelic world, and she alone, let it be borne in mind, can establish the claim of being the only divinely constituted, and, therefore, infallible, exponent of the revelations of God to man. A review, therefore, of the practical points of Catholic doctrine concerning the angels as set forth by Father Mazzella, in his *De Deo Creante*, will go far towards meeting one of the principal demands of the times.

The doctrines of the Church concerning the *existence* and *nature* of the spirit-world are clearly defined. The Vatican Council (*Constit. Dei Filius*, c. i.), repeating and confirming the words of the IV. Lateran Council, declares: "The true God alone . . . at once from the beginning of time created out of nothing, both creatures, the spiritual and the corporeal, to wit, the angelic and the mundane, and then the human, as a common nature constituted of spirit and body;" and in the *fourth* and *fifth canons*, anathema is pronounced against those who deny that the spiritual creatures (the angels) were created by God, or assert that they emanated from the substance of God.¹

Before the tribunal of the Church it would therefore be *heretical* to maintain, with the Sadducees of old or the Materialists of the day, that there are no angels at all; heretical, to assert with the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, that they are the mere outward manifestations of the energy of God, or, as the Pantheist now words it, real or ideal determinations of the undetermined absolute being; heretical to teach, with certain spiritists, that the angels are nothing distinct from the departed souls of men; heretical, to hold, with materialists, that they are only forces of matter; heretical, in fine, to claim that they were created from all eternity. The definitions of the councils go so far and no farther under this head; but the universal belief of the Church extends to many collateral points which are of divine faith. For instance, the councils defined that the angels are spiritual beings, but did not proceed further and determine the kind and degree of their spiritual nature; yet the universal Church believes, on the authority of Holy Writ and tra-

¹ "Solus verus Deus . . . simul ab initio temporis utramque de nihilo condidit creaturam spiritualem et corporalem, angelicam videlicet et mundanam, ac deinde humanam quasi communem ex spiritu et corpore constitutam" (c. 1).

Can. 4: "Si quis dixerit, res finitas, tum corporeas, tum spirituales, aut saltem spirituales, e divina substantia emanasse; . . . anathema sit."

Can. 5: "Si quis non confiteatur, mundum, resque omnes quae in eo continentur, et spirituales, et materiales, secundum totam suam substantiam a Deo ex nihilo esse productas; . . . anathema sit."

dition, that the angels are beings, not only of a much higher order than man, but entirely incorporeal and purely spiritual.

The superiority of angels over men is so universally admitted, that it is hardly necessary to do more than indicate their scriptural and traditional outlines. The angel "who went down with Azarias and his companions into the furnace, and drove the flame of the fire out of the furnace, and made the midst of the furnace like the blowing of a wind bringing dew;" the splendid one whom Daniel saw, "clothed in linen, his loins girded with the finest gold, his body like the chrysolite, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as a burning lamp, and the voice of his word like the voice of a multitude;" the still grander one whom St. John beheld coming down from heaven, "clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow upon his head, his face as the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire;" the angel of the Lord who slew the first-born of all Egypt in one night; that other angel who stretched the army of Sennacherib dead on the plain; the evil spirits that tormented the possessed; Satan himself carrying our Lord to the pinnacle of the temple, and to the top of a high mountain, and showing him all the kingdoms of the earth; such, and so sublime are the mere outlines of the angels of Scripture. Christian tradition has not only preserved them, but filled them out with richer light and shade, to make the fully finished pictures of the guardian angels and the powers of darkness. In these, the tradition, and doctrine, and belief of the Church are brought to a double focus. In the one is embodied her constant belief in the salutary protection of good spirits, potent enough to avert dangers which men can neither foresee nor escape; in the other she is seen to enter the lists against malicious and destroying spirits in the divine might of her holy orders, and of that name at whose sound even the rebels against the Most High must bend the knee. The Catholic Church alone possesses the power of exorcism; she alone has fallen heir to that divine power over evil spirits with which her founder confounded the incredulity of the Jew and the pride of the Pharisee. Strange enough, while men are free to deny her claims, the demons not only are forced to respect them, but will not recognize pretenders. Like the evil spirit whom the Jewish exorcists conjured "by Jesus, whom Paul preached," they make answer to all such pretenders, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know; *but who are you?*" Acts 19.

The superiority of the angels over men is further evidenced by the fact that they are *pure spirits*. Their apparition under human form cannot be urged from Holy Writ with any show of demonstration to the contrary. The Scriptures, so far from telling us that the angels have bodies, call them simply spirits. St. Paul even expressly excludes flesh and blood from the angelic nature, telling

us that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against *principalities* and *powers*; . . . against the *spirits of wickedness* in high places." Ephes. 6. As circumstances never compelled the Church to define upon the point, it is not surprising to find some of her learned sons, in earlier times, boldly maintaining that the angels have bodies of a very subtle material texture. Traces of this adverse opinion may be discovered as late as the twelfth century. It is worthy of note, however, that very few, if any, of the Fathers seriously inclined to that novel view. The hesitancy with which some of them spoke in favor of pure spirits was not a concession to their opponents in the debate, but rather an admirable expression of their laudable fear of being too positive on an open question. It cannot be denied that some of the more ancient among them called the angels *bodies*; but in their day the idiomatic force of *corpus*, even in good Latinity, was equivalent to our English *substance*. Accordingly Tertullian called even God a body, though, to judge from his writings, he was very far from dreaming of a corporeal God. This usage will appear less strange if we advert to that of our English *body*, which word, though its first meaning is corporeal substance, is nevertheless transferred to the much higher signification of *person*, when we say *somebody*, *anybody*, *everybody*. All learned controversy on the pure spirituality of the angels ceased with the IVth Council of Lateran, in which, as may be seen in the words already quoted, the angelic nature was placed in direct opposition to corporeal substance, with the human compound as a mean between the two.

Going a step further, Catholics have always believed that world of superior pure spirits to be exceedingly populous. According to Holy Writ, the number of the good angels alone is beyond reckoning, and we know from the same source that Lucifer drew after him a third part of the original multitudes. When Job beheld the armies of the Most High, he cried out in amazement, "Is there then a number of his warriors?" St. John and the prophets give figures which were used by the Hebrews to express numbers that are indefinite. Some of the Fathers estimated the total number of the angels relatively to those of men as ten to one; others deduced from the parable of the good shepherd, the proportion of ninety-nine to one; many did not hesitate to give it as their opinion that the angels are as numerous as all the living things that shall ever people our earth, so grand, they conceived, even in the magnificence of numbers, should be the royal court of the King of kings.

Of the framework of that extraordinary society of spirits we know from Scripture and tradition that it is divided into three distinct *hierarchies*, each containing at least three kingdoms or *choirs*. In the first hierarchy the inspired writers and the Fathers place

the flaming Seraphim, the wise Cherubim, and the Thrones of God's justice, always in the same succession and gradation in rank and dignity. In the same way they invariably assign the two last choirs of the third hierarchy to the extraordinary and ordinary ambassadors of the Most High, the Archangels and the Angels. The lordly Dominations, the wonder-working Virtues, the Powers that baffle the demons, the Principalities that govern the republics and monarchies of the earth, must be distributed among the second and third hierarchies, but their relative position is wholly undetermined.

Whether the choirs represent as many distinct species of angels or not, is a disputed question. St. Thomas, upon the principle that "matter is a necessary condition for the multiplication of individuals of the same species," goes so far as to maintain that each individual angel constitutes a distinct species by himself. Be that as it may, the radical cause of the distinction and division of the choirs must be based upon some equally marked difference in their natural endowments, and above all in those higher gifts of grace which correspond to their capacity and the offices for which they were created.

Though the choirs are, in all likelihood, made up of as many species as they count individual members, and though those individual spirits differ as star differeth from star in splendor and magnitude, universal belief concedes even to the lowest of them such superior intelligence and extraordinary powers over matter as befit the highest creatures of the hand of God, even in the order of *pure nature*. They cannot, it is true, as limited beings, be omnipresent or omniscient, cannot naturally be in far-distant places at the same time, cannot unlock the secrets of free souls or fathom the mysteries of the inscrutable God; but within the range of that knowledge and power which is compatible with created nature, who shall tell how that Almighty hand which has made each tiny thing a wondrous world, chose to enrich the spirits that from lowest to highest it has set for a crown upon its universe. For, viewed merely and precisely as created beings that leaped forth from nothingness at the call of the Almighty Father, the angels form the highest and most magnificent sphere of the universe. Spirits of unimaginable grandeur, rejoicing in the strength of their sovereign intellects and wills, they would have been, even within the narrow bounds of nature, the deathless bards of the eternal King, singing beneath his barred palace-gates in myriad-voiced minstrelsy. Unfettered by matter they would have spurned space in their exploring flight from world to farthest world, and rising aloft from every newly discovered marvel, hymn unceasingly their Creator's praise. Their endless song would be their immortal happy being. The Father,

whom they would know so well and love so strongly, shrouded though his face forever be in the splendid cloud of his works, must always be the centre of their natural beatitude. But if left in the depths of created nature they could never reach Him, never see Him face to face. He dwells in light inaccessible. The highest possible creature is infinitely far away from Him; the divine order is essentially different from that of the creature; the walls of finite nature are vast, but they cannot be passed; the creature cannot of its own strength rise to the divine level with its God. But God can come to it, can lift it up in the hollow of his hand, and press it to his bosom, and wear it in his heart. He can infuse into the spirit a new and supernatural life, can breathe into it that *something divine* which is called *sanctifying grace*, in the strength whereof it can see the face of God and live.

It is Catholic doctrine¹ that God elevated the angels to that supernatural order of grace which was to introduce them into the splendors of the divinity after a trial of their free obedience. The duration of that trial is uncertain. According to some of the doctors of the Church it was long; according to St. Thomas, very short, for the reason that as beings already perfect in the order of nature they could compass the end proposed to them by a single and instantaneous act of perfect charity. The nature of the sin of the fallen angels is again a matter of dispute. Many theologians are of opinion that it was *envy*, either of the Word because He is equal to the Father, or of man who was destined to be a partner in their glory. Most divines, however, hold with the angelic doctor, that it was a sin of *pride*, but differ in explaining its precise nature. Some think that the rebellious spirits would have Christ adore them; others, that they presumed to be like God, not indeed in equality of nature, for they knew that to be an impossibility, but in some resemblance which was either altogether impossible, as in creative power, or if possible, deordinately coveted against the will of God, as for example, to know of their own power the free future actions of men. Be that as it may, it is of faith that the good angels obeyed and the wicked rebelled. That instant the ravishment of the beatific vision burst upon the eyes of the blessed spirit; instantly the cry of Michael was heard in heaven, "Who is like God!" At once the heavenly warriors went forth to execute divine vengeance, and Lucifer and his angels fell "like lightning from heaven," forever lost. There is to be no redemption for them: "there is no redemption out of hell." This is the mystery of divine justice that fills every Christian with terror and awe. Placed side by side with the ineffable mystery of man's redemption

¹ Catech. Conc. Trid., p. 1, de Duodecim Symb. Artic., a. 1., n. 20.

it only gains a more unspeakable horror. All the blood of the Son of God was shed for the worm of the earth; for the legions of superb spirits there was not to be one saving drop. The Fathers endeavored to account for the severity of the sentence by telling us that the angels were such great and therefore such highly responsible beings, that they had no bodies, no passions, no tempter, to lessen or palliate their crime. But these reasons are not sufficient to preclude a once possible redemption on the part of infinite mercy; they are at best only an attempt to explain what must always be a mystery. Sinner and saint alike must bow down and acknowledge that the fallen angels are the everlasting monument of God's justice; God willed it, and He is just; this much is evident, the rest is a mystery.

By the unspeakable mercy of God men are destined, if found worthy, to replace the fallen angels in heaven, and according to St. Augustine and many other fathers, the end of the world is to be heralded in by the triumphant entrance of the last sainted soul into the forfeited inheritance of Lucifer and his angels. If man, then, is expected to win the thrones of higher and higher angels that from every choir erst fell from heaven, what wonder that the generous children of the Church have at all times spurned the pleasures of this life and thought it folly to compare them with the glory that "shall be revealed in them hereafter." Who, they cried, shall ascend those heights of glory, who mount even to the spheres of flaming seraphim, what soul shall win the highest of angelic thrones, that which once was destined for Lucifer, the fallen star of the morning? Not men alone have asked themselves these questions. The same questions have caused the legions of heaven to come down to earth and fight side by side with the struggling souls of men; the selfsame questions are still repeated by Lucifer and his angels in the bitterness of despair, and they explain the intense hatred with which the fiends seek to wreak their vengeance on the low-born adopted sons of God, men.

The Fathers tell us that the legions of destroying spirits fill all the air between our earth and the skies. The least of them is mighty enough to evolve in an incredibly short time the potencies of matter; the weakest of them could make sad havoc in this material world of ours; the lowest of them could craze men with frightful apparitions. And more, these formidable spirits are leagued in concerted action. Bitterly and unrelentingly though they hate each other, impossible though friendship must ever be among those who have flung away eternal love itself, their common hatred of God and man nevertheless compels them to enter into a desperate coalition, of which the fellowship of the wicked upon earth

is a true but a very feeble imitation.¹ But that common cause levels their proud heads to the earth. They that rejected the mild government of the Father must writhe under the galling yoke of the most degrading despotism; they that aspired to be greater than the sons of God must be content to be slaves; they that were not satisfied with heaven's bonds of love are now chained together like felons in fetters of unyielding hatred. Hatred is now the soul of their life; they hate even their own selves. Yet, out of the depths of their degradation their pride only leaps the higher and with more embittered anger against heaven; for nothing galls pride more than enforced humiliation, and there is not a more relentless hatred than that which springs from a pride which has been utterly humiliated but not in the least humbled. Spirits of wrath such as these are singly and separately terrible enough; but their gathering must be as the coming together of as many violent storms. Woe were man if God were not above that storm; woe, if the natural strength of those enemies were not chained by his fatherly hand. As it is, He only permits them to tempt men, always for their good, if they will have it so, and never beyond their strength. Physical evils the demons may not inflict save by the express command of God, and the most remarkable among these is their possession (or obsession, which means the same) of the bodies of men. In our day, however, their external influence is chiefly noticed in *Spirit-rapping*, *Mesmerism*, and *Spiritism*, and it is of paramount importance to examine how these are viewed by the Church.

In spirit-rapping Catholic theologians draw a sharp line of distinction between the phenomena that might possibly be caused by the action of physical forces and those which as answers to questions necessarily suppose the intervention of intelligent agents. The latter are known to be of so scandalous, immoral, and often blasphemous a character, that they can in no wise be ascribed to the agency of sainted souls, or angels, or God. In their origin, therefore, such practices involve an at least implicit compact with evil spirits, into which no man can knowingly enter without making himself guilty of the grievous sin of divination. On the contrary, the phenomena of mere motion do not necessarily

¹ St. Thomas says (S. Th., 1 p. q. 109, a. 2, ad. 2): "Concordia dæmonum, qua quidam aliis obediunt, non est ex amicitia quam inter se habeant, sed ex communi nequitia, qua homines odiunt et Dei justitiæ repugnant. Est enim proprium hominum impiorum ut eis se adjungant, et subjiciant ad proprium nequitiam exsequendam, quos potentiores viribus vident." And in q. 114, a. 1, he concludes: "Impugnatio quidem ipsa ex dæmonum malitia procedit; qui propter invidiam profectum hominum impedire nituntur et propter superbiam divinæ potestatis similitudinem usurpant, deputando sibi ministros determinatos ad hominum impugnationem, sicut et Angeli Deo ministrant in determinatis officiis ad hominum salutem."

argue spirit-power or divination (though in general no other explanation will suffice), but they are none the less unlawful by reason of their dangerous and scandalous effects.

Mesmerian magnetism is noted for the three induced conditions of violent comatose state, somnambulism, and clairvoyance. Somnambulism and clairvoyance imply a compact with the devil, and are positively prohibited by the authority of the Holy See. The violent comatose state was not mentioned in the condemnation, but is illicit, and that grievously, not only because it gives scandal, but especially because it is known to imperil the health and life, and, most precious of all, the virtue of the victim.

It is plain that the same censures must apply with greater reason to downright spiritism.¹

To elude the damaging accusation of having dealings with the devil, the votaries of these fashionable forms of the black art protest before the public that their unearthly visitors are the blessed souls of departed friends. Any godfearing Christian can detect and expose this too palpable fraud; a man with any sense of religion in his soul will not hesitate to decide that those scandalous and blaspheming spirits are not "spirits of health," but "goblins damned." Driven from their first position, our modern wizards and witches still deprecate the charge of divination, on the ground that the spirits are at any rate not devils. In other words, they abhor dealings with the devil, but do not scruple to commune with those of his household. They lose sight of the fact that divination is criminal, not because it is a compact with spirits *as such*, but with spirits that are enemies of God and of man. Whosoever those enemies may happen to be, be they demons or lost souls, it is a high crime against God and against his own nature for man to make friends with them.

Far superior to man in the strength and breadth of their intellect, as his astute adversaries must be owned to be, it becomes a matter of great interest to the Christian warrior to determine the limits of their knowledge concerning himself. Can they of their own strength know those future actions and events that shall depend on man's free will? The Church says, no. Prophecy, according to scripture and tradition, belongs to God alone. Isaiah made it a formal challenge to the gods of the gentiles: "Shew the things that are to come hereafter, and we shall know that ye are gods." "The diviners and the wise men, and the magicians and the Chaldeans" told Nabuchodonosor that none could tell his dreams "except the gods." In a word, that prophecy is universally held to be the seal of the divinity is evident from the very ety-

¹ Vide Gury, Theol. Moral., De I Decalogi Præcepto.

mology of the word *divination*. But can the tempters know the secrets of the human heart? Can they discover that which man is determined to conceal from them? The Church again answers in the negative. "God *alone*," says Holy Writ, "is the searcher of hearts." "He *alone* knows the hearts of the sons of men." Moreover, to give the demons such knowledge were little less than delivering man up to their power almost beyond the possibility of resistance. Man would no longer be master of himself and of his actions, no longer the free being that owns no subjection save to God and his representatives. The knowledge, therefore, of evil spirits cannot reach those innermost thoughts and desires which man will not so much as breathe even in his deepest dreams. They may by artful tricks make him give up his secret, may bring him to give some external sign wherein their practiced eyes at once read the mystery; but not Lucifer himself, not all the leagued powers of hell, can have a *direct* power over the soul to wrench from it the hidden thought. This Catholic conviction is briefly summed up in Hamlet's sublime challenge to the questionable ghost:

• "Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
As for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

Passing beyond the free future actions of men and the secrets of hearts, it would be difficult to determine *positively* the limits of angelic cognition in the order of merely *natural truths*. As the angels ascend stand higher on the Patriarch's mystic ladder, the horizon of their vision must indeed grow wider in proportion as they draw nearer to the omniscient God. But taking even the lowest choir for a common standard, theologians have generally admitted that the angels, good and bad, not only know the present and the past, but penetrating into the future behold events that are not yet conceived in the womb of physical nature. It is little for them to predict the sunshine and the storm for centuries to come. "Nature's infinite book of secrecy," in which we can read only a very little, is spread open before them; they scan the future with greater accuracy than we are enabled to study the past, "on the pages of the elements and in the volumes of time." In one word, in all that concerns the material universe, the only limit to their science would be the miraculous interference of God. Such is the vast science of the poorest of angelic spirits, and belike it was this thought that inspired St. Francis Borgia to take his stand before his God far beneath the meanest of the demons of hell.

Hearing that the angels know so much, the interesting little girl of the family would be bound to inquire, "Do the angels talk, and

how can they talk if they have no tongues?" Seriously considered the question is not a childish one. It must interest every man who has some thought of the life of his own soul hereafter, and though a child may make the query, sages have been at pains to find a satisfactory answer. Naturally enough nobody is inclined to believe that spirits are bereft of the power of communicating their thoughts one to another. Imagine that God would send us back our immortal Shakespeare, but strike him blind, deaf and dumb, and make him utterly incapable of uttering in any way his "everlasting thoughts divinely worded!" More intolerable still would be the thought of such perpetual imprisonment for the will, for love. Such a being, we say, is like that broken heart that can find no utterance; it must die of its own fulness. That the angels actually have the power of interchanging thought, is a scriptural fact which any one may verify for himself in the prophecies of Daniel and in the Apocalypse. They certainly can speak. Strong enough to make matter and its forces subservient to their purposes, it is as easy for them to produce vocal sounds in the air as to fashion for themselves the form of man. It is not hard, then, to understand how they manage to converse with men. But how they convey their thoughts one to another will always be a problem for even the acutest of human minds. On the one hand Scripture is silent on the subject, and on the other our *material* speech cannot furnish a basis of comparison when there is question of pure spirits. Some of the older schoolmen propounded the theory of *spiritual signs*; but waiving the difficulty of understanding what they mean by *spiritual* signs, the hypothesis is open to the objection that it jeopardizes, if it does not utterly destroy, that to a free being dearest privilege, of being the absolute master of its own secrets. In the closed sanctuary of free souls and spirits God alone has the right to dwell; the creature cannot so much as gain admittance without good leave. On this account the princes of Catholic theologians have almost to a man rejected the theory of spiritual signs. Every angel would at once see those signs; distance is no obstacle to angelic vision; given such signs, there could be no such pleasure as confiding a secret to a friend, there could be no privacy; the poor spirit would have to remain forever silent, or in every case be willing to harangue the hosts of angelic listeners.

Suarez is of opinion that angelic speech is effected by impressing the *species*, that is to say, the thoughts or ideas, as we commonly call them, on the intellect of the listening angel. This solution of the difficulty is satisfactory in so far at least as it is intelligible; but unfortunately it is opposed to the general principle, which Suarez himself admits, "that God alone

can act *immediately* and *directly* on the will or intellect of creatures." Besides Suarez requires more than is needed. It would seem to be enough to say with St. Thomas, that the angel needs only to *will* that the other should perceive his thought. It stands to reason that as the will is absolute master of the secrets of the soul, their manifestation should be no less under its control than their concealment. On the other hand, since the angelic mind can naturally know spiritual objects, nothing more seems to be necessary than that those objects be proposed to its vision. The only obstacle in the present case is the will of the angel; that will needs only to say, "Lo and behold!" and the hidden thought stands revealed. Such is the explanation offered by the angelic doctor. Bearing in mind that according to the universally received doctrine of the schools, the angelic minds were from the first filled with infused species or concepts, by means of which they always knew their connatural objects at least as to their possibility, so that for their knowledge of the reality nothing more than the presence of the object is required, the holy doctor's view seems to be entirely satisfactory. At any rate, it looks most natural. How often, when we meet with one of those walled-up, dark, blank, silent men, who move among their fellows like sphinxes, how often, when a Disraeli passes through the world, do we not say to ourselves, "Oh, if we could only read that soul!" Why, what is to prevent us? Ah, there is that unchanging exterior, that rigid face, that iron mask. What if we could tear it away? What if simultaneously we could fling away our own masks also, and without bodies, stand soul to soul? That mysterious being is as dark as before. Who can force it to give up its secrets? None but its one master, none but the Almighty God. To our questionings it is dumb. It will not speak; it will not direct its thought to our minds; if it did so we are sure we could see that thought; but it simply will not. Let it but will it, and the curtain of the sanctuary of mysteries would fall, and the spiritual object flash upon the spiritual eye. This would be spiritual speech, "the manifestation of thought specially directed to us by the will of the speaking spirit." That manifestation as well as the determination and limitation of its direction are evidently the work of the will alone, and this is the simplest and easiest way of accounting for the merely natural interchange of thought, the natural speech, of the angels.

Higher than this and by far more indescribable is that sublime language in which the holy angels describe, one to another, the mysteries they behold in the beatific vision. The flood of increased light fills their beings, each according to its capacity. The higher the angel the richer is his knowledge of the mysteries of God, and the greater also his means of enlightening the lesser spirits below

him. Hence that higher kind of speech, called *angelic illumination*, by which the higher angel makes known to the lower what new mysteries he beholds in the bosom of God. It is the communication of the light of new truths, a real intellectual illumination therefore, a positive teaching, in which the larger mind of the master must adapt itself to the limited comprehension of the disciple. It does not deal with truths that are purely natural. The subject of that supernal conversation embraces the divine mysteries in the wide domains of nature, grace, and glory. It is the "song forever old and new," that breaks from the ecstasy of the beatific vision, a speech, not so much angelic as divine, in that it is all from God, all about God, and all in God. Such is the beatific knowledge and language of the holy angels, and it is consoling to think that even in that divine intellectual greatness the little ones of Christ shall be made like unto them, that supernatural wisdom shall crown the folly of the cross.

Sweeter far, however, and more encouraging, while we are still engaged in the great battle of life, is that other thought, that to those same exalted blessed spirits God has given charge over man. It is a dogma of Catholic faith,¹ "that some of the angels are deputed to be the guardians of men *in general*." Scripture and tradition alike teach that angels are divinely commissioned to protect the nations of the earth. The Archangel Michael, who was the guardian prince of all Israel of old, is believed to be the angelic monarch of the Church also. It is, moreover, the common belief, that all smaller societies and communities are assigned to the governance of heavenly princes, and that every man has his own guardian angel from birth till death. Hence the beautiful devotion to the guardian angel is one of the strongest and most affectionate of the Catholic heart. The practical Catholic is conscious that his angel "has charge over him to keep him in all his ways," which signifies, as the Fathers interpret it, the ways he should walk according to the will of God. It were presumption and folly on his part to count on his angel's assistance when he wilfully and recklessly throws himself into the arms of the chained demons. Yet even then has that spirit-friend charge over him unto good. When he proves refractory and turns a deaf ear, not only to the voice of conscience but to the angelic warning as well, it is the angel who embitters poisonous pleasures, strikes him with physical pain, and sharpens his mental anguish beyond endurance, until he is glad to return to an humble and contrite frame of mind. Youth, which ever lives in the future, hardly adverts to this wonderful side of its life. It stands, as painters love to represent it, proudly on the

¹ Catechism. Roman. p. 4, c. 2, n. 4.

prow of the bark of life, stretching out its hands to the entrancing visions that deepen in splendor over the distant waves; seldom turns a kind eye to the resplendent companion who all the while holds the rudder and steers it in safety past rocks and shoals; does not think of him, perhaps, until the waters grow troubled and the light begins to die, until the shore of eternity rises dark upon its terrified vision, and then only throws itself into the arms of its life-long, its most affectionate, and may be its only true friend. In that hour the angel rises and shields the agonizing soul under his strong wing in that last stormy voyage through the narrow straits and dark passes of death. Nor does he abandon the trembling soul as it flies from the justice of God to the cleansing fires of purgatory. He can no longer act the part of a guardian, but he is all the more a friend. In the dread prisonhouse he is the soul's one great comforter, its one abiding friend, who alone, in the hour of its utter need and helplessness, goes forth in the silence to whisper to the living upon earth to have mercy, at least, on their own forgotten ones who suffer in the tormenting flame.

There is one passage in Holy Writ concerning the guardian angels which needs some explanation. An angel says to Daniel (Dan. x. 13), "But the prince of the kingdom of the Persians resisted me one-and-twenty days; and behold, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me," etc. This passage was read by Hugo Grotius, and set him thinking. Germans, as a rule, think twice before they venture to dogmatize; they are reputed the most patient thinkers in the world. But Grotius must have been in a hurry this time, for without more ado, he jumped to the conclusion, *ergo, there are dissensions and quarrels among the good angels*. A hasty glance at the mere words of the text might easily lead to so strange a conclusion; but a critical study of the context, such as one would be justified in expecting from a Grotius, would never warrant it. Long before Grotius, St. Thomas had foreseen the difficulty, and given a satisfactory explanation.¹ Imagine a universal monarch ruling all the nations of Europe through the most faithful vicegerents imaginable. Evidently these delegated rulers

¹ St. Thomas says (s. Th., q. 113, a. 8): "Ad videndum igitur qualiter unus Angelus, alteri resistere dicitur, considerandum est quod divina judicia circa diversa regna et diversos homines per angelos exercentur. In suis autem actionibus Angeli per divinam sententiam regulantur. Contingit autem quandoque quod in diversis regnis, vel in diversis hominibus contraria merita vel demerita inveniuntur, ut unus alteri subdatur aut præsint. Quid autem super hoc ordo divinae sapientiae habeat, cognoscere non possunt, nisi Deo revelante; unde necesse habent super his sapientiam Dei consulere. Sic igitur, in quantum de contrariis meritis et sibi repugnantibus divinam consulunt voluntatem, resistere sibi invicem dicuntur; non quia sint eorum contrariae voluntates (cum in hoc omnes concordent quod Dei sententia impleatur); sed quia ea de quibus consulunt sunt repugnantia."

would represent conflicting national interests, and becoming identified, as it were, with opposite causes, would consult the sovereign on their contrary merits, and, in this respect, be said to resist one another, be they never so loyal to their king, and ever so closely united among themselves in personal friendship. Thus, according to St. Thomas, in that only universal government of the King of nations, the angelic rulers stand opposed to each other only in as far as they represent the opposition of the temporal or eternal interests of different nations or individuals; their personal union among themselves cannot be surpassed in perfection save by that which binds them to God, whose will they perfectly accomplish as soon as it is made known to them. Thus, in the passage quoted, the angelic rulers were not yet acquainted with the divine ordinance as to the departure of the Jews from the midst of their oppressors; it is clear that some of them would oppose it as detrimental to their pagan wards; once the will of God was made known to them all difference of opinion ceased.

Having reviewed the spirit-world in its relationship with man, it now only remains to cast a glance at the attitude which man generally assumes towards it. An artist of the day has strikingly represented it in a masterly painting, which is called "The Game of Life." In a mortuary chapel, which, to judge from its grim architecture of guled pilasters, with heads of sphinxes and wiverns grinning from the capitals, must be in the hold of some gloomy castle of the Middle Ages, away from the light of day and the curious gaze of men, the great game is being played by the living among the dead. The chess-board is placed on the hither end of the sarcophagus of stone which stands in the middle of the ancestral vault. The pieces are allegoric figures of the virtues and vices, the colors being white and red respectively. The two players are entirely taken up with the game. On the right, as you look at him, sits a lordly man, the beau-ideal of a nobleman, and he a French nobleman, in manhood's prime. The game has evidently been going against him. A few red pawns are all that he has taken from the enemy, while the critical position of the few white-robed virtues on his side shows you that if his next move is false, the game is hopelessly lost. Bent forward over the fatal board, his head resting on his right hand, his whole soul concentrated in the motionless face, and his whole intellect fixed in the large earnest eye, he is studying that last and decisive move. He thinks of nothing else now. He is utterly unconscious of the terrible change that has come over his adversary; he does not see how those fleshless features now burn beneath the black hood as if their blood were fire; he does not even feel the fierce glare of the demon's eye, glittering as a serpent's, on its unconscious prey. He had sat down to play with Satan, in the tolerable guise of a Mephis-

topheles ; but were he to look up now and see the veritable fiend, he would leap to his feet and cry to heaven for help. But he has not the faintest idea of the appalling transformation of his adversary, no, nor a thought of the dark cloud that rests on the brow of his majestic angel, who has been standing between them all the time, always whispering to him the best advice at the right moment. That angel has given the last saving counsel, and now stands, a figure of indescribable anxiety, only waiting for the fatal move before he shall turn away to weep for a lost soul.

This is not a mere painting ; it is a revelation. Even as certain songs and strains of music thrill beyond the raptured ear into the depths of the soul, there to evoke a music that is not fettered by sound, so does this painting penetrate to the inner eye of faith, and unveil such scenes as are invisible to material sense. We no longer behold the picture upon the canvas. The game of life rises up before us and around us in its strong reality, the great game which every man is playing with Satan, the guardian angel standing at his side with warning hand uplifted, the virtues and vices for prizes, the game generally desperate for man, and the stake his immortal soul. There is not a practical Catholic who does not feel that he is the man at the chess-board, not one who does not instantly recognize in the two figures his own inveterate foe and his own trustiest friend. What a strange, weird painting ! But stranger still, and truer still, the painter has portrayed only too faithfully man's extraordinary forgetfulness of his two inseparable companions. Thus even the moral of the painting is literally painted ; man's forgetfulness and neglect of the spirits that contend for his soul are limned upon the canvas in perfect portraiture. The painting is undoubtedly a masterpiece. And yet the central figure is entirely wanting. One is not there. There is nothing to betoken his presence, though He must be there since He is everywhere. Mayhap the painter forgot Him ; mayhap he thought of Him, but could not paint in any other way, save by not painting at all, man's forgotten and neglected God.

CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY.

GRACE NEWTON SIMPSON.

IT is a noteworthy fact that, in the entire list of canonized saints of whose early lives there remains any record, there is scarcely to be found a single one who was not indebted, primarily and under God, to his mother's instructions, influence, and example for whatever was needed to lift his mind out of the depths of earthly desires to the contemplation of the admirable things of God. The mother's influence in forming the character of her child is surpassingly great. If she be worldly-minded and frivolous, over-indulgent at times and unnecessarily harsh at others; unmethodical in the discharge of the duties of her state of life and careless in respect to the associations formed by her children; then it is reasonably certain that these latter will be subject to similar or still more extravagant faults of character and habit. Just the reverse is ordinarily the case when the mother is actuated by motives that have their origin in her sense of religious duty. Such a mother says nothing, does nothing, in the presence of her children, but after duly considering the effects of her speech and action upon those toward whom she bears the dual relation of natural and heaven-delegated guardian.

It is well for Catholicity in Kentucky that the first Catholic fathers of families who emigrated to the State were so generally provided with helpmates who had proper notions of the dignity and responsibilities of Christian motherhood. As a very general thing these were neither ignorant in respect to the tenets of their faith, nor indifferent to its practice. Where the children in after-life, or some amongst them, as was the case in very many instances, were led to devote themselves to the sacred ministry, or to cloistered contemplation and works of Christian charity and mercy, it rarely happened that they were not, under God, indebted for their vocation to the training they had received at the hands of their pious mothers. The names of many of these faithful, painstaking and Godfearing mothers are no longer remembered, not even by their descendants; but circumstances have preserved those of others to the present day. Alethea Abell Spalding, Henrietta Boone Gardiner, Ann French Reynolds, Elizabeth Spalding Elder, Winnifred Hamilton Gardiner, Clementina Elder Clarke, Mary Hamilton Hill, Ann Richards Elder, Winnifred Coomes Wathen, Ellen Hutchins Bowlin, Ann Coomes, and Ann McAtee Miles,—these are names that should be pronounced with reverence by all Kentucky Catholics.

It is not at all likely that the name of Grace Newton Simpson will appear in the least degree familiar to one in a hundred of my readers. And yet it was borne by one of the most extraordinary Catholic women of her day in all America. Her fame was local while she lived; and, happily for her, she was utterly regardless of posthumous notoriety. Her features, which were more engaging than beautiful, were indicative of a bright intellect and a sympathetic disposition. In manner, she was neither bold nor shrinking, neither presumptuous nor servile. She was not to be numbered, either, among the silent good of her sex. On the contrary, she had the gift of speech in a wonderful degree. In her praise be it said, however, she was no idle talker. Of all her Catholic sisters of the settlements, she was pre-eminently distinguished for her successful efforts at propagandism. It was through her earnest, intelligent, and prudent advocacy of Catholic teachings, that many troubled souls found rest in the bosom of the Church. How it was that she became so accomplished a controversialist may be learned from an incident that will appear in the annexed very imperfect sketch of her life.

Grace Newton was born about the year 1773, in Georgetown, then an important town in that part of the territory of Virginia which was afterwards ceded to Congress, and which now forms an integral part of the District of Columbia. Her father was a respectable tradesman of the town and an earnest Catholic in religion. Soon after the passage of the act by Congress by which a survey was ordered of the site upon which now stands the city of Washington, very many of the former citizens of both Maryland and Virginia removed to the District, with the intention of becoming residents of the future capital of the country. Among these were several families of Catholics, and notably that of Mr. Newton. This gentleman claimed kinship with the family of which the renowned Sir Isaac Newton was the most honored representative. His own marriage with an exemplary Catholic wife was blessed with a family of four children, three daughters and one son. The latter, Hugh Newton, used to say of his sisters: "One of them (Susan) is very beautiful; the second (Sarah) is very industrious; and the third (Grace) is very smart."¹

¹ Susan Newton became the wife of Archibald Pitt; Sarah Newton, of John Lilly; and Grace Newton, of Walter Simpson. All of these removed together to Kentucky near the close of the last century. In describing his sister Grace as "smart," Hugh Newton was more witty than wise. He only meant that her gifts of intellect were too profound for his own following. Susan Pitt was a beautiful woman; beautiful as a maiden, equally beautiful as a matron, and scarcely less beautiful after the snows of seventy winters had whitened her hair and laid the impress of their cruel coldness on her mortal frame. She possessed, however, a more enduring characteristic of loveliness than that of form and features in her Christian modesty and quiet goodness. She survived both of her sisters, her death having taken place only ten

At the time referred to, Grace Newton was a piously inclined young woman, well educated for the times, and of good social position.¹ She had been well instructed in the principles of her faith, and there was never any question with her as to its divine character. She had not learned enough, however, to be able to displace doubt and to set up conviction in the minds of honest inquirers. A simple incident, that took place, most likely, in the year 1795, served to open her eyes to her ignorance, and to the possibility, likewise, that she might be enabled through its removal to lead, here and there, a bewildered soul into a restful haven.

While hastening one morning towards the little chapel that was the humble forerunner of the dozen stately churches that now adorn the National metropolis, the young lady was overtaken on her way by a then recently appointed judge of one of the District Courts, who was also a personal friend of her father.

"Whither so early, Miss Grace?" asked the judge.

"I am on my way to early Mass," answered the young lady.

"But what is the Mass?" demanded the official.

"It is the renewal and continuation of the Great Sacrifice of Calvary," answered the girl.

"How do you know that it is anything of the kind?" queried the judge.

"Because the Church so teaches me," returned the lady.

"But what is the basis of your confidence in the teachings of your Church?" asked the official.

"Your question," answered the girl, "is too complex to admit of a hasty answer. If you will renew it hereafter, I here promise that I will endeavor to convince you that the Church has not only the right to command my assent to her doctrinal teachings, but my obedience likewise to her disciplinary laws."

With the understanding that the subject was to come up between them at a later day, the twain here parted, and Grace hurried on to Mass. But her short colloquy with her father's friend was never forgotten by her, never once lost sight of until her knowledge of the principles of her faith was equal to its defence against all phases of opposition. Happily for herself, and happily for the many she afterwards led into the Church of God, hers was a bright

years ago. Her descendants are numerous in Kentucky, as are also those of her sisters. Sarah Newton Lilly was the Martha of her father's household. The service she rendered to others, however, did not prevent her from rendering true service to God. Her husband, John Lilly, represented the county of Nelson in the State legislature of Kentucky during the session of 1807.

¹ She was afterwards in the habit of referring with some degree of pride to her personal acquaintance with the first President of the Republic. The exalted character of George Washington was a favorite theme with the good woman to her dying day.

intellect; a heart that was true and sympathetic, and a disposition that was more than ordinarily amiable. She sought and she found, she asked and she received, she knocked and it was opened to her. She not only read with care and profit the few books of Catholic controversy that were to be had at the time, but, under wise direction, she studied the Sacred Scriptures, and she learned from their perusal the ill uses to which human pride, not unfrequently, had put the Oracles of God.

In 1797, as is supposed by her descendants, Grace Newton intermarried with Walter Simpson, a scion of one of the old Catholic families of Maryland; and shortly afterwards she came with her husband to Kentucky and settled in Nelson County, near the site now occupied by the little town of Fairfield. From that time to the day of her death, she was regarded by her Catholic acquaintances, and these were numerous throughout Nelson and the adjoining counties, as an authority scarcely less reliable than their immediate pastors on all questions relating to dogmatic differences between the Church and the sects. Not a few were of the opinion that, in her limited sphere of action, she was even more successful than was any single member of the clerical body of the State in her efforts to spread the influence of her faith among those who had been reared outside of the pale of the Church. This was attributed, not to her superior knowledge, but to her superior prudence, and to the uniform sweetness of her disposition.

Among the anecdotes that are related of Mrs. Simpson, the following is, perhaps, oftenest referred to by the elders of the congregation of St. Michael, Fairfield, by all of whom the remembrance of her singular virtues is preserved to the present time.

Walter Simpson was somewhat of a wag. At one time he was the proprietor of a tavern-stand in the town of Fairfield, which was as much noted for its orderly conduct as it was for the excellence of its accommodations for man and beast. One day an itinerant Methodist preacher alighted from his jaded horse at the tavern door and announced to the landlord that it was his intention to stop over night, and possibly, until after the coming Sabbath. Protestant ministers of the present day are rarely distinguishable from men of other professions; but such was not the case seventy years ago. Then, sanctimoniousness not only characterized their features, but it pervaded their speech, and was to be seen in the cut of their clothes. The utterance by his guest of the single word *Sabbath* was all that Walter Simpson needed to enable him to give to the man his exact professional status.

One morning during the itinerant's stay under his roof, tempted thereto, doubtless, by the evil spirit of mischief that was his con-

stant familiar, Mr. Simpson suggested to his guest that he had a job for him in the line of his vocation. The Romanists of the town, he said, had become not a little aggressive of late. "I have reason to believe," he continued, "that they have designs upon my own wife; and from the way she receives their attentions, it would not surprise me, at any time, to learn that she had been seen waiting her turn to go to confession to the little French priest who comes here once in the month, and puts up his horse in old Clemmy Gardiner's stable.¹ It may be too late for interference in the matter, but if you would like to have a talk with Mrs. Simpson, it will please me to have you do so."

The minister plunged headlong into the pit that had been dug for him by his jocular host. He became at once deeply interested, fairly revelling in the idea, no doubt, that opportunity was to be given him to do battle against the "Man of Sin" and the "Mystery of Iniquity." The very next morning, in the presence of her graceless spouse, he approached Mrs. Simpson and begged to be allowed to interview her on a subject of grave importance. The lady was not a little surprised, but she answered promptly, that she was then and there ready to listen to what he had to say. His opening speech, pompous and inflated, after the manner of his tribe, would have opened the lady's eyes to his purpose, even though she had not been able to detect it by a glance she gave toward the face of her husband, in which immobility was vainly striving to hide the tricky spirit that ruffled the muscles beneath, and revealed itself still more plainly in the cunning flashes of his eyes. She knew at once that the partner of her life's joys and sorrows had been playing upon the gullibility of their guest, and this knowledge determined her to treat him with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

"Mrs. Simpson," began the preacher, "I have been surprised to learn that you have ventured almost into the very jaws of the Popish Beast, that has been sent all the way from Rome to ravage this land and to fill his rapacious maw with the blood of the saints of our new-found Israel. When I heard of your peril, the spirit wrestled inside of me, and I felt myself inspired to tackle with the Beast, and to pluck this brand from the burning."

"I don't know about the brand and the burning, Mr. —," said the smiling hostess, "but if you can convince me that the Roman Catholic is not the true Church of Christ, I stand ready to become your disciple without an hour's delay."

¹ Clement Gardiner, while living, and afterwards his widow, Henrietta Boone Gardiner, were noted among the early Catholic emigrants to the State for their benefactions to the Church. Their house was the church station of the Cox's Creek Catholic settlement, until, principally at the expense of Mr. Gardiner, the former log-church of St. Michael was built and opened for divine service.

"Then, madam," returned the gratified minister, "I have only to point out to you the texts of Scripture in which the Church of Rome is likened to the 'Abomination of Desolation,' the 'Evil woman of Babylon,' the 'Man of Sin,' the—"

"Stay, my good sir," interrupted the lady; "your quotations from the Bible, as well as many others of like character which the enemies of the Church are in the habit of referring to for proof of their untenable positions, are entirely familiar to me. I deny that any one of them is applicable to the organization known as the Roman Catholic Church, whether as she now exists, or as she has existed in the past. If you would convert me to your way of religious thinking, you must prove to me that you have authority, and all authority, to teach me what I am to believe and what I am to do in order to save my soul."

"Why, madam," returned the itinerant, "you may learn all that from the word of God."

"But the word of God," replied Mrs. Simpson, "being truth itself, cannot be otherwise than inflexible. It cannot teach opposing, or even slightly divergent doctrines. It cannot, above all things, teach me that one thing is true, and that another and very different thing is equally true. It cannot, for instance, teach that Christ was God, and that he was a mere man; that apostolic succession in the order of the Christian ministry is of absolute prescription, and that it is wholly irrelevant; that baptism into the Church may be administered by sprinkling, and that it cannot be rightfully administered otherwise than by immersion. You and Elder Nathan Hall differ widely on the subjects of Grace and Free Will. Neither of you will accept the views of Dr. Chambers, of Bardstown, on the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. And all three of you denounce as preposterous Elder Stone's declaration that there is no baptism unto Christ and His Church unless the subject of the ordinance be plunged, neck and crop, into a pool of water. And yet you and they, severally and collectively, are in the habit of appealing to the Bible for evidences to sustain your divergent notions regarding religious truth. If Christ had intended that a book which had no existence when he ascended into heaven should become the sole rule of faith for His disciples for all time, He never would have uttered the words, afterwards transcribed by His evangelist: 'And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.'

"Now, reverend sir," continued the lady, "it is sheer waste of time on your part to seek to draw me away from the reasonable faith in which, so to speak, I was born, to the unreasonable one which, according to all Protestant teachings, would require me to arraign the God who made me, at the bar of my own weak and

finite judgment. It is not upon God's Word, believe me, that you build your systems of faith, but upon your own earth-gathered heaps of intellectual pride."

At this point the preacher, who had kept his eyes fixed upon the face of his hostess from the beginning of her harangue to its end, happened to turn his gaze upon that of her husband, which was now all one broad grin. It is not likely that the vulgar aphorism, "sold," now so common among practical jokers, had other than the natural meaning attached to the word in the popular parlance of the times, but it is quite certain that the itinerant then and there experienced all the effects that are supposed to follow applications of the term in certain coteries of modern society.

It is said of Mrs. Simpson that she occupied at one time an anomalous position in relation to ecclesiastical affairs in Kentucky. In the year 1809, when it became generally known that a bishop was to be appointed for the then newly created See of Bardstown, the charge was brought against her that she was using her influence with Bishop Carroll to induce that prelate to recommend some other ecclesiastic than Father Badin to the occupancy of the post. Though it is not at all likely that she was guilty of any such indiscretion, it may be considered certain that she answered, honestly and truthfully, whatever interrogatories were put to her by Dr. Carroll, in regard to the estimate in which Father Badin was held by the Catholic people of the State.

It is a singular circumstance, in connection with the history of Catholicity in Kentucky, that the most extraordinary missionary priest that ever exercised his ministry on the soil of the State was regarded by very many sensible people with at least moderate disfavor when there was question of raising him to the rank of a prince of the Church. It is fair to say that the opposition of most of these was not based upon personal consideration; neither was it, in the case of any one of them, based upon anything in the character of the missionary that could be construed into a moral defect. The great majority of them were simply unable to reconcile to themselves the idea of a bishop whose personal appearance was not suggestive to them of that dignity, which, as they conceived, should characterize the episcopal office. It is not to be doubted that the notions of these had their origin in their remembrances of Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore. That eminent prelate was personally known to many of them, and a few amongst them, notably Mrs. Simpson, had been so far favored by him as to be numbered among his correspondents. The opposition of these to the nomination of Father Badin was honestly entertained, and it was in no degree factious.

Others, however, were more demonstrative in their opposition to the appointment. These were impressed with the notion that Father Badin was naturally tyrannical, and that, if invested with supreme diocesan authority, his rule would be one of exaction and arbitrariness. The greater number of these, no doubt, were persons whose irregular lives had been made the subject of the good missionary's denunciations, which, it is well known, were not always prudently rendered.¹

Grace Newton Simpson lived a widow for many years after the death of her husband, and during all these years she kept the promise of her youth of unswerving faith and unostentatious piety and goodness. She was a great favorite with the young of her acquaintance, many of whom were in the habit of exchanging with her confidence for counsel. At the age of sixty years she was just as capable as she had ever been of holding her own in a conference upon dogma in religion, and just as earnest, too, in her efforts to open the eyes of the erring to the distinguishing marks of holiness and truth that are inherent in the one Church of Christ. Her life was no less useful than it was held in honor by those among whom many of its years were passed, and she died in the firm hope that He in whom she had believed, and whom she had served with all her strength, would incline His face to her in mercy when she appeared before His dread bar of judgment. She passed to her reward in the year 1835.

¹ In reviewing the lives of the early missionary priests of Kentucky, and notably those of Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, one is compelled to acknowledge that their will power over the consciences of their parishioners and penitents was at times exerted to the verge of arbitrariness. Possibly, however, it was to the very rigor of their rule that was due the solidity of Catholic faith by which the vast majority of those to whom they preached and ministered were so pre-eminently distinguished. If excuse be wanting for the severity of their spiritual sway, it is to be found in the fact that they were even more exacting in respect to themselves than they were in respect to others. Then, their education and training had been acquired in schools where rigid discipline was both enjoined and enforced. It is to be remembered, too, that they were in the exercise of a power that was at once confined to themselves and necessary to the people. They were priests, it is true, but they were also men; and as it is human to exercise power, however possessed, in the direction of one's own way of thinking, it should not be considered wonderful that they should have been led at times into arbitrariness of speech and action. Father Badin's integrity of purpose was never questioned by any one. Neither was he believed to be ambitious of episcopal distinction. Everybody thought that his nomination would follow the establishment of the See, but there were numbers of well-meaning Catholic men and women of the settlements who, for the reason above stated, deprecated his appointment.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD DÉMONSTRATED.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THIS visible universe, having been put into existence and reduced to harmonious unity by an outward cause, reveals God as the absolute, self-existent, infinite being. It implies reference to Him as the circumference of a circle regards in all its points the centre, as the mighty river requires a spring from which it is derived, and as the mass of the diffused light presupposes the sun from which it is sent forth. Thus God is known from the physical order. But besides the physical there is also the metaphysical and moral order. It is our intention to show that they likewise imply as their first source and principle the absolute self-existent being, and that, the existence of the Divinity being denied, they are as impossible and unreal as an effect without a cause is contradictory and absurd. We shall, therefore, from them, as from new points of departure, arrive at the existence of God.

Let us first reason from the metaphysical order. Yet as this consists, not of existing or produced beings, but of the *essences* abstract from existence, we cannot in this kind of argumentation strictly proceed from the effect to the cause. Nevertheless, we argue also *here* not a priori, but a posteriori. For the metaphysical essences also require a sufficient reason by which they are established and a ground on which they rest. Inferring, therefore, from them the absolute Being as their foundation, we ascend from the consequence to the principle, and from the issue to the fountainhead, which is, properly speaking, argumentation a posteriori. This proof for God's existence, the sixth in our series, has not been given by S. Thomas in the same terms, though the principles on which it is based, are quite his, and frequently recur in his works. S. Augustin, however, makes frequent use of it, and in proposing it develops the loftiest ideas of his great genius.¹

We know the things of this world not only as to their existence, but also as to their essences. We not only perceive man to exist, but we also understand his nature, the very being whereby he is what he is. The same may be said of a great many other objects of our cognizance. Even we not only conceive the natures of many things, but we also know how to decompose them into their ultimate components, and how again to compose of these by new combinations essences of objects not yet apprehended. From the

¹ De libero arbitrio, lib. ii., cp., 2-13.

notion of the essences we deduce by comparison judgments, which serve us as main principles of all our demonstrations. If on the same essences we further reflect, we discover in them attributes quite different from those of the physical order. They do not imply actual existence, but are abstract from it and mean only the aptitude to it. They are necessary, immutable, eternal, universal; necessary, because they cannot be constituted but of certain component parts, and thus composed they cannot be but something apt to exist; immutable, because, remaining the same, they have always the same constituents; eternal, because they are abstracted from time, and hence are conceived to be such as they are at any time and before all time; universal, because they are found in many things and are truly predicated of them. Just the same characters we discover in the principles drawn from them; they, too, are necessary, immutable, eternal, universal. As an important consequence we must deduce from this that the metaphysical essences are neither nothing or unreal, nor a mere fiction of the mind. In fact, the essences, though not existing, cannot be absolutely nothing; for nothing is not apt to exist; it does not constitute the being itself of things; it does not express the nature of the existent; it is not composed of certain constituent parts; it is not the foundation of necessary principles. But all this is to be said of the essences. Nor are they a fiction of the mind, a mere product of our abstraction. For we see them embodied in the beings existing outside us; we find them made actual and concrete in the physical order; we perceive the universe to be constituted and put in order according to the principles flowing from them; nor could we even judge of the existing beings in another way, or understand the contrary to be possible in them, or not conceive from them these natures with all their constituents, the necessity of thinking so being forced on us by the objective reality of the things themselves.

The metaphysical essences, therefore, being neither nothing, nor a mere fiction of the mind, are of necessity something real. But on what sufficient reason does their reality rest outside us? True, they are expressed in this visible universe so as to be drawn from it by abstraction, yet for that they are not ultimately constituted by it in their objective reality. Already before something exists, it must be possible, and there must be an essence which is realized in it. Moreover, many an essence can be conceived which was not yet put into existence and may never be put into it. Besides, the essence of contingent beings is something quite different from their existence in the physical order, something abstracted from the same; it is only the aptitude to exist, and, therefore, has also quite different attributes. Their existence is contingent, mutable,

and temporal, whilst their essence is necessary, immutable, and eternal. But the contingent cannot constitute the necessary, nor can the mutable form the immutable, or the temporal the eternal. By what then are they real, or in other terms, wherein does the sufficient reason of their reality lie? They are real either by themselves or by another being. Were they real by themselves, they would be existing; for then they would be in themselves, outside of nothingness and outside of all causes, and whatever is such must be conceived to exist, as therein consists the very nature of existence. Nay more, they would, if real by themselves, be self-existent, because they would have by themselves that which constitutes existence, being in themselves, outside nothingness and outside all causes. Such the finite metaphysical essences are not, they are not existing, and much less are they self-existent. Hence they must be real by a being distinct from them, having in it the sufficient reason of their reality. Now by what is this being real? Is it real by another one again? May it be so or not, there must be a first reason of reality just as well as there is a first cause of existence. But the first reason of reality must be real by itself and no more by another being, as the first cause of existence is existing by itself and dependent on no other one. It having been proved above that the being which is real by itself is also existing of itself, it follows that the first or ultimate sufficient reason of the metaphysical essences is the absolute self-existent being. The same conclusion we may arrive at, if we consider the attributes of the metaphysical essences. They being necessary, immutable and eternal by themselves, their ultimate sufficient reason, too, must be necessary, immutable and eternal, and it must be so by itself. But that which is necessary, immutable, and eternal by itself, is the absolute being actually existing; for, indeed, the being that stands in itself and by itself necessarily, immutably, and eternally is not merely possible, but must needs exist. Hence it is necessary that God, the absolute self-existing being, actually exists as the ultimate sufficient reason or foundation on which rests all essences are constituted in their reality, are necessary, immutable, and eternal, are the forms of all the existent, the unchangeable objects of our knowledge, the founts of all principles a priori, the firm base of all science.¹

¹ It may be said that as the contingent is not the foundation of the necessary, so also the individual cannot be the foundation of universal, and that hence it is unconceivable how God, being individually one, is the first reason of the universality of the metaphysical essences. The solution of this difficulty is easy. The universality of an essence is founded on its finiteness and contingency as to existence. Hence God, being the ultimate or first sufficient reason of all finite essences, is also the ultimate foundation of universality.

This proof not only shows the existence of God as the universal source of all that is, of the possible as well as the existent, the essences as well as the existence of all things, but it also discloses us the infinity of his perfection in a new way. For as the essences of possible and existing beings are not restricted, neither to a certain number nor to a certain degree of perfection, the reason neither on which they rest, nor the source from which they spring, can be limited in its being. Were this finite and restricted itself, it could be the origin of essences only within a certain number or below a determinate degree of entity. Moreover, there is also the metaphysical essence of the infinite being. The infinite essence, though it may be conceived from the finite, cannot be founded but on a being of unlimited perfection. For although it may be conceived by the negation of the limits we find in this universe, yet it is in itself not founded on negation, but on reality; which, as the foundation and the thing founded on must be in proportion, cannot be but infinite.

The question, however, might be put how the infinite can be the foundation and last reason of the finite. It is neither by His intellect, nor by His will, nor by His power that God is the source of all essences. The divine power regards the effecting of things; from the divine will proceed love or hate; but as love and hate so also effecting presupposes as its object a being, which must at least be intrinsically possible, and hence already imply a metaphysical essence. The divine intellect does not effect truth, but presupposes it, and forms its conceptions not arbitrarily, but draws them from its object. It, consequently, by its ideas does not create the metaphysical essences, but conceives them from the objective order. That being, therefore, must be their ultimate sufficient reason from which the divine intellect draws them; for this knows all things from their first principle and their supreme source. But the object, from which God derives all knowledge, and in which He contemplates all truth, is His own infinite essence. It is, in reality, not difficult to understand how on the Divinity the essences of all finite beings can be founded. The perfections of the divine essence are communicable and imitable. Now that which is a communication or imitation of them is of necessity a being too, and hence is constituted by an essence; yea, the more a thing must be a perfect being, the more distinctly the divine likeness is expressed in it, and the more fully divine perfection is communicated to it. However, all that is outside God and has received being from Him cannot be but finite; wherefore it participates His being imperfectly and bears only a faint likeness of Him. There is for this reason between things divine and not divine an endless distance. Hence it is that the communicability and imita-

bility of the divine essence is not exhausted by any being outside itself, however many they may be, and that finite essences are possible beyond any definite number, and beyond any determinate degree of perfection. Thus not only the indefiniteness of the finite essences is accounted for, but also the manner is pointed out, in which they are real. Though they have their own reality, yet they have it not in themselves and outside their foundation, but within this latter. Nevertheless they are not identical with the divine essence, for they constitute beings quite different from it; nor are they contained in it formally, for nothing that is limited can be as such in God. They are implied in the infinite perfection of the divine essence eminently, and flow, as it were, from the same by its communicability, not as its parts or its attributes, but as its likenesses and faint resemblances. Yet, though they are not formally contained in the divine essence, they are so in the divine intellect, because this, contemplating the same infinite essence and fully comprehending its communicability, conceives all the particular natures of finite beings, to which its perfections may be communicated, and which, as imperfect images, may imitate and manifest them.¹

God having thus been shown as the ultimate foundation of the metaphysical order, it still remains to infer His existence from the fact that He is the author and the end of the moral order. This we shall do by the seventh proof.

The moral order is for rational beings evidently necessary. That which is good, we all are convinced, is to be done, that which is bad is to be avoided. In each single man the lower appetite must be subordinate to the higher, and in social life justice and charity must be observed, the inferior must be subject to the superior, and the

¹ See S. Thomas, S. Theol. p. i., qu. 14, art. 6; qu. 15, art. 2. In commenting on S. Thomas, Card. Toletus says: "*Deus per essentiam suam ut multis participabilem cognovit in ipsamet omnium verum exemplaria distincte.* In hujus declarationem nota, quod essentia divina, quum sit actus infinitus ac consequenter infinitæ virtutis et potentiae, innumeris modis extra se communicabilis est ac participabilis, et hoc quia semper imperfecte participatur, nec integre extra se communicari potest. Haec autem participabilitas, ut ita loquar, est et natura ipsius essentia ideo, quod Deus necessario participabilis est. Per haec autem participabilitatem, scilicet, ut melius dicam, per hoc quod Deus est communicativus et potens facere, et participetur, creaturae incipiunt habere esse possibile necessarium, quod non est aliquid esse in creaturae intrinsecum, sed sola Dei potentia et participabilitas necessaria. Unde creaturae sunt necessario possibiles, sicut et essentia necessario est participabilis; quamvis creaturae nondum dicantur per hoc complete possibiles, ut post dicitur. Nota secundo, quod Deus per hanc essentiam participabilem se intelligens cognoscit suam essentiam absolute et ut multis participabilem; immo infinitus modis. Et tunc distinguens in se omnes modos format exemplaria creaturarum omnium possibilium, ac in se omnes illas distincte cognoscit sub esse exemplari illo. Et tunc creaturae dicuntur complete possibiles, quia a Deo non procedunt nisi mediante intellectu." Enarratio in Sum. Theol., p. i., qu. 14, art. 6.

private welfare yield to the public. All mankind perceives such an order to bind with necessity all human beings, and even all rational beings of a similar nature, unchangeably, invariably, under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places. If there are some who boast of no more being impressed by the necessity of morality, they either speak against their conviction, or they have violently stifled the interior voice of their conscience. Wheresoever rational nature is not thwarted and vitiated, there the binding necessity of the moral order is deeply felt and ever acknowledged. Of what kind is this necessity? It is not physical, for the moral order regulates our free actions, and it always lies in man's power to observe or transgress it. Much less is it metaphysical, which would make a moral fault absolutely impossible. Nor is it a mere dictate of our reason that simply reveals us some invariable truth. If one offends against the simple principles of reason, he is considered to act foolishly and to contradict oneself either in his judgments or in his doings, yet nobody thinks him therefore to have contracted a guilt. Thus we judge of a fault against a mathematical or a merely speculative truth, or against the rules of arts. But he that performs actions contrary to the principles of morality, is pronounced guilty of a crime, and subject to the loss of happiness as a well-deserved penalty, not only by those who are cognizant of his immoral act, but also by his own conscience.

If even a transgression is witnessed by nobody, and no earthly power can reach and avenge it, he who has committed it is therefore no less sure of a severe punishment to come on him. So sharp are sometimes these interior rebukes within the heart of the sinner, and so keen the presentiment of a future vengeance, that from the moment at which the evil act was perpetrated, peace and harmony have departed from him and made room to dismay and gloom. The moral order imposed on us is, hence, the sternest of all necessities; for although it leaves us the free use of our faculties, it nevertheless so enjoins on us the performance of certain actions and the omission of others as to render disobedience to itself the greatest disgrace, and to punish it unavoidably with the heaviest of all losses. Nor can such an exigency result from a merely subjective impulse, which forces us to judge so without objective truth. For we understand the necessity of the moral order and of the reparation of its breaches to arise from the very nature of rational beings, independently of our thoughts, and even of our existence; and this we perceive so clearly and so evidently as to think it most absurd that it should be only imaginary, or should, by any philosophical theories, be proved to be unreal. Likewise the moral order cannot be established by the autonomy or absolute sovereignty of our own reason, as after Kant many philosophers

have thought. For it binds us and is, if infringed on, avenged without and even against our will and our inclinations. We are fully conscious, not of having drawn it up by our conceptions and sanctioned it by our pleasure, but of having received it and of having understood its necessity to be founded on objective reality. In sum, the moral law, all its attributes considered, is an immutable, absolute necessity, laid on us from outside by a superior power for the purpose of putting order in the free actions of rational nature, as the physical laws are impressed on matter, to reduce it to harmony and unity.

From these characters of the moral order we can and must infer God to exist as its author and its last end.¹ To prove God to be the author of the moral law, we have to search into the nature of the power that has laid it on us. Such a power must be endowed with four attributes. It must be higher than any human being, and even than any rational being of a similar nature; it must be highly intelligent and most powerful, absolutely necessary in its existence, and immutable in its determination to maintain order and right. First, he who subjects another one to an unavoidable necessity is, doubtless, higher than he that is subjected. All men, therefore, being bound by the moral law,—and not only all men, but also all rational beings of a similar nature,—its author is of necessity higher than they all. Secondly, if order in general is the effect of an intelligent cause, the moral order much more, by which the free actions of rational nature are regulated, cannot take existence but from reason and intellect. Thirdly, the ultimate author of the moral law has sovereign power over all men and all finite rational beings which are similar to man as to nature, and must moreover know all their transgressions, in order to avenge them, and all their observances, in order to reward them. His power as well as his knowledge is, therefore, most extended and perfect. Fourthly, as the moral law is necessary and cannot be conceived not to be binding us in any condition and at any time, its author also must be necessary, both as to his existence and his determination to impose it upon us and to put it into execution; and such necessity, too, must be unconditional and independent of any circumstances.

Now what cause or what principle has such attributes? There is no other being of this kind than the infinite and self-existent. Whereas this has all the qualities required, any other being, since finite and contingent, is neither necessary as to its existence, nor absolutely unchangeable in the determinations of its will, nor sovereign in its power, and not itself subjected to the moral order. By its universal necessity, therefore, the moral law, that is written

¹ See Card. Franzelin, *De Deo Uno*, Thes. III., p. 56.

in our hearts and promulgated by our reason, points out God, the self-existent, infinite being, as its sovereign author; He not existing, it would have no firmness and immutability, no sufficient reason, no real and solid foundation.¹

Considering the manner in which our free actions are regulated, we conclude God to exist as the end of the moral order and as our supreme good. The object of the appetite in general is the good, the object of the will in particular the good that completely perfects rational nature. Yea, the very essence of the will consists in the tendency to happiness, or the possession of all good; and this tendency is implied in all its acts and gives energy to all its exertions. If we now bear in mind that order is put in a multitude of things by subjecting those which are lower to those which are higher, and these again to that which is the highest, in accordance, however, with each one's particular nature, it is not difficult to conceive how the free actions of our will are to be regulated. The essential conditions of order are fulfilled with regard to them, if they all so tend to the real object of happiness, that every limited good is desired as subordinate to the supreme unlimited good which fully satisfies and perfects our rational nature. But the limited good is then desired as subordinate to the supreme good, if the former is regarded as a means to attain the latter as our last end, and, consequently, if the supreme good is the motive, out of

¹ With his wonted eloquence, Cicero infers God as the author of the natural law from its unconditioned necessity and universality, when he says: "Est quidem vera lex recta ratio, nature congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna, quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando a fraude deterreat, quæ tamen neque probos frustra jubet ac vetat nec improbos jubendo aut vetando movet. Huic legi nec obrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest, nec vero aut per senatum aut per populum solvi hac lege possumus, neque est quaerendus explanator aut interpres ejus alius, nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac, sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immutabilis continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium deus: ille legis hujus inventor, discepsator, lator, cui qui non parebit ipse se fugiet ac naturam hominis aspernatus hoc ipso poenas luet maximas, etiamsi cetera supplicia, quæ putantur, effugerit." —*De Republica*, lib. III., c. 22.

"True law is right reason, conformable to nature, universal, unchangeable, eternal, whose commands urge us to duty, and whose prohibitions restrain us from evil. Whether it enjoins or forbids, the good respect its injunctions, and the wicked treat them with indifference. This law cannot be contradicted by any other law, and is not liable either to derogation or abrogation. Neither the senate nor the people can give us any dispensation for not obeying this universal law of justice. It needs no other expositor and interpreter than our own conscience. It is not one thing at Rome, and another at Athens; one thing to-day and another to-morrow; but in all times and nations this universal law must forever reign, eternal and imperishable. It is the sovereign master and emperor of all beings. God himself is its author, its promulgator, its enforcer. And he who does not obey it flies from himself and does violence to the very nature of man. And by so doing he will endure the severest penalties, even if he avoid other evils which are usually accounted punishments."

which the limited good is loved and longed for. In such an order of actions, therefore, no limited good moves our will solely by itself; it is the supreme good which by its goodness lends motive power to any other good, concurs as the first and principal cause to all well-regulated actions, and connects them into one series.¹ On the supreme good, then, the whole moral order rests, as on the first efficient cause all other causes and all effects depend.

But in which object can this supreme good be found? What is it that can really bestow full happiness on man and perfect his rational nature? Is it something finite or something infinite, something merely possible or something existing? It must be the fulness of all goodness and all perfection; for else it could satisfy neither our intellect, which is capable of knowing all truth, nor our will, which longs after good without restriction—after all good. Hence the supreme good of man, the object of his happiness, must be infinite and is identical with the infinite being. Furthermore, this infinite good, the last end of the moral order, cannot be merely possible, but must needs exist. We grant, it is not always necessary that the final object of our desire already exists, it suffices that it is possible and is conceived as such. Yet in this case its effectuation is the end of our volition or operation. Now the infinite good, being essentially self-existent, cannot be produced by us; all that we can and will obtain by our actions is the real possession of it and the intimate union with it. But the unproduced being, the union with which constitutes our happiness, must be real and actually existing. The good, which neither exists, nor, if it does not exist, can ever come into existence, cannot be attained by our free tendency, nor can its possession satisfy and perfect our rational nature, nor can its attainment be considered as an object worthy of our desire, or as the motive impelling us to a whole series of actions tending towards its embrace, or as a rule of all our conduct. If, therefore, the infinite does not actually exist, there is no supreme good for man, no real object of our happiness; and, by consequence, the whole moral order has no standard, no real end, no unity, no object, which by its goodness moves us to its observance, which we may hope to attain as a reward for virtue, or may fear to lose in punishment for our transgressions. God not existing, there is nothing more absurd, nothing more contradictory than the existence of the moral order. It may at most be observed by the ignorant on account of self-deceit, but it must fall as soon as human reason begins to be enlightened. The materialist will pretend not to recoil from such a consequence, and even admit it willingly; however, it is to be denied that any one can conceive

¹ S. Thomas, S. Theol., I., II., q. 1, art. 4.

morality to be absurd; its beauty and its necessity for the well-being of society, as well as the individual, is too evident.

The whole moral order, therefore, is entirely founded on God really and actually existing; His wisdom and sanctity have sanctioned it and laid it as an immutable necessity on rational nature; His infinite goodness is its first object, its end, its centre, its unity, its motive power and final cause. Without God morality is an absurdity, as human nature itself is a monster, because it is by its faculties irresistibly inclined to the pursuit of happiness which is impossible, and to an object as its last end which neither exists nor can exist.¹

The existence of God as the lawgiver and sovereign of mankind, absolutely to be obeyed and adored, which we just have demonstrated from the nature of the moral law, is confirmed also by the unshaken and universal conviction of all nations. This proof, the eighth and the last, proceeds in the following way: First, the fact is to be stated that among all nations, and among the greatest part of men, the firm belief in the Divinity exists, then this belief is to be traced back as to its proper cause, to rational nature itself, struck by the evidence of truth.

There were, at any time, comparatively only few atheists over the earth, and those few ones were generally considered as criminals. Everywhere the mass of the people, the learned as well as the unlearned, the rulers as well as the subjects, always believed in the Deity; they honored it by private and public worship; they

¹ Those who, with Colonel Ingersoll, denying the existence of God, profess the religion of the body, we might refer to a passage in Plutarch's famous treatise against Colotes, the Epicurean. It is as if the Grecian philosopher had known our latest atheists. "They," says he, "who condemn these things (God and justice) as if they were fables, and think that the sovereign good of man consists about the belly, and in those other avenues by which pleasure is admitted, are such as stand in need of the law, and fear, and stripes, and some king, prince, or magistrate, having in its hand the sword of justice; to the end that they may not devour their neighbors through their gluttony, rendered confident by their atheistical impiety. For this is the life of brutes, because brute beasts know nothing better nor more honest than pleasure, understand not the justice of the gods, nor revere the beauty of virtue; but if nature has bestowed on them any point of courage, subtlety, or activity, they make use of it for the satisfaction of their fleshly pleasure and the accomplishment of their lusts. And the wise Metrodorus believes that this should be so, for he says: 'All the fine, subtle, and ingenious inventions of the soul have been found out for the pleasure and the delight of the flesh, or for the hopes of attaining to it and enjoying it, and every act which tends not to this end is vain and unprofitable.' The laws being by such discourses and philosophical reasons as these taken away, there wants nothing to a beastlike life but lions' paws, wolves' teeth, oxen's paunches, and camels' necks, and these passions and doctrines do the beasts themselves, for want of speech and letters, express by their bellowings, neighings, and brayings, all their voice being for their belly and the pleasure of their flesh, which they embrace and rejoice in either present or future, unless it be perhaps some animal which naturally takes delight in chattering and garrulity." *Morals: Against Colotes, the Disciple and Favorite of Epicurus, c. 30.*

endeavored to appease its wrath for crimes committed, and to obtain blessings from its bounty, by sacrifices, bloody and unbloody; they dreaded punishment from it for their transgressions, and reward in the life to come for their virtuous actions. History, no less than all the monuments of antiquity that have come down to us, prove to be true what Plutarch wrote against Colotes, the Epicurcan. "If you," says he, "will take the pains to travel through the world, you may find towns and cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without houses, without wealth, without money, without theatres and places of exercise; but there was never seen or shall be seen by man any city without temples and gods, or without making use of prayers, oaths, divinations, and sacrifices for the obtaining of blessings and benefits, and the averting of curses and calamities. Nay, I am of opinion that a city might sooner be built without any ground to fix it on than a commonwealth be constituted, void of any religion and opinion of the gods; or, being constituted, preserved."¹ Other writers, historians and philosophers, amply confirm his statement. This, says Cicero, "may further be brought as an irrefragable argument for us to believe that there are gods, that there was never any nation so barbarous, nor any people in the world so savage as to be without some notion of gods. Many have erroneous notions of the gods, for that is the nature and ordinary consequence of bad customs, yet all allow that there is a certain divine nature and energy. Nor does this proceed from the conversation of men or the agreement of philosophers; it is not an opinion established by institutions or by laws; but, no doubt, in every case the consent of all nations is to be looked on as a law of nature."² Among the Christian writers, many alleged the necessary and universal belief of mankind as a proof for the existence of the true God against the heathen atheists and idolaters. "This is," says Tertullian, "the great crime of the heathens, that they did not acknowledge Him whom they could not ignore."³ St. Augustine, too, remarked that God cannot be unknown to man. "Such," says he, "is the power of the true Deity, that from the rational creature, which has the use of reason, it cannot be entirely hidden. Few men excepted,

¹ *Morals: Against Colotes*, c. 31.

² "Ut porro firmissimum hoc adferri videtur, cur deos esse credamus, quod nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam est immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit deorum opinio: multi de dis prava sentiunt—id enim vitioso more effici solet—omnes tamen esse vim et naturam divinam arbitrantur, nec vero id collocutio hominum aut consensus effecit, non institutis opinio est confirmata, non legibus; omni autem in re consensus omnium gentium lex nature putanda est." *Tusculan. Disput.*, lib. I, c. 13.

³ "Hæc est summa delicti nolentium recognoscere, quem ignorare non posserat." *Apolog.*, c. 17.

in which the human nature is too depraved, all mankind owns God to be the maker of this universe."¹

The very same facts we have to state of modern times, not only as far as Christian nations are concerned, among which the knowledge and the worship of God are most developed, but also with regard to the barbarians discovered in the forests of the New World. Whoever was acquainted with them, whoever had studied their languages and had for a longer time observed their customs, found them imbued with the idea of a Deity and addicted to the practice of a religion. We do not, however, say that their knowledge was well evolved, and that their worship was without gross superstition; we, on the contrary, with Cicero admit that they were plunged in grave errors; yet we also with Cicero insist on the undeniable and universal fact of their being convinced of the existence of a Supreme Lawgiver, and their adoring a Supreme Being.

That this conviction was most firm, unshaken, and forced on them with necessity is evident from the actions to which it prompted them, and from the opposite tendencies which it had to withstand. The Divinity believed in always binds man not only to worship it, but also to observe the moral law imposed on him; to reconcile it by severe penance after sin, and to gain its favor by virtue and piety. Are not such actions on the one hand most difficult and often requiring the sacrifice of our dearest interests? and are they not, on the other hand, performed by all nations for the honor of God? A belief impelling man to such feats must be deeply rooted in his soul. Besides, this conviction could not take hold of man without overcoming many and great hindrances. It was resisted by all the passions of the human heart, which were to be checked by it; by the grossest vices, which at once blunted the mind for the supersensible and rendered the existence of God, the severe avenger of sin, dreadful; by the barbarousness of so many nations, which seemed to have deadened in themselves the capacity of perceiving the spiritual and immaterial. The monstrosity of errors concerning God and religion, embraced by the various nations, and the contradictions of the learned respecting His nature and His attributes, might seem to have made the very idea of a Deity absurd and imaginary. Advanced science was ready to discover every false reasoning, and to lay open any weak point or unsound tenet which served as a basis to religious belief. Atheism did everything it could to ridicule religion, to incite man to throw

¹ "Hæc est vis veræ divinitatis, ut creaturæ rationali jam ratione utenti non omnino ac penitus possit abscondi. Exceptis enim paucis, in quibus natura minimum est depravata, universum genus humanum Deum mundi hujus fatetur auctorem." In Joan. Tract., 106.

off the yoke of a supreme lawgiver, and to regain liberty for the human passions. Yet the conviction of a God existing was not weakened by all these hindrances and assaults; it was not rooted up by science; it, on the contrary, outlived all philosophical systems hostile to itself, and in consequence of such conflicts became but more enlightened, and was maintained with more firmness. Mankind, therefore, everywhere and at any time admitted God's existence with immutable firmness; which firmness was not blind and unreasonable, but had stood any kind of discussion, and had grown by careful examination only the stronger. We hence must infer that the conviction regarding the existence of the Deity implies a steadiness equal to necessity, and must have been irresistibly impressed on the human race.

The universality and the necessity of the belief in God being proved, it is not difficult to trace it back to its true origin. The cause of it must evidently be also universal and necessary. But there is only one such cause,—rational nature itself, struck by the evidence of objective truth. I shall first prove this by a general reflection, and then speak of the particular causes resorted to by the atheists. If the intellect embraces a false opinion, it is not led to do so by its own nature, for this tends to truth, but by the influence of the will, which, if there is no compelling evidence in the object, either does not apply the understanding to a sufficient consideration of the question to be affirmed or negated, or determines the same to assent or dissent by the preponderance of its own inclination. Now there is no reason at all why the will should bend the intellect to an erroneous opinion of God's existence. To do so the will should have been allured by some good it hoped to attain, the existence of a Supreme Being and Lawgiver being admitted, and should have yielded to some bad propensity, it being certainly immoral to avert the intellect from truth and to plunge it into error, in a matter of so great importance. To what corrupt proneness of the human heart could this falsehood correspond, and what advantage hoped for could prompt it to so wicked an influence? As it was shown above, God is opposed to all disorderly inclinations of our will; He restrains its liberty; He commands the control over our passions, and forbids their gratification; He threatens with the severest punishments those who do not comply with the most difficult laws of the moral order; He demands the greatest sacrifices of the human heart, and promises for them only an invisible reward in the life to come. This being so, the will, following its evil propensities, cannot lead the intellect to the belief in the existence of God, but is, on the contrary, most inclined to resist and, if possible, to hinder its embracing that conviction. Experience amply confirms this. Those who

desire to indulge in their pride, lust, or avarice, struggle against the existence of a Supreme Lawgiver, whilst those whose passions are under the control of reason are never enemies of the Deity. We may lay it down as a certain rule that the more the human will is upright and honest, the firmer man's belief is in God, and that the more the will is overpowered by wicked desires, the stronger is man's opposition against God. The belief in the Divinity, therefore, is certainly not the effect of the will through some ill motive inclining us to untruth.

Should it even happen that to some the existence of a Supreme Divine Power might promise advantage, and that others were at first simply overawed by their authority, or deceived by their false reasons, no malice of the will thus having any part in their belief, there could, nevertheless, in this way, neither a universal nor a necessary conviction be produced. There would be a great many others who, for the sake of their liberty and the gratification of their passions, were interested in the denial of a Supreme Being, and who, therefore, by no false reasons and by no mere saying of their betters, could be induced to admit its existence. For doctrines which imply the heaviest duties and the greatest sacrifices are not adopted by man but after careful examination and for quite cogent reasons. On the same account also those who have once been deceived in a matter of this kind will never stick to their opinions with unchangeable firmness, but will rather always be ready to search into its grounds, and to give it up as soon as doubt is possible and reasonable.

Hence there is absolutely no influence of the will contrary to truth, which determined the intellect to the firm conviction of God's existence. Even it would be most absurd to admit that any power of whatever kind, whether intrinsic or extrinsic to us, could so prevail on the mind as to force on it a false conviction, or to move it irresistibly to a wrong assent. For such a possibility would presuppose that the human intellect equally tends to truth and to falsehood, and may embrace one and the other with the same firmness. This being granted, the veracity of reason would be destroyed, and all certainty overthrown. It is, consequently, rational nature itself from which the immutable belief in God springs. The intellect, however, its nature consisting in the tendency to truth, cannot adhere to an object with firmness and necessity, unless this be with either extrinsic or intrinsic evidence revealed to us as it is in itself; and such evidence must be the more striking, the more the propensities of our will are opposed to its admission. Hence the conviction of mankind regarding the existence of God must be traced back to rational nature, struck by the evidence of truth.

Nevertheless, the atheists resort to other causes to account for man's belief in God. They attribute it to education, to the frauds of priests and lawgivers, to fear, to ignorance. But none of these causes is universal and necessary, as the effect is which they are said to have produced.

Education is different among different nations, even in different families, and in different times ; and moreover the principles imbibed by it are frequently changed in later years in consequence of studies, experience, and conversing with men of different views, particularly if they are opposed to the human passions and propensities and based on no solid foundation. The authority of the priests already presupposes the belief of the people in a Deity, and so does that of the lawgivers. Moreover how should we explain the uniformity and universality of this error spread among all nations? Should we perhaps think that all rulers and priests over the earth entered into a conspiracy, in order to at once deceive the whole human race, and that this conspiracy was never betrayed and never discovered? Was ever a similar fact known? Can it be conceived to be possible, the hostility and jealousy of the different rulers, the barbarity of so many nations, and the lack of intercourse between the different countries of the earth being taken into account? But the possibility of such a conspiracy being granted, could a few kings and priests by deceit and false reasons peacefully induce all nations, and among them the wisest and most learned men, to embrace the unalterable belief in God's existence without any doubt and suspicion, though they were in consequence of it subjected to the hardest duties and to the loss of their liberty, and though some enlightened and rightminded atheists tried by all means to undeceive them? Indeed such an admission requires more than blind faith. It is, in truth, to be astonished how our modern atheists can swallow down this monstrosity and for the sake of civilization demand the same to be done by all mankind, whilst out of mere delicacy of their intellect they find an insurmountable difficulty in thinking that the produced existences have their ultimate cause in an unproduced being.

Ignorance is not common to all men. Among many highly civilized nations there were men of great wisdom, as well as uprightness, which they proved more strikingly by the purity of their life, the greatness of their exploits, and their heroic self-sacrifices for the common welfare, than the atheists show their intrinsic worth and their learning by their boastfulness and their somewhat obscure morality. Now as these heroes believed in God and found themselves confirmed in their conviction by their deep studies and researches, so also, whilst they enlightened their age and advanced knowledge and science for many centuries, they promoted their

fellow-citizens in piety and religion. Nor can the opinion of God be with unchanging firmness maintained through ignorance ; this is repugnant both to the nature of our intellect and to the inclination of our will.

The fear also of the unknown powers of nature or of threatening evils is neither as universal as the thought of a Supreme Being, nor so strong as to produce in us a belief which by no reflection could be weakened or thrown off. Not all that believe in God can be said to be timid and faint-hearted. Yea, if dreadful evils are coming down on us, those who worship God and obey His law bear them with unflinching courage and constancy, and those, on the contrary, who pretend out of mere strength of mind to despise the Divinity show most weakness and despair. The idea itself we have of God does not point to fear as its adequate cause. If terror forced us to believe in Him, we should consider Him only as a dreadful power armed with thunders and lightnings ; yet we love Him as a father and revere Him as the source of all good. At last, though the fearful events in nature impress on man the idea of a great supramundane power, so as to overwhelm even atheists and to extort from them the confession or the invocation of God, it ought to be proved that thus the existence of a Supreme Being is not rightly inferred and believed in ; this, however, is impossible. Such occurrences remind man too forcibly of his own weakness and dependence as to leave in him still the idea of his own sovereignty, and as not to arouse in him the thought of a superior sway and invisible Providence. It is for this reason that, as already Tertullian remarked, in such circumstances also atheists against their will acknowledge a higher power over themselves and implore its help.

It thus being impossible to find any accidental cause proportioned to the universal and firm conviction which the whole human race has of God's existence, we again have to conclude that rational nature itself, struck by the evidence of truth, must be its origin. For rational nature is common to all men, and gives necessary assent to its judgments, not in consequence of any subjective impulse, or blind instinct, or deceitful appearance, but on account of the evidence of truth which has flashed upon it.

From this it follows that on the one side God is manifested by His creation very distinctly, and that, on the other hand, the human intellect is particularly fitted to discover and to infer Him from this visible world. So in reality it is. Led by the principle of causality, which we daily apply to numberless events, man cannot observe this universe with its changes, its contingency, and its order, or experience the operation of his own mind with all its weakness and dependence, without gathering a first, independent

cause of all. He may in this way form an idea of God not in every regard perfect, he may argue not according to a scientific method, yet he will attain by common-sense reasoning at least an imperfect knowledge and an obvious certitude of His existence, firm enough as to withstand all doubts and objections. Just on this account the cognition of God's existence is said by many Christian writers of ancient times to be inborn to man, not as if innate ideas were to be admitted, as Plato taught, but because, as St. Thomas explains,¹ the principles of cognition, that is to say, the power of reason, by which we easily rise to the existence of a Supreme Being, is native with us as a constituent part of our nature. By this, however, we do not intend to deny, but rather we willingly grant, that also tradition and authority contributed a great deal to the spreading of the universal and firm belief in God. Nor are we thus inconsistent with our own tenets. From what we have said it follows at most that tradition, inasmuch as it supported this conviction of mankind, must have been endowed with extrinsic evidence. Nevertheless, according to Sacred Scripture and the teachings of the Church, that too must be maintained that from the visible creation also unaided reason *can* deduce the existence of God with certainty.²

But if the cognition of God's existence is necessary and forced on us with evidence, atheism seems to be impossible, and our free will has in adopting or rejecting it no part at all. This objection deserves our attention, as its solution will throw much light over the question. The contemplation of the universe and the experience of himself leads man to search into the ultimate cause of the contingent and the mutable. Whenever in this inquiry he allows reason its natural course, he cannot but arrive at the absolute and Supreme Being as the cause of all contingent existence; and to this conclusion, although drawn without scientific method, he will adhere with firmness. Yet man may by the corruption of his free will also thwart the tendency of reason by not letting it apply itself to the unprejudiced consideration of truth and by bending it nearly violently to the objections raised against the existence of a first cause. If this deflection of the intellect from seriously considering the reasons for the existence of God lasts, atheism becomes habitual, and may, though unnatural in itself, be maintained with less repugnance of the mind. Thus the firm belief in God

¹ "Dei cognitio nobis dicitur innata esse, in quantum per principia nobis innata de facili percipere possumus Deum esse." In Boëth. de Trinit. Prooem., qu. 1, art. 3, ad. 6. See also Card. Franzelin, De Deo Uno, Thes. vii.; T. Kleutgen, Philosophie der Vorzeit, I. Band, n. 435-444.

² Sap. cp. 13; Acts xiv., 16; xvii., 27; Rom. i., 20. Concilium Vatic., Constit. Dogm. de Fide Cathol., cp. III.

results with necessity from rational nature, if this is permitted to follow its congenial tendency, and yet will be prevented or suppressed, if nature itself is spoiled or thwarted within us. Wherefore St. Augustine remarks that all in whom reason has dawned have the notion of God, and that the whole human race acknowledges Him to be the maker of the universe; those alone excepted who have vitiated their own nature. This fully agrees with the doctrine of St. Paul (Rom. i. 18), who assigns the ignoring of the true Deity not to the incompetence of the human intellect, but to the wickedness of the will, detaining the truth of God in injustice.¹

To sum up the several proofs advanced for the existence of God, it is evident we can and must by many ways rise to Him from the beings of this visible universe; from their production, their contingency, their finiteness, their mutability, their order, their metaphysical essences, from the moral law written in our hearts, from the unshaken conviction of all mankind. From all these points of view we arrive at the conclusion of His existence with full certainty, from each one we derive a new perfection of His; and, gathering what from them all we have inferred, we know Him to be the first, unproduced cause, self-existent, absolutely necessary, infinite, and immutable in all His perfections, the former of the astounding order of this world, the firm foundation and the eternal author of the moral law, endowed with boundless power and wisdom and unchangeable sanctity, the source of all truth and all essences of existing and possible beings, and the eternal archetype of all that is. No being, we have thus understood, can be without Him, in whatever regard it may be considered; its essence cannot be real without His essence existing as its foundation; its existence cannot be produced without His unproduced being; its contingent nature has no sufficient reason to exist without His necessary existence; its changes cannot take place without His unchanging entity as the source of all perfections received; its order cannot have been effected but by His wisdom and power; its free action, if it is rational, cannot be regulated by a fixed rule and directed to an end answering our nature, He as the Supreme lawgiver and as the highest good not existing. God, therefore, is the first principle from which all things spring, and the last end to which they all return, the ultimate foundation of all the three orders, the physical, metaphysical, and moral, and for this reason also the ground of all science, which not being attained, nothing is thoroughly known and fully understood, and which not standing by itself, no truth can be necessary, immutable, and eternal.

¹ See Sylvester Maurus, S. J., *Quaest. Theolog., de Deo Uno et Trino*, qu. 15.

However, by our eight proofs we might be said to have demonstrated the existence of a Supreme Being, but not of one personal God as thought by the theists. Also the pantheists admit an absolute, unproduced being, yet conceive it to be indistinct from this universe. No less do the polytheists believe in the Divinity as the cause of this world, but they imagine it to exist, not in one, but in many divine beings, united and subordinate to one another. Can human reason not disentangle itself from these heathen views? Do the proofs set forth by Christian philosophers not furnish us with another idea of God than one that is consistent with all the errors of deism? Undoubtedly we are to deny this. But how shall we prove the Supreme Being to be one, not only as to nature but also as to number? Or how shall we evince with cogent reasons that the first cause has produced the universe, not so as to be immanent to it, but so as to be distinct from it?

Let us first treat of pantheism. All the forms of modern pantheism suppose God not to be distinct from the world. May He now be said to be identical with it as the unity or the sum of all its constituent parts, or immanent to it either as its form and its soul, or as the substance underlying its phenomena, or has the germ of all its evolutions? To evidence the distinction between God and the universe, it is above all necessary to call our attention to the essential attributes of both. God is self-existent, absolutely necessary, infinitely perfect, and so determined by this essence that any other degree of perfection than He actually possesses is in Him metaphysically impossible; whence He is also absolutely immutable. The beings, on the contrary, which are constituent parts of this universe are, as nobody can doubt, produced, contingent, mutable, and finite. They are produced because they came into existence with a beginning; contingent, because they can be conceived as not existing, and many of them even have a liability to destruction; mutable, because they, in reality, change continually, losing perfections which they had, and acquiring others which they had not before; finite, because they are limited in every regard, in their extension, their duration, their powers, their cognition. And if the particular beings are produced, contingent, mutable, and finite, the universe also constituted by them must needs be such. It cannot be self-existent, necessary, and immutable, for a whole or a collection cannot have perfections entirely and essentially excluded from its constituents, its reality being no other than that of all the component parts united. Not being self-existent, it is also not infinite, but finite. God, then, being essentially self-existent, necessary, infinite, and immutable, the universe, on the contrary, being produced, contingent, finite, and mutable, they cannot be one and the selfsame being, unless we are to predicate

at once quite contradictory attributes of the same thing, self-existence together with dependence on an efficient cause, absolute necessity together with contingency, absolute immutability together with mutability, absolute infinity in being together with finiteness. But it may for this reason be granted that God is not, as materialistic pantheism holds, identical with the universe, inasmuch as He is the whole of its constituent parts, and it may nevertheless be said that He is the substance and the world its modifications or evolutions, whether immanent to it or emanant from it, or that He is the indeterminate principle and the world its determinations, whether real or ideal, or that He is the soul and matter the body informed by it, as spinozism, evolutionism, idealism, hylozoism use to maintain. All these different forms of pantheism are no less repugnant to the divine nature than materialism. They all suppose the Divinity to be imperfect, finite, and subject to changes. According to them the divine essence is in itself unreal, and obtains concrete existence and full determination only in the different natures and evolutions of the universe, so however that each one of these natures and evolutions is finite and transient, and the whole of them is only indefinite, but never actually and strictly infinite, always changing and growing, but never perfect and complete. But an essence which is determined, developed, and realized by always changing and ever finite existences and evolutions is in itself indeterminate, undeveloped, and unreal, and in its perfections always varying, always deficient, and limited. Hence the Divinity can by no means be immanent to the universe as the substance is to its modifications, or the germ to its evolutions, or the soul to the body.

At the same conclusion we arrive, if we consider the simplicity of the divine nature. That which is infinite is also essentially and in every respect simple. In every composition each component part is finite, since it is less perfect than the whole to which it belongs, and is accomplished and perfected by the other parts with which it is united. But from the addition of finite parts an infinite being cannot arise. For every part added being limited, there remains of necessity after every addition a limit also in the whole. Moreover, could even by the union of finite parts an infinite multitude or magnitude be made up, this would still throughout its whole extension retain all the imperfections implied in each component's nature, the lack, for instance, of life, cognition or intellect. The infinite can for the same reason not be thought to enter into composition with another being. For whatever unites itself to something else is by union completed and must, consequently, be in itself imperfect, or in other words, must have the capacity of receiving a perfection, and hence be of itself in

lack of the same.¹ Now, in all pantheistic systems God is thought either to be compound or to enter into composition with other beings. For He is a body, if He is conceived to be the universe or to have secreted it from Himself, or He is joined to a body, if He is said to be the soul of the material world, or He is the substance to be united with everchanging accidents and determinations, if He is thought as the substratum of the mundane phenomena. Since, then, the infinite, self-existing being cannot be immanent to or identical with this universe, we must infer that God is not the substance in which the natural appearances inhere, that He has not produced this world as His own modifications or evolutions, but has made it out of nothing a being subsistent in itself, and that hence, though He supports it by His power and fills it with His presence, yet He is substantially and essentially distinct from it. We must from this further deduce that the first cause is a personal Deity. It is a substance, for as it exists entirely by itself and independently of anything else, it must also exist in itself and without dependence on a subject of inhesion; it is moreover a rational substance, since it is intelligent and even the source of all intellectual power, and quite a complete rational substance, which does not belong to another being and is not subordinate to another subject, but subsists in itself, because being infinite and absolute, it is completion and independence itself. But a complete rational substance subsistent in itself is a person.²

We think to have thus sufficiently evinced the absurdity of pantheism, and pass over to the refutation of polytheism. The first proof for the oneness of God we again take from His self-existence. God exists by Himself, or by virtue of His own essence, hence the divine essence as such must be existing, or rather identical with existence. But whatever exists is individual, not universal. The divine essence therefore must include individuality, or in other terms, be individual of itself. But again, whatever is individual can, without losing its proper being, not be communicated to many subjects. Consequently, the divine essence neither can be common to several gods. Hence by the necessity of the divine essence itself there can exist only one God. S. Thomas illustrates this reasoning by a striking example. We distinguish, says he,³ in Socrates that whereby he is man, and that whereby he

¹ See S. Thom., S. Theol., p. I., qu. 3.

² S. Theol., p. I., qu. 29, art. 3.

³ S. Theol., p. I., qu. 11, art. 3. "Manifestum est, quod illud unde aliquid singulare est hoc aliquid, nullo modo est multis communicabile. Illud enim, unde Socrates est homo, multis communicari potest, sed id, unde est hic homo non potest communicari nisi, uni tantum. Si ergo Socrates per id esset homo, per quod est hic homo, sicut non possunt esse plures Socrates, ita non possent esse plures homines. Hoc autem convenit Deo; nam ipse Deus est sua natura, ut supra ostensum est. qu. 3, art. 3. Secundum igitur idem est Deus et hic Deus. Impossibile est igitur esse plures deos."

is this man, that is, Socrates. That whereby he is man can exist also in others, but that whereby he is this man Socrates is only in him. If now Socrates were man by the same reality or the same intrinsic principle by which he is this man, and if, consequently, manhood and that whereby he is Socrates were identical, there would be only one man as there is only one Socrates. Just so it is with regard to God; in Him the essence by which He is God is also the sufficient reason why He is this God, or in other words, His essence is also His individuality.

But is not, indeed, Socrates by the same reality by which he is man, also this man? Is not the distinction between essence and individuality a mere abstraction, not real at all in nature? It seems then that the reasoning of St. Thomas proves nothing, because it either proves too much, as it shows the impossibility of many individuals of any essence, or at least does not exclude that also among several gods each one's nature is of itself existent and individual. True, the distinction between essence and individuality results from our abstract consideration of intelligible objects; still two things must well be borne in mind. First, neither essence nor individuality are unreal, but both are found in nature, not separated, yet connected and identified. Secondly, the formal object of the conception of essence is not the same as that of the conception of individuality; for though we consider by them the same thing existing in nature, we, nevertheless, regard it under different aspects; by the one we conceive its constituent parts, as it has them in common with other similar things, by the other we conceive its manner of existing as it is peculiar to it; by the one we conceive its distinction from any other nature, by the other its numerical distinction from any other concrete being. If, therefore, according to our conceptions, the divine nature is said to imply individuality in itself, whilst the same is denied of other essences, this means nothing but that God's essence consists of such attributes as can be common neither to other natures nor to several concrete subjects, and that, on the contrary, other essences are such as exclude only identity with other natures, but not communicability to many subjects. This peculiarity the divine essence has, because it must, on account of its being identical with existence, be conceived as individual and hence incommunicable; whereas other essences do not involve individuality or can be thought without it, because their attributes do not include existence, which is always and alone individual. The oneness of God is, therefore, rightly inferred from His self-existence.

His infinite perfection is another source from which we may derive it. God is essentially the fulness of all being, the plenitude of all perfections. But if there were a plurality of gods, individ-

ually distinct from one another, none of them would be the infinite ocean of all being ; for as things individually distinct exclude one another from the compass of their entity, it being the very nature of distinction that one thing is not the other, also of several gods none would possess the reality which constitutes the others in their individuality. Each one would, therefore, have not the plenitude, but a share of being. Nor will it avail to object that one god may contain all the perfection of the others, and thus, notwithstanding his individual distinction, be infinitely perfect. One thing may contain the other's perfection, either formally, or eminently, or virtually ; formally, if the perfection which is found in the one exists in its very form and peculiarity also in the other ; eminently, if the perfection of the one exists in the other, not in its proper form, but in a higher and more excellent manner ; virtually, if one is able to produce the other's perfection. One god would undoubtedly contain the perfection of the others formally, but this would not prove him to possess the fulness of being ; for the same nature or form of perfection existing in several beings renders these only similar, but does not destroy their individual distinction or confound their reality. Hence, though of two gods each one formally contained the other's perfection, still neither of them would comprise his equal's individual entity. Virtually the perfection of one god could not be contained in the other, because all divine perfections are essentially self-existent and unproduced. Nor can eminently the perfection of the one be in the other, because in this supposition one god would be superior to the others, and consequently he alone would be infinite. For this reason several gods would have quite a different reference to one another than the finite has to the infinite. The finite is also, as to its individual entity, contained in the infinite virtually and eminently ; but the individual entity, as such, of one divine being would not be really contained in that of the other ; and, therefore, the existence of the finite does not lessen the perfection of the infinite, but one god would of necessity void the fulness of the other.¹

Furthermore, if one god does not contain the individual being of the other, he neither includes the finite essences founded on, and the finite existences produced by the same. Each god would then be the source and the centre of a physical, metaphysical, and moral order of his own, by no means and under no respect dependent on other divine beings. This gives further evidence that as soon as deities are multiplied in number, none of them is endowed with the fulness of all reality, each one possessing only

¹ See St. Thomas, *S. Theol.*, p. I., qu. 11, art. 3.

a share of being, and containing, as to their essence and existence, also only a portion, and not the whole of finite beings. An obvious comparison illustrates this conclusion. The monarch who has no equals and on whom all other princes are dependent, is much more powerful than he who has equals quite independent of him. For of monarchs who are equal to and independent of one another, none has more than a limited power, while he who is unequalled and on whom all others depend, is the highest among them and has a universal and unlimited sway. So also that being to which nothing is equal and on which everything depends, must be more perfect than that which is equalled and of which others are independent. By having equals independent of itself, a being necessarily becomes limited; by being unequalled and having all things dependent on itself, it is unlimited. Hence we infer, with Tertullian,¹ that the quality of being the highest is a pure perfection, which, consequently, must be predicated of God, and that it can be realized only in one subject, wherefore God is only one; yea, we must conclude that to have no equals and to be superior to any other thing, is not only a perfection, but the constituent of infinite perfection. The plurality of gods, therefore, is evidently repugnant to the divine essence. By the very fact that this latter is thought to be multiplied in subjects individually and absolutely distinct, it can no longer be conceived to be infinite.

The first cause, then, is of necessity one single personal God, substantially distinct from the world, it being contrary to its self-existence and its infinite perfections to exist in several subjects absolutely distinct, or to consist of parts, or to be composed with another entity, or to vary in its evolutions.

Hence from this visible universe reason not only derives the existence of a first and unproduced cause, but also quite consequentially deduces the oneness and the elevation of the same over all that is finite. By the power of our intellect, which was imparted us like a spark of the eternal divine light, we rise to the purest perfections and the loftiest eminence of God; we reach Him, though imperfectly, by our reasoning as He is from all eternity, in the unlimited fulness of being, absolutely one and simple, yet comprising all and containing all, supereminent above all that is, yet the

¹ Contra Marcionem, lib. i., cp. 3: "Quantum humana conditio de Deo definire potest, id definitio, quod et omnium conscientia agnoscet, Deum summum esse magnum, in æternitate constitutum, innatum, infectum, sine fine, et cetera. Quæ erit jam conditio summi magni? Nempe ut nihil illi adæquetur, id est, ut non sit aliud summum magnum; quia si fuerit, adæquabitur, et si adæquabitur, non erit jam summum magnum, eversa conditione et, ut ita dixerim, lege, quæ summo magno nihil sinit adæquari. Ergo unicum sit necesse est, quod fuerit summum magnum. Duo ergo summa magna quomodo consistent, cum hoc sit summum magnum: par non habere, par autem non habere uni competat, in duobus esse nullo modo possit."

centre and the source of all goodness and all perfection. Sound reason is, therefore, not at variance with supernatural revelation, but fully agrees with the dogma of faith concerning His divine attributes as exposed by the Vatican Council. "The Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church," we read in its first Dogmatic Constitution, "believes and confesses that there is one true and living God, Creator of heaven and earth; almighty, eternal, immense, incomprehensible, infinite in understanding and in will and in every perfection; and that since He is one single, altogether simple and unchangeable spiritual substance, He is to be declared to be really and in essence distinct from the world, most happy in Himself and of Himself, and unspeakably exalted above all things which exist and can be conceived besides Himself."¹

¹ "Sancta Catholica Apostolica Romana Ecclesia credit et confitetur, unum esse Deum, verum et vivum, Creatorem ac Dominum cœli et terræ, omnipotentem, æternum, immensum, incomprehensibilem, intellectu ac voluntate omnique perfectione infinitum; qui cum sit una singularis, simplex omnino ac incommutabilis substantia spiritualis, prædicandus est re et essentia a mundo distinctus, in se et ex se beatissimus, et super omnia, quæ præter ipsum sunt et concipi possunt, ineffabiliter excelsus."—Dogmatic Constit. de Fide Cath., cp. ii.

THE REVIVAL OF MANUFACTURES IN IRELAND.

"For the husbandman, it appears, will not make his own plough, if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock, nor any of the other tools employed in agriculture. No more will the builder make the numerous tools which he also requires; and so of the weaver and the shoemaker.

"True.

"Then we shall have carpenters and smiths and many other artisans of the kind who will become members of our little state and create a population.

"Certainly.

"Still it will not be very large, supposing we add to them neatherds and shepherds and the rest of that class, in order that the husbandman may have oxen for ploughing, and the house-builders, as well as the husbandman, beasts of burden for draught, and the weavers and shoemakers wool and leather.

"It will not be a small state either if it contains all these.

"Moreover, it is scarcely possible to plant the actual city in a place where it will have no need of imports.

"No, it is impossible.

"Then it will require a new class of persons to bring from other cities all that it requires.

"And thus passing their days in tranquillity and sound health, they will, in all probability, live to an advanced age, and, dying, bequeath to their children a life in which their own will be reproduced."—PLATO, *The Republic*, Book II.

THE Gladstone Land Bill, after mutilation by the Lords, has become the law in Ireland. The only real change which it will effect in the country is one of tenancy. It abolishes, under certain restrictions, tenancies-at-will. The landlord cannot hereafter evict on mere caprice. The tenant is entitled to keep his holding, without increase of rent, for fifteen years, provided he pays the rent. Should the famine return, and the rent be not forthcoming, the tenant may be evicted. Famines in Ireland are the act of God occasionally and the act of foreign government constantly. In either case, the consequences invariably fall upon the tenant. In moral economies and political economies, the man who tills the soil has the first right to its fruits. According to all law, divine and human, he who labors has the first right to live by his labor. But, according to foreign law in Ireland, the man who tills the soil has no right to its fruits until after another man has had all he claims from it. In Ireland, according to foreign law, the laborer is the last to be benefited by his labor; he is not entitled to any benefit from it until all other claims upon it have been satisfied. The new land law is not, therefore, a complete remedy for the ills of Ireland.

So far as it is a remedy it should not fail of just appreciation. If availing himself of its immunities, the landlord fixes a higher rent than the tenant can pay, the tenant may go before the land court and ask arbitration. To do so, the tenant must have money

enough to see a lawyer. If he has not, and generally he has not, the landlord has the victory without a fight. If both go into court, the sharper lawyer wins; and the sharper lawyer is generally on the side of the richer litigant. Justice, when it can be obtained only through lawyers in courts in monarchical countries, is for the powerful against the weak. The rights which the Irish tenant can acquire only by going into court to get them, the majority of the Irish tenants must continue to do without.

Fixity of tenure for fifteen years, if the rent is paid, is the only substantial benefit conferred by the bill upon the tenant. All the other benefits are conditional. For instance, the tenant may sell his holding for the best price he can get; he will not, as a rule, want to sell except in seasons when he cannot make his holding pay; and at such times the general condition of the country will be so bad that he will have difficulty in obtaining a fair price. The landlord is to have the first chance to buy,—a curious way of disestablishing landlords and promoting peasant proprietary. If the landlord does not want to buy, he can object to the man who does want to buy, and then the seller must go to court for a settlement of the dispute. One of the cruel amendments to the original bill which Mr. Gladstone weakly allowed the Lords to make is that which deprives of its benefits tenants who, by reason of the distress of last year, were unable to pay their rent and are under notice of ejectment. A brave effort was made by Mr. Parnell and his associates to save them from inevitable eviction, but the commoner yielded to the hereditary legislator, and consented to a proceeding which is daily steeping hundreds of the Irish people in tears and misery. Evictions have been numerous since the passage of the bill, and the military and constabulary have been called on to effect them. The causes which prevented the delinquent tenants from paying their rent are the causes which compelled the government to pass the bill; logic, as well as humanity, would have extended its protection to the hapless poor whose poverty the bill was intended, in part at least, to repair. The chief objections to the law as it now stands are two: its provisions for peasant proprietary are impracticable, and its practicable provisions are so clumsy and so intricate that it will be of greater benefit to the lawyers of Ireland than to any one else. It does not effect the solution of the problem in the antiquated and barbarous system of land tenure in Ireland.

Disappointed in their too sanguine expectations, it is not surprising that the people should now turn their eyes in another direction in the hope of improving their material condition. A movement has been vigorously begun for a revival of manufactures in Ireland. A foreign government confiscated their lands, and re-

duced them to a nation of tenants. A foreign government destroyed their manufactures. Before we can make an intelligent estimate of the feasibility of restoring them, it is necessary to inquire into the manner and the causes of their decay.

It is a universal law of civilized society that government shall legislate for the benefit of the subject. It is the universal practice in civilized society for government to legislate for the ruin of its enemy. The record of English legislation on the subject of manufacturing industries in Ireland shows that Ireland was held as a subject but ruined as an enemy.

The principle which is invariably found in English legislation for Ireland is that industry in Ireland was to be kept in absolute subjection to industry in England.

In accordance with this principle :

1. When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, foreign war reduced rents in England, and interfered generally with trade there, the English producers, blind and distressed, raised the cry that their misery was caused by the importation of cattle from Ireland. Forthwith, in 1663, an act was passed by the English Parliament grimly entitled, "For the encouragement of trade," which forbid the exportation of cattle from Ireland to England; forbid all direct exports from Ireland to the British colonies, except through English ports, with some minor exceptions of no value to Ireland; and prohibited her from importing from the colonies except through English ports. This act accomplished for the time the destruction of the sturdy infant trade already carried on by Irish ships with the American colonies.

2. The Irish then commenced killing the cattle and exporting the cured meats to England. Thereupon, in 1665, the English Parliament passed a law perpetually prohibiting the exportation of cattle, living or dead, from Ireland. In 1666, when London was reduced to poverty after the plague and the great fire, an appeal was made to the people of Ireland by the Lord Lieutenant for aid for the English; the contribution most needed was cattle, living or cured; and a considerable quantity was promptly and cheerfully sent over. Those who were starving ate the meat; but instead of thanking the donors, the beneficiaries raised the cry that this was but a sly way the Irish had of evading the law against the exportation of cattle!

3. The manufacture of glass grew in Ireland; that was prohibited.

4. Shut out from direct trade with the American colonies the Irish ships still traversed the Mediterranean and exchanged commodities at the Asiatic ports. A law was passed to forbid this in order to protect the monopolies of the London companies.

5. The greatest blow of all was the destruction of the woollen trade, which was the principal occupation of the producing classes not engaged in agriculture. In the reign of Henry VIII. the woollen producers of England clamored for the suppression of the woollen trade in Ireland. The cruel object was approached slowly, but finally and completely accomplished. First, in 1542, an act was passed prohibiting the importation of Irish wool into England. Then the Irish manufacturers proceeded to use the raw material at home and export cloth, while at the same time they did a thriving business in clothing their own countrymen. So successful were they that they were able after some time to undersell the English clothiers; then fresh prohibitions were demanded. At last, in 1698, the English House of Lords adopted an address to the king, William III., in which the following passage appears: "We, the lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament assembled, do humbly represent unto your majesty that the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life, and goodness of material for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England, with their families and servants, to leave their habitations and settle there, to the increase of the woollen manufacture there, which makes your loyal subjects apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here, by which the trade of this nation and the value of the lands will very much decrease, and the numbers of your people be much lessened here; wherefore we do most humbly beseech your most sacred majesty that your majesty would be pleased in the most public and effectual way that may be to declare to all your subjects of Ireland that the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture there hath long been and ever will be looked upon with great jealousy by all your subjects of this kingdom, and if not timely remedied may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same."

And they suggest that Ireland be encouraged to engage in linen manufacture as an alternative to the total destruction of her principal industry. The linen trade already existed, but as the best flaxseed had to be imported it was not so profitable, and therefore not so national an industry as the woollen manufacture. Suppose the people of Illinois should send a memorial to Congress demanding that the other States of the Union be prohibited from raising cereals, which she wishes to have an exclusive right to cultivate; and that all the other States should be encouraged to engage in some other kinds of industries, for the cultivation of which they would have to send their money abroad for raw material and plants. Would Congress be likely to receive such a memorial except with laughter? The principle that the States forming this

Union are equally entitled to enjoy all rights in common under the General Government would of course render such a memorial possible only for madmen. But Ireland equally with England was entitled to the protection of the King and Parliament in all her industries and liberties. Did the King and Parliament treat her as an equal? Did they legislate for her as a subject or as an enemy? The record is the answer.

The King replied to the Lords that "he will take care to do what their lordships have desired;" and to the Commons, addressing him on the same subject, he answered: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland and to encourage the linen manufacture there, *and to promote the trade of England.*"

That pledge was faithfully carried out. He did all that in him lay to promote the trade of England at the cost of industrial ruin to Ireland. Accordingly a fatal prohibitive duty was laid on woollen exports from Ireland. This prosperous branch of industry was practically extinguished. When the fatal stroke entered the vitals of Irish thrift, she was a trader with almost every part of the world to which her ships had not been forbidden access by English law. The woollen fabrics were consumed in part at home, and in part were "sent to the northern nations, from which," wrote Dean Swift, "we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, pitch, tar, and hard dollars. At the time the current money of Ireland was foreign silver; a man could hardly receive £100 without finding the coin of all the northern powers and every prince of the empire among it."

Thus, step by step, a foreign legislature advanced upon the ruins of Irish industries. Thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Ireland, by the deliberate acts of her own government, was cut off from the markets of the world, deprived of her natural and acquired means of effecting commercial exchanges, and reduced to indolence and poverty. Was England governing her then as a subject or as an enemy? Did she assume the attitude of an enemy, or did England place her in that attitude and compel her to remain in it?

"The right of exchange," affirms one of the first authorities in political economy, "is just as much of a right as the right of breathing. It stands on the same unassailable ground. Every man has a natural, self-evident, and inalienable right to put forth efforts for his own well-being; . . . and it is a high-handed infringement of natural rights, a blow aimed at the life and source of property, when any authority whatever interferes to restrict or prohibit the freedom of exchange, except that act be justified by a solid proof that other private or public rights, which are equally well based as the

right of exchange, are infringed thereby." It will scarcely be contended that the rights of one portion of the subjects of a government to a monopoly of manufactures justifies a government in robbing another portion of their fellow-subjects of a right as natural and inalienable as the right of breathing. Governments are accustomed to rob only their enemies of the right of breathing. As an enemy, not as a subject, England legislated for Irish manufactures, even "to the verge of insanity," as has been said by an eminent French student of British affairs; for the law suppressing the Irish woollen trade drove twenty thousand of the skilled operatives out of the country, most of them to France; and in a short time the French undersold the English in that trade.

One of the favorite methods to which the English agents in Ireland resorted from time to time to keep the people from a thorough understanding of their commercial situation, was the suppression of books and pamphlets powerfully illustrating it. Molyneux enjoyed the honor of having his "*Case of Ireland*" burned by the common executioner; copies enough survived to embarrass the government. The large reward offered for the discovery of the author of Swift's "Drapier's" letters proved futile; and one of the volumes which was most effectual in hastening the day of parliamentary independence and industrial freedom, *The Commercial Restraints of Ireland Considered*, was not publicly proscribed, but the government did its utmost to buy the edition up. It is now an exceedingly rare work, and is as valuable as it is rare. Appearing in 1779, when the debates in the Irish Parliament displayed a thoroughly awakened sense of national duty, it must have created a profound impression by its keenness, its moderation, its dignity, its professed and doubtless sincere loyalty to the crown; and most of all by the accuracy and minuteness of the information it conveys, and the pathetic picture it presents of the condition to which Ireland had been reduced by the laws destroying her commerce and manufactures.

The title-page is anonymous; but the author was known to be Hely Hutchinson, then provost of Dublin University and a member of the Irish Parliament. "The book," says Sir John Jonah Barrington, in *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, "acquired so much character and spoke so many plain truths, that for many years it was quoted as an authority in the Irish Parliament." It was printed in Dublin, in 1779, by William Hallhead. The form adopted is that of *Letters to a Noble Lord*. Hutchinson, it need not be added, was a member of the Established Church; no other Irishmen were eligible to sit in Parliament in Ireland, or at that time even to vote for members; the Parliament represented an insignificant minority of the Irish people, and was in no sense national

in its composition, nor, up to 1782, had it the power to propose any legislation for Ireland, or to pass any except such as had been approved by the King's Council in England. It was, in fact, merely a recording body to formulate in Ireland the orders issued in England for the advancement of English interests in Ireland. The distress caused by the destruction of the Irish trade gradually created a patriotic faction in the Parliament, and this faction became the Opposition. The faction grew into a powerful political party, which, in 1782, aided by the volunteers,—of whom this is not the place to say anything,—wrested from a reluctant crown and frightened ministers the right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland. What the Irish Parliament did in the eighteen years England suffered it to exist will be hereafter considered.

Hutchinson, in a judicious preface, confesses that it is difficult for any one to write upon the state of Ireland in that year. "The attempt," he says, "is full of difficulty;" "it will require more than ordinary caution to write with such moderation as not to offend the prejudices of one country, and with such freedom as not to wound the feelings of the other." Then he gives this appalling picture of universal misery which the suppression of the manufactures had precipitated: "The present state of Ireland teems with every circumstance of national poverty. Whatever the land produces is greatly reduced in value; wool is fallen one-half in its usual price; wheat one-third; black cattle of all kinds in the same proportion, and hides in a much greater; buyers are not had without difficulty at those low rates, and from the principal fairs men commonly return with the commodities they brought there; rents are everywhere reduced, and in many places it is impossible to collect them; the farmers are all distressed, and many of them have failed; when leases expire, tenants are not easily found; the landlord is often obliged to take his lands into his own hands for want of bidders at reasonable rents, and finds his estate fallen one-fourth of its value. The merchant justly complains that all business is at a stand, that he cannot discount his bills, and that neither money nor paper circulates. In this and the last year above twenty thousand manufacturers in this metropolis were reduced to beggary for want of employment; they were for a considerable length of time supported by alms; a part of the contribution came from England, and this assistance was much wanting from the general distress of all ranks of the people in this country. Public and private credit is annihilated. . . . This kingdom has long been declining. The annual deficiency of its revenues for the payment of the public expenses has been for many years supplied by borrowing; the American Rebellion, which considerably diminished the demand for our linen, an embargo on provisions for

three years and highly injurious to our victualling trade, the increasing drain of remittances to England for rents, salaries, profits of offices, and the payment of forces abroad, have made the decline more rapid."

Ireland—starving and impoverished; her thousands of manufacturers receiving alms—had to pay millions in taxes to support abroad, in wars she abhorred, the troops of the crown that had impoverished her!

Going back into the period preceding the enactment of the prohibitory laws, the commercial condition of the country is found full of thrift and promise. "After the Restoration . . . to the year 1688, Ireland made great advances, and continued for several years in a most prosperous condition. Lands were everywhere improved; rents were doubled; the kingdom abounded with money; trade flourished to the envy of our neighbors; . . . manufactures were set on foot in divers parts, . . . and this kingdom is then represented to be the most improved and improving spot of ground in Europe." Passing over the miseries of the reign of James, Ireland recovered from them, and again went on prosperously. "Our exports increased in 1696, '97, and '98, and our imports did not rise in proportion, which occasioned a great balance in our favor; and this increase was principally owing to the woollen manufacture. In the last of those years the balance in favor of Ireland in the account of exports and imports was £419,444."

Then came the fatal law prohibiting the exports of woollens, and practically annihilating the principal industry of the country.

For five years after the passage of the act no Parliament met in Ireland. The Protestant tradesmen had been made the victims of the commercial laws; it was reasonable to expect that they would convey to the crown through their representatives a confession of their wretched state. The complaints sent to the crown were wholly in their behalf; their condition was described as desperate by "the almost total loss of trade and decay of their manufactures," and immediate assistance was asked "to preserve the country from utter ruin." When it is remembered that the land of the country had long before been confiscated from the Catholics and given to the Protestants of England and Ireland, the condition of the former may be imagined. If the Protestants had no longer any trade, at least they had the land. The Catholics, who were five-sixths of the population, had neither trade nor land.

Up to the death of Queen Anne no improvement ensued; and well may Hutchinson write, "that a country will sooner recover from the miseries and devastation occasioned by war, invasion, rebellion, massacre, than from the laws restraining the commerce, discouraging the manufactures, fettering the industry, and, above

all, breaking the spirits of the people." To this day Ireland is without manufactures. "The industrial employment which despotism so easily destroys," says De Beaumont, "does not so easily revive with liberty." But liberty has not come to Ireland. The land system, which for centuries has drained the people of the money produced by the sole means of occupation, has left the country without capital. The government has been coerced at last into a slight modification of the system; but until it is reformed altogether, capital in Ireland must continue small in proportion to her natural facilities for industrial production.

As the laws destroying Irish trade had been passed by the English Parliament, the Irish Parliament, however well disposed, could not repeal or alter them. It did, indeed, appeal to the crown, but without effect. For twenty years only one remedy was proposed, and that a novel one: to establish a bank by subscription which was to circulate paper without money! It was in this emergency that the crown of England proposed to sell to one William Wood the privilege of making halfpence for Ireland, on condition that the Duchess of Kendall, whose relations to his majesty need not be mentioned, should share the profits. What became of the halfpence we shall see hereafter. The distress of the country grew deeper and deeper, and in 1728 and 1729 thousands of families were exposed to the direst necessities; "many artificers and housekeepers," says Hutchinson, "being compelled to beg for bread in the streets of Dublin." The manufacturing classes had no longer the money, formerly derived from commerce, to buy food from the farmers; there was no scarcity of food in the country, but there was no money to buy it. The famine was an artificial one, like that of 1880. Rackrents accomplished last year what the destruction of the woollen trade accomplished in 1729. Again, in 1740 and 1741, famine prevailed for want of money to buy food. Then the Lord Lieutenant proposed the employment of the poor and the encouragement of tillage, but no provision was made for either. Thousands perished from hunger and diseases arising from want. For forty years after the passage of the restrictive laws, Ireland, says Hutchinson, was always poor and often in great want, distress, and misery. The linen manufacture had grown feebly, but it was not sufficiently profitable to affect the condition of the masses. It had been offered to the people of Ireland as an equivalent for the woollen trade, but, for obvious reasons, it did not, and could not, recompense them for the loss of that; for the latter, they had everything necessary; for the former, they had to import the best seed at great expense, and the efforts to extend the trade in various parts of the country proved unavailing. The misery of the towns became so abject that it was necessary to offer a bounty

to the farmers for bringing corn and flour by land to Dublin, which, according to Hutchinson, "saved this country from utter destruction." The principle of the law, he adds, "is to bring the market of Dublin to the door of the farmer;" and the cost of the experiment was over sixty thousand pounds a year! Surely a high price to pay even in those days for the privilege of being governed from abroad.

Ireland never was too poor to be taxed for the support of English wars, from which she derived no benefit; on the contrary, she derived only injury. When the rupture with Spain occurred she was required to raise, equip, and maintain five battalions and to pay at the same time sixty thousand pounds a year in pensions to favorites of the English king, not a shilling of which returned in any form to Ireland. The linen trade, which gave some employment, suffered a decline during the American war and intensified the poverty of Ireland, yet she was required to furnish troops to aid in putting down a rebellion over which the majority of her people rejoiced. No measure was taken to relieve the wretchedness of a country made wretched by legislation. Generations died in poverty who might have lived in comfort and blessed the world with their industry; but England, which had robbed them of the means of doing so, remained utterly indifferent to their necessities which she had created. "If you discourage the people," says Hutchinson, "from working up the principal materials of their country, the bulk of that people must ever continue miserable, the growth of the nation will be checked, and the sinews of the state enfeebled." How vast the commerce of Ireland might have become, had its growth been unchecked, can be imagined when we recollect that of her thirty-two counties nineteen are maritime, and the rest are washed by copious rivers that empty themselves into the sea.

Had the woollen trade not been destroyed in 1699, its remarkable development and the favoring natural conditions of the country must speedily have laid the solid foundations for many other industries in addition to those which existed with it. The Irish then had ships, and the harbors of the island were crowded with masts; the Irish flag was met on the highways of the oceans until forbid to be seen there; the natural capital of the country was being utilized at home, and must have expanded its activity into new fields of occupation had it been left free. Had the woollen trade not been annihilated, it is entirely reasonable to say that Ireland would to-day fill a place in history very different from that to which her long series of industrial and political misfortunes have consigned her. Instead of being a country without manufactures, tall chimneys would smoke in her cities, the incalculable water-

power that courses through her valleys would be turning myriad wheels, her cabins would be cheerful with thrift, and her children's cheeks red with plenty; her farmers would have innumerable exchanges at home for which they would sell the fruits of the earth. There would be no famines, for money enough would circulate in the country to buy food for all in a land that can feed many times its own population. Instead of "profound indigence and chronic anarchy," we should behold there peace, prosperity, and all the blessings, domestic and political, which only peace and prosperity can insure.

It is not enough to say that if England destroyed the woollen trade she encouraged the linen trade. For reasons too obvious for assertion it was the woollen and not the linen trade that would have developed parallel industries in Ireland and built the edifice of diversified productiveness. Venice and the other Italian states carried on the manufacture of wool until the countries producing the raw material manufactured it; then the Italian manufacture dwindled into insignificance. The Flemings undersold the Italians, being nearer the wool-growing countries; then England undersold the Flemings for the same reason. The linen trade has never expired, but it has been of comparatively little significance in promoting other industries. So long as money has to be sent out of the country for the best flaxseed, it is impossible that it should be effectual in national development.

When Ireland was robbed of her manufactures, her trade, in the words of Swift, was "glorious and flourishing." She has never recovered from the shock, nor has it ever been possible that she should. The only source of profit left was the land; that was not owned by the people. The owners have done nothing to promote the establishment of manufactures. The landlord class are exclusively a consuming class, and with the money drawn from the soil of Ireland they have enriched the producers of every country but their own. The capital of Ireland is daily drawn out of it, and never returns in any form. It is a country literally without exchanges.

The political economist cries, "How, now, does it happen that society is one vast hive of buyers and sellers, every man bringing something to the market and carrying something off? We speak of the commercial classes, but all classes are commercial. Everybody exchanges. You do something for me, and I will do something for you, is the fundamental law of society. From this results the division of employments, and all the various professions. Every man brings his own product and exchanges with society as best he can. The farmer brings his produce, and exchanges. The mechanic brings the product of his skilled labor, and exchanges.

The laborer brings his strength, and the teacher his knowledge, and they are ready to do service for a consideration. The merchant, the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman, the editor, the lecturer, the singer, the actor, and so on to the end of the list, are all in position to render services to society, and justly expect to receive an equivalent service in return. Indeed, when we look out upon society, the most striking thing we observe about it is that these exchanges are going on in a thousand directions at once, determining all employments and professions, reaching everywhere and permeating everything, and all this the more rapidly and perfectly as knowledge and civilization advance. Since, therefore, as a matter of fact, men do constantly put forth onerous efforts to satisfy other men's desires, in order to receive back from them the results of corresponding efforts in return; since this mutual exchange of services is everywhere present in society, not in the market-places only, but in every department of life, there must be in this exchange some great gain. We now inquire particularly what this gain is? What is the motive that leads men universally to exchange?

"The answer to these questions will bring us to the gratifying conclusion that the laws of exchange are based on nothing less solid than the will of God. The desires of men are not only various in kind and indefinite in degree, but also tend to increase in variety and extent by the progress of knowledge and freedom. To the gratification of almost all these desires, however, there are obstacles interposed, some of which are physical and some moral; and these obstacles are so great in all directions that the powers of the individual man are utterly incompetent to surmount them. They mock at his weakness, and throw him back upon his destitution.

"Without association with his fellow-men, there is no creature so helpless, so unable to reach his true end, as is man; and therefore it is that the impulse to association is one of the strongest of our natural impulses. Men come together, as it were by instinct, into society; and, associating themselves together in a society, it is very soon discovered, not only that there are various desires in the different members of the community which are now readily met by co-operation and mutual exchange, but also that there are very different powers in the different individuals in relation to those obstacles which are to be surmounted. There is a vast diversity in natural gifts. One man has physical strength, with no mechanical ingenuity; another combines with a feeble body a wonderful knack for contrivance; a third has a philosophical turn, liking to examine into the laws of nature; and a fourth has a bent and genius for traffic. Now, then, nature speaks in this diversity of gifts in as loud a voice as she can utter, in favor of such a de-

gree of association and exchange as shall allow a free development of these varying capacities, while they work upon the obstacles to the gratification of men's wants which are appropriately opposite to them." All of which is abstractly indisputable; all of which is actually true in every country on the globe except Ireland.

The essentials of exchange have not been hers. "Freedom, association, and invention are the three things which make exchanges as profitable as they can become, and which will carry society, so far as exchanges can do it, to the highest pitch of prosperity. Of these, by far the most important is freedom, because, where freedom is conceded, association and invention follow in time by laws of natural sequence."

When the cable reported recently that a convention had been held in Dublin for the purpose of arranging for an industrial exposition there, the conclusion was irresistible to an American that there was going to be an Irish exhibition of English manufactures. It was indeed proposed that it should on the contrary be an exhibition of Irish manufactures; but what Irish manufactures there are to exhibit it is difficult to imagine. There are cobblers in the kingdom doubtless; but when a government advertisement appeared for bids to furnish a large quantity of boots and shoes a few months ago no bid was received from an Irish manufacturer; there are no large manufacturers of boots and shoes in the country. A gentleman who recently returned from a romantic locality in Ireland, vaunted to his American friends that he had on an Irish hat,—he had bought it a few weeks before at Killarney. A hasty glance revealed a well-known English trademark in the crown; it had been made, of course, in London.

From the official returns for 1875 there are only 67,744 persons out of a population of 5,500,000 employed in textile industries in Ireland, and of these 60,000 are in 149 flax factories. There are 8 cotton factories, 60 woollen factories, 1 worsted factory, 4 hemp factories, 11 jute factories, 2 silk factories,—in all 235 factories for textile products. Even in the linen trade Ireland has not kept her lead of late years. In 1868 the number of flax factories in England and Wales was 128; in Scotland, 134; and in Ireland, 143. In 1875 the number in England and Wales was 141; in Scotland, 159, against 149 in Ireland. In 1868 there were 13 cotton factories in Ireland; in 1875 only 8. The poplin trade has not declined, but it has not grown. There has been an inconsiderable increase in silk. There has been an increase in the jute manufacture; 11 factories are reported in 1875 against 2 in 1868; and the persons employed have risen from 20 to 2000. There is also a slight increase in hemp. And what of all the other manufactured articles that enter into the daily life of even the common

people? Ireland has to buy them all from England,—millinery, silk, gloves, hats, cloths, cottons, muslins, ribbons, soap, candles, iron, hardware, glass. The total manufactured goods and minerals of Ireland was valued a few years ago at £16,000,000,—only two-fifths the value of the property destroyed in the young American city of Chicago ten years ago, and more than restored in a single decade.

The outlook for a resuscitation of manufactures in Ireland can scarcely be considered bright. Yet her natural advantages for manufacturing are not surpassed by those of many other countries. The fertility of her soil, her immense water-power, her mild climate, her proximity to the coal-fields,—for English coals can be set down in Dublin cheaper than in Birmingham or London,—the abundance of cheap labor,—these are substantial advantages. She has minerals and clays from which she has as yet derived little profit, but the ownership of which is carefully guarded for the landlords by Mr. Gladstone's new liberal land law. But she has no capital to speak of; she has no skilled labor, no plant for any industry except linen and a few minor productions. From 1699, when the fatal blow was delivered upon her trade and commerce, until 1782, when Grattan and the volunteers compelled England to repeal the restrictive statutes, the hum of industry was not heard in the country. Three generations were born and died. Can it be wondered at that there is no skilled labor now there? As for capital, how can there be capital in Ireland? The land alone is the money-maker; but the land of Ireland is not the property of Ireland. It is owned abroad, and the money it makes is spent or invested abroad. This has been true for centuries,—since the wholesale confiscations; and while the present landlord system exists there can be no capital in Ireland for manufacturing purposes. The interest of the English manufacturer is identical with the pleasure of the Irish landlord. The English manufacturer can prevent the Irish landlord from employing his money in Irish manufactures. Ireland is considered the private market of the English manufacturer. Any interference with that market he would promptly resent, and he is in a position to make the Irish landlord feel his resentment. He can say to the landlord: "So long as there are no manufactures in Ireland, our Parliament shall protect you; if you use a pound of your rents to establish in Ireland industries that will affect us there, we will pull the landlord system down. We maintain you, you must not interfere with us."

The destruction of the landlord system is apparently necessary to a permanent revival of Irish industry. If the Irish farmer were a proprietor, the money his land and labor earned would remain in the country, and would seek domestic activity; he would find it

cheaper to buy at home than abroad, and that generous system of domestic exchanges, which best insures the peace and prosperity of a community, would soon come into healthy life. But so long as a country of farmers is also only a country of tenants, so long as the capital produced in the country is owned out of the country and spent abroad, how can there be a general increase in home manufactures?

Yet it is wise, practical, and patriotic to make at least an effort to revive industrial production. Economic laws govern supply and demand, but economic laws are themselves sensitive to moral influences. Capital has no prejudices. It is sordid. Political economy has been defined as the science of enlightened selfishness. If the Irish people stand together, and resolve that they will wear no hats not made in Ireland, capital will go to Ireland and make hats. It may be English capital; but the labor, the plant, and the product will be Irish, and the wages earned will be spent there. The danger is that the resolution will not be taken, or, if taken in a moment of ardor, will not be kept. Swift advised the people to burn everything that came from England except the coals. They did not act upon the advice. Hutchinson tells of an effort initiated in his time to wear only Irish manufactures. It failed. If the persistence of the Irish people were equal to their fervor they would soon be free, and would need no foreign capital to build factories for them. Their impulses in the right direction are sublime; their firmness in carrying them out verges on the ridiculous.

In 1781, when freedom for Irish trade was wrested from the English Parliament at the cannon's mouth, there was a revival of production, and an immediate improvement in the general condition of the whole country. The story of that revival belongs more properly to the next number of the REVIEW; for the centenary of that auspicious event,—the independence of the Irish Parliament,—brilliant, if it was brief, will be the 16th of April, 1882.

THE LESSON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION.

ALMOST the entire period since our last issue has been one of anxious interest to the whole country. The life of a newly inaugurated President has hung quivering in the balance, till hope, buoyed up by flattering appearances, at last died away, and President Garfield, on the very threshold of his administration, lay stark and cold beside the deep-voiced murmuring ocean on which his dying eyes had gazed.

Succeeding one whose title to the Presidency which he held was never recognized by the conscience of thousands of his fellow-citizens, James A. Garfield was, as our elections go, fairly elected. No voice was raised to challenge his title. His election looked at first by no means probable, as the more moderate views of which he was the exponent were not shared by a section of the party which had manifested in the convention great unanimity and a set and dogged purpose. Even after his nomination this branch of the Republicans held sullenly aloof from all active participation in the canvass. Their tardy action made his election sure, but his principles were fixed and his policy settled. The Cabinet he selected was mainly from those who sympathized heartily with his views, and he manifested no disposition to admit the others to his counsels.

Almost at the outset of his administration an issue was raised between the President and the leaders of this school of Republican politicians. It foreboded some petty difficulty, but the voice of the country evidently sustained President Garfield, and the expression of its will was sufficiently clear to encourage him in pursuing the course which he honestly deemed most compatible with the true interest of the republic.

The presidential policy for the next four years was apparently settled. The financial plans were accepted in the great money marts; a return to greater economy in the various branches gave general encouragement. All this was changed in an instant, and by an unexpected event.

The murderous hand of an assassin has effected a revolution like that which raised the first Alexander to the throne of Russia, or deprived Ecuador of the great Christian statesman Garcia Moreno. A ball sped from the pistol of a disappointed politician of the lowest moral grade deprived an eminent citizen of his life, the United States of a President, changes the whole policy of the administration for the next four years, and elevates to the presidency

one whose political school had been condemned by the party which elected him. In the very act the assassin proclaimed that this was his purpose.

President Garfield had long been a public man; not eminently great either as a statesman or as a soldier, he was a representative of the better type of our political men, and from his personal struggles through life, from the more studious habit of mind, and apparent resolve to wield for the general good the power confided to him, had inspired confidence in all parts of the country. When he was so suddenly and so cruelly struck down, the sympathy of the people was manifested so unanimously and so spontaneously that Europe watched almost as anxiously as America the daily announcements of his struggle for life. Monarchs sent to sympathize with the family of the wounded man and with the citizens of the Republic, and the Pope, occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, was by no means tardy in the expression of his concern. When the fatal moment came, all felt for the wife who, just recovered from a dangerous illness, had so faithfully kept vigil beside her husband. Words of comfort came from throne and cottage, and the nation adopted her and her children with prompt and characteristic generosity.

Amid universal sorrow the twentieth President of the United States, James A. Garfield, with his work unfinished, has been borne to the tomb on the hillside by Lake Erie.

The terrible event reveals a new danger in our complicated system of electing the chief magistrate. Party spirit runs high, and each party has in its own bosom discordant elements. The nominating conventions develop the strength of these factions; that which by tact or combination wins the selection of its favorite as candidate for the presidency, propitiates the defeated faction by accepting its nominee for the vice-presidency. Both are elected on the same ticket, each representing the choice of a portion of the party only. For most purposes the office of Vice-President is merely complimentary. By an inherent absurdity this high officer is elected as a member of the executive department of the government, the possible successor or temporary substitute of the President, but the active duties imposed upon him belong not to the executive but to the legislative department. An executive officer, he has no executive duties; he is not a member of the Cabinet or taken into the council of the President. Had he been made by the Constitution the Secretary of State there would be an apparent fitness, while now there is a glaring incongruity in electing a man for one department, and thrusting him into another and a distinct department of the government.

During the brief administration of Mr. Garfield, Mr. Arthur, as

President of the Senate, entered warmly into the political strife that convulsed that body, taking a decided stand against the policy of the President, and making himself the virtual leader of the section of the Republican party arrayed to defeat the action of Mr. Garfield. He even left the capital of the United States for the capital of his own State to lend his personal influence, exertions, and skill to insure the return of two Senators whose election was to be a rebuke to the President.

The temptations to such a course should not be left for any future Vice-President. A change of the Constitution is imperatively demanded, which will remove that officer from the legislature, where his presence is an anomaly, and place him where he should be, as the adviser and cordial aid of the President, not his antagonist, whom the misguided hand or heart of a spontaneous or hired assassin may make his successor. So long as this system remains in the Constitution, political parties will seek to unite discordant elements by giving both a place on the presidential ticket, really giving the chief magistrate a secret enemy in his very household, and raising a perpetual temptation.

What in this case is the act of a nature so imbued with vice as to be apparently incapable of honest thought or purpose, may be hereafter in this country, which swarms with secret organizations, the act of a stolid butcher who carries out the decree of some organization like the Nihilists in Russia.

Incalculable as are the results of a murder of a President, no majesty under our law environs his person. There is one and the same law to punish the killing of a President and of a tramp. The criminal may be punished, like any other murderer, for depriving a fellow-man of life; but the crime of depriving that man of his high office, and of depriving the country of a chief magistrate, has not been defined, and cannot be punished.

All admit that political life has become in this country thoroughly and intensely base; that elections are carried by bribery, corruption, perjury, and fraud. Neither party is free from the charge; and if on one side it is alleged that Rutherford B. Hayes was raised to the presidency by iniquitous means, it is retorted that the opposite party cannot show that they acted with greater honesty. This universal disregard of truth and fairness in politics is one of the most terrible features of our system. Everything conspires to encourage it and fasten it upon us, a cancer that is eating out the vitality of our institutions. The very courts of justice wink at it, and it becomes impossible to punish offences even where evidence is at last extorted.

The army of office-holders is appalling. There are nearly eighty thousand offices in the gift of the President, and every State, county,

and city has its hundreds or thousands laboring to obtain or retain some office. Every one of these men has his tools; the primary elections are packed and so handled that decent members of the party shrink from taking part in them, and delegates to nominating conventions are but representatives of the worst and most worthless, instead of being delegates of the solid citizens who really have the interests of the country at heart. These party hacks, office-holders, or would-be office-holders, are men who have seldom followed any legitimate business. Industry, thrift, steady work, are ideas foreign to them. They are actually the very men least fitted to be trusted with any office. They are men whom no one would select as executors, guardians, or trustees. Yet these men really control our elections, and determine the choice of our rulers, and even of our judges. Elections are carried on by party taxation, levied on these men before and after they secure offices; the notification from party headquarters of the tax imposed is imperative. It is pay or renounce the office. Men dare not refuse to pay the amounts amerced, but reluctantly disburse the money, and then take an oath that they have done nothing of the kind. The moneys thus raised are frequently used to buy the votes of unprincipled men, and move them to polls where their ballots will be decisive, and where they are frequently deposited after glaring perjury. Frauds lead to contested elections, and occasionally men are removed from positions they have grasped unduly. But so widespread is political depravity in the public mind, that when a man is thus convicted of having stolen an office to which he is not entitled, he is not only not punished, but generally receives from the public treasury money to pay his expenses in attempting to retain an office to which he had no valid claim. In fact, an inducement is held out to evildoers to undertake this species of robbery.

Illegal acquisition of office is a new crime in history; it is almost peculiar to this country, for in no other are there such hosts of offices put up constantly to be decided by elections. Were the standard of public morality and honesty high, this mode of selecting officers would insure good results. Unfortunately it is very low, and what must fill thinking men with gloomy forebodings is the fact that it is gradually sinking.

The secularization of education, and the stubborn and defiant intention of its advocates to eliminate from the training of the young all religious and moral instruction beyond a Protestant smattering, to satisfy those who still call themselves Protestants, is already bearing its fruits. Men are prompt to disavow religious influence; public men especially seem to think that it will prejudice them with the public to admit that they recognize any church.

In the case of the late President, in whose sufferings we all

sympathized so sincerely, it was sad to see him linger day by day without a single religious exercise, a single uttered prayer or act of devotion; sad to see him expire without any religious rite. And when his spirit had passed away the clergyman whose church he attended, it has been stated, was prompt in denying that Mr. Garfield was a member of his flock. No sooner had the papers of the day begun to discuss his successor than care was taken to state that, though his family were members of the Episcopal Church and Mr. Arthur accompanied them, he was not himself a member. A profession of Christianity has come to be something to be deprecated.

In every way religion is thus thrust aside. In the olden time the ten commandments, at least after a fashion, were taught in schools, and children were impressed at home and in school with the doctrine that it was a sin to steal, a sin to kill, a sin to take another's good name. Now there is none of this, and our newspaper writers trained in this system laugh at the moral law, and their influence is steadily sapping whatever of religious and moral restraint is left among the people. This practical ignoring of God lies at the root of most of the evils that threaten the future of America.

Our neighbor's life, property, and good name are held very lightly. The generally prevalent wasteful and extravagant modes of life and dress are a constant temptation. Young men and old in any office under the State, corporations or individuals, forgetting the injunction not to make haste to be rich, forget also to be honest. Credit mobilier schemes, star routes, freedmen's banks, railroad appropriations mark the dishonesty in the higher circles, while those beneath them furnish the army of defaulters, speculators, forgers, thieves, and swindlers, whose deeds are recorded day by day until at last they excite no surprise. A man put in a position to rob is almost expected to rob. "In his position you could not hire me to be honest," was a politician's declaration to the writer, and that politician now occupies a judgeship.

Where men think nothing of taking money or property dishonestly, they have even less scruple about usurping any office into which they can intrude themselves, although conscious that they were not legally elected. Election frauds, buying up of votes, intimidation before the poll closes; then falsification of records, tampering with ballot-boxes, perjured returns, are all practiced, and that not in rare or solitary cases. Sometimes a pharisaical zeal for purity of elections is manifested, as in New York in regard to illegal naturalization papers; but it is merely a pretext to terrorize and intimidate timid men holding perfectly valid papers, and thus keep enough away from the polls to turn the scale. Then, like the woman in Proverbs, they wipe their mouth and prate of virtue and honesty.

A man's good name is his dearest possession, but who regards it? Reputation is assailed without any regard to truth or decency. Letters are forged or pretended letters cited to compromise public men. Punishment rarely follows. It is considered smart. Public opinion may be roused from its torpidity and legal investigation demanded, but this soon dies away; after an indictment is found by a grand jury, the whole matter is allowed to drop out of sight and mind. All this shows an unhealthy state of the public sense. Where men do not respect in their neighbor his right to his good name, his reputation and credit, they are not likely to respect his right to his property or his life. And where is this respect to come from in later years, if it is not impressed on the mind in the days of childhood, in the parental home, and in the school where the teacher takes the place of the parent?

The recklessness and disregard of human life is increasing to an appalling degree. No greater proof exists of the fallacy of the delusion so many hug to their breasts that education, by which they mean "public schooling," is the great moral safeguard of the nation. True education, the education of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties, will do much to form good citizens; but to develop the mental powers, without any moral counterpoise, is to make men approach devils rather than angels, the one pure intelligences under moral restraint, the other intelligences without it. The public school canker that is eating at the vitals of American society ignores the moral restraint.

There have always been crimes, murderous assaults, but except in rare cases they were the work of coarser natures, committed in passion or to escape detection, or under the influence of liquor; but now new forms appear. There is an appalling list of murders committed by mere boys and girls within the last ten years, all traceable to the utter want of moral training, and not unfrequently to the ridicule they hear cast on moral restraint by the lips of parents and teachers, for these child-criminals are generally not of the degraded but of a better class. Insuring men's lives, with the object of murdering them to secure the money, is a crime of our later times, and of course one requiring some education. Infanticide before and after birth is desolating the country, and the terrors of the law seem to inspire no dread. Highway robbery is increasing, and the great mass of criminals is from the ranks of those to whom education, without moral restraint, has only fanned the passions and made the hope of escape seem too great to cause any hesitation. The details of crime are spread in fascinating guise by the hirelings of the press, and are gloated over by the youngest, in whom a depraved nature without moral check has created an abnormal craving for such hideous reading.

Conscience cannot be altogether deadened, and to silence it men invent religions to justify criminal deeds. The Oneida Community, the Mormon leprosy, finds hundreds of adherents, and passion is indulged under the mask of religion. One class of crime leads to another. Lust to murder. The terrible Mountain Meadow massacre, a murder of a whole party of emigrants, was the work of the lustful Mormon Church, and only one man ever paid the penalty of murder.

With this class of depraved minds gradually increasing, young men and young women reaching maturity without any religious or moral training to implant principles to dictate self-restraint, we can scarcely wonder at any crime that is announced. In this vast population of unbalanced minds, habituated to thoughts of vice, with consciences stupefied or lulled by false and specious theories, lies a terrible danger. Excitable, inflammable, buoyed up with pride, considering all they aspire to as their own, and every hindrance a wrong, we have a class who are like some powerful destructive element, that the wild words of a violent religious or political declaimer can in a moment explode to deal death around.

Petty party divisions lead men high in office or influence to indulge in the most violent denunciations. The moves on the chess-board of politics are accompanied by a rancor and violence that to cooler minds seem absurd and meaningless, but if the leaders merely put on the show of violent excitement, many beneath them take it all seriously, and brood and plot to effect a remedy by murder.

The man who deliberately shot down President Garfield, in a railroad station in Washington, committed a deliberate murder, that he had planned and sought day after day his opportunity to commit. Personal wrong existed only in his imagination, if, indeed, it really existed there. But he is a type of the utterly depraved element, familiar with all vice, without moral principle or restraint, ready for any act of meanness, duplicity, or violence to obtain money or gratify passion, heartless, yet endeavoring to make religion a cloak and a tool, full of pride and vanity.

On such a nature the violent party struggle begun in the Senate hall at Washington, and continued in the Legislature at Albany, acted, and turned his diabolical instincts on the harassed President. His victim's days of anguish and suffering almost equalled the short and vexatious period during which he held the presidency. It elicited the sympathy of the world, but the personal hatred of the wretched criminal shows how little the public at large feel the real danger that the crime reveals. The assassin may pay the penalty like any other man who takes the life of his fellow-man, but if society goes on as we are going the punishment will

not deter others. Education must be made moral; the press must seek to impress rather than weaken the influence of morality and religion; there must be in the training of the young more moral teaching, a horror of vice inspired, and a sense of our terrible accountability to God; unless this is done crimes against life, property, and reputation will increase, and the wild ravings of the political ranter will find men of utter unprinciple to put in bloody act the violent thought of men who use the gift of eloquence and influence without moral restraint.

Prayers were offered throughout the land that God might in his mercy spare the life of President Garfield. When temporal blessings are sought we ask them conditionally, if they are in accordance with God's will and his supreme direction over all for the salvation of men. The prayers will be answered, if they awaken a sense of responsibility; a sense of the necessity of religious and moral training; a sense of the care we should have of our neighbor's life, property, and good name; and thus infuse into daily life, and especially into our political life, a higher sense of our responsibility as a Christian people.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC DRAMATIST.

THE most prominent Catholic poets of Great Britain did not reflect much honor upon their religion. Dryden too often wasted his splendid talents in unworthy compositions; Pope's chosen companions were a freethinking philosopher and a free-acting parson; Moore, while singing the pathetic story of his country's wrongs, too often forgot the religion that made his country blest. Very different from these was the subject of the present article. George H. Miles has told in language, beautiful from its simplicity, how, as a youth, he knelt before the chapel altar of Mount St. Mary's College, while the waters of regeneration were poured upon his head, and he rose, a Catholic—a member of that holy Church which Walter Scott was too timid and Goethe too proud to embrace. He became thoroughly imbued with the spirit and beauty of the Catholic religion. It pervaded his thought, appeared in his writings, and lent a charm to his dramatic pieces.

George H. Miles commenced his dramatic career with remarkable brilliancy; in 1849 Edwin Forrest offered \$1000 for the best original tragedy by an American author. Mr. Miles was at that time a young Baltimore lawyer, not yet twenty-five years old. He was waiting for clients, which were slow to come. He did not, however, like so many young lawyers nowadays, practice in the neighboring bar-room while waiting to practice in the court-room. He was, it is true, more devoted to Shakespeare and Addison than to Chitty and Blackstone. Law was his profession, but literature was his love. So, when he heard of Mr. Forrest's offer, he determined to compete for the tempting prize, and succeeded in carrying it off against a hundred competitors. His play was "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet," a blank verse tragedy in five acts. True to his Catholic education, he shows in this drama that it is utterly impossible for any man, however gifted or great, "to counterfeit a mission from God without becoming the slave of hell." Mohammed, while claiming to be the Prophet and Messenger of Allah, prepares mankind by deliberate falsehood for the reception of what he calls the Eternal Truth. There is a rich, Oriental warmth in this drama which recalls the glowing imagery of the *Arabian Nights*. As a specimen of the style of the poem, we quote the passage in which Mohammed describes to his wife the vision of the Angel, and the announcement of his mission:

"I was alone,
Expecting thee, when suddenly, I heard
My name pronounced, with voice more musical
Than Peri warbling in the dreamy air.

Ravished, I turned, and saw upon the rock,
 Resplendent hovering there, an angel form :
 I knew 'twas Gabriel, Allah's messenger.
 Celestial glories compassed him around ;
 Arched o'er his splendid head, his glistening wings
 Shed light, music, and melody. No more
 I saw,—no more my mortal eye could bear.
 Prone on my face I fell, and, from the dust,
 Besought him quench his superhuman radiance.
 'Look up!' he said : I stole a trembling glance ;
 And there, a beauteous youth, he stood and smiled.
 Then as his ruby lips unclosed, I heard :
 'Go and teach all the mortals, . . . THERE IS
 NO GOD BUT ONE—MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!'

Mohammed is asked by his followers, what will be their reward, in hazarding for him life and its present pleasures. He exclaims :

"PARADISE !
 In Eden, in silk and gemmed brocade,
 Resplendent, shall we glide o'er pearls, that glance
 On streams surcharged with honey, milk, and wine ;
 Embowered in cool and perpetual shade,
 Sweet youths with immortal bloom,
 Shall proffer water fresh from Salsabil,
 Lambent as camphor, and around you clash
 Their golden goblets. But my words are weak ;
 I might exhaust the sea, were ocean ink,
 And fail to number half the joys of Eden."

Later, when urging his followers to fight regardless of death, Mohammed, holding in his hand the white banner of Islam, says :

"To all who die beneath the sacred standard,
 I promise Eden's loftiest couches, lined
 With greenest silk, glittering with gold and gems,
 Around them flowering branches shall mature,
 Embracing fruits, and twining roses shade
 Their perfumed limbs," etc.

The drama closes with the death of Mohammed, which event is preceded by a dream, in which the Prophet sees again his first wife. He tells his dream to two of his faithful friends :

"O, I have had a sweet, refreshing sleep !
 On downy dreams my youth came smiling back :
 Methought a band of angels fluttered o'er me :
 And some were like my boyhood's playmates,—
 Some
 Repeated songs unheard since infancy—
 So soft, so sad ; and darting from their midst
 Cadijah, fairer even than ever, approached
 In dazzling light and loveliness : she breathed
 Upon my brow, and with a glance of love
 Immortal, pointed to the opening heavens,
 Then, dove-like, vanished in the golden air."

Encouraged by the success of his first dramatic effort, Mr. Miles, in less than two years, produced another play. He chose for his hero De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi. The subject was fresh, romantic, and interesting; and it enabled him to contrast the civilization, religion, and cupidity of the Spaniards with the ignorance, barbarism, and simplicity of the Indians. The character of De Soto is highly idealized; the cruel and stern companion of Pizarro in Peru becomes the gentle, humane, and pious conqueror of Florida, with religion for his watchword and the cross for his banner. His lofty soul resists temptation the most alluring, and he seeks not to destroy the bodies of the Indians for their supposed wealth, but to save their souls for heaven. All the poetry, romance, and chivalry of De Soto's character are painted in the most attractive colors, while his less amiable qualities are carefully concealed.

The singleness and consistency of the plot form one of the chief beauties of the play, was the opinion of a contemporary critic, who said further that the interest never flagged, and the action was never retarded by long speeches; and although some of the language is highly poetical, there is no dramatic vigor sacrificed to mere rhetorical flourish. The story is full of knightly adventure, and "grim-visaged war" never "smooths his wrinkled front" throughout the narrative, but a sweet love-story runs through it, with a heroine as lovely and innocent as a Miranda, to soften down the sterner features of the drama. As an American play upon an American subject, *De Soto* is one of the most brilliant contributions to our literature. It has never been printed, and the following extract, from the author's manuscript, will be read with interest.

Anasco, a Spanish soldier and astrologer in De Soto's army, while gazing at the starry heavens, exclaims:

"Who dares affirm that those unchanging orbs
Are meaningless, superfluous, strewn at random
Along the skies, like mild forget-me-nots,
Mere spangles in the diadem of nature?
Who shall say the toad,
Spotted fantastically, the queer frog,
The lizard, moth, chameleon, beetle, locust,
The strange variety of birds and insects,
Each plumed and streaked with superhuman care;
The butterfly, whose powdered wings reflect
Infinite beauty; that the pard-like monkey—
That marvellous diminutive of man—
Have not their separate uses, and appeal
To powers that compass us, invisible,
Till summoned by the symbols they obey?"

We scarcely think the following description of woman will please our fair readers:

"Honest, yet fallible, yielding and pert,
 Governed by fancy and a foe to reason,
 With tears and smiles at will—a contradiction—
 Man's mystic supplement—a curious dovetail,
 Weak where we are strong, and strong where we are weak."

Mr. Miles puts into the mouth of De Soto a sentiment which will find an echo in most American hearts :

"The smallest hair that idly strays
 Across the brow of woman, be she fair
 As Aragon, or olive as the Moor,
 Is sacred to a Christian knight."

To Ulah, the gentle heroine of the play, De Soto tells the story of his studious youth and ambitious manhood :

"I was a gentle boy, averse to sports,
 Guided by curates, fond of manuscripts;
 I loved the hills, for on their silent heads
 I stood alone, with naught 'twixt me and heaven.
 But once a high-born damsel crossed my path—
 O, she was fair, just ripening to the flower!
 She gazed—I sprang to manhood in that glance.
 Back to their shelves
 I sent the books, then valueless and dead.
 Her image danced upon my father's sword,
 Her image shone upon my father's shield,—
 I snatched the weapons from their resting-place,—
And learned to use them! I followed her to court.
 My sword and buckler my only fortune.
 Riches and fame were asked. I soon gave both.
 Columbus had revealed another world,
 Pizarro's flag was floating on the Tagus:
 I sprang aboard—we landed at Peru—
 A nation and a nation's wealth were ours—
 My name returned the synonym of conquest—
 From court to cot it went, a household word;
 And songs were written to De Soto."

The fourth act opens with De Soto meditating in his tent at midnight. Gloomy thoughts weigh down the heart of the once gay and gallant hero; his faithful friends are few; his followers are dissatisfied and long for the vine-clad hills of sunny Spain; hostile Indians are dogging his march to the Great River, which is the dream of his hope. His meditation is interrupted by the entrance of Alvarado, his most trusted companion, to whom he imparts his intention of penetrating the Indian camp, to rescue Ulah, who has been carried off by Tuscaluza, the chief of the Floridas. Alvarado endeavors to dissuade him from the attempt, to whom he says :

"There is a spectre haunts the gates of manhood,
 In all the mist and glory of a vision,
 Exacting tribute for the charmed torch

It waves before us,—till the sacred oils,
The myrrh and frankincense of youth exhausted,
Blacken the wick they fed: you know its name—
AMBITION!—I am less than Tuscaluza:
He is a patriot—I, a conqueror.
Had I his cause—slumber and I were strangers,
Till this continent were up in arms,
With spear and arrow, knife and tomahawk
Edged on the altar stone of Liberty!"

In the fifth act the dream of De Soto is at last realized; the *Mississippi is discovered*. He arrives on the banks of the Great River just before sunset, erects a cross, and advancing with drawn sword, takes possession in the name of God.

At the first sight of the Mississippi De Soto exclaims:

"Stand back, and let me gaze my fill. At last
De Soto and the Mississippi meet,
And meet to part no more. How beautiful!
The waterfowl is nestling in the sedge,
From shore to shore the lengthening sunbeam sleeps,
And all is silent save the river's breath."

Then, with prophetic vision, he cries:

"The commerce of the world is riding there,—
These shores are gardens, and those thickets cities;
There lies more wealth within those golden waves
Than doomed the Inca to his rosy bed,
Or forged the chain of prostrate Montezuma.
This is the legacy I leave to Europe!
Hernando Soto claims for God and Spain
All the broad continent and sunny isles
Washed by the waters of the Mississippi:
And here 'gainst infidel and Christian, I,
A Spanish knight and soldier of the Cross,
Offer my body to make good the claim!"

In the meantime Tuscaluza has carried Ulah to her mother's grave, where he tells her how she was snatched by him from the arms of her Spanish mother, whom he had slain, and brought up by him as his own daughter; that he loved her, and would make her the Queen of the Floridas. She indignantly rejects his love, and tells him she had saved the Spaniards by betraying his plot to surprise their camp. Maddened by love and revenge, he stabs her to the heart. De Soto now vows neither to eat, drink, nor sleep until he has revenged Ulah's death. The Indians are pursued, their town captured, and Tuscaluza slain by De Soto, who, at the same time, receives a mortal wound. When dying, news is brought to him that the Spanish fleet has reached the Mississippi,—that his wife and child are dead. Calling his followers around him, he bids them kneel, then pointing to Alvarado, he says:

"Men of Spain,
In him behold your leader; by the Cross,
I charge ye swear to follow without question
Where'er he leads."

"*Omnes.* We swear.

"*De Soto (to Alvarado).* Lead them to Spain.

"*Alvarado.* And thou?"

"*De Soto.* *I stay here!*

My children, cluster round me,—I am dying.
Bright be your lot amid the groves of Spain,
New honors, and true loves. For me, but this:
Deep in that mighty river be my grave,
Its foam my shroud, its ceaseless voice my dirge,
Its everlasting wave my monument!"

De Soto was written for James E. Murdock, and originally played by him with great success in 1851–52. In 1856 the author revised it for E. L. Davenport, by whom it was played at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in the spring of 1857, receiving high praise from the dramatic critics of the day.

From this time, Mr. Miles devoted himself almost exclusively to dramatic composition and dramatic criticism. The next fruit of his fertile brain was "Mary's Birthday." Like all of his literary work, the style is highly finished, and the dialogue bright and pointed, but we think it is the least pleasing of Mr. Miles's dramatic pieces. The chief characters are two brothers, George and Vernon Lordley, the one a disappointed cynical man of the world, whose life has been blighted by his wife—the pretty daughter of his father's gardener, whom he married in a moment of infatuation—running off with his dearest friend. Being disinherited for making a *mesalliance*, Mr. Stillworth, a bank president, makes him his confidential clerk. The president lived beyond his means, gambled in the vain hope of retrieving his fortunes, and, finally, in despair, defrauded the bank. George Lordley stepped between the culprit and his doom, sacrificed his own honor to save his friend's, and was branded as a defaulter. On his deathbed, Mr. Stillworth sent for George's father, and told him of his son's innocence. Mr. Lordley restores George to his inheritance of his princely estate, and he becomes the guardian of Mr. Stillworth's daughter, Mary, a lovely child of eight years. At the opening of the play, George Lordley has succeeded to the paternal estate; his brother, Vernon, a young fellow, whose occupation is shooting, and amusement, billiards, is betrothed to Mary Stillworth, but is in love with Alice Hawthorne; and Mary, who knows nothing about George's history, is in love with the latter. On Mary's twentieth birthday, she receives a packet, left by her father, to be opened on that day, which informs her of her father's crime, and of the noble, unselfish conduct of George

Lordley. At his request, Mary consents to marry Vernon on the evening of her birthday. On that very day, George's runaway wife returns to her father's house to die; Vernon discovering that Mary loves his brother, tells him of it; Helen (George's wife) dies, and—all's well that ends well!

We shall not quote anything from "Mary's Birthday," which was successfully put on the stage in the spring of 1857, but proceed at once to the consideration of Mr. Miles's sparkling comedy, called "Señor Valiente."

It is related that Zoilus once handed Apollo a very severe criticism upon a certain work, whereupon the god of the silver bow asked him for the beauties of the book. The critic replied that he only noticed the *errors*. The story runs that Apollo handed him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, and told him to pick out *all the chaff* for his pains. Apollo would never have an opportunity to condemn us for dwelling only on the *defects* of "Señor Valiente." We have read the play repeatedly, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the most delightful piece in American dramatic literature. Were we a professor of rhetoric, we should recommend the study of "Señor Valiente" for the grace and beauty of the style. Bulwer very happily calls Macaulay the "Titian of English prose." With equal justice, George H. Miles might be called the Van Dyck of the American drama. His touches are refined and delicate, but at the same time firm and masculine. He always writes like a gentleman, and avoids, with the fastidious care of Chesterfield, everything coarse and vulgar.

Let us go over "Señor Valiente," and enjoy some of its bright wit and clever hits at the follies of the day. The scenes are laid chiefly in New York, and the characters are from Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, with a sprinkling of literary men from no particular locality. Lille Clinton, a young girl of eighteen, is in love with Manfred Caverley, a poet and man of fashion, aged twenty-five. The play opens with their engagement, and Lille has sent for her stepfather, Richard Flintleigh, to announce it to him.

"*Lille*. How shall I ever tell him? I know I am blushing dreadfully. It is strange I should, too, in my *second* winter; few girls do in their first.

Enter FLINTLEIGH, with his hat on.

"*Flintleigh*. Well, Lille, what is it? Speak quick. It's noon now; there's a meeting of the Salt River Railroad at two and of the Cannibal Conversion Society at three. You know I'm president of the one, and treasurer of the other—so speak quick. Besides, the devil's to pay in Wall Street, and between gambling and the gospel, I have a tough time of it.

"*Lille*. Well, pa, I have promised Mr. Caverley an answer to-day. He has been dangling after me these two years, and he'll bore me to death if I don't have him.

"*Flintleigh*. Which, of course, he would, if you do.

"*Lille*. Is he worth having?

"*Flintleigh*. He drives his two trotters, hunts his two Spanish pointers, keeps his

two yachts, sports a mustache *a l'empereur*, sonnetizes in the *Home Journal*, wears yellow kids, and owns from Grace Church to Castle Garden. That's a woman's idea of a man worth having, isn't it?

"Lille (*rubbing her hands*). Yes—delightful—and then his family. A 1, you know—General Caverley.

"Flintleigh. American families are very much like American firms,—A 1 to-day, B flat to-morrow. Now, I've only one objection to make to your Manny,—he's a poet.

"Lille. Yes, that's *dreadful*, I admit. I've done my best to cure him.

"Flintleigh. I'm a self-made man. I never read a page of poetry in my life, and never expect to; and more than that, I despise anybody who *is* poetical. Poet has got to mean pauper, and I've no notion of introducing pauper into my family. However, if his father will meet *me* half way—and you *must escape his attention*—why, then, you shall have as pretty a start in life as ever a pair of Fifth Avenoodles had."

Mr. Flintleigh retires, and young Caverley is announced. Lille says this saying "yes" to a man is a humiliating business, and determines to plague his life out before she does. So, when her lover enters, anxious for her answer, she assumes an air of indifference towards him.

"Lille. Who is this Señor Valiente, the rich Mexican, that's making such a sensation? I am dying to know.

"Manny. He's about fifty thousand a year and forty-four front. Quite fascinating. Lille, may I venture to hope.

"Lille. Why does he look so sad at the opera? Why is he always alone? Why does he cut all the men, and dodge all the women? Why did he leave Mexico? What is he doing in New York? How did he happen to take a fancy to you? Wasn't he a soldier or a pirate? Isn't he married and divorced? Hasn't he a history? Can he speak English?

"Manny. Yes, he speaks the American language perfectly. That's all I know about him.

"Lille. Why, you're his bosom friend.

"Manny. There's one little difference between bosom friend masculine and bosom friend feminine; we *hear* secrets, you *tell* them."

After teasing him for some time, Lille tells him of the interview with Mr. Flintleigh, and Manfred asks her to name the happy day. Lille says: "Certainly not for a year or two." Whereupon the young poet was eloquent, and draws an inviting picture of a summer in Europe, the song of the shrill cicala in Florence, the lowing of the white oxen along the gray Campagna, the clouds of Naples, etc.

Act second opens in Señor Valiente's library. Manfred and Valiente are lunching together. The latter cautions his friend against rushing into print.

"Valiente. If you have a MISSION, wait! as Dante, Milton, Cromwell, Mohammed, and my own Calderon waited. If you be laden with songs or deeds celestial, bury them deep in your warm bosom; brood with folded wing, till the crumbling shell bursts with its inner life. The world is weary of larks and nightingales; they build in every bush. We want the sunward scream of the full-fledged eagle, hawking at heaven through the strong whirlwind and the red heart of the thunder-cloud. You smile.

"*Manny*. Only at your very poetical way of putting down a poet. Now, honor bright, haven't you done a little of this? [*Counting his fingers on his thumb.*]

"*Valiente*. When you were spinning your first top, I was spinning my first couplets to a face—well, Manny, to the face, the unforgotten face that first teaches us to love. You are so like her now, I seem to live those golden moments over. I thought myself a poet then; the world and *she* thought otherwise. So ends my sermon. Caesar must have his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and poets their publishers."

In the meantime, Flintleigh becomes involved in financial difficulties, after getting General Caverley in a tight place. He is in love with the general's daughter, Nell, and cannot say to her: "Marry me, or I'll smash your father." Miss Caverley gives a domino, at which she meets Señor Valiente, who tells her the story of his early love, how he was jilted, forsaken, and despised by the woman he had fondly trusted. The Mexican war began; he enlisted as a private in the ranks, whose sole ambition was a soldier's grave. He planted the American flag upon the heights of Chapultepec and the next moment was struck down, desperately wounded. Left for dead on the field, he was carried off and cured by a Mexican padre. Recovering about the time the California fever broke out, he went there, dug out the teeming gold, speculated in lands and herds, had fortune thrust upon him, and Harry Clinton became SEÑOR VALIENTE. Nell Caverley recognizes herself as the heroine of this story, and, of course, faints at the discovery of her long-lost lover in the person of the mysterious Mexican, but recovers at the proper time, and Clinton asks her, as a last favor, *not to marry Richard Flintleigh*. As Clinton retires, Flintleigh enters, and tells Nell by marrying him she can save her father from ruin, otherwise there will be an execution on the Caverley mansion, and the family turned into the street. Then follows an admirable scene between father and daughter, in which General Caverley confesses to Nell that he has lost his money, and hers, too, every cent of it hopelessly squandered.

"*Nell*. You spent it splendidly. What matter? A daughter's white hands can work for a father's white head.

"*Caverley*. Work! You work! Stitch for tailors at starvation wages, over dipped candles in a rat riddled garret! I know a trick worth two of that. *Ad plures*, Nell, over to the majority, coffins for two, the old Roman remedy. When life's your enemy, death's your friend. I'm of the old school, born to my own wine, and my own coach, and I'm too old a bird to hop without my feathers. With some men dishonor means death. Cleopatra had her asp, Hannibal his ring, Mark Antony his sword, and I am not without an equal refuge. So, *ad plures*, over to the majority.

"*Nell (aside)*. This is terrible. I must save him.

"*Caverley*. Plain pauperism I don't object to, but decayed gentility! There's something ghastly in it. You actually smell the corpse of the gentleman. Why, think of it. General Caverley, in a back attic, Brooklyn, or a third story Jersey front. Dying's a small matter, but I can't go that Jersey front.

"*Nell*. You shall still live on with wine and horses, with song and supper, as a grand old gentleman should, superbly rolling to his end, like a measured symphony.

"*Caverley*. What do you mean, Nell?

"*Nell*. I mean that you need apprehend nothing from your friend, Richard Flintleigh.

"*Caverley*. Ah, you rogue, I see what you're after. Don't do it. I never made any sacrifice for anybody in my life, and I never expect anybody to make sacrifices for me. If you're mad enough to think of marrying a self-made man like Flintleigh, why hang it, you do it on your own responsibility."

The general retires, and Nell exclaims: "I will save him. It is my duty and my fate. My father gave me life; I will pay back the gift with mine."

The next day she sends for a lawyer, and gets him to write a release of judgment from Richard Flintleigh to General Caverley, which Flintleigh signs upon her agreeing to marry him. Lille and Manfred Caverley have in the meanwhile ran away and got married, and been received by Lille's brother, Harry Clinton, otherwise Señor Valiente.

Nell's wedding is appointed for eight o'clock in the evening at General Caverley's. On the day before, Wall Street was in a commotion, stocks tumbled, brokers broke, speculators were ruined, and Richard Flintleigh, to save himself, issued forged certificates of stock, upon which he obtained a loan from Harry Clinton.

Nell and Flintleigh are married, and drive immediately to Madonna, a place on the Hudson, which belonged to Flintleigh's first wife, whose picture hangs on the wall of the library. Here the couple are seated. Nell is startled by hearing her name uttered, and, looking up, sees the picture smile. Recoiling, she is caught by Flintleigh, who supports her, and, in loosening her dress, discovers the release to her father. He is about to tear it when Nell revives, and grasps it, exclaiming: "Man, would you rob me of the price of my bondage? For this, I have resigned a hope that changed earth to heaven, have dared a fate I most abhorred." He demands the paper, and gives her two minutes to decide between persuasion and compulsion. As Flintleigh is about to snatch the paper from Nell, Clinton enters and seizes his arm. He then tells how Flintleigh had once struck his wife (Harry's mother), because she refused to take a long and dangerous journey, and thus expose the life of her unborn child. Flintleigh denies the charge, and says: "Could the dead rise and speak, she would answer that the tale is false." At that moment, a figure in black advances from the picture-frame. Flintleigh recognizes his wife, and, resigning all pretension to Miss Caverley's hand, claims "her who has been so unexpectedly returned by Providence, and with her the house." Here, enter Chiselby, the lawyer, with officer.

"*Chiselby*. Devil a bit. The living have no heirs. Officer, that's your man.

"*Flintleigh*. Unhand me, fellow. What means this insolence.

"*Clinton*. It means that certain forged certificates were yesterday lodged by you

with Señor Valiente; that Señor Valiente stands before you as Harry Clinton; that you are arrested as a felon by the company. You have resigned as president.

"*Flintleigh*. Abandon this absurd accusation, or surrender your mother. I know my rights.

"*Clinton*. Your *rights*! Villain! coward! My mother's brain still reels at the remembrance of your tyranny. Your *rights* against my wrongs."

He seizes him by the throat, and drags him down. [Enter Manfred, Lille, etc.] Clinton releases Flintleigh, who is carried off by the officer.

Then follows a very effective tableau, with Harry and Nell in the centre. She silently gives him her hand, and he places a cameo ring on her finger.

This is a very meagre outline of an exquisite comedy, of which a fastidious Boston critic said: "'Señor Valiente' is an American play, presenting a picture of the life and character of the times, interspersed with romantic and somewhat mysterious incidents. The underplot is excellent and well sustained, while the various characters are distinctly marked. Most of the situations are telling, and some are highly wrought and effective; that at the end of the fourth act is graphically so, and has rarely been surpassed in dramatic writing and action. The dialogue of the play is piquant, keen, finished, and the hits at the follies, rascalities, and characters of the day are capital."

After writing several minor pieces, including a musical extravaganza, called "Abou Hassan," Mr. Miles commenced the supreme effort of his literary life, "Cromwell, a tragedy." This drama has never been played nor printed, and we have been kindly permitted to use it for the purposes of the present article.

The subject possesses so great an historic interest, that it is astonishing none of the old dramatists selected it for a theme. A commoner by birth, a farmer by occupation, Oliver Cromwell became the leader of one of the greatest political revolutions in the annals of England. Becoming a soldier at the age of forty, he displayed a military genius that has placed his name among the great commanders of the world. Becoming the head of the government when past fifty, he ruled with more than kingly power, and did more for the fame of England than any legitimate king had ever done.

This is the man chosen by Mr. Miles as the hero of his drama. The play opens with the defeat of Essex, and ends with the death of Charles the First. The principal characters are the King, Prince Rupert, Cromwell, and Elizabeth, his favorite daughter. Cromwell is made too attractive. Like a courtly painter, Mr. Miles has toned down the harshness, smoothed the wrinkles, and idealized the character of the great commoner, of whom a contemporary said: "He is so perfect a hater of images, that he hath defaced God in his own countenance."

At the beginning of the play, Prince Rupert gives the King a stirring description of the recent battle in which the Roundheads were beaten. Charles, wishing to put "a bloodless end to the unnatural war," resolves to send a messenger to Cromwell, who is advancing at the head of his Ironsides. Leslie, who, although a Cavalier, is in love with Elizabeth, is chosen for this mission. In the next scene, Cromwell is sitting abstracted at a table. His daughter enters, unnoticed by her father, whom she chides for no longer loving her. He answers:

"Love's but a fall of manna in the desert,
Once seen, once tasted, and then gone forever.
Once, too, I dreamed of rest and household peace,
Reposing in the pleasant shades of Ely.
But, I have done, alas! with old St. Ives,
With those still grazing lands; my dearest wish
To walk the Market Green with godly neighbors,
Or stray at evening by the black Ouse River,
Reading my Bible, till the pious stars
Lit their pale tapers round the dying sun,—
All this is gone, and Cromwell henceforth walks,
In self-annihilation, the meek slave
Of the Most High."

The meeting between Cromwell and the King is barren of results, but affords an opportunity for the dramatist to write some fine passages. In the course of the interview, Cromwell uses such lofty language that the King demands whether he dare mate with him.

"No, not thy *mate*;
But here, beneath these deluge-watered oaks,
Here, in the haunts of thy dead ancestors,
Here, in the presence of the living God,
Here, in thy teeth, Charles Stuart, no mate of thine,
I am thy MASTER!"

"*Charles.* Madman, I defy thee!

"*Cromwell.* Collect thy strength—let Rupert lead the van,
With bold Will Legge—give bloody Goring rein—
Marshal the White coats of daft Newcastle—
Add thy most royal person to the fray—
Yet shall I scatter ye!

"*Charles.* And ruin England?
Around me rank the noblest of the realm;
All that is best in Britain clings to Charles,
Prince, artist, poet."

"*Crom. (enthusiastically).* If thou hast one trait
Compelling reference, by thy purity,
Name not thy poets; I have one whose song
Outtrills thy Waller's, as the nightingale
Excels the listening thrush,—the Bard who sang
Of chastity in Comus!

My poet, Milton!

Upon his brow an ever-present heaven
Teems with immortal thought; his pallid face,
Tender as woman's, mirrors all the sky,
And wisdom clothes his lips. When thou and I
Are tales but seldom read, half understood,
His everlasting genius will outlive
Our deeds, and minister to future ages
That need us not!

King Charles, men paint me rough,
Ungainly, gloomy—an ill-omened bird,
Whose harsh croak hushes mirth:

All true—I am.

My body is plebeian, tho' my mother
Sprang from thy royal house, and flushed my veins
With something of the Stuart.

"Charles. Ay, so 'tis said.

"Crom. Man of the times, begotten of the people,
Rocked by the storm, baptized in civil war,
I lack all gentle show; but pierce the crust,
The forced ice of my spirit,—there's a stream
As warm and pure as the white tide that fed
The Roman father. Speak your pleasure with me.

"Charles. Kneel to thy lofty monarch and receive
His pardon. Sirrah, dost thou hesitate?

"Crom. I kneel to none but God—to Him alone
I bend the knee that never trembled yet!
Charles Stuart, this abject mummery must cease;
Humanity outgrows her swaddling-clothes:
The name of MAN eclipses that of king.

"Charles. I yield nothing; whilst I live, I reign
King, irresponsible and absolute.

"Crom. Then, hear me, hoary ages, past and future!
Hear me, ye heavens, from whom my mission comes!
In England's name, I throw the gauntlet down,
Lifting my voice against all kings and crowns,
And swear to humble this Goliath.

"Charles. How?

"Crom. With this (*drawing his sword*) last argument of *right*
against *wrong*!

The people with this iron flail shall thresh
All chaffiners and bearded forms away,
Leaving the naked king to take his chance.

"Charles. To live a monarch, or to die a martyr.

"Crom. King, thou hast said it! Oh, beware! Farewell!"

Then follows a long scene between Elizabeth Cromwell and her
Cavalier lover, Leslie, in which he urges her to fly with him.

"Let us fly England, Bess, and Europe, too!
There is a land where, 'neath the tropic Moors,
The palm tree trembles o'er the sacred Nile;
Where lotos, wreathing with the damask rose,
Embowers the sleeping isles; where Nubian girls,
Trailing their braided locks enwreathed with gold,
Flash their quick dances round the tombs of kings;

Where the still dead from their tall monuments,
Serenely smiling, laugh ambition down,
And Memnon warbles love.

Wilt follow me
Across the sea, where that unclouded sky
Shall lend perpetual beauty to our home,
And grant the sanctuary to our love
That England now refuses?"

Cromwell enters, and Elizabeth, instead of flying with her lover, flies to her father, who orders Leslie to leave them, which he does, exclaiming, "Farewell, forever!" The scene next changes from love to war, and we have this graphic description of civil strife:

"Once more
Must fathers combat with apostate sons,
Brother with brother, friend with friend; once more
The young wife risk her husband 'gainst her sire,
The daughter pray her mother's prayer may fail!
Then shall the cannon cool his lip and hush
To Sabbath silence, while from hill to hill,
O'er hedge and wood and daisy-dimpled vale,
The church bells scatter peace."

The battle of Naseby follows, in which victory is plucked from the King by the desperate courage of Cromwell and his Ironsides. A hand-to-hand fight takes place between Cromwell and Prince Rupert:

"*Rupert.* We meet at last.
"*Cromwell.* Bold, bad, and bloody robber, thou art welcome;
Better meet late, than never. I have thirsted
For this encounter with the demon Prince,
Whose whispered name affrights our babes asleep,
Whose sword is havoc, and whose wizard steed
Feasts high on Roundhead blood.
"*Rupert.* Then, pray thy last,
Great Puritan. I have no words to waste;
Learn from my sword how much I hate thy name. [*They fight.*]
"*Cromwell.*—This for my son, and this for Hampden; this
For all thy butcheries, and this for God! [*Disarming him.*]
Now Rupert, to thy last award!"

As Cromwell is about to give Rupert the finishing stroke, Leslie appears, and rescues him. Then enter Fairfax, Harrison, and other Roundheads, shouting "Victory!" Fairfax says:

"Cromwell, the glory of this day is thine.
"*Cromwell.* Not mine. Serenely throned above that sun,
Liveth the Spirit that brooded o'er the waters,
Whose word shot light upon the restless world,
Waking from chaos, whose transcendent power
Roared in the deluge, thundered from Mount Sinai,
Or blazed on Horeb; in whose name, the sling
Of David felled Goliath: unto Him,
JEHOVAH! be the glory of this day."

We are in the next act taken to Windsor Castle, where the King is held a prisoner by Cromwell. An interview takes place between them, in which Cromwell promises to restore the throne, provided Charles will crush the bishops. The King agrees, and says: "And thou shalt have the garter." Bidding him "keep faith with Cromwell," the latter departs, and the faithless monarch mutters: "Fulfil thy word and thou shalt have the garter,—but *round thy neck!*" Just at that moment Prince Rupert, Leslie, and Will Legge enter through a secret passage in the castle:

"*Rupert.* Fly!
Relays of horses expect us from the back,
A boat will waft us to a gallant bark,
Freighted for France.
"*Charles.* No fugitive am I,
But King, the King of England!
"*Rupert.* What mean you?
"*Charles.* I mean that now—this instant—Cromwell left us
To quell the army, to rebuild the throne.
"*Rupert.*—Beware. Tho' he may mean and promise well,
Yet fate will govern him, and vanquish thee.
At best, thou canst but play the puppet—dance
As Cromwell pipes—postpone thy destiny,
The scaffold.
"*Charles.* Better that than coward flight;
Better to die a KING than live an exile!"

He then bids them go away, after intrusting to Will Legge a letter to Queen Henrietta Maria. Rupert and Legge leave the apartment; Leslie remains with the King. A shot is heard, followed by a rattling volley. Leslie starts to go to the assistance of his companions, but is forced back by Cromwell, followed by Harrison and Pearson. Charles demands an explanation of this sudden entrance to his chamber:

"*Cromwell.* Man, 'tis I want explanation!
Rupert and Legge had business here; what was it?
"*Charles.*—Escape to France: I steadfastly refused."

Leslie corroborates the King's statement, and Cromwell is satisfied. The soldiers, hearing that their general has pledged himself to protect the captive monarch, grow mutinous. The ringleaders are seized, and about to be shot, when Elizabeth rushes in, holding in her hand the letter of the King. She gives it to her father, who reads: "My soul's Marie, the Brewer is our tool—his pay the garter, but *around his neck.*"

Cromwell demands of his daughter how she came by the letter, and she tells him it "was found on the man Legge, who, before his death, in the delirium of the dying hour, had plucked the paper from his bosom, kissed it, called me his queen, then gave it me, and died." Cromwell bitterly cries:

" 'His pay the garter, but around his neck,'
Sneer down mankind—humanity's a lie!
Sweet truth has fled to heaven!"

He then orders Harrison to post with his regiment to Windsor Castle, and take the King to London, but warns him to harm him not:

"Not one white hair!
It must be done—but legally—by trial."

The last act of this splendid drama opens in London, on the night before the execution of King Charles the First. The hour is midnight; Cromwell is sitting at a table, remorsefully meditating over the terrible event of the morrow. His daughter enters, and he starts up, like a "guilty thing." He bids her return to her chamber, and to bed.

"*Bess.* 'Twere vain, I cannot sleep. Not far from us
Men are at work: I hear the steady clang
Of hammers on the nail. Are they repairing
Whitehall?"

"*Cromwell.* To bed, girl: if you cannot sleep, let me.

"*Bess.* Let you! Not all the poppies of far India
Could give you sleep to-night: sleep never visits
Eyes so dilated, lips so stern, so white.
Father, you tremble.

"*Cromwell.* It is very cold.
A stoup of wine will warm me; fill it fast.

"*Bess.* You cannot thus deceive me, sir,—you suffer.

"*Cromwell.* Suffer is not the word; I'm on the rack!
Approach the casement. Dost thou see the moon
Pointing at something—something newly raised—
Something she never saw before, that draws
Her concentrated beams upon itself!
I've stood all night here, and the wondering moon
Is staring at one object.

"*Bess.* What?"

"*Cromwell.* Dost see
The towers of Whitehall?"

"*Bess.* Like Roman senators
Silvered by age.

"*Cromwell.* Dost see a thing beneath them?
Beams that run crosswise—on the top a platform?
Yon frozen orb stares at it fixedly,
And all the conscious stars aim their long fingers
Thitherward.

"*Bess.* I see some scaffolding.

"*Cromwell.* A scaffold, child, the scaffold of a KING,
The block on which Charles Stuart dies to-morrow!

"*Bess.* May Heaven forbid it!

"*Cromwell.* I am tempted
To creep to him, to save him!

"*Bess.* Do it!

"Cromwell.

Do it!

I would die deaths to do it honorably,
A million deaths to do it honorably.
Liar and hypocrite while hope remained,
Yet deluged with despair this man emerges
A sudden saint, a brave, unblemished martyr.
Heaven, if his doom were mine, I should not ask
Thy grace to mend his bearing in one point!
He was all dignity and gentleness,
All faith and courage—every inch a martyr.

"Bess. You consecrate his cause, then, by his death.

"Cromwell. I know it, there's the staggering point. Child, child,
I am half mad! I do not kill the King!
Placed on that scaffold he becomes my master;
Memories of him will whip me to my grave,
Scare me from sleep and blear the blessed sun.
Living, I fear him not;
But dead, he triumphs. What can drive me thus
To regicide?

"Bess. Thou art not one!

"Cromwell. I am,
Nor more, nor less—a regicide. Behold him!

"Bess. You said you did not seek his death.

"Cromwell. I lied,
Lied like a craven! I did seek his death—
Brought him to trial—had the sentence passed—
Furnished the nerve that else were wanting—planned
To-morrow's execution.

* * * * *

I date a new idea! In aftertimes
The noblest title that a man can bear,
Eclipsing all the attributes of kings,
Shall be the people's *servant*, not their *master*.
I am their first great slave!

"Bess. Their first great victim.

I know your heart; remorse will drink it dry.

"Cromwell. 'Tis true that I have said farewell to sleep,
To all the sweet affections of the hearth,
Consented to a life of ceaseless danger,
Parted from all those mellow joys that bloom
Like second springtide, softening life's decline.
True that regret may vex my soul with doubts
Of this great deed, this stern necessity;
But, Bess, remorse, God's last and direst curse,
Is not for me! Could I discover here
Aught of ambition, hatred, fear, revenge—

"Bess. Say not too much.

"Cromwell. I say too little, child;
My soul is up in arms to save this man;
I challenge earth and heaven to gainsay this.
Oh God, desert not the poor regicide!"

The fatal morning of January 30th, 1649, has dawned. The King, after calmly sleeping all through his last night on earth, awakes to prepare for his execution. To his faithful friend Leslie,

who has clung to his fallen fortunes, and has just rendered him his last services, he says :

“ Am I well attired ?
I have put on an under robe, lest cold
Should make me shiver and men call it fear.
Thou shalt not blush for thy lost monarch, Leslie !
I feel the high hereditary blood,
The spirit of my murdered ancestors
Stir at my heart. Mark, when the axe is o'er me
Not an eyelid shall quiver. Weep not, Leslie.”

Pearson at the moment enters with a file of men, and announces that the hour is come :

“ *Charles (to Pearson)*. Kind sir, I ask a favor—'tis the last,
And easily granted : send this open packet
Safe to my Queen and children : it contains
Matters that cannot hurt your Parliament :
Mere toys of love, and frail memorials.
And pray you, let me have a velvet pall,
A leaden coffin, with a leaden scroll,—
And guard my body, as you would a soldier's :
Thou understandest ? Shrink not, sir,—'tis all.
Charles Stuart is ready, gentlemen, move on.
Now witness, England, how a king should die !”

The next scene represents Cromwell viewing the execution of the King. The sight arouses in the breast of the regicide conflicting emotions. He admires the noble and dignified bearing of Charles, and exclaims :

“ Charles Stuart, thou art a King upon the scaffold,
Thy crown and throne gave no such majesty.
Calmly he sinks his head upon the block.
God, can they smite him there so meekly bending !
Hold off thine axe, thou damned headsman, hold !
Heed not his signal !—Christ, the deed is done !”

The drama ends by Cromwell seizing the crown of England, dashing it upon the floor, and placing his foot upon the golden symbol of iron power :

“ Crash, damned symbol, rot and crumble there.
Leap, ye high hills, ye skipping mountains, leap ;
At last the freeman's foot is on the crown !”

Thus we have traced the career of our American Catholic dramatist, and endeavored to show that, in the literary field in which Shakespeare won immortality, and Sheridan carried off his brightest laurels, George H. Miles has earned a high, if not the highest place in the dramatic literature of America.

THE IMPOSSIBILITIES OF UNBELIEF.

The Nineteenth Century. London : 1881.

The Grammar of Assent. John Henry Newman, D.D. London.

Brownson's Review. New York.

Contemporary Review. London : 1881.

THE world of intellect has its fashion, like the world of society, and it seems that tawdry rhetoric about religion and its disappearance, and the appearance of Atheism in its place, forms, in a very marked manner, the "*enfant gaté*" of modern literature. Hardly a single number of one of the better reviews and magazines issued in the English language does appear without containing a paper bearing either directly or indirectly on this much-vexed subject. And, strange to observe, though proceeding not unfrequently from quarters holding entirely opposite views, an analogous strain runs mostly through all. If it is a lamentation over the encroachments of unbelief upon the territory of faith, launched forth by some clerical pessimist, the hopeless view of the future which is held up therein before the reader appears to find its verification in the confident assertions which another article, written, perhaps, at the headquarters of exact science, sets forth to the effect that the old moorings are being gradually but surely swept away, and replaced by the positive truths of science. Other writers, who pretend to the office of impartial critics, discuss with much ability the decay of religion in general, and make believe, or try at least to make believe, that the proud boastings of Atheism have not been uttered in vain. From the concurrent testimony presented to the intelligent reading public for inspection, it would seem, therefore, as if the era did not lie in a far-off future when religion will belong to the facts of the past, and only as such offer a matter of not uninteresting research to the human mind.

This, it may be claimed, is the aspect of the situation which is forced, more or less, upon any one who is in the habit of forming his opinions upon the mass of evidence on the subject which is encountered in the vast majority of publications. And this aspect, moreover, seems to be borne out by facts. For it must be admitted that the falling-off in numbers of those who openly profess one creed or another is not merely considerable, but so enormous as to indicate, with a goodly amount of probability in its favor, that the days of the reign of the orthodox faith of mediæval times are drawing to a close. And this opinion, let it be remarked, is not

the opinion of a few isolated individuals, but is an opinion which has been and still is gaining ground among a large class of society. It is held to be true to such an extent that even reflective minds, on turning their vision towards the social condition of the "to-morrow," draw deep sighs of suspense and anxious fear, and surrender almost to despair when contemplating what the issues of the growth of unbelief will be.

All this is true enough as far as it goes. Nor do we attempt to gainsay this sad state of affairs. But what we contend is this, that the reason for this sad state of affairs is not to be sought in the fact that belief has become impossible—which, we regret to say, is, however, generally presumed to be the case—but in the phenomenon that the proud sons of the nineteenth century content themselves, in a large measure, with superficial aspects. Lassitude of thought, mental inertia, a slovenly habit of accepting the thoughts and conclusions of others as true without much questioning, a disinclination to inquire into the soundness of the foundations of new theories—in short, the work of reason half done, and left in that unfinished stage—this, and nothing else, we hold is a just cause for uneasiness. It is very certain that doing things by halves has never yet accomplished any good. And especially in a region so all-important as religion, the light and off-hand, not to say frivolous manner of dealing with a grave object is bound to produce sad results. It is deeply to be deplored that our age has fallen a prey to this habit, and it is all the more to be deplored because the very leaders in the realm of thought appear to have lost the true bearings of thought, and have nowhere thrown the lead until it struck bottom. Therefore, until men learn again the great lesson of life, namely, to think correctly, a general veering round to the true pole can hardly be expected. But, all this notwithstanding, unbelief in these our days, we assert, has not become less impossible than it has ever been before in the history of the human race. Nay, it seems to us safe to state, that unbelief has become more impossible than it has ever been before. And the reasons for this position are quite obvious. Life and the complex facts of life surround us in precisely the same way in which these problems hovered round our ancestors in ages past. The light of reason, by means of which all generations endeavored to solve those ponderous enigmas, has remained the same. If it has undergone a change at all, it has undergone a change in favor of the attitude we assume. For in all departments of human knowledge a really wonderful advance stands on record. What but a short half century ago were virgin forests to the human mind, realms on which no bold adventurer had as yet laid his eyes, that, to us, are well-known pleasure-grounds, in which we move with comparative ease and familiarity. The means of verifying

the judgments rendered by our intellect have not been decreased by the march of time, but have, on the contrary, been multiplied and amplified. Faith, therefore, as largely dependent upon the verdict of human reason, must needs stand on firmer ground to-day than it did before. If religion and reason were not inseparable allies, bound to stand and to fall together, *then*, and *only then*, would it be true that faith is on the death-list, and that the span of time still to be allotted to that hallowed relic of old covers, at best, a few short solstia. And until reason and its proper and legitimate use are totally and irrevocably forfeited by mankind, faith will, therefore, remain until then the one reliable companion, the one true friend of man through life.

The possibilities of unbelief, that is to say, the positive, the aggressive side of Atheism, is being put endlessly before the public; not so the negative side, which, in our estimate, is much the stronger, and outweighs in force all that ever can be said against it. What is unbelief, and why is unbelief impossible? These, then, are the questions we propose to deal with in this paper. They are portentous subjects, and can, of course, not be discussed in an exhaustive way within the limits of an essay; nor is it the object of this paper to do so. We aim merely at directing the chaos of contending opinions towards the investigation of a field whose cultivation, we believe, cannot fail to compensate richly for the labor bestowed upon it.

The structure of modern Atheism has frightened the world by presenting the appearance of an unassailable fortress. Outworks, quite formidable in number, are seen all around it; they are seemingly faultless in construction; they are laid out with unquestioned skill. This strong fortress, moreover, we know has fallen into the hands of the clever genius "*man*," and knowing this, we are apt to consider it impregnable, and stop without going further. We, generally speaking, do not inquire into what really determines the value of a stronghold, namely, the amount of armament and provisions, which alone render even a most heroic garrison capable of rendering any amount of resistance. Now a loose way of reconnoitring does not disclose the discrepancy between appearance and reality. But if we borrow for the occasion a little French *élan*, and a little of British dogged perseverance, and climb the breastworks and inspect minutely the stores, we will perceive that the provisions are scanty in the extreme, and that the magazines are filled solely with blank cartridges—cartridges, it is true, which, on exploding, will make a great deal of thunder and smoke, but perfectly harmless as far as their destructive value is concerned. We learn, hence, that the clever genius "*man*" has been gifted with a great deal of ingenuity not in vain. Sham detonations and sham

manœuvres are protecting the weakness of the stronghold, and they have to stave off any real assault. In reality, the place is absolutely untenable and hopelessly defenceless. Thus the terror-inspiring attitude of unbelief dissolves itself into an idle phantom. Atheism, we repeat, has had but one success, and that success is, it made people believe that it would replace religion, because it did not divulge the secret that a kind Providence had confiscated every real weapon, and that, boldly confronted by reason and common sense, it cannot hold the ground. In other words, unbelief hid its poverty under the garb of wealth, and the counterfeit coins it passes from hand to hand have acquired a current value because the assayers failed to stamp upon them the mark of counterfeits.

Now, what is unbelief? What constitutes its essence? Unbelief, if it means anything at all, means necessarily the absolute negation of God as a personal, self-conscious, absolute, and infinite Being. Men of superior intellects promulgate to the world that there is no personal God such as Christianity tries to impose upon human credulity. The question is now, what is the proper office of reason before assenting to the proposition offered by science? The office is less onerous than many perhaps are inclined to think. All that is required is to take the trouble, not to wade ankle or knee-deep, or, say up to the shoulders, into the waters of the atheistic creeds, for that only confuses the mind, but to go a little further and submerge ourselves, and dive down with a will until the ground is reached; and then, if that is done, we need but fearlessly open our eyes. The result of the venture yields up one or two "unknowables," or an "indefinite and undefinable first cause,"—in short, the agnostic formula "something is," under variations. The discovery amounts practically to this. The very men who deny the existence of a personal Deity, who deny the existence of a Supreme self-conscious Being as the cause of life and of all that is, these very men, in the last instance, are bound to proclaim an emphatic denial of the truth of their own assertion. This being the case, reason and common sense do not hesitate very long to apply the terse and drastic Bible saying to the men of science, "Only the fool says in his heart, there is no God." Modern unbelief, looked squarely in the face, does not proclaim the non-existence of the Supreme Being, heretofore called God, but proclaims in reality simply, that it has no name for this last link of the chain, that it can give no information as regards its character, nature, physiognomy, etc., and hence, modern unbelief virtually affirms what it pretends to deny. True, until the unknowable quantity is reached, the mind has to wander through a vast multitude of negations; of these a great many are quite correct, while nearly all of them contain a germ of truth, and the whole fabric does not collapse until it is

seen that the whole basis rests on treacherous quicksand. Modern enlightenment leads thought back into darkness, heaps cloud on cloud, and when all is shrouded in impenetrable mists, then it turns round and bids those who followed, with perhaps a feeble and untrained light of reason, whithersoever they were led, in a most obliging manner, "Grope your own way." And there exactly the mischief lies. Having led others so far, the leaders there retire from the leadership. Not that they themselves disbelieve what they enunciate to others. Far from it. They cling to it with a tenacity which is all the greater because on reaching the final conclusion a conviction in their inner selves contracts, as it were, their very breath, and invites them to abandon a result which, no matter how much their heads may bow in assent, their hearts neither can nor do accept. They announce to the world, with honest simplicity, what science, when asked to tell us about the Master of all science, always will tell us, namely, that He is above all science, and *master* but never *matter* of science. They tell us that they do not see God, that they do not feel God, that they cannot hear, or smell, or taste God, and because of this unsatisfactory testimony of man's sensiferous organs, they proclaim what their whole life denies. The theoretical negation by the lips has no practical hold upon them. Their every activity in life embodies the paramount weight they attach to those relations which depend solely upon and, in fact, presuppose the existence of a personal Deity. And not a few affirm, in a most exemplary manner, the practical belief in God, since without it their lives would be the climax of inconsistency. It is well to remember, that the doings of a man—that is to say, thought operating on the will and manifesting itself in action—that these doings furnish the true criterion by which a man's belief must be judged, and from which the innermost, though, may be, suppressed convictions of the heart must be inferred. If this unerring gauge is applied to the professors of unbelief, it is soon apparent that, however much they appear to swerve from the true basis in theory, practical belief permeates their lives in spite of all. Consequently, to the man of real thought, schools of unbelief have no existence; he turns them into corroborative evidences, and for him they are powerful confirmations of God's existence.

Further than this, a correct mode of thinking extracts even more from sounding the true depths of the various schools of modern advanced thought. We learn how utterly hollow the notion is that either Agnosticism, or evolution, or infinite differentiation, or the unknowable, or the Universum, as Strauss calls it, or the infinite, as some metaphysicians say, or the all, or the good furnish any basis on which religion can be placed. As Frederic Harrison well puts it, we learn, "that we need something that we

conceive able to reach our human sympathies, to be of nature akin to our own, something that we can really commune with in a moral union, something living, not dead." And all systems evolved by modern thought fail to furnish this one central point.

Again, the one quantity beyond the grasp of science, beyond the demonstration of our senses, appears invariably as immaterial, superhuman, supra-telluric, that is in the language of common sense as divine. These inferences, it must be observed, are necessary logical inferences drawn from science's sanctuary; they appeal directly to reason as self-evident, and hence on them belief rests on a firm basis.

Unbelief rests, however, also on a secondary basis. This is the difficulty of reconciling God such as we must conceive Him, if we conceive Him at all, namely, God as Allwise and as Allgood, with the misery and wretchedness of human life, and with the whole mass of evil which surrounds man on all sides in this world. It is hard, to say the least, to believe in a being which is the plenitude of perfection and goodness, and to believe that selfsame being the author of that interminable chain of cruel suffering, of which our own times, like the past ages, are so full. It seems impossible to reconcile the foremost and noblest prerogatives of divinity with the agonizing tortures which have befallen and still continue to befall human individuals. Here facts clamor for solution, facts whose reality nobody can gainsay, facts from which every one suffers more or less. Here there are perplexing contradictions, greater perhaps than the problem of life itself. Here, in the moral and sociological sphere, there are ins and outs which seem to lead inevitably to the rejection of the idea of God with much greater force than the abstruse investigations of science. Here life and its daily cares and sorrows, its troubles and anxieties, and petty annoyances and afflictions, great and small, and disease and crime, and illness, and vice, and passion and its wild outbursts—all has to be dealt with, all ask for a place and ask for an explanation. And, on the other hand, love and virtue, and charity and humility, and forbearance and heroism, even unto the sacrifice of life, and obedience and friendship, and affection, and a host of other relations petition likewise for solution. Here, there is enough, indeed, to bewilder any intellect which mistrusts the power of the light of reason to carve its way through this amazing mass, and to disentangle the thread of harmony which runs through all. And yet this thread of harmony not only runs through all, but leads on to belief in God, and moreover to belief in His revelations and His church. Reason and common-sense, as has been said already, reject with scorn the negation of a personal God; they reject with

greater emphasis the conclusions to which a superficial glance at the secondary basis of unbelief appears to lead.

To philosophical minds wont to wander in the realms of speculation, Dr. Brownson's "refutation of atheism" offers a network of irrefragable logic, acute analysis, logical deductions, "in forma," reanalysis, so admirably conclusive, that there is no door of escape left from the force of deep and sound reasoning which America's great philosophical mind develops therein step by step. For another class of minds, Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" treats the subject "why we ought to believe" in an exposition so clear and so strong, that this work for many may serve as a guide from darkness to light. But proofs of this character are only accessible to a select few, because they are comprehensible, intelligible only to a select few. The large mass of human society is perfectly content with a catena of facts much more loosely chained together, and follows as a rule the dictates of "common sense," which term denotes, as we take it, reasoning of such character as to adapt itself readily to the majority of intellects. And hence, the question before us now is this: Can and does popular reason suggest or offer a solution which contains a strong probability of its intrinsic soundness, one that does bear a convincing momentum with itself, one that commends itself to the acceptance of the average mind? And to this question we venture to answer, without hesitation, "yes."

The first step towards reducing the chaotic mass to a state of order is to clear up the position, in other words, to ascertain exactly the premises on which the line of reasoning has to move along. Popular reason, as has been stated already, derides the negation of a personal Deity; it not only accepts, but it believes in God, as a superhuman, self-conscious being. Our own conscience tells us, next, that right and wrong, good and evil are realities, which cannot be explained away. Whatever efforts science may make to convince mankind that the inner voice, which can be stifled for a time, but never can be entirely suppressed or plucked out altogether, is merely the offshoot of education and civilization, in short, nothing but a product of evolution, it will never be accepted at large. Every one bears, thus, within himself an internal evidence of the existence of evil. To this must be added the external evidence, which is not lacking. The world is, as a matter of fact, so full of it, that it requires much greater hardihood to deny the existence of evil than possibly can be attributed to common sense. Therefore the premises which popular reason presses into our service are: God, man, and evil.

Now, even the limited spark of human intelligence shrinks from coupling with the conception of God the idea that He is the cruel,

wantonly cruel, and moreover, perpetual tormentor of the human race. It is repugnant to reason to suppose so, it is a thought which cannot be entertained because of its utter intrinsic absurdity. If we think God, we have to think Him as a Creator, who creates of necessity good and perfect what He does create. He can no more create for suffering, than He can create evil, and yet suffering as well as evil do unquestionably exist. In pre-Christian days this dilemma defied human sagacity, yet Plato went so far as to utter in a prophetic spirit, that until the word (*λόγος*) became man, this mystery would remain a mystery. And this is the utmost limit to which reason could go in those days of gloomy darkness. But now that Christianity has chased away the mists of old, the position is changed. Reason has no longer to perform guesswork altogether; it has merely to single out among the solutions offered the one which is in full accord with it, which harmonizes those facts which, without the adopted solution, would not merely contradict but totally exclude each other. And, on examination, the tenets of Catholicity will be found to offer a complete and full, and also a thoroughly acceptable and satisfactory solution, first, in the doctrine of a hereafter, that is, the immortality of the soul; secondly, in the doctrine of the fall of man, that is, of having forfeited in some way or other the primordial state of perfection. That these two assumptions fill the bill completely, does not require much sagacity to perceive. For the moment we look upon this life as upon a transient state, a stepping-stone to real life; the moment we look upon the telluric existence as simply a forerunner of a state which does not approach us with each sunrise so much nearer to dissolution, but which is neither subject to change, nor subject to time or to space—then, it follows clearly, that not this short term of planetary life but the hereafter becomes the reality upon which reason must base its verdict as to whether God is just and good or not. No sane-minded person ever enters a concert hall and forms a judgment about the exquisite melodious harmonies of a sonata of Mozart or Beethoven, by listening simply to the jarring sounds which strike the ear while the orchestra is engaged in tuning the various instruments. And what else is this life but a brief time allowance in which each individual is given an opportunity to catch the keynote struck by the leader, and tune every chord accordingly? What else is this life? If we desire to join in the harmony of neverdying sounds, we must set the instruments in proper order now, or we shall be excluded from participating in the grand concert of eternity, should we fail to have possessed ourselves of the right note, for the strains bursting forth there suffer no imperfection. This, then, is the rational aspect of life. And as partakers of real life in a world beyond our globe, as heirs to an im-

material and imperishable existence, much of the significance we are in the habit of attaching to things below disappears. The dignity of our nature is raised, we crawl no longer along the glebe of the soil. From fortuitous accumulations of chemical atoms, from that degrading lot which science desires to assign to us, we soar into a nobler and higher sphere, in which neither intellect nor heart loses its sacred rights. The least, therefore, we are compelled to do is to suspend our judgments until we know the full meaning of the hereafter. This by itself clarifies our minds and frees them from the bias of narrowness.

As regards the second assumption, to which reason cannot refuse its assent, it will be seen that the fall of man accounts to us for evil, as well as for the wailing cry of distress which mankind is sending up from age to age. It makes it clear to us why our craving for happiness meets with such ungenerous returns here on earth, and teaches us to look upon human nature with sympathy and regret rather than with pride and haughtiness. These two points once fully admitted, all further doctrines of genuine Christianity unfold themselves without any difficulty of comprehension. Reason confirms them all and weakens none. On a little reflection it is quite apparent that the twofold natures being welded into one in every individual, any disorder which disturbs the one must necessarily react upon the other. And hence, it is not well possible to presume that, no matter what the cause of man's fall may have been, no traces of the same should be discoverable in his present condition. It is perfectly legitimate, on the contrary, to suppose that whatever cause led to the forfeiture of the primordial state, should have left visible imprints, so to speak, in the temporal and in the spiritual order. And to examine whether this is the case or not, appears therefore a rational undertaking. Now looking at the world and its present condition, the foundation of peace and the principle of universal harmony consist in the principle of authority. In all constellations of life its necessity is encountered, in the small nucleus of the family, in communities, in cities, in states, everywhere alike. In fact, it confronts us with such overwhelming force that the concession is very readily made, "human society without authority ceases to be possible." Now why is this so? Why does the social order proclaim with but one voice its dependence upon the principle of authority? Why has it to rely upon it as an indispensable condition of existence? The answer is very plain and is full of instruction. In every human breast there dwells a tendency to make the "ego" the centre of rotation, that is to say, to set up the "self" as the authority *par excellence*. The liberty of choosing between right and wrong, added to the propensity of obeying rather our own inclinations than restraints

imposed upon us from without, this creates the necessity of checking in a wholesome way for the preservation of society at large these dangerous human proclivities. Nobody, we think, can gain-say the strong leaning of our nature to disobey rather than to obey, and it is this leaning which has to be overcome. Obedience must be enforced, when disobedience is offered. This is the object of all laws, which practically only limit and regulate obedience and provide penalties for violations of their injunctions. A refusal to obey a government's authority is, we all know, called revolution. Thus we have here in the temporal order established a disorder of vast import. And we ask, whence does this disorder come from? Can it have for its progenitor a similar disorder in the spiritual order? To deny this possibility is unreasonable, and therefore we extend the investigation. If we calmly deliberate what the greatest disorder is which we can conceive between creature and Creator, we are bound to admit that it is the desire of the creature to equal the Creator, to take his place. For any other transgression except this does not attack the Deity in its most vital part. A declaration of self-sufficiency appears, therefore, as the greatest offence man can commit, and it remains now to be seen whether we can fasten upon man the fatal ambition to be God himself.

When we consider the weakness of man, the darkness of his reason, the fickleness of his will, and all the sufferings with which he is assailed on all sides, it appears at first strange, that in such a creature no less an ambition than to rival God himself should lie at the bottom of all his misery. But if an analysis of disobedience is made, pride looms up as its germ, and pride, so Christianity tells us, has been the cause of man's fall. For, what *but* pride gives the impetus of wishing to replace God by man, and this impetus of putting the cultus of human intelligence above the cultus of the omnipotent Deity is only too apparent in these our own days. These reflections put therefore the case in the following light. What we find very forcibly expressed in the state of society and of life around us, namely, the necessity of restraining man's inclinations to set himself up as supreme authority, a demand made upon us by society with inexorable severity, a demand which keeps us from using our free-will in any direction fatal to the welfare of the race, in short, the principle of authority and its imperative necessity, this self-same disorder followed up in and applied to the spiritual order is traceable there. And hence the conclusion that the disturbed equilibrium in the temporal order is the remnant and sequence of the disorder in the realm of spirituals, forces itself upon our minds. Nor is this all. The nature and essence of pride explain to us "error," they explain to us "sin." We recognize in "error" the thought of a fallible mind which refuses to acknowl-

edge any higher authority than himself above himself, and we perceive in "sin" the act of a corrupted will, which disregards any authority but the own volition.

Common sense goes even further. For in accepting God, his indwelling authority is not denied. If He is the only Creator, then He must be also the only monarch, so to speak. Consequently all authority on earth must be a participation in and delegated by the divine authority in order to be legitimate. Man in his own name has no power over man; when he commands in his own name, his power is brute force. It is a usurpation of a power which does not belong to him. Every authority on earth must be under a certain aspect an offspring of the divine to lose the odium of illegitimacy. The social order is, however, permeated by a divine rule of authority, and in obeying a father, a mother, the child for instance obeys simply the appointed representative. And so the claim of a government, whatever its form, whether republic, or kingdom, or empire, upon the obedience of the nation, is sacred on this ground only. How drastically do not the several "isms" of our day illustrate the correctness of this view! Abolition of religion means abolition of authority, means, hence, rejection of the powers in authority, and that, in turn, means dissolution of society. On this point the world has fully agreed, and that verdict indorses in full what reason, working quietly and untrammelled, with open eyes, its own way, tells us, namely, that the necessity of authority in the temporal order serves as an evidence, and virtually is but the consequence of a disorder in the spiritual sphere owing to the reaction of the latter on the former by reason of their close interdependence.

The road now ascends less steep, and all that is required for a full understanding is a careful following up of what is implied in the accepted admissions. The fact, for instance, that every human being possesses free will now, leads necessarily to the belief that free will was likewise a possession of man before the fall, from whence it follows that an act of man's own free will did inspire him to assert his own self-sufficiency, to aim at equality with God. Again, the idea we have to form of divine justice makes it incumbent to believe that no transgression can remain unpunished, as it further compels us to recognize that the atonement dare not be less than the offence, and since the latter, being directed against the Infinite, acquires thereby this character, an infinite merit alone can expiate the crime. It being evident that the primordial state of perfection became forfeited as soon as the fall was accomplished, man in his fallen state has been of course unable to offer an act of equal intrinsic value to those which he could perform in his state of perfection, that is, it becomes clear that, though able to offer an

infinite insult, he thereby incapacitated himself from offering an infinite satisfaction in order to re-establish the original relations. Thus the necessity that proper reparation should and had to proceed from one man and yet more than man at the same time, is established. A rational conception of God makes us willingly concede that Omniscience had to foresee the fatal calamity which overtook the human race on its journey, and that hence a provision for a full appeasing of divine justice is a necessary exigency of the case. For, if not made, then the lot of mankind would be endless suffering, which is an idea altogether incompatible, as already stated, with our conception of God. The very attributes, without which God becomes unthinkable, necessitate therefore the belief that proper provisions for the redemption of the human race were made from all eternity. Now while these reasons urge upon us very powerfully the necessity of a Redeemer, the fact that, as a man caused the race to fall, so a man also must cause it to rise up again, brings us face to face with the mystery of incarnation in the God man. He alone could rescue the human family from perdition, since He alone could offer a sacrifice of sufficient magnitude.

From what has been said, it is evident that the rejection of the Incarnation resolves itself into a repetition of the first fall, and as such confirms only the same. For to acknowledge God as Creator with all prerogatives of Deity, to acknowledge ourselves as creatures, to acknowledge evil and our imperfections, and to deny what follows from these premises, amounts to this. Human beings admit that they are finite and created intelligences, and somehow not in the original state in which they were created; they admit that all that leaves the Creator's hands must be perfect; they admit that they are impotent to free themselves by their own might from the imperfections to which they are heirs; they admit even that God could not be God, had He not devised an atonement for the race; they admit all this—but they dispute nevertheless the sovereign right of the infinite Intelligence to have provided by the Incarnation for the redemption of mankind. Now if this is not an emphatic and flat refusal to accept God's authority, if this is not prescribing limits with a perverted will and a darkened reason to the mercy of God, and a finding fault with Him that He condescended to take the form of man, and as Godman atoned by a sacrifice of infinite obedience for an offence of infinite disobedience; if this is not setting up human wisdom, teaching divine wisdom, and in the last link of the chain, another effort of man to pull God's majesty down from the throne and mount it himself—then, we must give up reasoning altogether. Men, certainly do in these days rebel, and that quite openly against the acceptance of the divine sacrifice on Calvary, and this revolt, it appears to us at least,

confirms in a conspicuous and singular way the doctrine of Christianity regarding original sin, in offering evidence beyond question to the effect that the inheritance of our forefathers has been faithfully transmitted even to our generations. No more convincing proof could be put before us than this very effort to shake off the tenets of Christianity in order to show us that the doctrine of original sin, etc., is no idle invention of priestcraft.

If it is once clearly understood that pride is the root of all evil, that it is the one fault which attacks the very sovereignty of God, then Christianity in its necessity, in its unity, and in its infallibility offers no obstacles to a full comprehension. The questions, not unfrequently asked, what need is there for a Saviour, what need is there for a church, appear then in their true absurdity. For, mindful that our faculties have been impaired by the fall, and there is but *one* will which has the essential and the absolute right of being obeyed, the will of the One, who created all and who preserves all, we see at once how it is quite indispensable that the ordinances of this one will should have been made known to us, and that there should be ministers to remind us of these ordinances, and to maintain their observances in family, church, and state. The thirst for knowledge, which once proved so fatal, proves no less so even now, if not kept in proper bounds. Knowledge, if not under the protective tutelage of grace, nourishes the old arch-enemy pride, and inspires a secret preference of our own will to the Higher will. It is very apt to make us forget that even the most extended knowledge is but ignorance before God, and that humility alone raises us up. What is it, after all, that human reason does understand at best? Nothing, literally nothing; faith, on the contrary, embraces even the infinite. He who believes stands therefore above him who only reasons, and simplicity of heart becomes preferable to knowledge. True perfection consists in proper interior dispositions. It is also quite natural that the One who speaks to us through His Church, has not wished to satisfy our vain curiosity, but rather to enlighten us as to our duties, to exercise our faith, and to purify and nourish our souls by the love of what is truly good and true and beautiful. Nor is it less so, that in endeavoring to penetrate with reason the impenetrable mysteries of God, human thoughts wander astray and find only error at the very moment when they think they are drawing from the Almighty his secrets. On the hand of faith, science can reach out into wondrous depths; without it, it is a ship, waterlogged, and without compass and needle. Religion, on the other hand, explains fully to us our misery, and points out at the same time the remedy for it. For while teaching us that we can do nothing of ourselves, it also teaches us that we can do all things through Him, who is all

strength. It makes us feel our own weakness, nay, almost enjoy our nothingness; it bids us to throw aside vain aspirations and the littleness of our opinions, and thus digging out, as it were, a deep pit in our hearts, it infuses into them through humility that peace which proceeds from implicit trust.

The tendency to deride this belief in the supernatural is apparently widening in this world. The brilliant utterance of our times that man, at last, was obtaining a complete victory over nature, led to a belief and to a trust in materialism, which caused people to be regarded as enthusiasts who asserted that the invisible was more certain and more palpable than matter. The belief in a something that is above and beyond us, which has the promise in it of satisfying the infinite longing within us, has been stunned for a time, but it has not been extirpated. Nor can it ever be. As Max Müller says in very simple language, "The faculty of recognizing the infinite, which neither reason nor science has been able to overcome, has always been able to overcome reason and science." The influence of religion of faith on the character and spirit of man remains unchanged. Only through the supernatural can that chivalry be engendered which knows no personal danger; only through it can man rise to the desire to become worthy to associate with the Deity itself. And the farther we reach out in true knowledge the lesser need we part with our reason.

The *Creed of Layman*, a paper by Frederick Harrison, published in the *Nineteenth Century*, will in the following quotations illustrate that the soundness of the position we have taken in this article begins to be clearly perceived. He describes the situation as follows: "The capacity for religious unity is checked in the present day by the prevailing theories. What has happened is that knowledge and belief do not range with devotion. Practice is out of joint with profession, and reverence itself bears the standard of revolt." He holds with us that religion must reduce life as a whole to harmony by a central principle of life and by a systematic discipline of life; he notices distinctly that all non-theological schools repudiate this idea, start back from worship, from any formal appeal to feeling, from the very idea of devotion of spirit to a great power—in a word, turn with disgust and mockery from religion. He says: "Mention to them *worship, devotion, religion*, the discipline of heart and practice in the continuous service of the object of devotion, and they smile in a superior and satisfied way." He adds, later on: "All the teaching of history, the entire logic of philosophy, the perennial yearnings of the human heart, the intense hopes of the best men and the best women are against them." In another place he says: "It is the delirium of revolt which screams out to us to cast out the habit and faculty of faith. Besides, it is cant; mere delu-

sion to suppose it is done, or can be done. Neither enthusiasm, nor discipline, nor faith, nor reverence, nor devotion to a cause, nor love for a power greater than ourselves, are at all dying out in the world. They are not growing weaker. They are, even in the midst of change, growing wider, deeper, more universal." Wherein he errs is this, that he supposes positivism in the abstract idea of humanity furnishes subject and object of faith. And we offer in the following quotations his own words as evidence that apart from the doctrines held by the Catholic Church nothing can or will fill the void. It will be also seen how clearly and how fully he perceives the true requirements of genuine religion :

"Man has a mind and an enormous accumulation of knowledge. We have to satisfy that mind and give order to that knowledge. Man has energies; we must give them a full scope and yet keep them in due bounds. Man has a soul fitted for great devotion; we must fill that soul with a worthy object of devotion, strengthen it, purify it by constant exercise. If we leave out one of these sides, human nature is cramped, harmony is destroyed. And what is more, not only must all three sides be appealed to alike, but they must be appealed to by some great principle that can inspire them in one work. If this can be done it is plain how enormous must be its power over life. If there be such a principle, all else in human nature is of little moment till we have it. If harmony in the whole nature be possible, it must be the supreme good dreamed of by the philosophers of old. It must be happiness, duty, wisdom, peace, and life all in one. And why are we to assume so confidently that there is no such harmony, that human nature shall drag on in the oscillations of external conflict, in misunderstanding and crossed purpose forever, till this planet chills into its last phase of silent ice?"

He remarks: "The rude men who sweat and swelter in mines, in furnaces and factories, the hedger and the ditcher, and the cottager with his pinched home, the women who stitch and serve, the children wandering forlorn and unkempt into rough life, how are these to be sustained and comforted by science and enlightenment? How will free-thought teach discipline to the young and self-restraint to the wild? What sustenance will the imaginative and devotional nature receive from the principle of free inquiry?" The dilemma presents itself to this able writer in full force. On the one hand he sees "free inquiry, interminable free inquiry, skepticism, indifferentism, research, and then more research, waiting for something to turn up, while vice, ignorance, strife, moral helplessness and mental indecision do not wait, but grow and enlarge;" and on the other hand he sees the necessity "of the devotion of brain and heart and energy to the service of that mighty Power

which stands beside us day and night, of which every act and thought of ours is but the reflection, the aggregate force of the lives of true men in the past, present, and future, in which civilization is incarnate and lives a continuous and visible life?" He holds with us that "it is a farce to pretend to love or to serve the infinite, the unknowable or evolution or the idea of good." He declares therefore that an abstract idea without a reality corresponding to it never can be the object of worship and devotion, and hence of religion and faith. *Humanity* consequently, which is the ideal he conceives as the revivifying element of the creed of the future, is debarred from filling that office, but not so the God-man, whom the true form of Christianity holds up for adoration. Even there his candor does not stop, for he admits freely that the creed of humanity which he is advocating, is incapable of offering an equivalent to the superhuman joys and hopes and seraphic raptures which Catholicity has produced and still does produce. He does not believe that his creed can work these miracles of subduing sense and galvanizing certain chords of emotion. He recognizes, on the contrary, in the eternal recompense of earthly pain, the everlasting communing of congenial souls, the heavenly contemplation of infinite goodness, a force which belongs exclusively to Christianity. Yet, after writing the following words, "How often has the overburdened spirit felt peace amid agony and bereavement; how often has the dying lips smiled in peace; what trust and calm have beamed in the eyes of the weakest, the most afflicted, the most forsaken! We know it all. We too have felt all these things. We are not cynics, swinishly deaf to the spiritual voices." After writing these words, he bursts out again in doubts and says, "But the question again is, are they real, are they true, or are they artificial!" To us the inconsistency of affirming as a fact, a reality, for such experience is, first, and denying in the same breath this fact, this reality, this experience, seems incomprehensible. But without commenting upon the contradictions contained in that able paper, the author goes therein as far as human reason can take us; he sees the absolute necessity of a personal God, sees that this personal God must be God and man in one person, whose life we may imitate, whose footsteps follow with reverence, a power human, and hence ours to commune with and embrace, and divine also, to infuse strength and grace for the onward struggle, stir up the sluggishness of our nature, enliven all that is noble within us, and make us feel that He is the real and living and loving power. Christ as believed in and taught by Catholicity is confounded by him with the Christ of Protestantism, those mock forms of Christianity which can no longer preserve the semblance of being true before the world. Superficial

acquaintance with the tenets of Catholicity leads him to mix up its essence with the glittering but worthless quartz of that loose Christianity which has been the most fruitful source for opening up avenues on which unbelief could make its ingress. Aware that "thought and feeling are not enough," but that we need "practice—action;" aware that the elements of genuine religion are not only *belief*, that is, an intellectual scheme, and *worship*, that is, an appeal to the highest feeling, but also *discipline*, that is, a scheme of life, the place which education occupies in life is thoroughly understood by him, and likewise that an organized body of competent and trained teachers is an indispensable requisite. In fact, the Church and its hierarchy, and all that Catholicity implies, he sees clearly by the light of reason, as *that* without which true religion can not live, and what impedes his sight is the absence of that light which reason is powerless to supply, namely, "grace," the gift of humility and prayer. The essential ingredients of true religion we find in another paper of his well given in these words: "To have true religion resting on the belief in God, we must have a deep sense of the reality of His being, an inward consciousness that we can understand His will, and that we can rest in peace and love on his breast." How impossible, even according to his own words, that that abstract idea of humanity can serve as a central focus for these requirements. The clearness of vision of this highly gifted writer, a clearness which at times is almost trans-luminous, is beset by difficulties, which do not beset common sense.

For, that this world is not man's All, that the world beyond forms the true home of the human race, is satisfactorily proven to popular reason by the craving for a happiness which all the world offers is impotent to satisfy. The reaching out for what lies beyond has ever been characteristic of man at all times. And on that evidence the supernatural is accepted. And if but this is done, then the complete synthesis of life, and of every relation of life which Catholicity offers, explaining to us what science and mundane wisdom ever will fail to explain, comes forward and asserts its true place. Catholicity never stepped from the position which has been assigned to it by its intrinsic character, but the insinuations of modern enlightenment effected this, that outsiders looked upon it as a structure with no firmer foundations than those whose collapse they witnessed every day.

The sum of contemporary knowledge of good or evil is, it must be borne in mind, in a large measure the handiwork of those who write. And over the far larger field of literature the health or disease of the writer's mind and momentary humor are spread; they form, at bottom, the leading feature of the work, and are, in reality,

the only thing an author communicates to us. The subject is often but a trifling part of many pieces of literature, and the view of the writer a fact of far more importance, because less disputable. An author who has begged the question, or reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many sides of experience; for his whole life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, or if admitted, are only dimly and unwillingly recognized in his experience. The writings from which we have quoted serve as an illustration. Yet, though it is a maxim of the morality of letters that it is best to be wholly silent on a subject-matter unless it is wholly understood, it appears to us, papers like those we have referred to, are welcome contributions and valuable as a study in the lessons they teach. Unable to speak from own experience on what Catholicity offers, he advises strongly not to disturb the faith of those who can believe, and hints in more than one passage that genuine faith is probably sought in vain outside of the Church of Rome. Such words are guides rather than obstructions, and every argument in favor of that hollow phantom Humanity contains life-giving strength as an argument to bow before the God-Man of genuine Christianity. The vantage-ground of unbelief is narrowed down by the position Frederick Harrison takes; for if nothing else is learnt from him than this, that those who believe stand above those who, accepting solely scientifically demonstrated theories, waver through the length of their terrestrial career in unhappy doubt, an essential step forward is already made.

In all temporal affairs we are mostly willing and ready to listen to counsel and advice, and yet temporal affairs, after all, are within our mastery. Why then should it be irrational to pursue a like course in affairs which are acknowledged not within our reach altogether? If it is difficult to be our own infallible guides in the matters of this world, if we lend our ears to friend and foe, weigh both sides, and frame our actions in accordance with the decision we arrived at, it is surely not less difficult to steer clear of rocks in the realm of spiritual affairs. And it is a common-sense view at all hazards to consider it highly proper not to reject those means, through which alone we can acquire full control over ourselves, channels instituted by the Creator himself, because of His knowledge that without them we would be drifting to and fro in a helpless condition. But these channels have one *sine qua non* attached to them in order to become available, and that proviso even appears only just and proper, namely, the grace of faith must be earned by an act of our own, by a decision of our own free will. *That* which broke the link of intimate relationship in the beginning, *that* also must co-operate in its re-establishment. The rights with

which we have been created are too highly respected by the Creator to force upon us any gift of His against our will. Yet God speaks to man's heart; and what we have to do is to listen. For there is a voice which in the depths of our souls accosts us; there is a desire which bids us to follow the promptings of the heart; there is a longing in the human breast to call Him, with all the soul's ardor, near unto us. If in humility we pray for that voice, that desire, that ardor, then faith, the divine gift of grace, is not withheld, but pours in and diffuses its blessing.

Reason, therefore, and common sense can and may do much; they can show us the necessity of and the road even towards faith, but there their office ends. And it ends there, because the seat of faith is pre-eminently the heart of man. The intellect verifies and indorses, but another power vivifies the feelings of the heart. This line of thought, it seems to us, ought to be taken up in our days in preference to stale discussions about the progress of unbelief. Faith neither can nor will die out. Its acquisition, however, is not furthered, we take it, by endlessly repeating how impossible it is to believe, whereas a determined throwing off of all prejudices, and following up of what reason and common sense demonstrate so clearly, namely, that it is impossible *not* to believe, may at least have the effect to shake the bias of unbelievers, and bring them gradually once more into the possession of a treasure, which of all goods is the only real good, since it is the one that we carry with us beyond time into eternity itself, where the reward of faithfulness awaits Belief.

RIGHT AND WRONG :

THEIR RELATION TO MAN'S ULTIMATE END. IS THE NORMA OF
MORALITY ABSOLUTE OR RELATIVE?

WHETHER we consider man singly and apart from his relation to other beings, or whether we view him in connection with the whole order of beings,—of which he is a unit,—it is equally evident that he exists on account of a certain end, which directs and gives a character to all his actions. If our knowledge of man as tending to a final end is to be anything more than generic, it is plain that our consideration of him cannot stop with those properties which he possesses in common with the mineral, vegetable, or animal nature. Although man has action in common with these three grades of being, yet it is not on this account, but by reason of his specific nature as a human being, that he tends to an end differently from irrational creatures. The brute animal can tend to a sensible and material end, but it cannot know its nature as an end; and it cannot accordingly deliberate upon and devise means for its accomplishment. The case is different with man; he can tend to an end rationally known to be such, deliberate upon the best means to accomplish it, and finally, he can choose freely the measure he deems best fitted to secure his purpose. As a still further exercise of his power of freedom, he can pass by the best means, and knowingly select those ill adapted to attain the object in view; or lastly, he may reject the means altogether, and not choose at all.

Here it may be asked, with what class of actions is morality concerned? And, first, let us see what is the meaning of this word. Morality, the abstract term derived from moral, denotes nothing else than an aspect under which we view certain actions, founding our view, however, on an objectively real and unchangeable basis. When we consider the human body in its structural arrangement, and as a physical organism subject to waste and repair, we are within the domain of physiology; but when we view the human organism as the medium through which a spiritual substance communicates with the external world, and as the inseparable companion even of the soul's most abstract thought, or, in other words, when we consider the body in its relation to the soul, we are no longer taking a physiological view of the inferior part of our nature, but we have entered into the province of psychological science, whose grade of abstraction is higher, and whose nature consequently is superior to the concrete and physiological aspect.

Similarly when we view the actions of man merely as physical effects proceeding from him as their principle, or when we regard man even as the most perfect natural agent, as the one in whom proportionately the greatest mechanical efficiency is secured with the least expenditure of power, we then have matter competent for physics or natural science; but when we are engaged with ethical science, we lay aside the physical character of man's action and pass to a different sphere, wherein indeed the action still proceeds from man as its principle, but with this peculiarity, that his character as principle is then understood, and along with this understanding is the capability of becoming or of not becoming thus related to any given act. The subject of such action then understands its nature, *i. e.*, its relation to him as his effect, and he is free to elicit it or not. Being aware of the character of his action, the principle that elicits it must know more or less determinately its proper effect; and action has a moral value not so much as action precisely, but as productive of an effect which is the end of the action.¹ In other words, the action must be directed by the agent to a certain term which specifies it, or gives it its moral denomination; and the characteristic of rational action is that the agent is self-motive in respect to the end, whereas creatures that have not reason tend to an end as extrinsically moved to it,—not intrinsically,—since they do not know its nature as end.²

¹ "Actio aliquando dicta effectus, quatenus est ab agente, tamen magis proprie est via ad effectum." "Action is sometimes termed an effect, inasmuch as it is from an agent, yet, more properly, it is the way to the effect."

² "Tamen considerandum est, quod aliquid sua actione vel motu tendit ad finem dupliciter. Uno modo sicut seipsum ad finem movens ut homo. Alio modo sicut ab alio motum ad finem: sicut sagitta tendit ad determinatum finem ex hoc quod movetur a sagittante qui suam actionem dirigit in finem. Illa ergo quæ rationem habent seipsa movent ad finem, quia habent dominium suorum actuum per liberum arbitrium quod est facultas voluntatis et rationis. Illa vero quæ ratione carent, tendunt in finem propter naturalem inclinationem quasi ab alio motu, non autem a seipsis cum non cognoscant rationem finis: et ideo nihil in finem ordinare possunt, sed solum in finem ab alio ordinantur: nam tunc irrationalis natura comparatur ad Deum sicut instrumentum ad agens principale; et ideo proprium est nature rationalis ut tendat in finem quasi se agens vel ducens in finem. Nature vero irrationalis quasi ab alio acta vel ducta, sive in finem apprehensum sicut bruta animalia: sive in finem non apprehensum sicut ea quæ omnino cognitione carent." St. Thom., I, 2, Q. I., Art. 2, conclus. "Yet it must be remembered that anything by its action or motion tends to an end in two ways: in one, as moving itself to an end, as man. In the other way as moved to an end by another: as the arrow tends to a determinate end, because it is set in motion by the archer who directs its action to an end. Those beings, therefore, that have reason move themselves to an end because they have dominion over their acts in virtue of free judgment, which is a faculty of the will and of the reason. But those beings that have not reason, tend to an end on account of natural inclination as moved by another, not by themselves, since they do not apprehend its nature as an end. Hence they are unable to direct another to an end, but are themselves directed thereto; for the whole of irrational nature is referred to God as instrument to principal agent. It is, then, the peculiarity of rational nature to tend to an end as

The plant, by the physical law of its nature, tends to perfect vegetable life by means of growth from intussusception of food; and its action, though immanent and vital, is invariable and uniform. The animal, although moved to its end by extrinsic agency, —similarly to the plant,—yet enjoys a specifically higher life, whereby it tends to an end that is in some manner known; differently from the plant, it can apprehend and sensibly know this or that concrete object as materially such; *v. g.*, the dog can sensibly discriminate between his master and other men. But the faculty of the dog to know stops with the singular and sensible thing; it can indeed apprehend concrete and material relations, but not as such; it apprehends them as sensible things.¹ To know an end formally as such, that is, not merely to know this or that object, but to perceive in it the quality of desirability, or the character which presents it as an object fit and good for appetite, simply transcends the sphere of sensible and organic cognition, and is peculiar to immaterial and intellectual knowledge. Man, as endowed with reason, can know an end not only in its physical nature and properties, but he can also perceive it as an object having a relation to his rational appetite, or to his will. He can then judge and determine for himself freely whether or not he will choose or reject the object; and it is only when this judgment and self-determination in respect to an end are the principles of the action that man can be styled a moral being. The action is then properly called a human action, for as the term “human” expresses the specific note by which man is different from other beings, so, a human action is one which is elicited by man in virtue of his specific perfection; and it consequently differs from other action, whether of man himself or of irrational animals, in this, that it is exercised obediently to rational command. This is the perfection peculiar to a human act; for not all action even of man’s intellect and will can most properly be called human, since much action of these faculties is necessitated, and only those acts are human which are done *obediently* to reason, or over which man has *rational dominion*.

Having considered the nature of a human or moral action somewhat analytically, it will be conducive to clearness to view the subject, with Herbert Spencer, as a whole, and this whole is called conduct. Returning mentally upon the matter under consideration we may ask, of what is this whole which we call conduct composed,

moving or directing itself to it; and the characteristic of irrational nature is to be moved or directed by another to an end which is apprehended, as is the case with the brute animal, or to an end that is not apprehended, which is the condition of those beings that are without knowledge entirely.”

¹ “Finem apprehendunt sed non rationem finis.”

and what is its extent? Reflection upon the meaning of this word will make plain (1) that conduct is with most propriety and by the best English writers applied to that which has a moral character; it is a term which most properly belongs to man when acting completely and specifically as a human being. By analogy to its primary meaning, it may be used to express actions of a different kind when considered in their entirety; for instance, it might be said that a ship's conduct in a storm was admirable, her behavior was all that could be desired. It is evident, however, that these expressions are figurative, and do not manifest the primary signification of the words conduct and behavior. Herbert Spencer¹ thus answers the question, how shall we define conduct: "It is not co-extensive with the aggregate of actions, though it is nearly so. Such actions as those of an epileptic fit are not included in our conception of conduct; the conception excludes purposeless actions." And in recognizing this exclusion "we simultaneously recognize all that is included. The definition of conduct that emerges is either acts adjusted to ends, or else the adjustment of acts to ends, according as we contemplate the formed body of acts or think of the form alone. And conduct, in its full acceptance, must be taken as comprehending all adjustments of acts to ends, from the simplest to the most complex, whatever their special natures, and whether considered separately or in their totality."

The conception (of conduct) undoubtedly excludes purposeless actions; for conduct can be made up of those actions only which are done for an end or purpose. But by whom is the purpose intended? Is it intended by the agent who then and there acts? If so, our conception of conduct is true. If the purpose is not intended by the agent that then and there acts, its operations cannot be called its conduct; it is the exertion of merely physical forces in their own degree and kind. There is a final purpose or an ultimate end manifested in the action of every being, even in that of minerals, *v. g.*, the stone which becomes loosened from the side of the cliff falls to the earth obediently to the law of gravitation, and the law of gravitation itself but subserves an ulterior purpose in the economy of the universe. There is design exhibited in the complicated functions of vegetable life, and equally perceptible is the unifying influence of a final purpose in the varied phenomena of animal existence. To apply the word conduct, however, to the operations of merely physical causes—how visible soever in all of which is a purpose—would surely be an inapt use of the term; there is an essential constituent of conduct yet wanting, and this is, that the purpose on account of which such action is done is un-

¹ Data of Ethics, chapter i.

known to them as the directive principle of their action, and must be referred to a being who is extrinsic and superior to them, viz., to the author of their natures. The Duke of Argyle,¹ with much clearness of language, thus draws the line between the actions of animals and their knowledge of such action: "But this adjustment (between bodily organs and corresponding instincts) would be useless unless it were part of another adjustment between the instincts and perceptions of animals and those facts and forces of surrounding nature which are related to them and to the whole cycle of things of which they form a part. In those instinctive actions of the lower animals which involve the most distant and the most complicated anticipations, it is clear that the prevision which is involved is a prevision which is not in the animals themselves. They appear to be guided by some simple appetite, by an odor or a taste, and they have obviously no more consciousness of the ends to be subserved, or of the mechanism by which they are secured, than the suckling has of the processes of nutrition. The path along which they walk is a path which they did not engineer. It is a path made for them, and they simply follow it. But the propensities and tastes and feelings which make them follow it, and the rightness of its direction towards the ends to be obtained, do constitute a unity of adjustment which binds together the whole world of life, and the whole inorganic world on which living things depend." The purpose, then, which is visible in animal action, is not in the animals themselves, but in the being who framed their nature; their action, therefore, cannot properly be called conduct. Conduct essentially is applicable to those actions only which are performed by an agent on account of an end which is known as such, and intended by himself; it is there the behavior of a *person*. Such action is peculiarly the agent's own work; his dominion or ownership is complete, and it is, therefore, imputable to him, or he is accountable for it. To sum the matter up, conduct in strictness is applied to the action of that being only who is intelligent and free. A distinction becomes necessary, therefore, in the following proposition of Mr. Spencer: "Complete comprehension of conduct is not to be obtained by contemplating the conduct of human beings only; we have to regard this as a proof of universal conduct—conduct as exhibited by all living creatures."²

Now there is a true respect under which we may speak of universal conduct, of which that of human beings is a portion only. When we contemplate the action of all creatures as giving evidence of a purpose which exists in the mind of an intelligent being, then

¹ The Unity of Nature, published in the Contemporary Review for October, 1880.

² Data of Ethics, chapter i.

the actions of all creatures as his effect are in a true sense imputable to him as principal agent, and as manifestations of his power and intelligence they become, in some manner, the conduct of this intelligent being. Since conduct is necessarily a predicate only of an agent that is intelligent and free, and since man is the only being of such a kind in the visible world, human language recognizes this truth, and refuses to employ the word as a predicate proper to any nature lower than man's. The inference, then, is, that to define conduct as "the adjustment of acts to ends," is to leave unsettled the relation which the adjustment bears to the being whose action is in question. Does the being adjust its own actions to an end known as such, or are its acts adjusted to an end for it by an extrinsic and superior being? Conduct requires a *self-adjustment* of acts to an end whose character as end is known; the adjustment cannot be performed by proxy, or else the action sinks to the merely physical, which is the case with the actions of all natures lower than the human.

It will be in place here to consider more specially what is the end of conduct or of human actions; for it admits of no rational doubt that there is an ultimate end which terminates either expressly or implicitly the action of all creatures. Let us now examine what definitely this end is. It may be stated at once that the object to which every being tends, or which is aimed at in the action of every being, is good.¹ Good is essentially the object of appetite; it is that which is simply and for its own sake desirable. Since good is the object to which every being tends, and since beings are of different natures, it is plain that the good, as the object of appetite, will vary according to the nature of the being whose term it is. In other words, the good which is the term of every being's action must be such as befits the specific nature of the being, and ultimately perfects it; for example, the musician, as such, does not aim at producing a beautiful painting, nor does the portrait painter, as such, endeavor to compose exquisite music; and accordingly the ultimate perfection of the one is not that of the other, though a good object is that to which both in their respective characters tend. In brief, the essential end of every being must be duly proportioned to the specific nature of the being. And as a human or moral action differs in its essence from one that is merely physical or natural, it follows that the essential object of the one is different from that of the other, although both objects agree generically in this, that they are good. The final end, then, which is the ultimate perfection of a being, is proportioned to the being's nature, and it is reached in a manner proper to the being itself.

¹ Bonum est quod omnia appetunt.

This is the distinction made by the schoolmen, and it is clear and precise. They admitted that the ultimate end of all actions is good, and hence the same *objectively*; but the obtaining of the end constituting final perfection was proportioned to the nature of the being; in other words, the possession of that ultimately perfecting good was according to the being's own essence.¹

The means by which rational natures come into possession of their essential end constitute the matter about which morality is concerned; and this as reduced to formulæ directive of the conduct of these beings, *i. e.*, as prescribing the use of some and forbidding the use of other means, takes the shape of law; hence law is "an ordinance of reason," "a rule of conduct," etc.

The good to which man tends, as to the final perfection of his nature, is called the chief or supreme good, and the possession of it is styled beatitude or perfect happiness, which, to use the words of Mr. Spencer, is the "end underived from any other end." It is that which alone is adequate to meet the requirements of our nature; not even virtue, which possesses a participated perfection, can be the chief end of human aim, for virtue in the last analysis is only a means to an end, and if this were withdrawn, although the intrinsic distinction between right and wrong would yet remain, independent of consequences,—the proper course to be observed by a rational nature,—still there would not always, in such supposition, be an efficient incentive for virtuous action; for man, as now constituted, is not gifted with perfect insight into the true nature of things, and the human will is not always impervious to the seductive influence of pleasure inconsistent with reason.

¹ St. Thomas, I. 2, Q. 1, Art. 8, concl.: "Respondeo dicendum quod sicut Philosophus dicit in s. Met., finis dupliciter dicitur, scilicet cujus et quo, id est ipsa res in qua ratio boni invenitur, et usus sive adeptio illius rei: sicut si dicamus quod motus corporis gravis finis est vel locus inferior ut res; vel hoc quod est esse in loco inferiori, ut usus: et finis avari est vel pecunia ut res, vel possessio pecuniæ ut usus. Si ergo loquamur de ultimo fine hominis quantum ad ipsam rem quæ est finis: sic in ultimo fine hominis omnia alia conveniunt; quia Deus est ultimus finis hominis et omnium aliarum rerum. Si autem loquamur de ultimo fine hominis quantum ad consecutionem finis sic in hoc fine hominis non communicant creature irrationales, nam homo et aliæ rationales creature consequuntur ultimum finem cognoscendo et amando Deum, quod non competit aliis creaturis quæ adipiscuntur ultimum finem in quantum participant aliquam similitudinem Dei, secundum quod sunt vel vivunt, vel etiam cognoscunt." "An end, as Aristotle says, may be viewed under two respects, viz., merely as an object or thing wherein the character of good is found, and also as an object to be reached or possessed: just as the end to which a heavy body in its motion tends, is a lower place, as an object, and as an object to be reached or possessed it is *being in* a lower place; or, as the end of a miser is money as an object, and as an object to be attained it is the possession of money. Hence, if we speak of man's ultimate end merely as an object, there it is the same for him and all other creatures; but if we speak of it as to its possession, irrational creatures do not share in it, since rational creatures attain their ultimate by knowing and loving God."

It was just said that even were the true end of human aim withdrawn, were there no essential end for man's nature,—as there is,—even then the distinction between a right and wrong would not be obliterated; for we must conceive the inherent rectitude of certain actions and the intrinsic evil of others to be so seated in the very nature of things, that if we put the impossible case in which no reward would ultimately crown virtue, and no punishment visit the wrongdoer, even then the moral character of human actions as right or wrong would not be effaced, and the right would still be worthy and the wrong unworthy of our rational nature's observance.¹ Morality as belonging to the speculative and absolute order we rightly conceive to be founded in the intrinsic essences of things in such a manner as to be simply independent of reward or punishment, happiness or unhappiness; these are necessary consequences of good and bad actions, but being effects, and hence secondary, our consideration cannot rest in them for the ultimate and absolute reason of things. They are indeed causes in one sense, since in the present order of providence, they are the last *practical* motive for the performance of virtue and for the avoidance of vice; but for philosophical analysis we must proceed to the causes of these effects, happiness and unhappiness, reward and punishment, and this brings us to the *a priori* order of the essences of things, to which there is nothing ulterior; here we are within the sphere of metaphysical truth, on which ultimately rests the difference between right and wrong, and from which results the simply final and immutable norma of morality. And just as we cannot say that the final reason of mathematical truths is to be found in the advantages resulting from their practical application, so neither can we say that the essential truths of the moral order are such *ultimately* because of the benefits accruing from their observance. But when we leave the order of speculative truth, and enter the sphere of the practical, then we must take into account the results of good and evil actions, their character of producing happiness or unhappiness, and in this sphere the end, the *summum bonum*, is supreme. Our moral actions having, of necessity, good as the term of their tendency, are performed on account of an ultimate end, whose possession renders us perfectly happy, and perfect happiness, therefore, becomes practically the final rule of our actions.

¹ Cicero (lib. 2, de Finib.) has this expressive sentence: "Quod tale est ut detracta omni utilitate sine ullis præmiis fructibusque percipsum possit jure laudari." "What is intrinsically right (*honestum*) is such that were all utility removed it could of right be praised for itself alone, even without reward."

And Aristotle has the following: "That then is honorable which, while it is an object of choice on its own account, is commendable also, or which, being good, is pleasant simply because it is good. But if the honorable be this, virtue must necessarily be honorable, for being good it is commendable." 1 Rhet. chap. ix.

In this connection let us view a theory current with some writers on the last motives of moral actions. The following is from Mr. Spencer: "And yet cross-examination quickly compels every one to confess the true ultimate end. Just as the miser asked to justify himself is obliged to allege the power of money to purchase desirable things as his reason for prizing it, so the moralist, who thinks this conduct intrinsically good and that intrinsically bad, if pushed home, has no choice but to fall back on their pleasure-giving and pain-giving effects. To prove this, it needs but to observe how impossible it would be to think of them as we do if their effects were reversed."¹

To follow out this reasoning, we should say that the chemist who thinks gold intrinsically different from silver, if pushed home, has no choice but to allege the different specific gravity of the two metals, their difference of malleability and color, and other properties peculiar to each respectively. Now, the different effects of these metals, or the properties peculiar to each, are certainly a reason why the two metals are different: furthermore, they are the only means by which we arrive at a knowledge of their difference at all: yet the difference of specific gravity, of malleability, color, etc., are not the *final* reason why gold and silver are intrinsically distinct. This is presupposed to such properties, and is to be found *ultimately* in the difference of essential nature which exists between the two metals. The inherent essence of gold is different from the inherent essence of silver, and consequent upon this are the distinct essential properties which belong to each. Similarly, to make the final reason why this conduct is intrinsically good and that intrinsically bad consist in their different effects as producing happiness or unhappiness, is without doubt to state a reason, nay, the *last practical* reason, why the two sets of actions are different, but we have not then arrived at the absolutely ultimate reason for such distinction. This is to be obtained only from a consideration of right and wrong as composed of those essential relations whose terms are the intrinsic essences of things. This view prescind from the merely practical, and places the question in the order of speculative and necessary truth, which is absolutely immutable.

The reasoning, then, employed in the passage quoted above while true under a respect, yet is not without difficulty from a philosophical standpoint. Objection must be raised also to the assumption that man's present life is his final and only state. If this were true, if man's moral actions had no bearing on any other condition of things than the present, no practical reason could be assigned for the performance of many actions which are now called

¹ Data of Ethics, chapter iii.

virtuous; pleasure-giving and pain-giving effects would then be an important element in shaping the conduct of many. Although virtue is the means by which we arrive at perfect happiness,—which is our last end,—yet it does not always meet with reward on this earth, nor is vice here always punished, and unless there be a time when the equality of justice is established between things, there would be no adequate sanction for the moral order. As a truth, however, that can be shown by natural reason, man's present life is not his final state; he is destined for something beyond and above the present and transitory order, and if a future and permanent condition of things be ignored, the problem of present existence becomes incapable of solution; if man's destiny were "of the earth earthly," the application of the moral law would require considerable modification.

As a fact, however, human nature is differently constituted; there is an end which is the befitting and final complement of our being, and this end is none other than beatitude, perfect happiness; hence, practically that action is morally good which is conducive to this end, happiness, and that action is morally wrong which averts us from it. Our end is the practical standard to which we refer our moral actions. The truth of this matter is peculiarly well stated by Aristotle, and the following reflections from his *Ethics* on the natural destiny of man are unanswerable: "In fine, we call that completely perfect which is always eligible for its own sake, and never on account of anything else. Of such a kind does happiness seem in a peculiar manner to be; for this we always choose on its own account and never on account of anything else. But honor, and pleasure, and intellect, and every virtue we choose partly on their own account (for were no further advantage to result from them, we should choose each of them), but we choose them also for the sake of happiness, because we suppose that we shall attain happiness by their means; but no one chooses happiness for the sake of these, nor in short for the sake of anything else."¹

Not only did this eminent philosopher conclude that perfect happiness was the essential destiny of man, but his reasoning as to what precisely constitutes perfect happiness is acute and profound; so true, indeed, are his arguments, that although subjected to the keenest disputation of scholastic ages they withstood the test, and were finally adopted as incontrovertible. Viewing our human nature as composed of matter and spirit substantially united, he inquires whether man's ultimate end—which is beatitude—can consist of a life shared in common with either the vegetable or the

¹ Bk. I., chap. vii.

animal. This he answers in the negative; since, were it true, then both the vegetable and the animal could acquire beatitude. He concludes, therefore, that man's ultimate end must consist essentially of that life which distinguishes him from irrational creatures, viz., the rational life, the life of an intelligent being. Now, since every being is perfect, in so far as it is in act or operation, *i. e.*, removed from a state of mere potentiality, it follows that beatitude, or man's final perfection, will consist essentially of intellectual operation, and not of this merely, but of such a kind as is elicited "according to perfect virtue," or "with the highest excellence." The befitting and adequate object, however, of intellectual activity transcends the finite, and is nothing less than the infinite. The constituents of beatitude, or of man's natural destiny, are first, the most perfect object, and second, the most perfect possession of that object. In brief, beatitude consists in the most perfect exercise of man's noblest faculties in regard to the most perfect object.

Such was the teaching of Aristotle, and thus also was he understood by a kindred mind; St. Thomas of Aquin, who is at once representative of the scholastic doctrine, and whom a natural aptitude, perfected by rigid discipline, had rendered thoroughly conversant with the writings of this illustrious pagan.

After observing generally that beatitude consists of action or operation as opposed to a dormant and inactive state, St. Thomas reasons thus: "Since beatitude implies ultimate perfection, according to which different beings capable of acquiring beatitude attain to different degrees of perfection, it is necessary to distinguish different applications of this term. To God, beatitude is essential, because His existence is His operation, and He Himself is the object of His own happiness. In the angels, beatitude is ultimate perfection as arising from that operation by which they are united to uncreated good, and this is their sole and unending action. Man in the present state of existence is ultimately perfected by the operation which unites him to God, but this is not continuous, and consequently it is not the sole action of man since it is interrupted: and, accordingly, perfect beatitude cannot be attained in the present life. Hence, Aristotle calls the beatitude of this life imperfect, and finally concludes thus: 'We call them blessed as men.'"¹

¹ "Ad quantum dicendum quod cum beatitudo dicat quandam ultimam perfectionem, secundum quod diversæ res beatitudinis capaces ad diversos gradus perfectionis pertingere possunt: secundum hoc necesse est quod diversimode beatitudo dicatur. Nam in Deo est beatitudo per essentiam quia ipsum esse ejus est operatio ejus, quia non fruitur alio sed seipso. In angelis autem beatitudo est ultima perfectio secundum aliquam operationem qua conjunguntur bono increato; et hæc operatio est in eis unica et sempiterna. In hominibus autem secundum statum præsentis vitæ est ultima perfectio secundum operationem qua homo conjungitur Deo: sed hæc operatio nec continua potest esse, et per consequens nec unica est, quia operatio interscissione multi-

From the explanation of St. Thomas, and from the sentences cited above, it is plain that when Aristotle says beatitude is an operation of the soul according to virtue, he is not considering virtue under its moral aspect, but as a quality or physical perfection superadded to intellect to enable it to elicit its most perfect operation in respect to that object whose possession renders us blessed. Intellectual action, as assisted by this perfecting quality, is the highest of its kind, and the intellect is then said by Aristotle to act according to virtue. This being the case, the objection raised by Mr. Spencer to Aristotle's view of our ultimate end is not well founded. The author of the *Data of Ethics* is of opinion that Aristotle places virtue as the supreme end of human actions, defines happiness in terms of virtue, *instead of* defining virtue in terms of happiness. This is, however, a misunderstanding of Aristotle's meaning. The mind of the Grecian philosopher was too acute to place moral virtue, however ennobling, as the final end of our being; he saw and taught clearly that virtue is a means to an end, not the end itself, and hence he says: "We choose (the virtues) partly on their own account (for were no further advantage to result from them, we should choose each of them), but we choose them also for the sake of happiness, because we suppose that we shall attain happiness by their means; but no one chooses happiness for the sake of these, nor in short for the sake of anything else."¹ Now, when he says that man's chief good is "an operation of the soul according to perfect virtue," he is using the term virtue in the sense of a positive perfection, which renders the action of the soul in which it is present more excellent than it would otherwise be.² Since, ignorant of revelation, he had no conception of a supernatural beatitude divinely illumining man's intellect, but regarded this perfection or virtue as something naturally acquirable by exercise and repeated action, it was, therefore, a habit which gave facility and excellence to the action of which it was part of the cause. Upon truths of the necessary and unchangeable order the views of Aristotle have received little or no subsequent improvement, and his sayings in these matters are regarded by St. Thomas—the greatest mediæval doctor—as conclusive.

There is a tendency in the writings of Mr. Spencer, and others of the same school, to reduce the moral order to the physical; to

plicatur, et propter hoc, in statu præsentis vitæ perfecta beatitudo ab homine haberi non potest. Unde Philosophus in I. Ethic ponens beatitudinem hominis in hac vita, dicit eam imperfectam, post multa concludens: 'Beatos autem dicimus ut homines;' sed promittitur nobis a Deo beatitudo perfecta quando erimus sicut angeli in cœlo,' etc.—I. 2, Q. 3, Art. 2.

¹ Eth., Bk. I., chap. vii.

² "Est autem virtus nihil aliud quam in se perfecta et ad summum perducta natura." (Cic. de Seg., 1, 8.)

regard the one as differing perhaps from the other, but only in degree, not in kind. Now, while there is some analogy between the two, arising partly from internal and partly from external reasons, yet in the final analysis there is an essential difference between the two orders. There is analogy in this respect, that, while action of some sort forms the subject-matter with which both are concerned, and since all of our knowledge is derived either directly or implicitly from the senses,¹ the manner of thought and the predicates which we apply to moral and abstract matters all give evidence of their sensible origin; yet while this is true, while we clothe even the most abstract thought in sensible imagery, still we are aware that such thought is then but imperfectly representative of its object, whose adequate conception would strip the mental term of the last vestige of material coloring. Furthermore, the term of all action, whether physical or moral, is good, and therefore in general the same; still what is morally good, and what is good only physically, are as such specifically different, so much so in fact, that what is physically evil is sometimes morally good, and *vice versa*. To confound these two orders, so essentially distinct, is to destroy the dignity of our rational nature, and to eliminate entirely the element which gives meaning to the terms right and wrong; to ignore this distinction is to divest morality of its intrinsic and absolute character, to make of it something relative and variable with its incidental effects.

A little reflection upon this subject will make plain (1) that the moral rectitude of an action cannot be estimated properly by its consequences considered merely physically and as related to man's present condition; and (2) what is morally evil² cannot be appropriately defined by its physical effects, which are oftentimes good. The moral character of an upright action results finally from its being done freely in accordance with an absolute and unalterable standard, and an action that is wrong is such finally, because of a defection from this same standard, which is the ultimate law of morality. This standard or *norma* may be viewed either as it is in itself or objectively, or it may be considered as informing the intellect of a rational being. Objectively considered, it is nothing else than that order which arises from the natures of things as intrinsically related to God, and to free and intelligent creatures. Objects possess in the last analysis a certain moral character, and

¹ "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu."

² Evil is here spoken of as a cause, but properly it is only a quasi cause, since it is never a cause *per se*, but always *per accidens*. "Malum agit in virtute boni deficientis, si enim nihil esset ibi de bono, neque esset evis neque agere posset: si autem non esset deficientis, non esset malum, unde et actio causata est quoddam bonum deficientis: quia secundum quid est bonum, simpliciter autem malum." I. 2, Q. 18, A. 1, ad. 1.

being thus constituted, they have, both to themselves and to intelligent beings, essential and immutable aspects or relations, which form the objective basis of the moral order. It is evident, therefore, that the principles of morality are absolutely immutable in the same sense that the natures of things are immutable.

There is to be considered also the second aspect of the moral order, viz., as known by and perfecting an intelligent being. As a perfection of the divine intellect it gives rise to the eternal law; and communicated to the creature's intellect, it becomes substantially the natural law. Our reasons, whose nature it is to know the truth, and which are themselves perfect as faculties from the hands of their author, necessarily give their assent to the evident truths of morality, whose reception is at once congenial and universal; and the upright dictate of our rational nature as enunciating the immutable principles of morals is certain and authoritative. Our reasons do not create, but simply declare, the right and the wrong, as the mirror does not make but reflects the image thrown upon its surface. The enunciation of moral matters is, however, put forth in a manner peculiar to the intellect whose characteristic it is to base its primary cognition on sensible objects, and gradually to rise to the conception of things wholly supersensible and abstract. And of such kind are the general truths of morality.

If the foregoing argument be true, the following question may occur: Even granting that there is an essential and intrinsic distinction between right and wrong, whence arises my obligation to observe it? I may admit the abstract and speculative truth of the position just advanced, but this would not settle the practical question of duty. To answer this satisfactorily, it is necessary to notice a characteristic of obligation in general.

An obligation is something which an intelligent being owes; it is, of its nature, a debt. Now the cause or reason of a debt is, to use a legal term, a consideration; and as it is impossible to conceive an effect without a cause, so is it impossible to conceive an obligation strictly such without some good either received or to be received which is the cause of the obligation. The consideration or the good which founds the debt we call obligation may not actually be received, as would be the case, for instance, where the artist engages to produce a portrait for a certain sum of money. The good which originates the obligation in the artist to execute the given work is not actually received, but it is something certainly to be received, and upon its receivable quality depends the entire obligation to perform the undertaking. This being true, the answer to the question proposed above may be short and effectual. I am obliged, in the strict sense of the term, to do right, because I am the actual and expectant recipient of a good which

is fully commensurate with the obligation originated ; practically, my duty is to do right because I thereby acquire my supreme good, the ultimate perfection of my being, and by failure to do what is right, I miss my final end ; in addition to this there is also punishment in store for the wrongdoer, which is likewise part of the sanction set upon morality.

Although there is presupposed to obligation a correlative good which founds it, or gives it its stringent character, yet what is right should be done, and what is wrong should be avoided even were actual obligation destroyed ; right and wrong are logically anterior even to the obligation to observe the one and avoid the other ; what is right is absolutely befitting to a rational nature, and what is wrong is unbecoming. However, to do the right for its own sake, and to avoid the wrong simply because it is such, is a concept really above the practical order, and is more abstract than the ordinary motive of human beings, who require the accession of rewards and punishments effectually to determine their course of action in the right path. Examined, however, speculatively, or in a purely philosophical light, what is right ought to be done simply because it is right, and what is wrong avoided because it is wrong ; but the usual manner of conceiving obligation is as a derivation from law, which supposes a superior who can bind the will.

In expounding the utilitarian and intuitive theory of morals, Mr. Lecky¹ has some remarks well worthy of consideration. According to him, " a theory of morals must explain, not only what constitutes duty, but also how we obtain the notion of there being such a thing as duty. It must tell us not merely the course of conduct we ought to pursue, but also what is the meaning of this word 'ought,' and from what source we derive the idea it expresses." And farther on he says : " If we ask what constitutes virtuous and what vicious actions we are told (by those who base morals upon experience) that the first are those which increase the happiness or diminish the pains of mankind, and the second are those which have the opposite effect. If we ask what is the motive to virtue we are told that it is an enlightened self-interest."

This last remark contains the pith of the doctrine maintained by one school of moralists in regard to the motive for virtue. Is the motive for virtue an enlightened self-interest ? This question we cannot readily answer either in the affirmative or the negative.

All the action of man, whether physical or moral, is on account of an end which is good, and in respect to this end his action is necessitated, not free ; the sphere of morality, therefore, or of man's free actions, does not embrace the simple and indeterminate good

¹ Hist. Europ. Morals, vol. i., chap. i.

which is the essential object of the will. Morality is concerned only about the means to this end. Now, if by an enlightened self-interest be meant the possession of that good which is the term of man's actions and which constitutes bliss, then it may be granted that an enlightened self-interest is the last practical motive for virtue. But the language would then be inaccurate, because there are other and more appropriate terms to express this idea. If, however, by enlightened self-interest as the motive for virtue it be meant that virtue is such only in so far as it is conducive to man's temporal well-being, then the assumption is not true; and, indeed, in the ordinary sense, this proposition would reduce virtue to something variable and relative, since what in my view may be only enlightened self-interest may be really injustice to another; the right, consequently, becomes nothing more than my view of what is to my material interest.

Right is something independent of my opinion of it, and wrong is still such, even though I thought it right; the intrinsic distinction between the two would be as much a truth of the intelligible order, even were no creatures in existence, just as it would still be true, whether we understand it or not, that parallel lines can never meet.

It was previously stated that man's final end must consist essentially of the most perfect operation of his superior faculties in regard to the most perfect object. Let us here examine the reasons upon which this statement rests, and see, moreover, whether it is a truth discoverable by natural reason. For this purpose, let us look at the manner in which the subject is treated by Aristotle. The seventh chapter of his *Ethics*¹ begins thus: "If happiness be an energy according to virtue, it is reasonable to suppose that it is according to the best virtue; and this must be the virtue of the best part of man. Whether, then, this best part be the intellect or something else, which is thought naturally to bear rule and to govern, and to possess ideas upon honorable and divine subjects; or whether it is itself divine, or the most divine of any property which we possess; the energy of this part according to its proper virtue must be perfect happiness; and that this energy is contemplative has been stated. This also would seem to agree with what was said before, and with the truth; for this energy is the noblest; since the intellect is the noblest thing within us, and of subjects (objects) of knowledge, those are noblest with which the intellect is conversant."

Aristotle assumes in this argument (because he has demonstrated it previously) that happiness is sought for its own sake, and that

¹ Book X.

all other things are sought on account of happiness. Noticing, with his usual acuteness, this principle of our nature, he proceeds to determine what happiness essentially is. Since man alone of the beings on this earth is susceptible of happiness, it must be in virtue of a superior principle which elevates him above other terrestrial beings: this principle is his rational nature, the soul, whose noblest faculty is intellect. Beatitude, then, or perfect happiness, is an activity of the soul, especially as eliciting its most perfect operation, which is the contemplation of truth: its action, as in this manner perfected, is *according to virtue*, *i. e.*, is elicited under the influence of a permanent quality acquired by repeated acts in regard to the same object, thus enabling the power to operate with promptness and facility. Placing contemplation of the truth as the highest action of which man is capable, the Grecian philosopher next considered the nature of the truth which contemplation regards. Evidently this must be truth of the most perfect order; it must adequately satisfy the capacity of man's intellect for knowing, that is, it must leave nothing ulterior and more worthy to be sought after, it must, in short, be supreme truth. Having carried the argument to its final conclusion, the philosopher has the following significant passage descriptive of a perfectly happy or blessed life: "But such a life would be better than man could attain to; for he would live thus not so far forth as he is a man, but as there is in him something divine.¹ But so far as this divine part surpasses the whole compound nature, so far does its energy surpass the energy² which is according to all other virtue. If, then, the intellect be divine when compared with man, the life, also, which is in obedience to that, will be divine when compared with human life. But a man ought not to entertain human thoughts as some would advise, because he is human, nor mortal thoughts because he is mortal; but as far as it is possible, he should make himself immortal, and do everything with a view to living in accordance with the best principle in him; although it be small in size, yet in power and value it is far more excellent than all. Besides, this would seem to be each man's 'self,' if it really is the

¹ The translator, R. W. Browne, M.A., has here selected the following happy quotation from Cicero: "Vitæ autem degendæ ratio maxime quidem illis placuit quieta, in contemplatione et cognitione posita rerum; quæ quia Deorum erit vitæ simillima sapienti visa est dignissima, atque his derebus et splendida est eorum et illustis oratio." "The manner of life most pleasing to them (the Stoics) was the quiet one consisting in the contemplation and knowledge of things: it seemed the most worthy of a wise man, because it was most like the life of the gods; and in this matter their language is both beautiful and remarkable."

² "Energy" would seem not to express the meaning of the term *ἐνέργεια* as well as operation or action. St. Thomas, who understood Aristotle's mind thoroughly, translates this word by "operatio;" "Sed contra est quod Philosophus dicit in I. Ethic. quod felicitas est *operatio* secundum virtutem perfectam." I. 2, Q. 3, Art. 2.

ruling and better part. It would be absurd, therefore, if a man were to choose not his own life but the life of some other thing. And what was said before will apply now; for that which peculiarly belongs to each by nature is best and most pleasant to every one; and consequently this life, according to intellect, is most pleasant if intellect especially constitutes man. This life, therefore, is the most happy."

Aristotle's language here embodies a true and profound conception of man's nature and destiny; his reasoning, at all times acute, is admirable in this matter, which is naturally somewhat obscure, and being nearly related to the practical affairs of life, it is liable to be tinged with prejudice, which sways the will and darkens the understanding. The dignified views of this enlightened pagan, so free from the gross and materialistic theories of many of his contemporaries, would do honor to the Christian philosopher; and, indeed, the lustre of truth which shines through his pages casts into the shade the systems of many philosophers who pass by that name. It seems to have been the peculiar merit of this remarkable man to look at things with the calm eye of reason, and to build a system of thought only after mature reflection and searching analysis; the generalizations proposed by him in speculative matters have remained undisturbed, because they state with precision the necessary predicates of all being, the intrinsic nature of man, and the true character of his ultimate end. Unlike his illustrious teacher, the genius of the poet never overshadowed the accuracy of the philosopher; and while the writings of the one are admired for their beauty, those of the other are studied for the truth.

GLADSTONE'S LATEST BLUNDER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S action in causing the arrest of Charles Stewart Parnell has created a profound sensation in this country, as well as in Ireland and England. In the latter country it is the subject of congratulation for the moment to the supporters of the Gladstone administration, and also to the Conservatives, who on other questions are opposed to Mr. Gladstone's policy. It is very probable, however, that even among those who are now rejoicing over the arrest, regret will take the place of the feelings they now express. Reflection and a perception of consequences that, it is almost certain, will quickly ensue, will convince them that the act was ill-advised and rash, and that instead of its being, as Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at Guildhall to the citizens of London, asserted, "the first step toward the vindication of law and of order, of the rights of property, of the first elements of freedom, of political life, and of civilization," it will prove to be the climax of the tyrannical and imprudent movement of the English Government in needlessly intensifying hatred and passionate opposition and resistance to its authority among the people of Ireland, while professedly endeavoring to calm those feelings. In the speech of Mr. Gladstone, from which the foregoing quotation is made, he further says: "The present agitation (in Ireland) is not in any degree connected with what is called in Ireland 'home rule,' or with the local self-government of that country," which latter system he declared he "would be delighted to see established, provided it would not break down or impair the supremacy of imperial control." If Mr. Gladstone is sincere in these statements, which we read with unqualified surprise, as coming from his lips, he has certainly taken a strange way to create confidence in them. If the present agitation had "no connection with the desire of the Irish people for self-government," Mr. Parnell's arrest will make that connection, will spread and intensify the agitation, and will bring into closest union in minds in which the union previously did not exist, Mr. Parnell personally, and Mr. Parnell's policy, with both the industrial and the political rights of the Irish people.

In Ireland, it scarcely need be said, there is imminent danger that the arrest will precipitate a crisis, the deplorable consequences of which no one can foresee or estimate. It will multiply outrages against property and life; it will furnish the perpetrators of those outrages, and the persons who encourage and assist them, with a pretence of excuse and justification for continuing them. It will drag into the ranks of the lawless peaceable and moral citizens

who otherwise would have refused to join them. It *may* plunge five millions of people, long oppressed and suffering from cruelly hostile and unjust legislation, into virtual anarchy, and may precipitate a desperate, though unequal conflict, which, whatever be the final result (though of that result personally we have no doubt), would cause immense and needless destruction of life and inexpressible misery to the people of suffering Ireland; and would immensely increase, too, the embarrassments, international, social, political, and industrial, of England, which already have become too great to be easily borne, and are too complicated for any one to foresee their solution.

If these consequences do not follow, it will be because they are not the natural consequences of Mr. Gladstone's action, but because of the prudence of the very persons who are charged with and have been arrested for (one of them now released) "inciting" the Irish people to lawlessness, and because of the wonderful power of self-control and self-restraint exercised by the Irish people under repeated provocations, though with singular disregard of plain evidence to the contrary the imputation of fickleness and undue excitability is constantly made against them.

Mr. Parnell, immediately upon his arrest, and before he was taken to prison, telegraphed to the Kildare Convention: "I cannot be with you, but I rely on you as true, sterling men to act as though I were with you. Act manly, steadily, prudently, without disturbance and without fear, completely maintaining your organization under those you can trust, relying on the justice of your cause and the certainty of ultimate triumph."

Mr. Dillon and other influential leaders of the Land, Labor and Industrial League all concur in counselling their followers to calmness combined with firmness and a determination to keep their movements strictly within the limits of constitutional law, and to avoid giving the British Government any occasion for the employment of military force.

The attitude of the people of Ireland corresponds with these suggestions. It is that of intense indignation, but of indignation held under control; of expectancy as to what else Mr. Gladstone will do, mingled with a feeling of gladness that by his rash and arbitrary imprisonment of Mr. Parnell, he has placed himself and his policy so palpably in the wrong, that the sympathies and support of thousands will be enlisted who otherwise would have remained indifferent spectators of the struggles of the people of Ireland for industrial and civil rights.

This abstention of the Irish people from violent and futile resistance of the authority of the British Crown and Parliament plainly is not what Mr. Gladstone expected would follow Mr. Parnell's arrest,

and in this there is every reason to believe he feels greatly disappointed. Resistance of the law, tumultuous uprisings and riots, would have served to cover over the utter failure of his measures as regards Ireland, and to shift from himself over upon the Irish people the responsibility of that failure. The movement of military forces, the "proclamation" of parts of Ireland heretofore excluded from the operation of the Coercion Act, and other measures, plainly show that Mr. Gladstone expected, it is scarcely too much to say hoped, would plunge Ireland into such confusion as, for the time being, would place in abeyance all questions of civil policy. He has been foiled in this; and there is no room to doubt that he will soon perceive that his idea of arresting the movement of the Irish people towards industrial and civil freedom by arbitrarily imprisoning their leaders is a huge blunder, as well as an act of needless tyranny. His own personal experience, his failures to crush the Land League or even retard its progress by previous arrests, ought to have taught him that the arresting of Mr. Parnell would be equally futile to intimidate or deter the people of Ireland from continuing a movement to which with resolute determination they are committed.

Our opinions on this point are confirmed by the fact that the natural effect of tumultuous uprisings and defiance of law in Ireland would be to put the new Land Law in abeyance as an operative measure, to turn public attention away from a consideration of its merits or defects, and thus avert the unfavorable criticisms which it is evident Mr. Gladstone fears, and to which he has shown a morbid sensitiveness inconsistent with the position he holds and with the character of a prudent and firm ruler.

Mr. Gladstone's criminal blunder has its origin, in great degree, we believe, in the fact that he is a *doctrinaire*, a characteristic which necessarily unfits its unfortunate possessor from becoming a real statesman. Evolving his measures from his own personal theories, instead of adapting them to the circumstances and conditions of those whom his measures will affect, the legislative enactments of a *doctrinaire* lack the simplicity necessary to useful, effectual, remedial action, and, as a rule, are failures from the very start, because both of their complexity and their impracticability. Along with this, too, egotistic adherence to their own ideas, and unwillingness to change them and suit their measures to the exigencies of the case, commonly characterize *doctrinaires*. They legislate for what in their judgment *should be* the interests of the people instead of what actually *are*, for what *they* think the people *should* need instead of what they *do* need. If their legislation is not accepted they endeavor to make it effectual by compulsory means; if it fails to produce beneficial

results, the cause of the failure is attributed to the obstinacy of the people, instead of the want of true sagacity in themselves.

Hence Mr. Gladstone's impatience and his unwillingness to wait until time and the action of the Land Commission had shown how far his new Land Act would fairly meet and solve the question of land tenures in Ireland. Had he been ruled by the true spirit of statesmanship he would have *waited*. There was every reason for his doing it. The archbishops and bishops of Ireland at their meeting at Maynooth had declared that "the new Land Act was a great benefit to the tenant class and a large instalment of justice, for which the gratitude of the country" was due "to Mr. Gladstone and his government and to all who helped to carry the measure through Parliament."

They prudently abstained from an unqualified approval of the act, but with like prudence, they "earnestly exhorted their flocks to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from the Act, believing that if rightly used it will bring present substantial benefit, and help them to obtain the rights, social and political, which they justly claim." The influence of this declaration of the bishops of Ireland upon the tenants could scarcely be overrated had Mr. Gladstone given time for it to produce its intended effect, and had he not practically neutralized it by the intense excitement he has fomented in Ireland, turning public attention entirely away from the Land Act and its provisions.

Moreover, the very action of the Land League, which appears to have precipitated Mr. Gladstone's invoking anew the provisions of an odious and tyrannical law,—the Coercion Act,—should have caused him to *wait*; and had he been a true statesman, or had he possessed the courage of conviction, he *would* have waited. The Land League advised the Irish tenants to defer appealing to the Land Commission until the actual operation of the Land Act could be tested by cases representing the different classes of grievances complained of. The League, furthermore, advised the tenants to united, rather than separate individual action, in their appeals to the Land Commission, and proposed to furnish the money necessary to carry the litigation through all the stages and processes necessary to a thorough test of the meaning and practical operation of the different provisions of the Act.

A true statesman, and one who believed in his legislation as an effectual remedy for admitted wrongs, would have regarded this as a fair challenge; and with the fairness and courage of real conviction would have promptly accepted it. He would have said, in effect, to his opponents: "I am as desirous as you are to put my legislation to the test of practical application. I believe it will stand the test. If it will not, it is worthless, and in that case I will join with

you in repealing it and in legislating anew. If my legislation is defective on any point, I wish its defects to be discovered as soon as possible, that they may be cured by supplementary legislation. My object is to abate wrongs and to promote and protect rights. Beyond that I care nothing for the new Act I have imposed."

That would have been the answer of a true statesman, of a man who thoroughly believed in the remedial efficacy of the new law he had had enacted, and his action would have accorded with his words. But that was neither the answer nor the action of Mr. Gladstone. In effect he has said: "I am unwilling to submit my act to the exhaustive test proposed. I fear the exposure of its weakness and defects. I will prevent that exposure if I can. The tenants of Ireland shall accept the Act as it stands, or else continue subject to all the wrongs and oppression of their former condition. I am unwilling to meet hostile criticism, and to brook interference with or opposition to my measures. You must take them as they are, and for what they are worth. I will employ the whole power of my government against you, and if, in the excitement or disturbance thus caused, my new law is forgotten or becomes inoperative, it will at least escape the effects of your hostile criticism."

This, substantially, has been Mr. Gladstone's answer to the action of the Land League. It is the answer of a *doctrinaire* and of a despot. Mr. Gladstone is, as we have already said, a *doctrinaire*. He is, or affects to be, a *litterateur*, a political economist, a speculative philosopher, and a theologian, as well as a politician and a statesman. He is so wedded to his own theories, that, regardless of what *is*, and carried away with admiration of his own ideas of what *ought to be*, he imagines that he is a philanthropist, while in reality he is acting the part of a tyrant. History records many such instances.

That Mr. Gladstone really believes he can compel the people of Ireland to quietly acquiesce in this, we cannot even suppose. The character and history of the Irish people forbid any such idea, as does, too, their action since the previous arrests under the miscalled "Peace Preservation Act." They inspired the Irish people with new determination instead of fear. They enlisted in support of the land tenure movement thousands who before were not in sympathy with it and gave it no assistance. The day has gone by, if ever it existed, when efforts to intimidate the people of Ireland by suppressing freedom of discussion, freedom of consideration of public measures; by prohibiting freedom of public conventions to counsel lines of action upon those measures; by elevating suspicion into the place of evidence, and accusations unaccompanied by proof into that of conviction; by arresting popular leaders and denying them the right of trial by jury—can force the people of Ireland to tamely

acquiesce in what their judgment disapproves. If Mr. Gladstone thinks he can, he has read Irish history with less of profit, and is more obtuse in his perception of the effect of his previous crowding the cells of Kilmainham jail with "suspects," than we can believe possible.

We can discover, therefore, no other reason for Mr. Gladstone's action (putting aside as unworthy the imputation of personal malice against Mr. Parnell and other leaders of the Land League movement) than that it is a piece of strategy designed to prevent expected exposures of defects in his new Land Act, by creating in Ireland a condition of affairs which will throw that Act and all questions it was intended to decide into abeyance, and occupy public attention with other subjects.

Mr. Gladstone cannot but know that his action will not only widen and deepen the existing agitation in Ireland, but will divert it from the land tenure controversy to other subjects, and that the natural effect of his arrests of the leaders of the Land League, and of his measures to suppress it (should not the people of Ireland be held back by their own prudence and firmness of purpose, and by moral and religious considerations), will be to increase lawlessness and outrages against persons and property, and to excite riots, tumults, and violent resistance of law.

We hope and believe that in this Mr. Gladstone will fail; that the people of Ireland will control their just indignation, and thus keep out of the trap that has been set to catch them. United, unshaken in their determination to move forward within the lines of acknowledged principles of constitutional law, and abstaining from anything that can furnish the Gladstone Cabinet with an excuse for employing military force, they will ultimately, and at no distant day, win from the British Government, reluctant though it be to grant them, the industrial and civil rights they are striving for.

Mr. Gladstone may suppress the Land League as respects its present form and organization, but all his measures will be futile to crush that which the Land League represents. Under other forms, and in other ways, the desires and the just demands of the people of Ireland for the removal of the present incubus upon their industrial action, for the acquisition by them of civil and religious rights and equality before the law, and of local self-government, will continue to make themselves felt, and so effectually felt that in the end they will be acceded to.

The only danger that we fear, and it is a danger which Mr. Gladstone's action greatly increases, is that by declaring the Land League an unlawful association, and prohibiting it from open, public action, numbers of the people of Ireland may be driven into union with secret organizations, the consequences of which it is

needless to dwell on. That they will be preserved from this we hope and trust; and the basis of our hope is the firm religious faith of the Irish people, the trust they repose in their clergy and bishops, their reverence for the obligations of religion, and their obedience to those who are placed over them in the Church. Ireland's faith, Ireland's adherence to the Catholic religion, is Ireland's surest safeguard against the crisis that has been precipitated upon her. Availing herself of it now, as she has in times past, she will pass safely through the perils that surround her, and cover her enemies with shame.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE THEORY OF PREACHING: LECTURES ON HOMILECTICS. By *Anson Phelps, D.D.*, late Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.

In Protestant religious services the sermon occupies the principal place, all the other exercises being subordinated to it. Hence it is necessary for Protestant ministers to expend their time and strength upon the preparation and effective delivery of their pulpit discourses. Their own reputation and the prosperity of their congregations depend almost entirely upon their power to attract and interest their hearers.

Hence a greater importance is attached to pulpit eloquence and oratorical power by Protestant ministers than is usually attributed to them by the Catholic clergy. In Catholic services the sermon has a less prominent place. It may or may not form part of the exercises of public worship, according to the occasion and its attendant circumstances. It is less important, and felt to be so by both clergy and people, than visiting the sick, hearing of confessions, administering the sacraments (not to speak of the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass), which more imperative duties necessarily occupy the larger part of the time of Catholic priests. Owing to this, as a rule, less time and labor are expended on the preparation of their sermons, and less care is exercised as to the manner of delivery, by the Catholic clergy than by Protestant ministers.

But while the facts just referred to furnish a valid reason for this difference, they do not justify the neglect which prevails among many of the clergy to make reasonable preparation, both as regards the matter and the form of their discourses, and a carelessness as to the manner of delivering, amounting, in some instances, to uncouthness and slovenliness. There might have been a partial excuse for this in past years in the United States, owing to the circumstances in which both clergy and laity were placed. The clergy were overburdened, borne down by fatigue, and their time was entirely occupied by the labors inci-

dent to their attending numerous distant missions, the members of which were widely scattered over extensive districts of country, by the necessity of making long and frequent journeys to administer the last sacraments to the dying, instructing children, and often adults, ignorant even of the simplest elements of Catholic doctrine, and duties of a like nature required in sparsely settled regions where Catholics and Catholic churches were few in number and far distant from each other. The Catholic laity, too, of those times were, many of them, rude and uncultured ; and rude language and manner of utterance were not as offensive to them as they are to the educated and refined.

But this condition of things no longer exists in the United States. The clergy now have audiences who need for their instruction and edification discourses of a very different and higher character, at least as regards form of expression and manner of delivery, than was required not many years ago. They have more time, too, to devote to the preparation of their discourses, and to acquiring an impressive style of delivery. The fact that the sermon is subordinate to the more solemn acts of Catholic worship, is no reason why it should not be made as effective as care and study in its preparation and power of delivery can possibly make it. It should be remembered, too, that, though the preaching of a sermon by the priest, and the hearing of it by the people, are not direct acts of divine worship, yet that it is the duty of the priest to preach, and of the people to hear and to heed. It is true that preaching includes instruction in Christian doctrine in other ways than that of set public discourses ; but it is in the form of sermons that the people can be reached in largest numbers, and that many can be reached in that way who can be reached in no other, to instruct, reprove, warn, and exhort them. That the Church understands and recognizes all this, is shown by the importance she has always attached to public preaching, and by the action of the Council of Trent making it obligatory upon pastors of churches. Since, therefore, the obligation to preach is plain and imperative, it is also plainly the duty of those upon whom the obligation rests to employ the means available, and to observe all the conditions necessary to secure to their sermons the utmost possible effect.

The Fathers of the Church well understood this. While they denounced the cultivation of rhetoric for its own sake, and condemned theatrical and affected manners in the pulpit, they diligently and carefully employed all the aids with which rhetoric could furnish them, to make their sermons, in form as well as matter, as excellent as possible, and their delivery attractive and impressive. Their exhortations to candidates for the priesthood were in perfect accordance with their own practice. They spoke of the employment of all the resources and aids of human science and human culture in the service of religion, as "spoiling the Egyptians of their treasures," and cutting off "Goliath's head with his own sword."

In confirmation of these remarks, it is only necessary to mention the names of Cyprian, Basil, the Gregories, Athanasius, Cyril, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, and a host of other saints and doctors of the Church, who made their discourses as perfect as possible in matter, arrangement, expression, and delivery, in order to promote the glory of God by attracting within their reach those who otherwise would remain beyond it, and by more effectually instructing, convincing, persuading, rebuking, exhorting, and encouraging those who made up their audiences. Passing to our own age, the learning and care expended by the late Cardinal Wiseman upon his public discourses, and his ability, by

means of them, to attract and interest non-Catholics as well as Catholics, enabled him to obtain a respectful hearing from bitter enemies of the Church, to dispel prejudices, to remove misapprehensions, to place the Catholic religion in a more favorable position in the minds of non-Catholics, and powerfully to influence public opinion in England, and to ward off a probable actual persecution of the Church, the danger of which at one time seemed imminent.

We might also refer, as an equally pertinent instance, to the influence for good which the late Bishop England exerted in South Carolina, and his success in building up the Church there, as being due, humanly speaking, not only to the influence of his consistent Christian example, and his genial, courteous manners, but also to his power as a writer and speaker. In like manner we might refer to what Cardinal Manning has done and is doing in England, and what the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond is accomplishing in Virginia,—in regions the great majority of the people of which never before saw a Catholic bishop, and never before heard a Catholic sermon; yet attracted only, it may be, by the desire to see and hear the bishop, after having heard him, go away, if not convinced or converted yet instructed, and with favorable impressions of the Catholic religion in place of previous bitter prejudices.

The examples adduced are surely sufficient to prove that though divine truth is not to be preached in words of human wisdom, yet the aid of eloquence, both as to language and delivery, is not to be despised or neglected by those who, as ministers of Christ, are charged with the duty and invested with the authority to preach His gospel. By a want of method as regards the matter of sermons; by incorrect, low, rude language; and by unanimated, awkward, or uncouth delivery, they will degrade their office, dishonor God, whose ambassadors they are, depreciate His divine word in the minds of their hearers, give them a distaste and contempt for the divine message they are delivering, repel them from coming in future to hear their discourses, and will convict themselves of carelessness and slovenliness in the performance of an imperative and very important duty.

Such were the reflections suggested by an examination of the volume before us. In Protestant theological seminaries, in addition to the care and time employed in rhetorical training throughout the general course of study, one of the professorial chairs is usually devoted exclusively to homiletics. The work before us is a digest of the lectures delivered on this subject by one who as an efficient and successful teacher has attained high eminence among Protestants. Looked at from the point of view from which Protestants regard preaching it is a useful work; clear in statement and arrangement of topics, sensible in its suggestions, and sound as regards the general principles of rhetoric. But here our commendation must cease. To Catholic students it is valueless, owing to the erroneous position from which the sermon is regarded, and the erroneous ideas respecting its nature and purpose, and the relation of the preacher to his hearers. It is marred, too, by the coarse manner in which the author's prejudices, seemingly uncontrollable, against the Catholic religion are profusely expressed, frequently without any pertinency to the topic he is discussing. Misrepresentations of historical facts, perversions of Catholic doctrine, and misstatements of Catholic practices are to be found in every chapter. The words "Romish," "Popish," along with the ordinary changes rung upon the "superstitions," "corruptions," "tyranny," etc., of the "Romish" Church will serve as specimens of the author's style of expression whenever he refers to the Catholic religion.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE. By *T. Lander Brunton, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., etc.*, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians; Assistant Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, etc. With illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

The number of books published on the subject indicated by the title of this work, and on kindred topics, is legion. Every month one writer or another deems it important to enlighten the public with his "views" on the bearing of scientific discoveries upon religious doctrines, and the manner in which these discoveries, real or supposititious, affect the meaning he or others attach to certain parts of the Bible. Under the influence of the erroneous ideas prevalent respecting the purposes of the Sacred Scriptures, and the right and authority to explain them, it is not at all surprising that such a copious stream of publications on the topics already mentioned should be pouring from the press; that physicists should constantly invade the domains of metaphysics, of moral philosophy and of theology; and that Protestant students of the Sacred Scriptures, claiming that the Bible contains the entirety of divine revelation, and that every individual is to interpret it for himself, should put forth their individual speculations as to how the Mosaic record is to be explained so as to conform to the facts and phenomena of the material world, and to the generally received theories of scientists as to its genesis and mode and conditions of continued existence.

Thus, theories of natural scientists and theories of Protestant theologians are constantly clashing. The necessary result is, endless confusion and collision of ideas; and as Protestant believers in the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures have no other foundation for their belief than that of opinion, it is to them a matter of vital and ever-continuing necessity to endeavor to find some means for harmonizing these opinions, and to discover some way by which the inferences of scientists may be "*reconciled*" with the supposed meaning of the Mosaic writings. Hence the multitude of works constantly published with this design. For every new scientific hypothesis respecting the genesis of the universe or of the earth that can set up a plausible claim to probability, and every newly proposed way of explaining the language of the first few chapters of the Bible requires, in the Protestant mind, new attempts to reconcile antagonisms between their theories of what the Bible means and the newer theories of scientists.

To the Catholic who understands that truth in the natural and the supernatural orders is unchangeably one, and in virtue of that unity and of its divine source and origin cannot be at variance with itself, these supposed antagonisms of the Bible and of Science cause no anxiety. He knows that the imagined antagonism is in reality nothing else than the conflict of the opinions of self-constituted interpreters of divine revelation on the one side, and of the inferential conclusions of scientists on the other. Hence he views and studies, with the curiosity and interest of an intelligent observer, but without the slightest apprehension as to the result, the fierce battles of opposing schools, and the well-intended but unnecessary efforts of the more irenically disposed on each side to reconcile what needs no reconciliation, because never at variance—truth in the supernatural order with truth in the natural.

The work before us, according to its title and the statements of its author in his preface, is such an attempt. Its title, however, is a misnomer, and its prefatory statements are delusive. The last two or three chapters, it is true, do deal, to some extent, with the "doctrine of evolution," and endeavor to explain the author's idea of what evolution presupposes and includes into harmony with his interpretation of the meaning of certain passages of Sacred Scripture. But even in those

chapters his discussions run into a multiplicity of other topics, the relevancy of which to his professed theme is, to say the least, obscure and remote. Such subjects as "Predestination," "Causes of Intemperance," "Cooking Classes," "Beer Houses and Coffee Taverns," "Rain and Rheumatism," "Rain Areas and Pain Areas," "Epilepsy and Drunkenness," all of which are touched upon in the last chapters, are certainly not immediately connected with a discussion of the professed theme of the book, *The Bible and Science*.

The first three chapters are designed to be introductory to the main body of the work. They are made up mainly of descriptions, interesting to general readers, but containing nothing new to students respecting the geography of Egypt, its soil and climate, the customs and history of the ancient Egyptians, the employments of the Israelites, the Exodus; respecting Palestine, past and present; with an attempt to prove that the words of Joshua (ch. x, v. 12), respecting the sun and moon not moving, are mistranslated, and should be rendered "Be dark;" resolving the miracle into a natural eclipse, which the author contends would have been more favorable than would have been the prolongation of daylight for the discomfiture of the Amorites by the Israelites.

Without any obvious connection of these introductory chapters with those that follow, the author passes on to what forms the real substance of his work. This consists of eleven lectures on the Natural History of Plants and Trees, their Structure and Growth, and Mode of Reproduction; on the Relation of Plants and Animals; A General Sketch of the Animal Kingdom,—its chief divisions; invertebrata and vertebrata; cold-blooded animals, fishes, amphibia, and reptiles; warm-blooded animals, birds, mammals, and man; with a general summary, containing the author's ideas on the Relation of Plants and Animals in Time, Simplicity of Primitive Forms, Gradual Progression, Intermediate Forms, Spores and Ova, Development Within and Without the Egg, Differentiation Before and After Birth, Similarity of Immediate Predecessors, Increasing Unlikeness of Early Forms, Artificial Selection, Survival of the Fittest; with a few pages devoted to the discussion of Milton *versus* Darwin, and the opposing ideas of the upholders of a Special Creation, and of Evolution.

The scientific parts of the work, which make up three-fourths of the book, and which should have been published as an independent treatise, are worthy of high commendation. They are clear, well-arranged, and admirably written explanations and discussions of the subjects on which they respectively treat. Students of natural history, and also intelligent general readers, will find them highly interesting. They contain, in brief compass, the results of the latest investigations and studies of scientists, and their explanatory statements are made still more clear by numerous well-executed engravings, which illustrate the text of almost every page.

THE LIFE OF MOTHER FRANCES MARY TERESA BALL, Foundress, in Ireland, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By *Henry James Coleridge*, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. Gill & Son. 1881. •

The Church, in accordance with her divine mission, is unceasingly active in bringing forth, in the holy lives of her faithful and devoted children, the fruits of justice. This activity is displayed not only in the lives of her individual members, but also in the religious associations and orders established from time to time, and untiringly devoted to prayer and meditation, to subduing and sanctifying in themselves the impulses

of our common nature, cultivating the graces of the Holy Spirit, and thus setting examples of sanctity to others, ministering to all the material, intellectual and spiritual wants of poor, wounded, fallen humanity, and alleviating the miseries to which it is subject.

While some of these religious orders can count their years by centuries, and appear to have a perpetual mission, for though venerable with age they are constantly renewing their youth, others are of recent origin, and owe their foundation to the divinely given power of the Church to adapt her action to the ever-changing conditions, circumstances, and needs of peoples and of times. Hence the inexhaustible stream of charity continually supplied to the Church from its divine source in Christ and continually pouring forth upon mankind, though always the same in its nature, opens for itself, from time to time, new channels, through which it may minister to the wants of humanity, relieve its sufferings, stanch and bind up its bleeding wounds.

Were proof needed of the divine constitution of the Church, and of the unchanging inexhaustible charity which is inherent in her, the fact just adverted to would furnish it. To those, too, who look with apprehension upon the inroads made by the spirit of the age into territories that centuries ago acknowledged the obligations of religion, but now have cast them off, the new religious orders that have been founded in modern times, and are zealously working alongside of the older orders which still maintain their pristine vigor, should dispel their fears. For the religious orders of the Church constitute the towers of its impregnable fortress, in which continually remain chosen bands of valiant soldiers and servants of Christ, ever on the alert to repel the assaults of the enemies of Christ; or, to change the figure, they are select companies of the Christian host, trained by severer drill and discipline than others, and inured to greater hardships, who, dividing the work between them and occupying different points in the field the Church must cultivate, strive—some in dispensing to the temporal wants of the poor and ministering to the sick, some in carrying on the work of Christian education, higher or lower, and others in various other ways—to let their light so shine before men, that even disbelievers in our holy religion may be compelled to see their good works and constrained to glorify God.

The volume before us is a biography of the foundress in Ireland of one of these modern orders. It is more, however, than a mere biography. Mother Mary Teresa's life was so closely connected with the order which, under the guidance of Providence, she was the chief instrument of introducing into Ireland, that it was scarcely possible to write her biography without also sketching the early history of the Institute, the difficulties encountered and surmounted, the firm faith and untiring labors of the members of the Institute, and the abundant success which crowned that faith and zeal in the introduction of Catholic higher education among the Catholic ladies of Ireland, to whom a higher education was necessary to enable them to fulfil the requirements and discharge the duties of their social position.

The correspondence in time of the founding of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Ireland with the needs of the higher classes of Irish Catholic ladies, is a striking illustration of the means which God's unerring Providence employs to provide in all ages for the ever-changing circumstances of His Church and for the ever-varying wants which those circumstances create. As the Most Reverend Archbishop of Dublin well remarks in his beautiful introductory letter to the work, up to the very time when the thought of devoting herself to a religious life entered the mind of Frances Ball, Catholics in Ireland, because of their religion, were

compelled, so far as wicked laws could accomplish it, "to wear the badge of slavery," and "if society tolerated the class of which Mother Mary Teresa Frances Ball came, it was by a sort of condescending patronage almost more galling than the bonds of slavery itself. But the great deliverer came whom God sent to level the stronghold of usurped ascendancy, and to proclaim to the nations, that before the laws of the land and of society, as well as before the laws of God, the Catholics of Ireland must tolerate no inferiority, and that henceforth they must take their proper places in their various social orders, not by patronage or toleration, but by their own unchallenged right." This constituted a trying crisis for the Catholic ladies of Ireland, and one which it was all-important they should be prepared successfully to meet and pass through. "Unfair contrasts and sharp criticisms were sure to await their appearance amongst their hitherto more highly favored countrywomen, who for ages monopolized the seats of female learning and culture."

To prepare them as Christian ladies to disarm and put to shame, by their higher Catholic education and culture, those who were inclined to indulge in invidious criticisms and draw disparaging contrasts, was the special mission of the Institute which the subject of the volume before us, under the guidance and approval of Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, introduced into Ireland. How successfully the writer of the work, Father Henry James Coleridge, S. J., brings before the reader the character of Mother Mary Teresa, her humility and obedience, her untiring labors, her faith and zeal, her prudence in administration and management, her firm but gentle government, her strictness of rule united with unvarying tenderness, and the fruits of all this in the growth and usefulness of the Institute, it is needless to say. Father Coleridge's power and success as a writer are too well known to require commendatory mention, and as a biographer his eminent ability is especially conspicuous. The style in which his work is written is that of unaffected simplicity, and this very simplicity of language invests his narrative with an interest as well as a dignity which no glitter of labored rhetorical composition could give it.

PHILOSOPHIA LACENSIS, SIVE SERIES INSTITUTIONUM PHILOSOPHIÆ SCHOLASTICÆ. Edita a Presbyteris Societatis Jesu in Collegio quondam. B. Mariæ ad Lacum, Disciplinas Philosophicas Professis.

INSTITUTIONES PHILOSOPHIÆ NATURALIS SECUNDUM PRINCIPIA S. Thomæ Aquinatis, ad usum scholasticum accomodavit. T. Pesch, S.J. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Herder. 1880. 8vo., pp. xlix-752.

All who are interested in the advancement of truth have reason to rejoice at the progress which Catholic philosophy has made since the publication of the Holy Father's memorable Encyclical, "Æterni Patris." Besides the new periodicals which have sprung up in defence and development of that philosophy, and the increased vigor which the older ones devoted to the same cause have assumed, besides the numerous books bearing on the same subject which have appeared in Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, no less than three works have been begun, and in part published, neither of which has been hitherto rivalled by any modern predecessor of its kind, and each of which deserves to be, and seems destined to be, "monumentum ære perennius." We refer to the "Philosophia Lacensis," mentioned above, F. Harper's "Metaphysics of the School," and F. De San's "Metaphysica Specialis."

¹ Institutiones Metaphysicæ Specialis, auctore P. L. De San, S.J. Tom. I. Cosmologia. Pars I., pp. x., 606. Lovanii. Car. Fonteyn. 1881. Three more volumes are to follow.

The "*Philosophia Lacensis*" is to comprise six volumes, viz., Logic, Natural Philosophy, Psychology, Metaphysics, Ethics, and a History of Philosophy. These volumes will appear "*parvis temporum intervallis*," and each of them, though forming part of the "course," will be complete in itself, and can, therefore, be had and used independently of the rest. The only volume which has thus far been published is the one before us, *Philosophia Naturalis*, by F. Pesch. An apology for placing it first in the series, instead of Logic, lies in the special needs of our day, when the "natural sciences," though so universally, and from a purely experimental point of view, so successfully pursued, are yet in a truly philosophical light such fruitful sources of error and abuse. Physics can never reach true success, nor subserve the final end of all science, without a solid basis of sound metaphysics. This basis is given in the present volume. It brings the principles of Catholic philosophy to bear on the physical sciences,—not on those sciences as known to the mediæval doctors, but as brought to their highest degree of much-vaunted perfection by their most recent professors. It holds up their latest discoveries and theories in the light of those principles, and after most careful testing, approvingly receive their entire or partial truth, and rejects their entire or partial error.

F. Pesch defines Natural Philosophy thus: "*Scientia considerans corpora naturalia prout subsunt rationibus metaphysicis.*"

In considering bodies we may logically inquire: "*quid, qualis, unde sint.*" Hence the entire treatise naturally falls into three parts: 1. On the Essence, Nature, and Principles of Corporeal Substance. (Book I., pp. 14–374.) 2. On the Attributes of Corporeal Substance. (Book II., pp. 375–540.) 3. On their Origin and Dissolution. (Book III., pp. 541–694.) A fourth part is added, on the Order and Laws of Nature. (Book IV., pp. 695–729.) These books are subdivided into disputations, the latter into sections, under which come the theses, of which there are in all sixty-eight, with the "*status quæstionis*" carefully explained, the "*argumenta*" neatly divided and titled, and the "*dubia*," or "*difficultates*" solved. The perfect arrangement of parts, the disposition of different styles of print to facilitate study, the three indexes (thesium, partium, rerum) make the book a model for the class-room. To this use, however, the size of the volume might constitute an objection, but, as the author shows, an objection which is entirely under the control of the professor.

As we hope to recur to the work again in a future number of the REVIEW, we shall here but direct the reader's attention to a summary of F. Pesch's teaching on the much-vexed question of the Constitutive Principles of Bodies. After a thorough exposition of the existence and nature of two constitutive principles, matter and form, and a refutation of the systems opposed to the scholastic, the author thus sums up his doctrine (p. 315, sq.): The hylomorphical or physical system; 1, as regards its first principles is absolutely certain; 2, it is likewise certain as regards its immediate consequences; 3, as explanatory of chemical changes it is probable (*omnium optima*); as to the facts on which it rests, recent discoveries may, without detriment to the system, be substituted for the less accurate hypotheses of the ancients.

1. The first principles of this system are: *a*, that in every body there are two constitutive principles, the material and the formal; *b*, that the formal principle, both in organic and in inorganic bodies, constitutes an "*ens per se unum*," the form determining the matter to a certain species; *c*, that the form in organic and in inorganic bodies is really distinct from the matter. The certainty of these three prin-

ciples the author proves at length in the preceding disputation. (Pp. 109-276.)

2. The immediate consequences of these principles are: *a*, that in any body there can be but one substantial form; *b*, that there is in bodies matter which is not only relatively, but also absolutely, first; *c*, that material forms are not created but educed by the agency of natural causes. These three consequences are also shown to be certain in the preceding disputation.

3. In order that an hypothesis may be called probable, it is necessary; *a*, that it be not in itself absurd; *b*, nor contrary to observations and experiments; *c*, that it readily explain the facts which it proposes to explain. Now these three conditions are verified in the hylomorphical system in regard to chemical changes. It may, therefore, be styled probable.

4. The hypotheses of the ancients which may yield to recent discoveries are those which regard the essential difference between celestial and terrestrial bodies, the four primary elements of the latter, the four primary qualities, the transmutation of the elements, etc.

An admirable feature in F. Pesch's treatment of this subject,—a feature which we have noticed in his handling of various other no less difficult questions,—is his careful discrimination between the certain, the probable, and the untenable; thereby guarding the student, who is unable of himself to make the essential distinction, from pushing his assertions too far, or of needlessly contracting them within too narrow limits.

We hope F. Pesch's volume will receive the universal acceptance it undoubtedly deserves, and that his collaborators in the "*Census Lacensis*," may speedily give us the benefit of their share in this truly great work.

CARLYLE'S ESSAYS. Popular Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

In the light of the *Reminiscences*, these essays bear a sad import. The revelations of that book have forever shorn from the name of Carlyle the illusions that gave it a false value and made it appear of a magnitude out of all proportion with its shrunken reality. He who had been striking at cant with the hammer of Thor, we discover to have been talking cant all his life. He who, for half a century, had been indicting his age as a sham and a fraud, turns out to be the most perfect type of the shams and the frauds in which the age abounds. Men, in his opinion, were thick-headed, stupid, thoughtless, and he himself could never realize the worth of a single one among the galaxy of contemporaries by whom he was surrounded, and with whom he came in contact. He lived and died in the heart of literary activity, as inadequate to estimate men and measures, as blind and deaf to real worth, as though he had spent his whole life in his old Scottish home at Annandale. The centre of all his thoughts was Carlyle; their horizon was Carlyle; his sole criterion was Carlyle. His very nature was permeated with an adamantine provincialism that no intellectual force or personal influence could ever penetrate. Unable to form a just estimate of any of his contemporaries, he undertook to give the springs of action and reveal the secret thoughts of the great ones of the past. Now, this is sheer pretension. If he goes so wide of his mark in making estimates of those whom he sees and hears, how can he judge of the living soul that lies behind the mere word of other days and another order of thought and sentiment? Can his estimates be taken upon trust? Will they endure the test of sound criticism? We think not. We think they will be found both factitious and ficti-

tious. A powerful imagination was his; so also a strong, unbending nature, that had deeply implanted the barbarian's love and admiration of force and power. All his readings were fused and remoulded in the white heat of his brilliant imagination, and he threw off his thoughts with so intense a force that the readers could not resist the spell of his utterances. They fired his imagination, and he read and re read till the refrain resounded through his mind. But has it occurred to the reader how hollow were those phrasings? Carlyle was simply a loud-mouthed croaker. He found fault with his age and with every system and every institution in his age. There is much to blame in everything human, and so he had the appearance of right on his side. In fact there are two sides to every issue, and according as you look to the one side or the other will you be impressed. Carlyle chose to look upon the dark side, and found only inanities in things, fools in persons, cant in speech, and frauds in institutions, schemes, and projects. Occasionally through these essays there runs a higher and a nobler strain, but they are not Carlyle's. They are Jean Paul's soarings, or they are Fichte's dreams, or they are the inspired impulses of Goethe in his best moments.

Carlyle's chronic disposition of mind was such that he lacked the first essential quality of the truth-seeker, namely, that of knowing how to unlearn. He stood by first impressions to the last. His estimate of men and things once formed he never changed. The whole world might differ with him, a greater pity for the world. Facts might contradict his theory or his statement, so much the worse for the facts. Carlyle hath spoken; what were facts before his word? And men were found to echo, "what indeed?" Paltry things of time, how dare facts array themselves against thought, Carlyle's thought, the child of the everlasting eternities; and all the while it never occurs to Carlyle that his thoughts are simply phases of the ever-vanishing inanities! Weigh them, and you find them wanting. Everywhere you meet with exaggeration and wordiness. It has been said of Addison, that he has nothing to recommend him but his style. This is equally, if not more, true of Carlyle. Take away the style, the forcible manner of putting things, and you have almost nothing left. Declamation is not literature; neither is croaking; neither is nick-naming. The burden of these essays, so far as they speak the author's conviction, is that the whole world is made up of fools, and everything goes wrong. But is it so? Is the whole world made up of fools? Are men not now as wise as they ever were? Are they not as good? Does any man of sane mind regret that he has fallen upon these latter days? Certainly not. That there are shams and frauds; that dishonesty and hypocrisy abound; that the good, and the true, and the beautiful are identified with the pretty, and the pleasing, and the sensual, are facts. But was there ever an age in which they were not facts? And if not, why complain? Why not make effort to right the wrong? It seems to us that the mission of fault-finding is not a heaven-sent mission; therefore, it is that so little good comes of it all. Rather, in cheerfulness is health; in sunshine is life; in hope is effort; in encouragement is progress; in charity is fruition. Throughout all Carlyle's writings you look in vain for hope, or charity, or cheerfulness, or encouragement. In the stead you find yourself wading constantly through the slough of despondency mid an everlasting wail.

Mr. Froude may not have done the wisest thing for Carlyle and Carlyle's friends, but he has given the world that which the world has the right to know, namely, the man as he was.

The present edition is very complete. It contains appendices to various essays not found in the edition that Emerson reproduced in this

country about forty years ago, and which is the edition usually reprinted. The insertion of Carlyle's prefaces to other books is of doubtful value. They contain nothing that has not been better said in one or other of the essays. Carlyle never learned how to overcome his first impressions.

THE CHURCH OF THE PARABLES AND THE SPOUSE OF THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.
By Joseph Prachensky, Priest of the Society of Jesus. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

In this volume Father Prachensky sets forth in a plain and simple manner the various lessons taught by the parables of the Good Samaritan, of the Good Seed and the Cockle, of the Leaven, of the People, of the Net, and of the Scribe, of the Prodigal Son, and of the Marriage Feast, with special reference to the truth that they are all figurative or analogical delineations of the Church, her divine mission, and the manner in which she fulfils that mission in the world. His remarks are addressed as well to earnest, inquiring Protestants as to Catholics, and will be of invaluable assistance to those who are sincerely desirous of finding the truth. He shows that these parables are, each in a different way, so many pictures of the Church of Christ, of her divine constitution, her unity and Catholicity, and her power to heal the wounds of humanity caused by sin, to deliver men from its punishment and guilt, to fortify them against temptation and the assaults of their spiritual enemies, and encourage and strengthen in the practice of Christian virtues, to lead them into a knowledge of the truth, and keep them from error. He shows that in the light of this general truth the parables are clear and easily explained, and that a beautiful unity, consistency, and simplicity runs through them all, while, on the other hand, when attempted to be explained independently of this, they become, as it were, obscure riddles, to which those who attempt to explain them give a thousand varying and diverse solutions.

In pursuance of his plan, Father Prachensky judiciously first sets forth the positive truths taught by the parables, and then incidentally and inferentially points out the antagonistic errors which they condemn. His book is valuable to Catholics, both as furnishing edifying reflections, upon these words of wisdom which our Saviour has given to the Church as the guardian and dispenser of "the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," to interpret and to teach. It will also be serviceable to them as furnishing arguments with which to answer Protestants and other errorists in their assaults upon the Catholic faith.

THE ORIGIN OF PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITIONS, and Their Development into the Worship of Spirits, and the Doctrine of Spiritual Agency among the Aborigines of America. By *Rushton M. Doran*. Twenty-six Illustrations. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

This book, the writer tells us, was written in order "to reduce to a system of religious belief ideas that have germinated among uncultured peoples." He says that "the laws of evolution in the spiritual world can be traced with as great precision as in the material world." That the higher phases of belief and worship have been the most ancient and have been debased into lower forms is, in his opinion, "a sheer delusion." "All primitive belief is polytheistic." "The principles that control all religious thought among primitive peoples will work themselves out in polytheism among those people in lower stages of culture, or in pantheism among those of a higher culture." "The American savages

agree in their religious views with the savages of other continents," but "they have not received those views from the people of the Old World, neither can they be understood if we attempt to derive them from thence." "Their origin is to be found in human nature."

These statements furnish a fair idea of the author's theory. For proof of it, however, we look in vain through his volume, or rather the introduction to it. For, after passing beyond the introductory chapter, the author appears to drop his theorizing and to confine himself to statements of the various superstitious notions and practices entertained among the aboriginal people of America. These the author has searched out and collected with great industry and pains, and has classified and arranged under proper titles.

Persons interested in investigations into the origin and history of myths and superstition, and their relation in one direction to the habits and customs, and intellectual and moral condition of the people among whom they prevail, and, in another direction, to the truths of Christianity, will find in this volume materials for study and reflection. The author's theory we do not concur in. But that theory has very little to do with the contents of by far the larger part of the work.

THE GRADED CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES. First, Second, and Third Readers. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1881.

We are of the opinion that the importance of selecting the best textbooks is not as deeply felt as it should be by many of those who are engaged in conducting Catholic schools. This, we believe, is especially the case with the books intended to exercise the pupils in reading. Some of those in use in Catholic schools are objectionable, on account of defects in plain arrangement, and other details; others because of the character of some of the matter contained in the lessons as regards its moral and religious influence on the susceptible minds of children. Many of the selections are tainted with a morbid naturalism, which it is the tendency of our age to put into the place of the spiritual. From this and kindred objections the series of readers before us is free. In their moral and religious bearings the contents appear to us entirely unobjectionable. Their plan, too, and the manner in which the plan is carried out, of conducting the child onwards by simple and easy steps, impress us very favorably. We question, however, whether it is of advantage to introduce script letters and words in the *First Reader*. We are inclined to think the *Second Reader* would be quite soon enough for them. The pictorial illustrations are much superior to what are usually found in books of this character.

MAIDENS OF HALLOWED NAMES. College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md. 1881.

The purpose and design of this volume is well stated in the preface. It is intended specially for young women. Accordingly it consists of the lives of saintly maidens, who, either in the home-life of girlhood, or engaged in different avocations, and surrounded by different circumstances, withstood the trials and overcame the temptations of the world, and preserved to the end their virginity and their purity of heart. These lives, it is true, contain lessons that well may be learned by all; but in the work before us they are presented chiefly for the benefit of young women wishing good counsels and examples, that they may learn how dear to heaven is their spotless purity, and what means they should employ to keep it unsullied in the midst of surrounding dangers.

The saints selected, thirteen in number, are well chosen for the purpose of the work. The sketches of their lives, though necessarily concise, are animated and interesting. Introducing them there is a chapter on virginity, and following them one containing general reflections and edifying suggestions to the reader. An appendix contains some prayers and practices for the preservation of holy purity.

RITUALE ROMANUM PAULI V., PONTIFICIS MAXIMI. Jussu editum et auctum et castigatam cui novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum Appendix. Editio secunda accuratissima A Sacr. Rituum Congregatione adprobata. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati. Sumptibus, Chartis, et Typhis, Fr. Pustet, S. Sedis Apost. et Sacr. Rituum Congr. Typogr., MDCCCLXXXI.

The general arrangement of this edition of the *Romanum Rituale* is the same as that of Messrs. Pustet & Co.'s previous edition, and as that published in Baltimore in 1873 by Murphy & Co. It has the advantage, however, of containing a number of new and approved "Benedictions." The typographical make-up of the work is admirable, and adds new lustre to the renown of a house already well known to the Catholic world for the beautiful editions of the *Missale Graduale* and *Breviarium Romanum* it has put forth. Chevalier Pustet leaves nothing undone to secure correctness and accuracy in all his Liturgical publications. The Chart accordingly has been submitted to a severe censorship before being printed, and may be safely relied on as correct. Taken all in all, this is the finest and best edition of the *Rituale Romanum* that has come under our observation. It has the "Imprimatur" of the Bishop of Ratisbonne.

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH. A Church History, from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. Together with a History of the Church in America. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros., 1881. 8vo., pp. 426.

This is not a History of the Church in the technical sense of the word, where her eventful life through human centuries is given in the order of time. It is rather a series of sketches, representing Christ in His Church, as founder, teacher, and finisher of her faith, and as leading her through battles to triumph. Mr. Shea's account of the Church in America is like everything from his pen, well written, accurate, and instructive. We wish he could be induced to give us in full some day that of which he has here given an abridgment.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL, 1882. With Calendars calculated for different Parallels of Latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

While this annual fulfils the purposes of an almanac, it is also a very readable and interesting volume. The calendars form its smallest part, the greater part consisting of biographical and historical sketches, well chosen as regards their subjects, and well written; and of reading matter on subjects of general interest. The *Annual* is made still more attractive by numerous portraits of distinguished prelates and other eminent persons, and by well-executed engravings of noted edifices, ruins, and shrines.

NOTE.—In consequence of the serious illness of Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran, and his consequent absence from the city, he has not been able to complete his second article on the recent revision of the New Testament, promised for this number. The readers of the REVIEW will be glad to learn, however, that the Doctor is already sufficiently convalescent to justify the expectation that he will soon be able to resume his editorial labors, and that the article referred to will be ready by January.

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